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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

JULY
25¢

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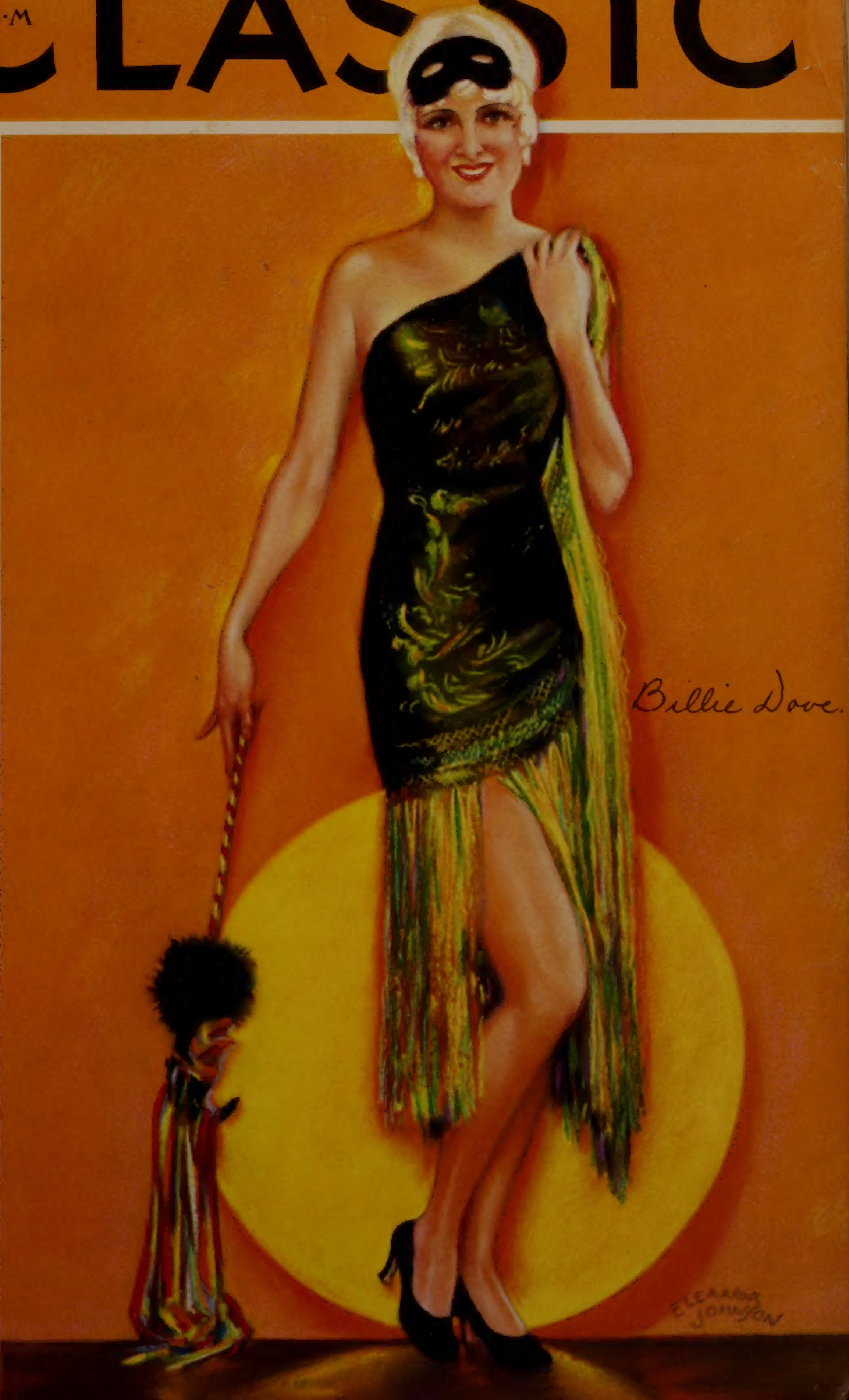
Billie Dove.
Eleanor Johnson

The Changing Movie Audience

John Boles' Most Romantic Moment

The Things Wives Hate

The complete guide-book

IF YOU'VE been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

Consider your ordinary shopping tours in the same light. Without an up-to-date guide-book of merchandise appearing within the pages of this magazine, your most casual trip to the stores would be more or less like a ramble in foreign countries.

We're speaking of the advertisements, of course. If it weren't for the advertisements you would be a stranger in the market, surrounded by strange names, strange brands. Buying would be guessing, unless you tested every article you wanted before you bought it.

As it is, you can make up your shopping list in a few minutes, and buy with confidence instead of suspicion—knowing what you're getting—knowing that consistently advertised goods *must* maintain standard quality.

▼

Take full advantage of the great guide-book of this modern age . . . read the advertisements every day

THE SCREEN'S MOST
LOVABLE BANDIT
CONTINUES HIS
ADVENTURES
IN OLD
ARIZONA
IN THIS
GREAT
OUTDOOR
MOVIETONE
ROMANCE

THE ARIZONA KID *with*

WARNER BAXTER

AND MONA MARIS

Greater than "In Old Arizona" and "Romance of the Rio Grande"—two pictures that established Warner Baxter as the supreme lover in outdoor roles.

An ALFRED SANTELL production

FOX
FILM CORPORATION
Harley L. Clarke
President

Free Beauty Analysis 30 Days Only

By the World's Most Famous Beauty Authority

Lucille Young

For the next 30 days I am going to give, free, to every woman who writes me, a professional beauty analysis. By this offer I hope to save thousands of women the wasted effort of trying to correct beauty defects without really knowing how. This isn't a reflection upon your intelligence. Many, many beauty nostrums are so convincingly described that it really takes an expert to see how they are skilfully worked to deceive. The result is that women spend actually millions of dollars for beauty aids that I *know to be utterly useless.*

Another important point is the *incompleteness* of undirected beauty effort. In my famous beauty salon we *completely* beautify, correct *every* defect, bring out hidden beauty. The results are actually amazing. I take women who are dull, drab, lacking distinction and make them vivacious, sparkling, gloriously attractive beings. And my clientele includes all the way from young girls to women of mature age. There are those who are pretty, or even beautiful, but who want to add just that marvelous something that *supremely beautiful* women possess. Famous screen celebrities are an example. On the other hand I have women come to me who are ridden by the most terrible fear in the world—the insidious, creeping advance of age.

Now all my personal clientele, every woman I *see* at my Salon, has her beauty needs analyzed *before anything else is done.* And when this is done, my clients invariably realize that I can do tremendously more for them than they expected. The result is enthusiasm such as they never knew before. It is all so different, so sane, so sure. It is a new *viewpoint.* The viewpoint of doing *all* that can be done, instead of just some *one* thing that the mind has exaggerated—wrinkles, or bad complexion perhaps.

Tell Me About Yourself. I'll Tell You What Can Be Done

You, whoever you are, whatever your age, no matter what the extent of your beauty problems of face and figure can be given new beauty that will astound you, and *everyone who sees you.* And you will be told how absolutely free, entirely without obligation. All you need do is give me the information upon which I can *give you* a full, correct, scientific beauty analysis.

No Trouble to Fill in The Chart

Just notice that while the Analysis Chart in this advertisement asks many questions, it can be filled in by merely *checking* questions that apply to *you.* But answer all the questions you can. They are based on my more than fifteen years experience and will give me just the information I need to advise you so that your utmost desire for beauty can be fulfilled.

Important! Send TODAY!

In order that I may *personally answer* the many women who will take advantage of this highly unusual opportunity, I have had to make *special arrangements* to delegate my *regular* work in my Beauty Salon to my assistants. Therefore kindly fill in the Analysis Chart on this page and send it in promptly. You will then be sure to receive it back without delay.

A Warning to Every Woman

My Analysis TODAY may save you loss of beauty *prematurely*—of face and figure. Know your true condition and how to remedy it NOW. Don't wait—get all the facts. Stay young—or regain youthful, wonderful good looks. Neglect is fatal to beauty. Time's ageing effect *must be fought.* My expert, personal advice costs you nothing—not one penny if you send the Analysis Chart Today. No obligation—everything to gain—nothing to lose. *So act!*

LUCILLE YOUNG

Some Famous *Beauties* whom Lucille Young has *Beautified.*

SEND TODAY

Dorothy Mackaill, First National Pictures

Barbara Kent, Universal

Marceline Day, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Ethlyn Clair, Universal

Dorothy Gulliver, Universal Star

WORTH $5.00 COSTS YOU NOT A CENT

Fill in and Mail This Chart Today　Positively No Charge
Simply Place Check Mark (✓) to answer questions applying to you

SKIN: Oily—Dry—Normal—Wrinkles—Lines—Acne—
COMPLEXION: Fair—Ruddy—Dark—Sallow—
Pimples—Blackheads—Enlarged Pores—
Muddiness—Redness—Liver Spots—
MUSCLES: Soft—Sagging—Flabby—
in Cheeks—Chin—Neck—Body—
TISSUES: Tight—Hardened—Shrunken—
in Cheeks—Neck—Shoulders—Body—
HEIGHT———WEIGHT———AGE———MARRIED———SINGLE———
BODY: Overweight—Underweight—Normal—
Thin—Bony—Fat—Bulging—
IF FAT IN SPOTS, STATE WHERE:
Arms—Legs—Hips—Bust—Calves—
Bust Measure—Waist Measure—Hip Measure—
DISPOSITION: Nervous—Irritable—Ailing—
Even Tempered—Worried—Impulsive—
Active—Optimistic—Steady—Healthy—
ARE YOU TROUBLED by Constipation—Headaches—Insomnia—
EYES: Tired—Drooping Lids—Wrinkled Lids—
Eyelashes Heavy—Eyelashes Thin—Brows Heavy—Brows Thin—
HAIR: Thick—Thin—Gray—Oily—Dry—Lustrous—Dull—
SCALP: Oily—Dry—Loose—Tight—Dandruff—
SUPERFLUOUS HAIR: On Face—Arms—Legs—
HANDS: Roughened—Red—Dry—Moist—Thin—Wrinkled—
ARMS and LEGS: Shapely—Thin—Fat—Flabby—
ARE YOU Socially Inclined—Retiring—Self-conscious—
Do You Want to ATTRACT: Men—Women—Both—

Irene Delroy, Musical Comedy Star

FREE
$5.00 BEAUTY ANALYSIS
SEND TODAY!

LUCILLE YOUNG, 515 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Illino

Miss Young: I want to take advantage of your remarkab offer. I understand that there is absolutely no charge or ob gation of any kind.

Name..........
St. Address..........
City.......... State..........

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXI — JULY, 1930 — No. 5

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Laurence Reid, Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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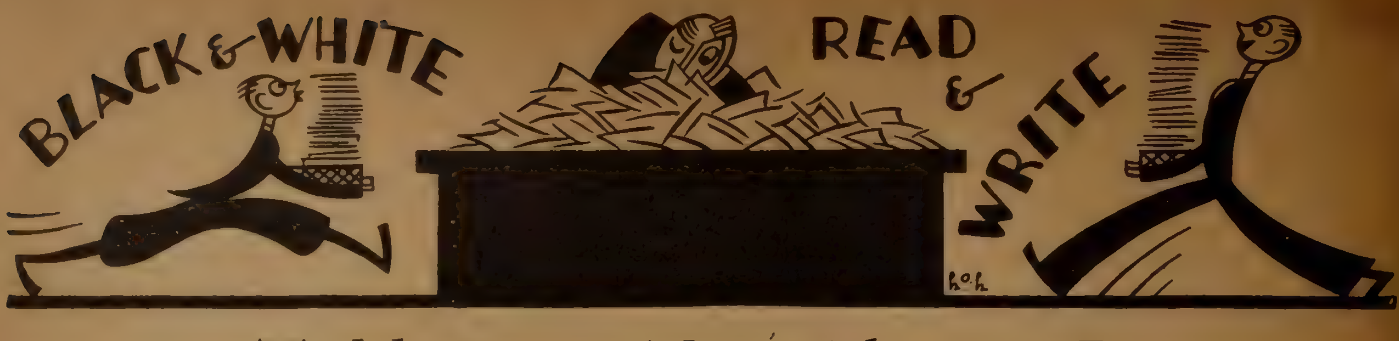


Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER

War On Trailers

New York, N. Y.

One would think the movies didn't already have enough bad habits, the way the movie moguls think up new ones. The latest annoyance the screen has acquired is the showing of Trailers to advertise forthcoming productions.

The purpose of these Trailers is to get you interested in the coming attractions so that you will be anxious to see the film when it is featured. However, this is what really happens. The Trailer shows you *all* the high lights and exciting scenes of the film and, true enough, the scenes shown in the Trailer *are* excellent. They are so good that you *do* come back to see the picture it advertises, but to your disappointment, you find that the Trailer has been more than generous. It gave you *all* the important scenes of the picture. As a matter of fact, the only big scenes in the whole film are the ones you saw in the Trailer. The result is that after this happens to you two or three times, you don't go back to see the film, you avoid it instead, feeling you've already seen all that's worth seeing of that particular film.

I must be a bear for punishment, for I've been foolish enough to fall for this Trailer business more than once, but the last one cured me. It was the Trailer which heralded the coming of the Lupe Velez picture, "Hell Harbor." The scenes shown in the Trailer were excellent, but there was nothing worth while left of the picture after deducting the scenes I already saw. In fact, this particular instance is better explained in this way—the Trailer showed the "Hell" raised in the picture and the rest of the film showed only some picturesque scenes of the "Harbor."

Now I ask you, Mr. Reid, don't you think the filmoguls are doing us a great injustice? Do you think they'll catch wise one of these days. Let's offer up our prayers.

Edward Mills

$10.00 LETTER

No Kick At All

Providence, R. I.

It is going to be a rather difficult thing for me to write a letter inasmuch as I have no kick against the movies at all, and I have noticed that most letters are more or less complaining ones.

I can't for the life of me understand how the fans can find so much fault with the players and pictures. So far as I'm concerned, I'm content with the movie industry as it is today and, tomorrow, when more improvements are made, I'll be happy too. And as for making this a letter of praise for any one particular picture or player, it is impossible, because I like them all. I can make that even stronger—I love them all.

I went to the movies when they were silent, I kept going when they began to talk and sing, and now that they are colored I'm still to be found among those present in the movie houses.

And why shouldn't I? Aren't the pictures my chief source of recreation? I ask for no more in my otherwise hum-drum daily existence than always to be able to have the time and cash (and this is important) to be able to attend at least two movie shows each week, be they talking or silent, colored, good, bad or indifferent, I enjoy them all.

Now that I've read this over, I'm beginning to think you'll get the wrong impression of me. Do I sound like a *Pollyanna?*

A. M. Morris

$5.00 LETTER

What A Break For the Men

Akron, O.

Well, Well, Well, it is no longer low brow to see a good "Western," for they are coming into their own in such pictures as "Light of the Western Stars" and "The Virginian." And with such handsome actors as Richard Arlen and Gary Cooper portraying the big out-door men, even the ladies are going primitive. We can now leave our offices and can literally live for an hour or so in the wide open spaces where men are men and women are not the whole show.

What's more real than a tremendous wild horse stampede with the very sound of hoofs in our ears? What's more thrilling than gunmen doing their stuff? Fighting—out-loud! What's more human than justice dealt out by big hearts! Skilfully directed? Artistically acted! Enjoyed by all!

And there are Richard Dix and Jack Oakie in their baseball pictures that make us think that we are in the big league ourselves. Exciting! Real! Humorous! A universal interest of the day. No matter of what period—On with the action!

Dr. T. C. Pennington

$1.00 LETTERS

Are Talkies Unromantic?

San Francisco, Cal.

A terrible thing has happened. The "talkies" are destroying romance! When that exquisite moment arrived for the hero to clasp the lovely heroine to his manly chest, gaze into her beautiful orbs and whisper: "I love you," we held our breaths, while the palpitation of our hearts nearly strangled us. Now, when the hero, no longer silent, declares his love, the audience shouts with laughter.

When little Annie wept real salty tears because her lover deserted her, we sniffed, blew our noses to hide our embarrassment and took Annie's grief to heart. Now her audible moans and gulping sobs fill the theater with snickers.

When we see these emotions, they are pathetic; when we *hear* them, they are ludicrous. Apparently there is nothing wrong with our sight, but there must be something radically wrong with our hearing! What is it?

Bernice Bowne

Make Your Selections

Greene, N. Y.

Once in a while I hear comments by occasional movie-goers, who seem to feel that a show they have seen was not worth seeing; or perhaps that it was too gruesome for children to see; or that parts of it were objectionable. Again, I heard a friend state with regret that she did not see "Dawn" because the title gave no idea that it was a portrayal of Edith Cavell's work.

After all, does a book by its title always give us an inkling of its contents? Because one book is not worth reading, do we condemn all books? If a story is too gruesome or ghostly for children, do we hand them the book just the same?

Movies are stories portrayed. If we choose our books promiscuously, we read all kinds and types of stories. If we keep posted on the publications, we can make selections and choose only those which we prefer. The same is true of choosing the movies we intend to see. *H. T. S.*

And She's No Prude

Los Angeles, California

Seeing that all the world has become accustomed to the sight of legs, fat legs, thin legs, straight and crooked, I do not need to say my complaint is in any sense actuated by prudery, but truth to tell I'm sick of the sight of so many legs. Before a performance, after a performance, there comes on the stage a troupe of girls, all showing their legs.

Where there is so much to admire and to enjoy I dislike to find fault, being a very good theater fan, but I'm terribly tired of legs. A good clean picket fence would be interesting as a change.

Mrs. Truman Tyrrel

Action Better Than Words

Fresno, California

There certainly was a great improvement made when the picture producers introduced the "Talkies" to screenland. But I have a plea to make. It is for more action! A great deal of the expression that was put into the silent pictures has been cut

(*Continued on page 104*)

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S. E., you stand in line for one of three first prizes: $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S. E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.

VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL

Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner . . .

Teaming for the first time, in a picture teeming with laughs!

"HOLD EVERYTHING" held all hilarity records in its one-year run on Broadway . . .

Now here it is on the talking screen, with every riotous roar retained by *Vitaphone*.

"'Hold Everything' is a riot . . . rich and rare" . . . "full of the best 'gags' ever developed"—say famous newspaper experts who have seen it.

But don't take their word for it.—See for yourself!

Use the Vitaphone sign as a guide to the best of good times. It appears only on pictures produced by Warner Bros. and First National Pictures. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

WARNER BROS. present

HOLD EVERYTHING

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR *with*

JOE E. BROWN ★ WINNIE LIGHTNER

Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier

Abe Lyman and His Band

LAST MINUTE NEWS

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has that traveling urge again. This time he sailed to **Europe** to follow the golfers around and see who will bring home the **Walker** cup—and yes, there is that official business into **Germany** for his pictures, too. . . **Corinne Griffith** has said good-bye to **Hollywood** for a whole year. She will be gone that long, abroad, studying voice. . . . **Lena Malena** came east, so they say, to replace **Lily Damita** in **"Sons O'Guns"**. . . **"Buddy" Rogers** is among those now present out at the **Long Island** studios making **"Heads Up"**. . . **Paul Whiteman** is back in **New York** again a'partying all the time between five personal appearances a day. And then, too, he is scheduled to lend rhythm to a **Westchester** roadhouse some time in the near future.

NEW YORK has been flying the **Welcome** banners this springtime for almost all of **Hollywood**. . . **Pauline Starke** and her husband, **Jack White**, stopped off for a little visit before sailing on the **Bremen** for a **European** rendezvous with friends. . . **Helen Twelvetrees** tried the airplane hop all the way from **Hollywood** to **Columbus, O.**, and then finished up by train into **Manhattan. Helen** did not stay long, but had to hurry west to make a few more talkies. . . **Laura La Plante** was another eastern visitor seeing things o'nights as well as trying out **Fifty-Seventh** Street shops for new things to wear. . . **Margaret Livingston**, too, is in **New York**, going places and seeing things.

P. & A.

Making things move at RKO: Sally Blane on her bike, June Clyde on her trike, and Helen Kaiser and Roberta Gale on their kiddie kars, all have hopes of getting somewhere

THERE are just a few folks going west. . . **George Arliss** is among them. He's out in **Hollywood** to do **"Old English"**. . . **Florenz Ziegfeld** has rented out at **Malibu Beach** while he is there glorifying the **American** girl—again. . . And **Marilyn Miller** took the long train ride to make her second picture, **"Sweetheart"**. . . **"The Gypsy Love Song"** has recalled **John Boles** from his pleasures along **Broadway**. He, too, can be seen along **Hollywood Boulevard** any day. . . And of course, there's Amos 'n' Andy to lend color to the scene.

ATLANTIC CITY is attracting the mighty these days. . . **Jack Warner** left **Hollywood** to pay his respects to the **Jersey** resort. . . **Young Laemmle**, too, has been seen taking the air in a wheel chair. . . And that isn't all, for that ole debbil sea is calling **Marion Davies** East before she sails for **Europe** for the summer months. . . **Ronald Colman**, another eastern visitor, is due in **Londontown** this spring.

VILMA BANKY has given up the screen to settle down to a tranquil matrimonial career because it is so difficult to master that **English** language. . . **Bert Lytell** and his bride, **Grace Menken**, are going to finish their honeymoon in **Hollywood** because **"Brothers"** is about to be started and **Bert** has the leading rôle in that talkie. Much excitement took place in **Santa Monica** when **Irene Mayer** and **David Selznick** were married for ever, ever after. . . And mentioning weddings, what of the report that **Lewis Milestone** and **Agnes Ayres** were soon to become **Mr.** and **Mrs?**

POLA NEGRI and her **Prince, Serge M'Divani**, are now very frequently being seen places together in **Paris** and that romance is blooming all over again—a sort of pleasant second honeymoon. . . But **Colleen Moore** and her husband **John McCormick** have decided definitely to take separate paths and have in fact effected a property settlement, and there are many current rumors of a divorce action by **Miss Moore**. . . **Lola Lane's** sister, **Leota**, is seeking her happiness via the divorce courts and plans to enter pictures when she is no longer **Mrs. Picard**. . . All's well, however, in the **Sue Carol-Nick Stuart** menage and **Sue** is even growing very domestic buying things for their new **Normandy** home. . . **Elinor P. Ince**, widow of **Thomas Ince**, has found sweet romance around the corner and it is said that she will soon marry **Holmes Herbert**.

PHILO VANCE simply will not be retired from the screen. Therefore **S. S. Van Dine** has been commissioned to do another mystery. It will be **"The Scarab Murder Case,"** and of course **William Powell** will be the ingenious detective, **Philo Vance.** Murder and crime are reaping a golden harvest on the screen right now. **"Handful of Cloud"**—a gangster movie—is getting under way, with **James Cageney** seen as the chief underworld character. . . And soon there will be **"The Criminal Code"** in the talkies.

JOAN CRAWFORD is going to see what she can do in the way of singing and dancing and will make her first musical picture, **"Great Day"** . . . **Claudia Dell** is one of the latest names mentioned in connection with **"Big Boy." Claudia** will play opposite **Al Jolson**. . . 'Tis said here and there that **"Diamond Lil"** herself may come to the screen if **Mae West** and **Columbia** come to terms. Seems as though **Diamond Lil** would have to be restrained somewhat. . . And to add to the gaiety of, well, **California**, anyway, the **Tiller** girls came to **Hollywood.** Their first picture will be **"Half Shot at Sunrise."**

FIFI DORSAY and **Victor McLaglen** were just made for each other—in pictures at least. They started being funny—and in love together, in **"Hot for Paris,"** kept it up in **"On the Level,"** and they will try out the partnership in **"The Painted Woman"**. . . If **Alice White** can be released from her present contracts, **Earl Carroll** will feature her in his **"Vanities"**. . . **Elizabeth Forrester**, who played in **"Holiday"** on the stage, will make her screen débút in the same play. . . **Paramount's Long Island studio** is pretty much in an uproar again. **The Four Marx Brothers** are making **"Animal Crackers"** there. . . **Dolores Del Rio** is trying out new characterizations. Her latest will be **"The Dove,"** which **Norma Talmadge** did as a silent picture.

HONOLULU is coming right along. Now it's going to be shown in all its native glory in, why **"Aloha,"** of course. **Joseph Schildkraut** will have the leading rôle. **Joseph**, you recall, last received mention when **Elise Bartlett** divorced him. . . **Harold Lloyd**, too, got that **Honolulu** urge and took his **"Feet First"** company for a fortnight aboard the **Malolo**. . . **Ann Harding** is going to be **"Borrowed"** by **Radio** to play opposite **Richard Dix** in **"Cimarron"**. . . **Mary Lawlor**, too, will be loaned for **"Present Arms"**. . . **Monta Bell** also joined the **Honolulu-bound** passengers and will remain there on that beach of **Waikiki** to recover from his recent ill health. . . **Rin-Tin-Tin** has taken to the air-flies to his personal appearances these dog days. . . **Edwin Bartlett** is the latest to leap into headlines. He has been handed a contract by **Fox**, which is said to give him **$1,000** a week. He's a **Princeton** boy and has never appeared on the professiona stage but has studied for grand opera. . . **John Drinkwater**, the **English** poet and playwright, is to do a biography—in prose—of **Carl Laemmle (Sr.)**. . . It is rumored that there is to be a sequel to **"All Quiet on the Western Front."** And that, if true, is news

Daring, Dramatic!
All-Color, All-Powerful!

"Bride of the Regiment"

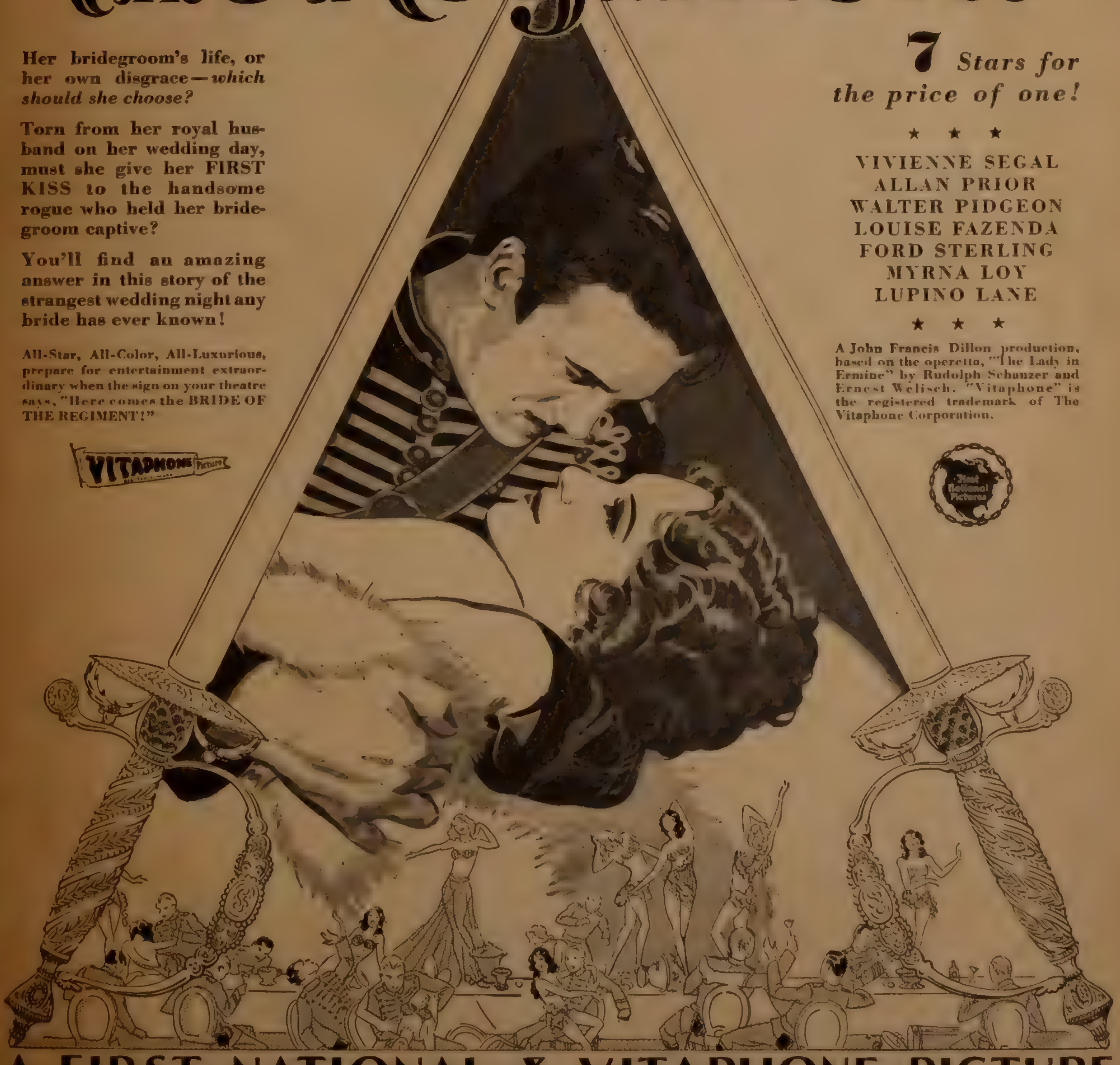
Her bridegroom's life, or her own disgrace—*which should she choose?*

Torn from her royal husband on her wedding day, must she give her FIRST KISS to the handsome rogue who held her bridegroom captive?

You'll find an amazing answer in this story of the strangest wedding night any bride has ever known!

All-Star, All-Color, All-Luxurious, prepare for entertainment extraordinary when the sign on your theatre says, "Here comes the BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT!"

VITAPHONE Picture



7 ***Stars for the price of one!***

★ ★ ★

VIVIENNE SEGAL
ALLAN PRIOR
WALTER PIDGEON
LOUISE FAZENDA
FORD STERLING
MYRNA LOY
LUPINO LANE

★ ★ ★

A John Francis Dillon production, based on the operetta, "The Lady in Ermine" by Rudolph Schanzer and Ernest Welisch. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

First National Pictures

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE
WITH 100% TECHNICOLOR

From Where I Sit

Explosives, High And Low

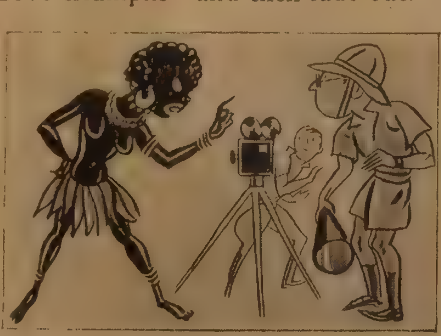
By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

CABLING rapturously from London, Madame Elinor Glyn tells the house of Fox that she is unable to clothe in suitable words her feelings on seeing the movie of her story, "Such Men Are Dangerous." It is so like her story that she might have directed it, herself, coos Madame, so far as it is possible to coo at eight cents a word. Just as "Such Men Are Dangerous" is unwinding itself at a Los Angeles theater, tidings reach me from London about the talkie called "Knowing Men," which Her Excellency has just finished supervising over there.

Everybody hold his seat while I disclose the plot of "Knowing Men." Here goes: A rich girl is engaged to a poor man. She doesn't know whether it's her money or herself he loves. To test his affection she pretends to be poor. A swell idea! Love triumphs—and then fade-out.

Now that we have all been brought back to consciousness, I shall resume.

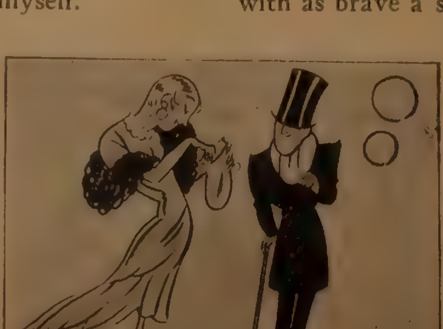
The above plot is called "Knowing Men." Does this mean that Her Excellency knows men, by any chance? I only ask because I begin to wonder whether Her Excellency is spoofing. I am completely mystified. The only thing we know is that she is succeeding.



There is one thing however, that somewhat inclines me to believe her humor is deliberate. That is a brief remark which she wrote, early last year, to a fellow-scribe who had done an interview with her: "I have never consciously tried to get publicity for myself."

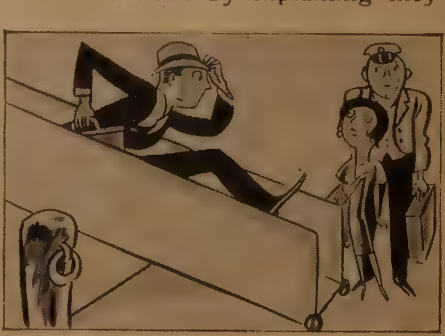
That Far-Away Look

THE blue, blue eyes of Mary Nolan are filled with tears. Her troubles started because she wasn't getting enough close-ups. She complained to her overlords, the Laemmle family, about it; and next day found herself barred from the set. So she marched away, vowing never again to set foot on the Universal lot. They put Pauline Starke into her part in "What Men Want"—which, I hasten to say, is not by Her Excellency, the Comtessa di Glyn.



They do say that Howard Hughes has not only finished "Hell's Angels" (for the eighth or ninth time), but has decided to leave well enough alone this time and show the world the result of his efforts. This may be true.

The proposed opening of "Hell's Angels" at Grauman's Chinese theater will, Howard says, be the most gorgeous social event ever seen in Hollywood. Be this as it may, it will certainly be noteworthy in that more bad jokes will be made by more painful humorists over bigger radio networks than ever before. Will Rogers, in his homespun way, will probably 'low that Howard should ought to get his face lifted—a sally which will be greeted by roars of mirth. The ingénues will be able to vary their formula a little by explaining they are "so glad to be there" because they feared they might die first. Even when Cecil De Mille makes his invariable remark about it being "a privilege to be invited to see this wonderful production, my friends," everyone will think he is trying to be funny, and hold sides from laughing.



The Canceled Entry

GLORIA SWANSON'S entry for the production-cost stakes, it would appear, has been scratched. "Queen Kelly" is to be allowed to rest her weary old bones in peace, and Joseph Kennedy will take the entire million-dollar loss with as brave a smile as he can summon up.

Miracles to Come

THE most important news of all is that Aimee McPherson's talkie is well on the way. Aimee and her "flock" are already in the Holy Land, where it is said the final fade-out is to be filmed; and the rest of "Clay in the Hands of the Potter," as the picture is to be called, will be filmed the moment she arrives home in June.

(*Continued on page 85*)

A PANIC OF LAUGHS

The Perfect Comedy Team

Marie DRESSLER

and **Polly MORAN** *in*

CAUGHT SHORT

with

ANITA PAGE

Adaptation and Dialogue by
WILLARD MACK
Directed by
CHARLES F. RIESNER
Suggested by
EDDIE CANTOR'S
book.

From wash-boards to Wall Street — from cleaning up in the kitchen to cleaning up in the stock market! What a riot—what a scream—what a panic of laughs—are these two rollicking comedians as they romp their way through the merriest, maddest picture you ever saw. How they put on the ritz while the money rolls in! Then came the dawn — and back to the soap suds with Marie and Polly. Don't, *don't,* DON'T miss seeing "Caught Short".

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

HERE I am.
· · ·
FAR UP on the hills.
· · ·
WHERE MARK Twain cabined.
· · ·
IN HIS mining days.
· · ·
AND BRET Harte roamed.
· · ·
AND GATHERED things.
· · ·
TO BE put in books.
· · ·
FOR THE world to read.
· · ·
AND I come here.
· · ·
JUST TO get away.
· · ·
FOR A little while.
· · ·
FROM MY neighbor folk.
· · ·
DOWN IN HOLLYWOOD.
· · ·
AND WHAT do I find.
· · ·
BUT A couple of troupes.
· · ·
OF PICTURE actors.
· · ·
WITH THEIR big sound trucks.
· · ·
AND EVERYTHING.
· · ·
AND I beat it higher.
· · ·
UP INTO the hills.
· · ·
AND AS I flee.
· · ·
ON MY upward way.
· · ·
THE ONLY person.
· · ·
I RECOGNIZE.
· · ·
IS NORMAN Kerry.
· · ·
ALL DRESSED up.
· · ·
LIKE A mountaineer.
· · ·
AND I yell at him.
· · ·
AND HURRY on.
· · ·
AND AS I go
· · ·
I FIND myself.
· · ·
CHOOSING LOCATIONS.
· · ·
FOR PICTURE scenes.
· · ·
A MOUNTAIN meadow.
· · ·
WITH A purple mat.
· · ·
OF SPRINGtime flowers.
· · ·
FOR BILLIE Dove.
· · ·
IN A purple hat.
· · ·
TO WANDER through.
· · ·
AND FARTHER on.
· · ·
A CRAGGY point.
· · ·
FOR GEORGE O'Brien.
· · ·
IN A silhouette.
· · ·
AGAINST THE sky.
· · ·
WATCHING FOR rangers.
· · ·
WHO ARE chasing him.
· · ·
AND ANOTHER point.
· · ·
WHERE LARRY Tibbett.
· · ·
COULD SING his head off.
· · ·
IF HE wanted to.
· · ·
AND THEN a spot.
· · ·
FOR WALLY Beery.
· · ·
AND MAYBE Ote Harlan.
· · ·
AND ERNEST Torrence.
· · ·
WITH A week of whiskers.
· · ·
AND A mulligan.
· · ·
STEWING AND steaming.
· · ·
FOR THEIR midday meal.
· · ·
AND THEN a cottage.
· · ·
AGAINST THE hill.
· · ·
WHERE ONCE on a time.
· · ·
A MINER dwelt.
· · ·
AND A rose bush planted.
· · ·
AND THE cottage hidden.
· · ·
BY A blaze of pink.
· · ·
AND JANET Gaynor.
· · ·
WISTFULLY WATCHING.
· · ·
FOR WHOMSOEVER.
· · ·
SHE WAS expecting.
· · ·
AND THEN a village.
· · ·
OF THE mining days.
· · ·
AND LIFE still in it.
· · ·
AND ITS one main street.
· · ·
NOT YET knowing.
· · ·
OF PROHIBITION.
· · ·
AND THE Volstead act.
· · ·
AND A cloud of dust.
· · ·
AND AN old stage coach.
· · ·
AND WILLIAM Powell.
· · ·
STEPPING OUT of it.
· · ·
AND YOU know very well.
· · ·
HE IS a detective.
· · ·
OR A wicked man
· · ·
COME TO do dirt.
· · ·
AND SO we drive on.
· · ·
PICKING OUT places.
· · ·
THE BOY and I.
· · ·
FOR OUR Hollywood neighbors.
· · ·
TO DO their stuff.
· · ·
AND RIGHT on the road.
· · ·
UP AHEAD of us.
· · ·
WE SEE a bear.
· · ·
AND THE boy grows excited.
· · ·
AND THE bear disappears.
· · ·
AND THEN the boy figures.
· · ·
IT WOULD have been fine.
· · ·
IF THE bear had attacked us.
· · ·
AND ALL of a sudden.
· · ·
BILL HART would have come.
· · ·
AND SHOT it to death.
· · ·
OR MAYBE have choked it.
· · ·
WITH HIS two big hands.
· · ·
I THANK you.

"Stick to singing!" *they said* as I offered to play...

but I gave them the surprise of their lives

"WHAT'S the big idea of leaving us flat, Bob—now what's my party going to do for music?"

"Sorry, Madge, I hate to go . . . but business before pleasure this time. If I don't make tonight's 10 o'clock train for the West I may as well look for a new job. So long, gang—see you all in a couple of weeks."

No Music—No Fun

"I suppose you're glad, Larry," said Madge turning to me. "Now you won't have to sing. Bob is such marvelous company, though, it's a shame he had to go. And of course our radio would develop a bad case of 'staticitis' at the wrong time. Well, who'd like to hear me murder the piano?"

"Nothing doing—you'll drive the guests home," broke in her brother. "Let's play bridge instead. Too bad, though, I was all steamed up to hear Larry sing a few numbers for us, and believe it or not it took me two hours to polish this floor for dancing."

"That's a shame," I said pretending to be sorry. "How would it strike you folks if I played my own accompaniment and then rattled off a few dance tunes?"

"Strike us," they roared, "why, Larry, it would knock us right over. You can't bluff us into thinking you can play the piano."

"Well you never can tell," I said edging closer to the piano.

"Stick to singing!" chirped a chorus of voices.

By this time I was sitting at the piano . . . looking over the sheet music . . . itching to play.

"Yes, for goodness sakes, stick to singing," jibed my pal George. "If you're a piano player—I'm a toe dancer."

"Well, get ready to dance then boy." And much to his mortification and amazement, I played the sprightly "Glow Worm" half way through and then with a simple modulation I swung into one of the latest Broadway dance hits.

In an instant the crowd had regained their pep. "Great!" "More!" "Don't stop!" they cried.

The Third Degree Starts

Then curiosity got the best of them. A cloudburst of questions broke loose. To their "hows," "whens," and "wheres" there was only one answer. "I learned to play by mail."

"What, without a teacher?" "Impossible!"

"Not in the least," I assured them. "You don't need a teacher when you learn the U. S. School of Music way—the lessons are sent right to your home."

Then I told them all about this famous course—how I set my own study period and played real tunes by note right from the very start—how the clear and simple print and picture instructions kept me from making mistakes and hastened my progress—why, in almost no time, I could play any kind of selections—jazz or classical.

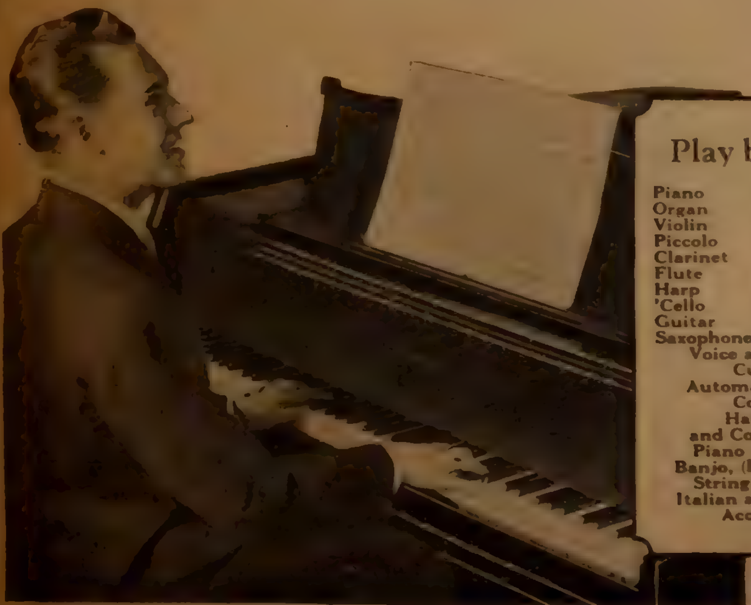
. . . and then they kept me busy at the piano until the wee hours of the morning.

* * *

This story is typical. The sooner you get started musically, the sooner you'll be popular. Decide now to learn to play your favorite instrument the U. S. School way. Don't let money hold you back. For, no matter which instrument you select, the cost of learning averages just a few cents a day. Previous musical talent or knowledge is never required. We've already proved that to half-a-million people.

Whether you take up piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or *any other* instrument, you'll find that every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of this course get ahead *twice as fast*—*three times as fast*—as those who study old time, plodding methods.

Our illustrated Free Book and our Free Demonstration Lesson explain all about this remarkable method. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*. If you really want to learn to play—take this opportunity to make your dreams come true. Sign the coupon below. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 607 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.



Play by Note

- Piano
- Organ
- Violin
- Piccolo
- Clarinet
- Flute
- Harp
- 'Cello
- Guitar
- Saxophone
- Hawaiian Guitar
- Drums and Traps
- Mandolin
- Sight Singing
- Ukulele
- Trombone
- Cornet
- Voice and Speech Culture
- Automatic Finger Control
- Harmony and Composition
- Piano Accordion
- Banjo, (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor
- Italian and German Accordion

U. S. School of Music
607 Brunswick Bldg., New York City

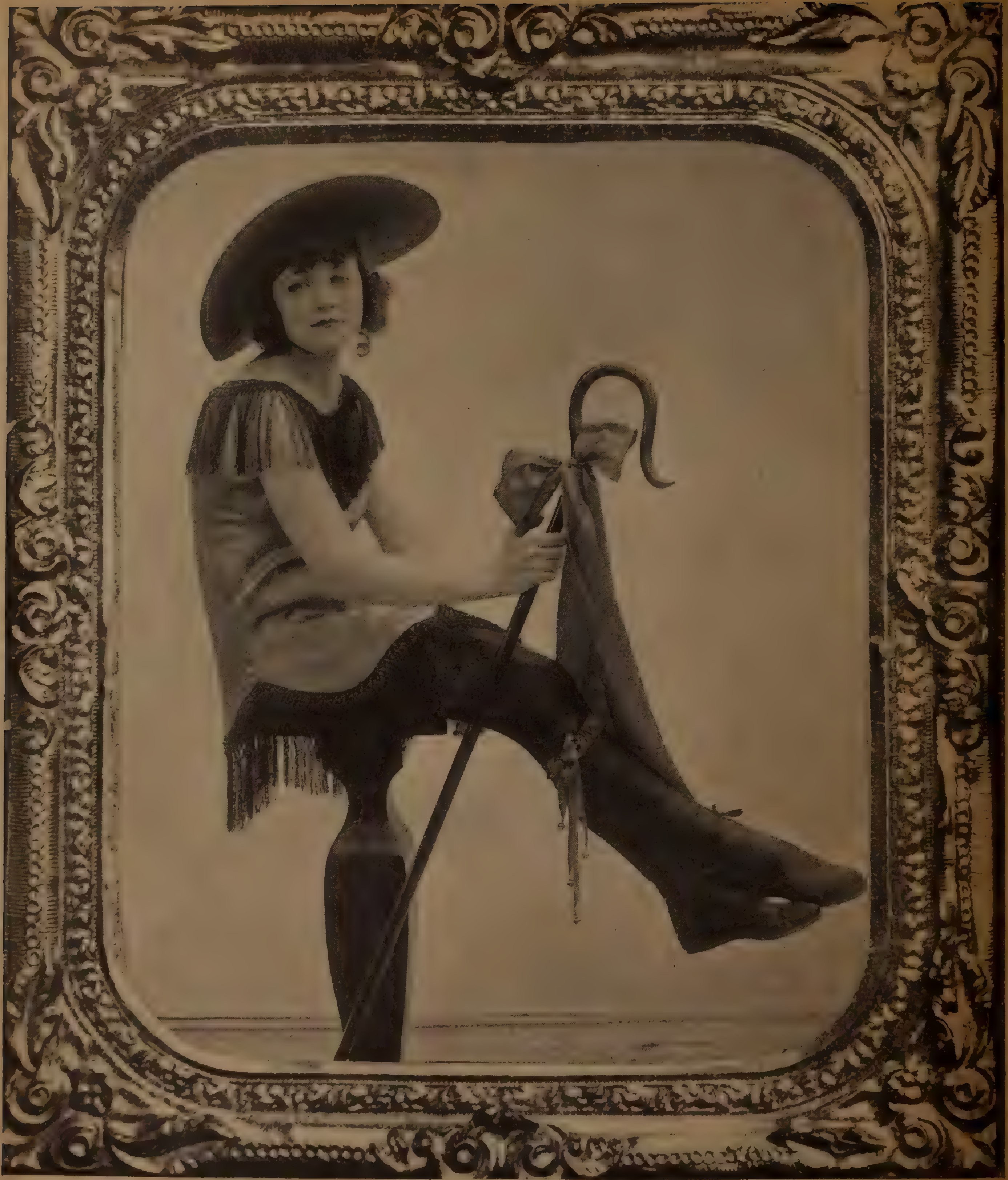
Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

. . . . Have You Instrument?

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . State . . . . . .



Classic's Family Album

And this is L'il Marie Prevost Bo-Peep, who had a flock of admirers, and knew just where to find them—namely, in the nickelodeons. For even in 1918 she was sitting pretty in Hollywood's Green Pastures, wondering if her future as a Mack Sennett girl would be a gambol. (Verily, as Mother Goose never said, the years come back with their tales behind them.)

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, *or Brownette!*

Do You Know Your Color Harmony *in* Make-Up *as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?*

Jeanette Loff
Universal Star—Blonde

Sally O'Neill
R-K-O Star
Brunette

Myrna Loy
Warner Bros. Star
Redhead

Sue Carol
Fox Film Star
Brownette

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret . . . the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up . . . and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony . . . free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result . . . and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types . . . for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity! . . . to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free . . . and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.

Joan Bennett, United Artists star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King approving the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.

Not Every Blonde . . . should use the same color harmony in make-up.

Not Every Brunette . . . should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.

Not Every Redhead . . . should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.

Not Every Brownette . . . should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-7-24

Dear Sir. Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name ______________________

City ______________________

Address ______________________

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

*"Cosmetics of the Stars"** . . . HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

JUST OFF THE BOULEVARD

Side-Street Slants On A Main-Street Town

By WALTER RAMSEY

DURING the time when Lew Cody was so ill, and even before that—when the working days were few and far between, the exchequer of the Cody family sank quite low. It was one of these times that his faithful old valet came to him with the suggestion that he would like to cut his own salary until Mistah Codie was aworkin' once again. Lew wouldn't hear of it but the colored man demanded the sacrifice. He cut his own salary $40.00 a month.

But whatever Lew has lost in the way of luck and health, he has always made up for in fineness and generosity. And so, after the money situation untangled itself, he wanted to put the negro back on his old pay, or even a bit more. The valet vetoed the idea. Absolutely refused—said he had enough to spend—just wanted to be able to work for Lew, that was his aim in life.

So it was up to Lew to find some way in which to make the servant take the money. While playing pool one night at the Athletic Club, he conceived the brilliant idea. The next day he had a table moved out to the house. Now he plays the valet once a week for an hour or so. Colored boys play pool as pool should be played. Lew plays him for five dollars a game and the boy always wins!

De Fresh Air Taxicab Comp'ny, inco'pulated, have moved f'om Hahlem tuh Hollawood, 'n' Amos (Freeman F. Gosden) am sittin' p'etty, 'n' Andy (Charles J. Correll) don' mean it when he say, "Ah's regusted"

With everyone in the world crazy about the talkies, it takes a lot of whole-hearted denial on the part of Charlie Chaplin to keep up the illusion that he dislikes them. But he has succeeded in hating them in public to the extent that all believe. Yesterday I saw him standing in front of *Henry's Grill* talking to the deaf and dumb newsboy. It must have taken him quite some time to become so proficient in the art of talking with the hands—but he certainly does it like a master. Isn't it funny how far a prejudice will drive a genius?

Street Scene

A LITTLE old lady has been playing the rôle of "sobbing old woman" for the screen for a number of years. She is perfection in that particular part because of her looks—and lately because of her voice. A whining sort of voice. But there isn't a great amount of work for her to do—never more than two or three days a month. She must eat. She is, therefore, the only motion picture player who carries a character into everyday life.

When she isn't engaged in the studios, one may often find her on the byways of Hollywood—playing her same part. She carries a large market basket under her arm for "atmosphere" and uses make-up to make her appear more forlorn. Her game is to accost a person who looks like a little "ready money" with something like this:

"Oh, sir . . ." (motion of daubing the eyes with a frayed handkerchief) "I've lost my purse and have no way to get home . . . Could you let me have enough to pay my car fare? Oh, sir, I didn't mean a *dollar!* But thank you—God bless you, sir, for helping an old woman."

As you have no doubt guessed, she doesn't often receive a five-cent piece for car fare. Most often, at least a dollar bill finds its way into her well-filled pocketbook—hidden in the bottom of the basket. She may get $15.00 a day for her camera work—but I'll bet she loses money while she's doing it. Her income in two blocks, while I was an interested onlooker, was no less than $10.00 and it only took her twenty minutes to consummate the deals!

Unlucky in Love

SOME fellows have all the luck. Raoul Walsh not only has had a great deal of luck making pictures that the public enjoy, but he has been very fortunate in a lot of other ways. For a long time Walsh has been an enthusiast of Agua Caliente and the ponies. A few days ago he purchased a horse of his own for the sum of $17,000. It was a known fact that it hadn't won a race for a long time—still, the same day he became the owner, the horse won a handicap that paid the owner $30,000 in cash.

Two years ago on his honeymoon Walsh won $35,000 over the roulette tables in Caliente.

When a Hollywood director turns "yes-man" it is worthy of a story. William de Mille, brother of the Bathtub King, is the megaphone wielder of whom I speak. It was one evening out at Bebe Daniels' place. The guests had all enjoyed a very hearty dinner and the dessert was

(*Continued on page 95*)

As told to PRINCESS PAT by 10,000 Men

"Women Use Too Much Rouge"

THE MEN, poor dears, are not quite correct. They judge by appearances solely. What they really protest is the "painted look"—and "too much rouge" is not really a question of quantity. It is a matter of kind; for even the tiniest bit of usual rouge *does look unreal.*

Women have startling proof of difference in rouges once they try Princess Pat. Have you sometimes watched fleecy clouds at sunset shade from deepest rose to faintest pink, every tone pure and luminous? So it is with Princess Pat rouge. Every tone is pure and luminous, seeming to lie beneath the skin and not upon it. You obtain more, or less, color by using freely or sparingly. But there is never a question of too much, never the unlovely "painted look" to which men object.

Purity, delicacy, the most costly color tints, and a secret formula combine to make Princess Pat the *most natural rouge in the world.* And whether blonde or brunette, you can use any and all of the six Princess Pat shades with perfect effect—instead of being limited to one as with usual rouges.

Velvet Your Skin with Princess Pat Almond Base Face Powder

Velvet is just the word; for the soft, soothing Almond Base imparts to Princess Pat an entirely new "feel," makes its application a veritable caress. Most powders contain starch as a base—hence their drying effect. The Almond in Princess Pat definitely helps the skin, assists it to remain pliant and fine of texture. And there has never been a powder to go on so smoothly, or cling so long—never because only in Princess Pat do you find the soft, naturally adherent Almond Base—instead of starch.

Princess Pat Almond Base face powder now comes in two weights. Medium weight in the familiar oblong box—lighter weight in the new round box. It has been possible because of the Almond Base to make the lighter weight powder just as clinging as the medium.

Wonderful New Color for Lips

Just what you've wanted—lip rouge that colors the visible part of the lips and that also adheres to and colors the inside, moist surface. Thus, parted lips show beautiful color all the way back—no unlovely "rim" of color as with usual lipsticks.

Try the Seven Famous Aids-to-Beauty in Princess Pat Week End Set

This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for a thorough trial—enough for two weeks. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder and lip rouge. You will be delighted with the set.

Get This Week End Set —SPECIAL

The very popular Princess Pat Week-End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON *and 25c [coin]. Only one to a customer. Besides Rouge, set contains easily a month's supply of Almond Base Powder and SIX other Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.*

PRINCESS PAT LTD Dept. A-1015
2709 S. Wells St., Chicago

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

Name [print] ....
Street ....
City and State ....

PRINCESS PAT

PRINCESS PAT LTD. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
CANADIAN ADDRESS, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

Beauty that is envied everywhere

Loretta Young
First National Pictures, Inc.

Strikingly smart sports costumes, trailing evening gowns so alluringly feminine—such fashions as these were made for beautiful women. For women who possess that much-to-be-desired "rounded slimness" of youth.

Today, graceful curves and the radiant glow of health are necessary to look well in the new modes.

And most women can achieve this fashionable figure by wise dieting. . . .

But avoid strenuous, starvation menus. They often destroy beauty. No doubt you know girls who complain of dizziness while dieting. Of headaches, of listlessness. Often they lose their color, the complexion becomes sallow and tiny lines of age appear.

The reason for this is that most reducing diets lack roughage. Without roughage, the symptoms and evils of improper elimination are inevitable.

Yet they are easy to avoid. Just add two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's All-Bran to the diet daily. It is not fattening—yet it is guaranteed to relieve and to prevent all danger of improper elimination.

In addition, Kellogg's All-Bran helps prevent dietary anemia. It contains iron. This mineral restores color to the complexion, bringing the glow of radiant health. Eaten with fruit juices or milk, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

RELIEVES CONSTIPATION
Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
Help yourself to health
W. K. Kellogg
KELLOGG COMPANY
BATTLE CREEK MICH. LONDON CAN

You will like the many ways Kellogg's All-Bran can be eaten without adding many calories to the menu. In clear soups—in fruit juices—on salads. Cook it in muffins, breads.

Isn't this better than taking pills and drugs that only bring temporary relief—and are often harmful? Keep healthy by making Kellogg's All-Bran a part of your diet every day. It is recommended by dietitians. You'll like the improvement in both texture and taste. Ask for it in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLE

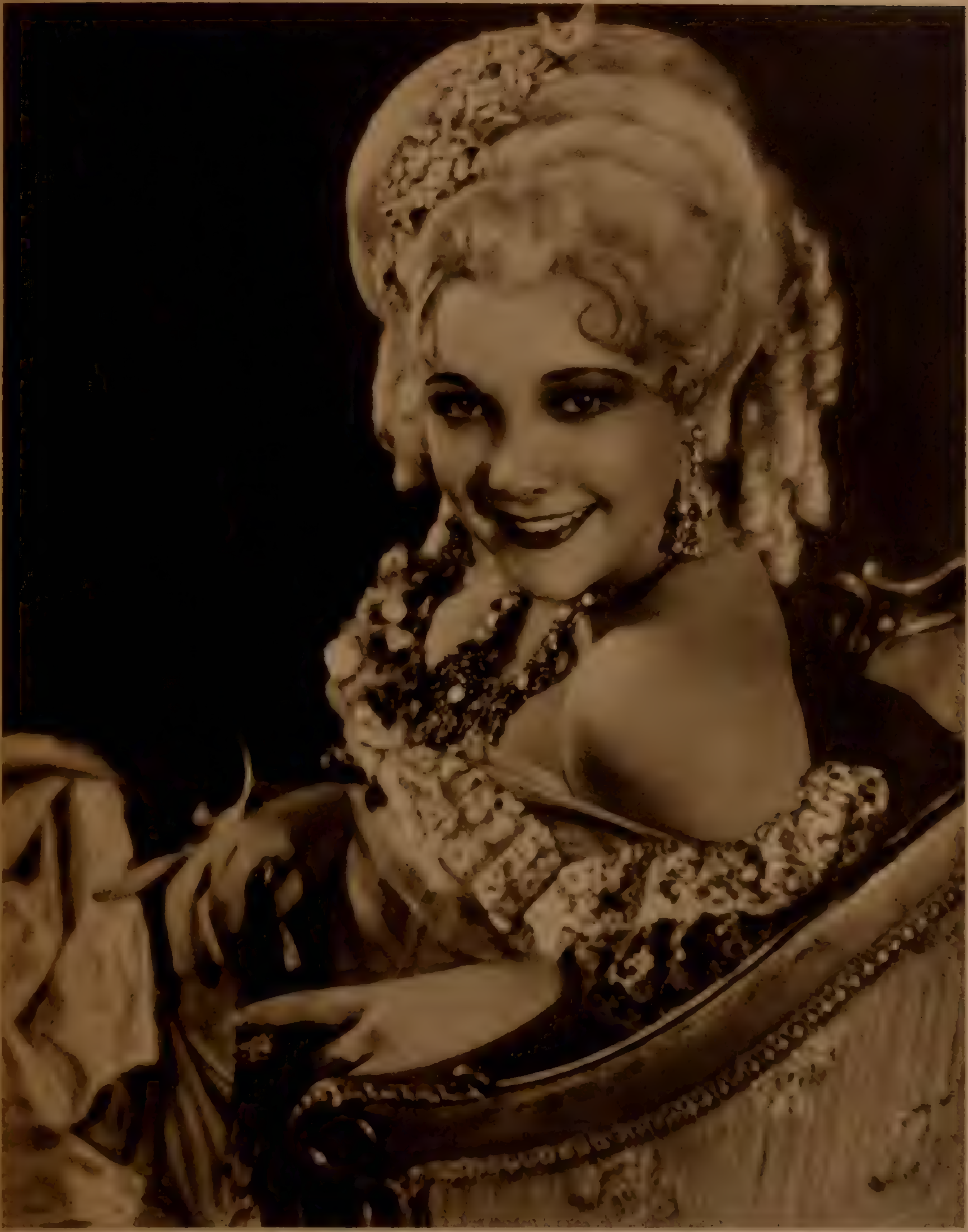
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Wom who admire beauty and fitness and who want keep figures slim and fashionable will find suggested menus and table of foods for dieti invaluable. It is free upon request.

Kellogg Company, Dept. MC-7
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me a free copy of y
"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting t

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

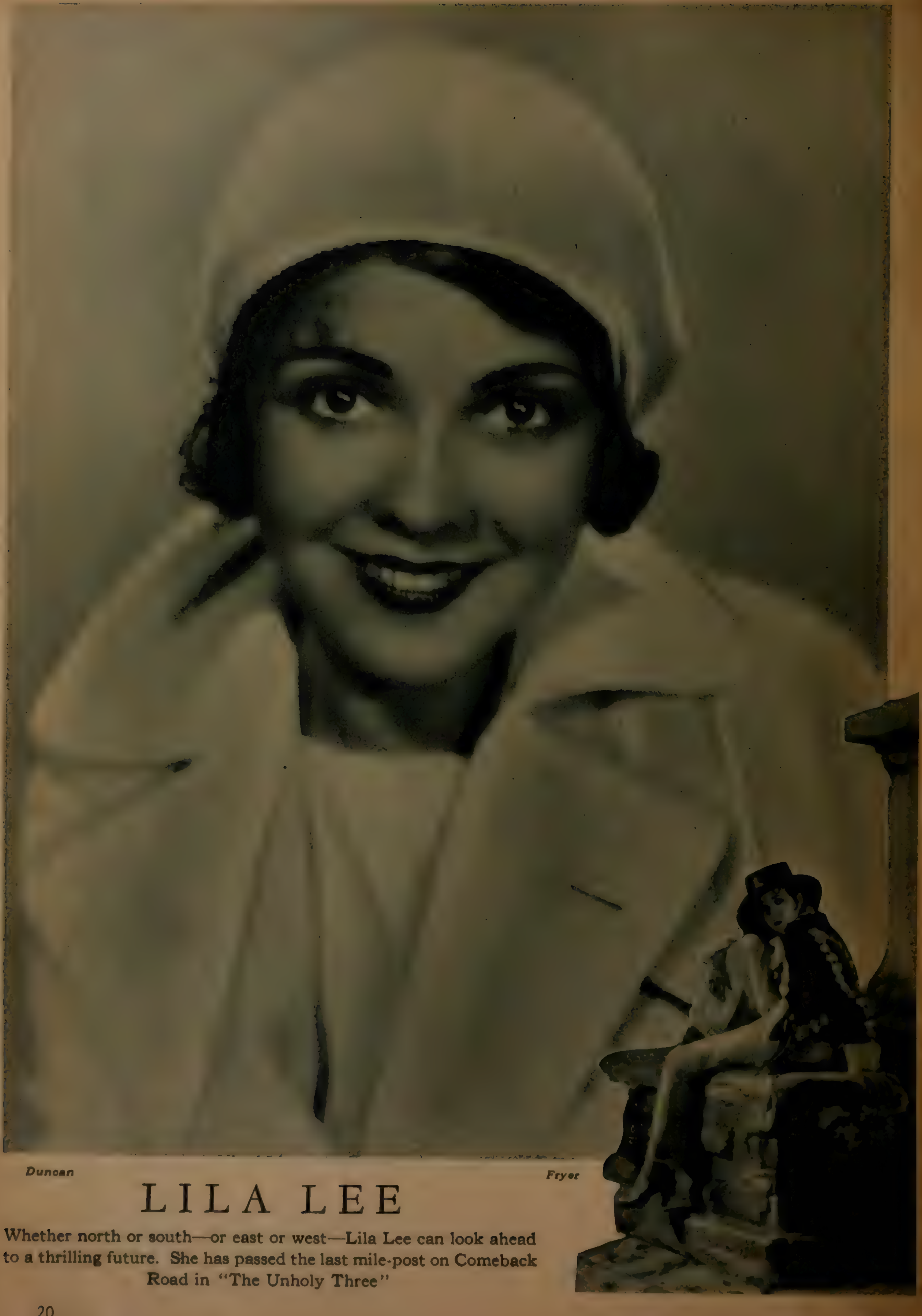


Velvet is only a wig, but a big, success is Helen
soothinglvetrees, who, despite the misleading
:ume, is one of Hollywood's leading in-
PF ues, now being ingenuous for "Her Man"

PP-N(

Thomas

HELEN TWELVETREES



Duncan

Fryer

LILA LEE

Whether north or south—or east or west—Lila Lee can look ahead to a thrilling future. She has passed the last mile-post on Comeback Road in "The Unholy Three"

Shoenbaum

Richee

NANCY CARROLL

A golfer—and a musicomedienne—above par is Nancy Carroll in "Follow Thru." And now she becomes serious—for there is Satan to pay in "The Devil's Holiday"

Hurrell

CONRAD NAGEL

His set expressions may be serious, but Conrad Nagel is one of Hollywood's brightest ex-silent stars. At present, he is seriously involved in "Flame of the Flesh"

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*

"His Glorious Night" was John Gilbert's first talking picture. There were rumors at the time—so disastrous was its effect on his previous public—that it would be his last. But now he is seen and heard again in "Redemption," and in this complicated, worn-out story again there is cause to wonder; where, oh where, has our former John gone?

He is, it seems to us, the most self-conscious actor on the talking screen. And this, we believe, with reason. No other major actor of the old silent days has had such insipid stories, such poor lines, as has the unfortunate John. Give him a strong story, with good lines, and once more the carping critics would be eating their words.

• • •

The happiest part of this unhappy picture is the sight of Renée Adorée before the camera once more. She has been before it all too seldom of late.

No one who saw "The Big Parade" can forget Renée Adorée, or believe that the waning of her stardom has been any fault of her acting. She also is an illustration of what poor stories can do to a talented player. But, like Gilbert, she still is popular. And, like him, she deserves a break.

• • •

The most sensational development of the census returns is the possibility that Los Angeles is now the third largest city in the United States. This only goes to show what talking pictures and talking chambers of commerce can do for a climate. The comment of San Franciscans is, of course, that there is room for improvement in Southern California.

• • •

When Douglas Fairbanks sailed for England recently, it was with the two announced intentions of seeing the races and of interviewing Eisenstein, the Soviet director—in the hope of persuading the Russian to work with him. A radical idea, perhaps, but all the recent developments in the movies have been radical.

Eisenstein is an experimenter, a man with no responsibility to tradition, who has the courage of his convictions. He has new ideas, he gets new effects. He should be a healthy influence in Hollywood—if, unlike most directors there, he can do things in his own way.

• • •

Many have lost plenty in Hollywood but the largest individual loser to date is, undoubtedly, Paul Whiteman, who recently evaporated from around three hundred pounds to approximately two hundred. His "King of Jazz" also is something worth mentioning—although it is an example of splendor, rather than brilliance. His music is a treat, and most of the settings are dazzling, but Paul himself is the show. He turns out to be a natural comedian, with considerable potentialities.

• • •

Causes for hope in the talkies:

A police detective does not wear his hat in the house—the character being *Inspector Nayland Smith* and the picture, "The New Adventures of Dr. Fu Manchu."

A newspaper man is not a flashy wisecracker—the character being *Toby McLean* and the picture, "Young Man of Manhattan."

• • •

Causes for gloom:

The title of Ferenc Molnar's delightful play, "The Swan," in which Lillian Gish triumphantly returns to the screen, is changed to "One Romantic Night."

La Gish herself has returned to the Broadway stage, is making a hit in the Chekhov play, "Uncle Vanya," and is scheduled to go on tour in it, when —in the far future—it quits Broadway.

The Changing

Pictures And Public

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

IN 1910, narrow, dirty storeroom "houses" with wooden kitchen chairs, occupied by an audience whose appearance may be imagined by the fact that every hour or so an usher passed up and down the aisles, squirting a sickeningly sweet perfume to make the atmosphere humanly bearable.

In 1930, magnificent picture palaces with uniformed majordomos helping patrons from the continuous procession of limousines and taxicabs that stop before them. The present movie audience numbers one hundred and fifteen million a week—fifteen million new movie fans this last year!

Once movie houses were known as nickelodeons and attracted the children with a few moist pennies of spending money, and the working people who could not afford to pay much for their good times. Now motion pictures at the same prices as legitimate stage shows often enjoy longer runs than their competitors of the legit. Once, smiles Sid Grauman, veteran picture showman, an auto-bus stopping in front of one of his movie houses to let off patrons was an event. Now automobile parking is a serious problem to all movie theater owners, and most large picture houses have installed a system of electric numbers which signal the chauffeurs after the show.

"The film audience to-day," says Grauman, "is largely made up of the people who used to spend their amusement money at the legitimate theater exclusively before the pictures attained their present popularity. The higher standards of the films themselves have improved the tastes of their fans and attracted more intelligent patrons who, a few years ago, were inclined to sneer at the movies as the entertainment of morons."

Theater Emigrés

FIFTEEN million new movie fans weekly this year! What do they look like, these fifteen million, how do they dress, how do they think, how much money have they to spend, and *where do they come from?*

From the orchestra rows of legitimate theaters, for one place! In 1929 the stage has had a discouraging time. On Broadway, last stronghold of the spoken drama, a dozen legitimate houses have found it good business to "go movie." All over the United States stock company theaters have closed their doors, unable to compete with the talkies. In Des Moines, the local stock sent far and wide for the best players available, but finally gave up the struggle. It seems safe to con-

White

Ewing Galloway

At top, the Roxy Theater, New York City, whose weekly earnings average about $100,000; center, S. L. Rothafel ("Roxy"), who sells movies and music together; right, a pretentious movie theater of bygone days

Movie Audience

Have Both Grown Up

clude that former patrons of the legitimate theater are now to be found among the fifteen million new talkie fans.

The other evening in Hollywood a critic dining at a restaurant near the Chinese Theater noticed a number of new faces in the before-the-theater crowd, faces he recognized as being always present in the symphony audiences, and among the boxholders when the opera comes to town. From other snatches of conversation he learned that it was the first visit of many of them to a motion picture house. Among these new weekly fifteen million movie fans we may number many people with a passion for the opera, trained voices and an understanding of musical technique. "People who have been willing to pay six to ten dollars a seat to hear Lawrence Tibbett, Mary Lewis, or John McCormack, will surely pay sixty-five cents to hear them in the talkies," says C. Graham Baker, First National executive.

Archer

High-Toned Music

ERNO RAPÉE fifteen years ago was hired as conductor of the Rivoli Theater orchestra by S. L. Rothafel, or "Roxy," as he is more affectionately known. "Roxy," even then, was looking beyond the tinkling piano of the nickelodeon, to a film future when picture patrons would be of the sort to appreciate the finest music that the finest orchestra could give them.

"Every time I entered the pit to conduct an overture," says Rapée, "I had in mind the belief that my audience—the movie audience that had always been considered the least receptive to genuine music—would some day be eager for the best I could give them." For many years, while other picture houses were still feeding their public with popular and trashy tunes, the Rivoli patiently taught its patrons to understand and like more classical music. At the same time the character of the movie audience itself was changing, growing more critical of its entertainment. For the last four years Rapée and his symphony orchestra of one hundred and ten musicians have been able to give a motion picture audience the finest music ever written, music which ordinarily would never have been heard outside of the concert hall or opera house!

In 1910, a raucous soprano bawling

(*Continued on page 78*)

THE EAGLE'S NEST
TODAY
NOT GUILTY
P. & A.

At top, Sid Grauman, who, like "Roxy," has helped movie audiences to change; center, a typical movie theater exterior before the era of stars; left, the interior of Warners' new Hollywood Theater, New York City

The MOST ROMANTIC

As Told By John Boles

To WALTER RAMSEY

Spurr

It was his smile, perhaps, that attracted Marilynne—for it implies romance. Below, a romantic moment with Donal Blossom in one of his first pictures, "Bride of the Colorado"

THE most romantic moment of my life came after I was married—and it was not with my wife.

You see, I was in *love* with my wife. In love with her in a very practical, workable way. Our love was a real thing—something strong and heavy, upon which one could lean. But romance was the smallest part of our love. I mean the thing we call "romance"—that intangible, gossamer, fragile spark that leaps up unexpectedly with a quick flame, only to flicker out at the first breath of reality . . .

I had fallen in love with the girl I was to marry while I was still very young. Our love developed in the most natural way. We were a boy and a girl in a little Southern town—school-day sweethearts, engaged "folks," and then married in the accepted custom. In fact, there was nothing out of the ordinary at all about our love. We were just like many another young couple south of the Mason-Dixon Line. But my *romance* was not ordinary. No true romance could be anything but extraordinary—because there are so few of them in real life.

Their Meeting

MY *romance* started aboard a trans-Atlantic steamship. The girl's last name I never knew. And she never knew mine.

How we came to know one another has always been a puzzle to me. It seems to occur to me, though, that we were introduced to each other the second night out. I have a vague recollection of watching the captain lead a demure slip of a girl up to my table and leave her. He made some explanation to the effect that her mother was indisposed—and would I take care of her? That is the best I can do with the beginning. It's all very hazy.

I can't remember what we ate or what we said at the table. I don't recall leaving the dinner salon or stepping out on deck. My story starts later in the evening, when I suddenly found myself wandering very slowly outside the dancing salon. Someone was tugging lightly at my arm. She was there.

That little tug on the arm was the beginning of my romance. From that moment, until the last glimpse I had of her under the new sticky green of the chestnut trees in Paris, I find every minute detail indelibly printed on my memory. I remember that she was a very naïve, old-fashioned little lady. Her name was Marilynne—and she looked rather like her name: petite, auburn-haired, smiling and sweet. She must have been in her early teens, because although I was only twenty-two at the time, she seemed to regard me as quite a man.

After watching through the salon windows at the danc-

MOMENT *of* MY LIFE

One Afternoon In Paris John Boles Lived The Story Of "Louise"

ng for a few minutes, and listening to the dreamy altz the orchestra was playing, we decided to take turn about the deck in the moonlight. Yes, there as even the stage setting of a slim spring oon. It may have been her first romantic xperience with life. She acted as though it ere. Holding my arm tightly and gazing p into my eyes as we walked, she seemed ll but consumed by the newness and glamur of the situation. And perhaps I also as discovering something for the first time. rue, I was married. But mine was a mariage of camaraderie and deep affection—-not romance.

As we walked along arm-in-arm, I made wo decisions. *The first:* that love is a much reater thing than romance—but that one night be experienced without the other. *he second:* that I would make no mention f having been married. I was sure that I ould enjoy this bit of a new feeling that ad started to develop in my heart.

Freulich

Above, as the lover of Bebe Daniels in "Rio Rita," which established him as "the screen's most romantic actor;" left, as he appeared in his early screen days; lower left, the lover of song

Ray Jones

And so it was that we came to know one another as Marilynne and John—never anything more. We were more like two spirits, sailing on the same boat to heaven, than two very-alive youngsters on their separate ways to Paris. And after that first meeting, we were together much of the time. Her mother was strict, but we managed to watch the moon or the stars for a while every evening. These *tête-à-têtes* were easily arranged to her convenience—because I was traveling alone. I had left my wife in the States, while I went abroad to study music.

Making Plans

THE fact that I had already experienced love made this sweet-girl romance a bit hard to understand at first. Not so with Marilynne, however. She was just on the threshold of everything that life affords a woman—and she seemed sure that she had found the thing she had been dreaming about during her girlhood. We spent many hours sitting in deck-chairs, bundled up in heavy robes, talking of the future and my singing. She told me of her plans to study languages in Paris for six months and then to return to her home in South Carolina. Oh, how she had longed

(*Continued on page 86*)

The Light Lady of the Sonnets: when Evelyn Laye appeared on Broadway this past season in the Noel Coward musical, "Bitter Sweet," the critics all but wrote poetry in praise of her. They ran out of adjectives, describing her dancing, her singing, her beauty. At this phenomenon, the Powers of Hollywood came rushing to see and hear—and in Hollywood she will be this summer, after a short vacation in her native England.

Edward Thayer Monroe

HOLLYWOOD SOB-STORIES

Lina Basquette Has Known Every Kind Of Adversity Hollywood Has To Offer

By DOROTHY MANNERS

HOLLYWOOD, for all her bountiful gifts of fame and wealth, can be unnecessarily cruel, until, at times, the unfortunate victim of her jibes and gossip seems pursued by a personal jinx that touches each climax of life.

It must seem that way to Lina Basquette.

Hollywood has never been kind to Lina, even in her influential days as the wife of Sam Warner. Even in the days when she was the potentially sensational candidate for the glory that Cecil de Mille can build. And certainly not now—though Lina is personally happy, for the first time in her Hollywood life, as the wife of Peverell Marley. It is a happiness she has grasped in spite of Hollywood whisperings, and held to . . . firm in the conviction that she was right. Strangely enough, she is not embittered. To even this last dreadful thing, the attempt to take her baby away from her, she merely shrugs her trim shoulders. "They don't understand," she explained simply. "They couldn't—or it could not have been like this all along."

Russell Ball

It all started five years ago . . .. almost from the time of her arrival in the colony as the wife of Sam Warner. She was a vivid person, intensely colorful—and young. Too vivid, too young, some people said, to fit into the grooves so smugly occupied by other wives of producers and Hollywood executives. Obviously, the seventeen-year-old Follies danseuse was not for the bridge luncheons, the tally-card friendships, or the discreet dinner parties given only by and for the "right people" (whoever they are).

Young and Idle

HEIGH-HO, sighed Hollywood, but this was a strange marriage! Twenty-two years difference in their ages. "Money" played an important part in the musings at the discrepancy. But even the most malicious could not deny that Sam Warner adored the ground his vivid dancer-wife walked upon.

For the most part, Lina went her own way. The few friends she made were of her own age, girls connected with picture work, girls still in the excitement of doing things. Sam Warner had not wanted her to continue her professional work after marriage, but the love of it was still in her blood. One does not retire from ambitions at seventeen.

Idleness bored her. Particularly the brand of Hollywood idleness that is not idleness at all, but an aimless marathon of hurrying from one place to the other at the correct time. It wasn't until Lina knew she was going to be a mother that she compromised with her leisure. Even then she promised herself that after the baby came, she would broach the subject of her work to Sam again—try to make him see how unhappy she was with no work to do.

Fighting the Enemy

THE daughter of Sam Warner and Lina Basquette is an exquisite child. Almost from the cradle she manifested the little charms of personality which are making her now the pivotal point in an adoption case. But there were nurses for little Lina, there was "the family," there were innumerable hands to do the things that might have kept Lina occupied with her own child. There were so many that she eventually found herself confronted by her old enemy . . . nothing-to-do. The baby was growing

(*Continued on page 80*)

Is the Devil A Woman?

Yes—And A Thoroughly "Good" One, Thinks Kay Johnson

An Interview By

NANCY PRYOR

R. H. Louise

ADAM was the first man to rumor that the Devil might be a woman, when he cried out in explanation of that apple affair, "The woman tempted me!" But he was not the last. The suspicion has come down through the ages. It must have played in the back of the mind of Menelaus as he listened to Helen lisp her apology for her part in the Trojan War, and something along that line might have occurred to John the Baptist a moment or two before his head was served to Salome. Cecil de Mille believes there is enough foundation in the idea to title his new talking picture after a "*Madame* Satan." And I myself should not be surprised if such were the case, though it may sound traitorous to our sex.

But of this I am convinced, . . . that if the devil is a woman, she is not wicked and bad—but *a good woman* who is thoroughly idle, mischievous rather than malicious, more blundering than wicked, and more stupid than evil. For from such women all the troubles of the world are spread.

A bad woman would be too obvious a mask for the Devil, who is insidious. We are on our guard against bad women who are obviously such—the siren with her painted sneer, the flirt with her shallow mind, the parasite with her empty heart. As for women the world considers morally bad, they are too apt to be hiding a heart of gold under a sequin evening gown with darts of flame like the Devil's own masquerade. And I do not believe that is the costume of the real Lady Devil.

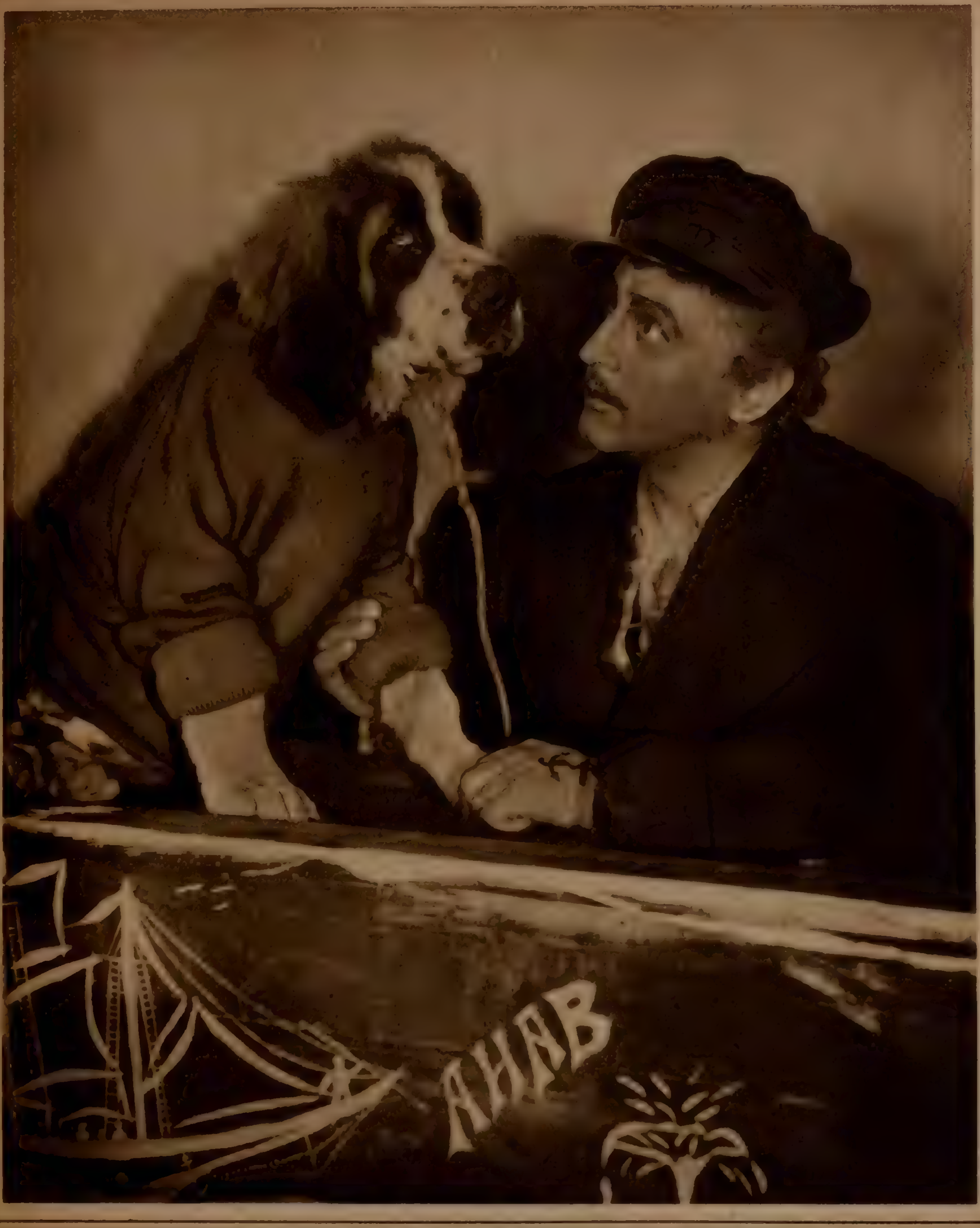
A Demon About the House

IF such there be, mark my words, she is wearing apron strings—with the happiness of some struggling, nagged male dangling from the ends. Of the vices she has none of the little ones and all of the big ones. No sleeping until mid-day for her. It curtails her time to gossip, to set her house running in maddening efficiency, to fill her mind with trivial, unimportant flaws in the character of her friends and her husband. For the Devil is not a lady of free-love. She is not that generous.

This Woman-Devil is an immaculate housekeeper,

(*Continued on page 84*)

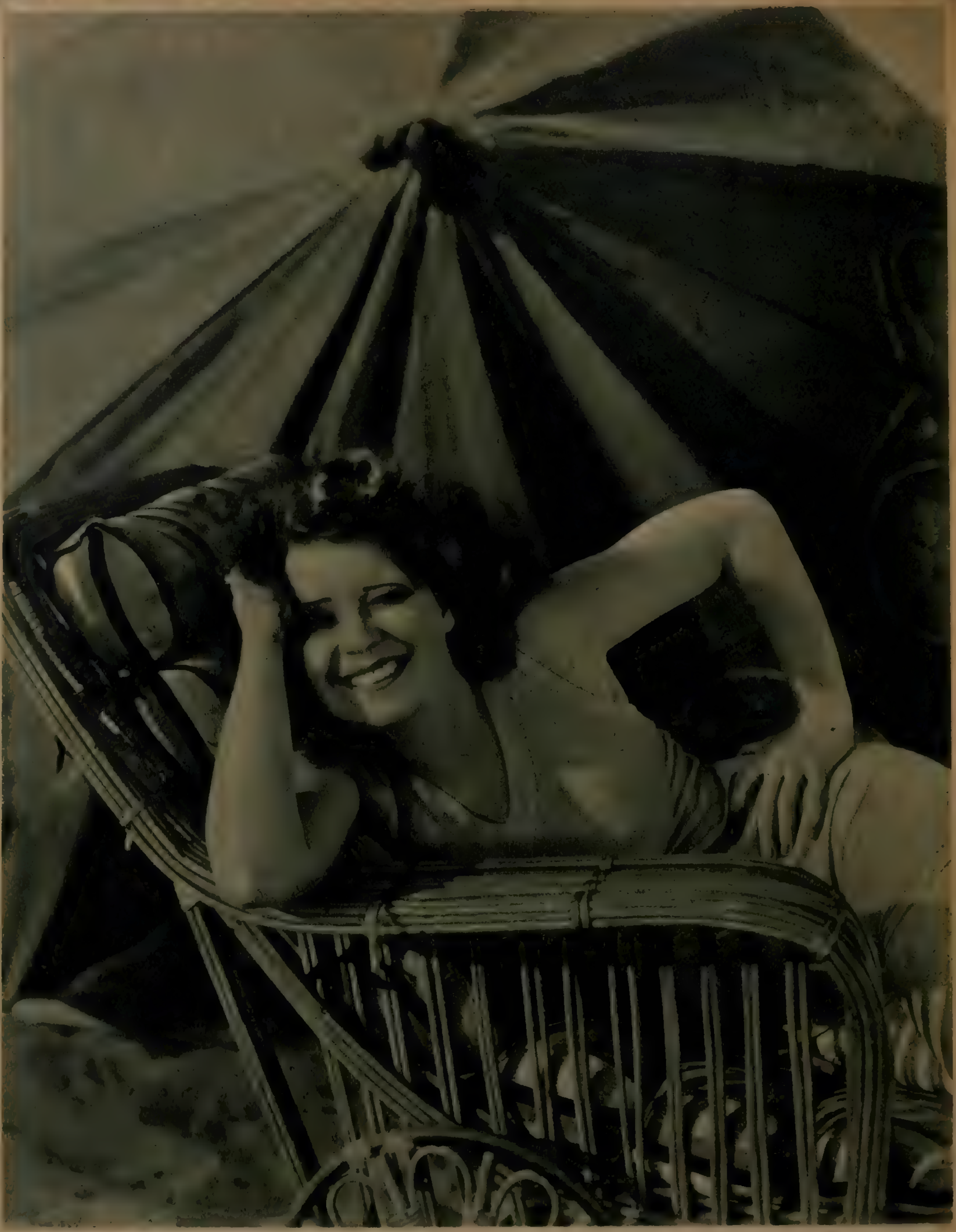
She knows: Kay Johnson, at top, is the *Madame* in "Madame Satan." Left, a design by Adrian of a costume she wears in the picture



• Bone Voyage

Sad, but true, is "Bum," despite the fact that *Cap'n Ahab* Barrymore—searching once more for that ol' davil whale, *Moby Dick* (once known as "The Sea Beast")—has just told him that he can have no whalebones. And despite the discovery that the captain's not a mate

Irving Lippman



The Flirt's In

In the studio she may be just a sailor's sweetheart (have you seen her "True To The Navy"?), but down at the beach she keeps away from the whitecaps. For some girls are eye-openers, but Clara is the other kind. And some may use just a smile for an umbrella, but Clara is not stingy.

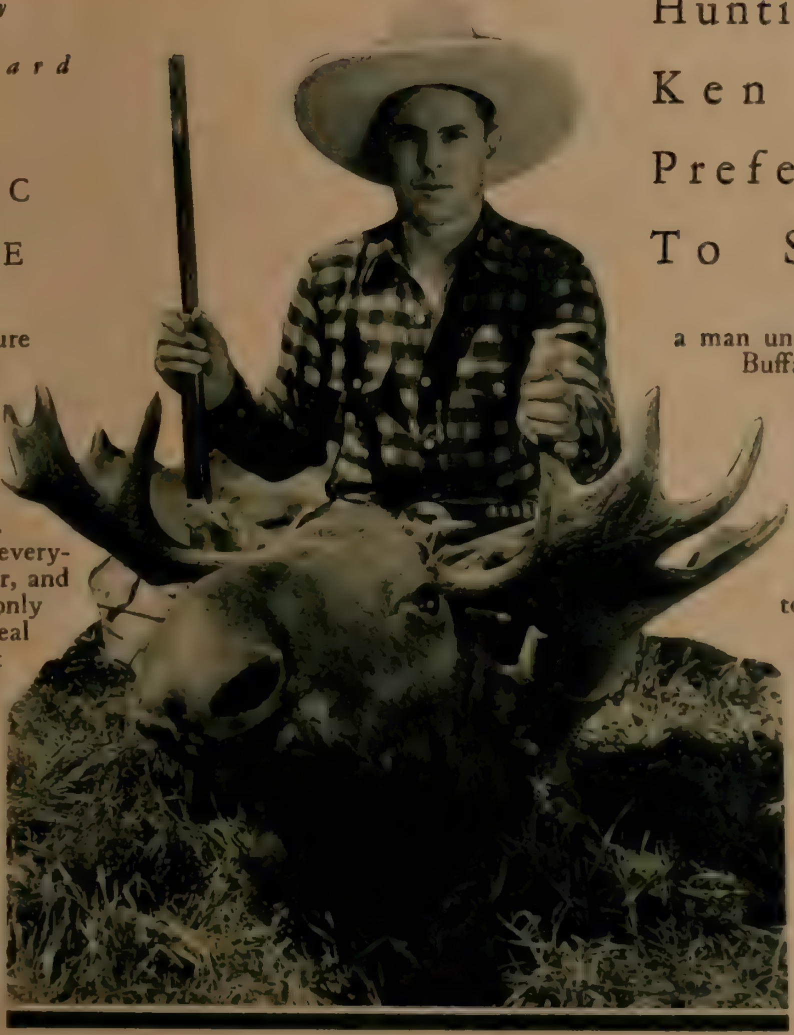
Otto Dyar

• Sports Of The Stars •

• VII •

As Told By
Ken Maynard
TO
CEDRIC
BELFRAGE

Huntin' Big Game, Ken Maynard Prefers Huntin' To Shootin



WELL, you sure picked on the wrong party to talk 'bout huntin'. Huntin' is a pretty tame proposition anyhow, the way I figure it. I've hunted pretty near everything on two legs or four, and after all's done there's only one thing as gives me a real thrill: that's shootin' at coyotes from my airplane. When I want a real thrill, I go out toward the desert a ways, crack the 'plane up to 'bout 140 miles an hour, spot coyotes and dive to 'bout ten feet from the ground to take shots at 'em. They run and then stop to look back at you. I never hit one yet. Prob'ly have to go after 'em with a machine-gun to make a killin'. And then the one you'd kill 'd be yourself, tryin' to look after the gun and the controls at the same time.

I still go out huntin' bear, sometimes. But it ain't for any thrill there is in it. I go because I like the trip, the campin', the companionship and the open air. Also because I like bear meat. There's some fight in a bear, but nothin' much. The only thing that makes it sport is the brush country, where he has a chance of gettin' away. The grizzly is one of the very few animals that actually will charge you—but even he will always run if he can. I haven't seen one that won't run unless perhaps he's mighty hungry.

Hardly "Sport"

BUT the poor little brown bear! Anybody can kill 'em—it's not heroic. And to kill 'em for "sport" I can't see. Now if they had a gun, I'd think it was sport. The man has a high-powered rifle; the bear has nothin' but his legs. But I'm crazy about bear meat, and when I want some, I sometimes go out after 'em.

If there's any sense in killin' something just to pose alongside of your car with it—well, you can't make me see it.

The same thing goes for every other animal you can hunt, the way I figure. There isn't nothin' goin' to attack a man unless he's hungry, you bet. Buffalo? You simply ride alongside with a .30-.30 and let 'em have it. Deer? Now there's a pathetic little thing. You know where they are and go and get 'em. Bear and deer—you always know just where to find 'em at any particular time. They're not quick gettin' away; they look you over first. You just sight 'em and there you are. Anybody but a blind man could kill 'em.

Seems to me it's more sportin' by long chalks to shoot quail or something that has a better chance. There's a certain amount of risk to huntin' mountain-lion in New Mexico, of course, but I still put it in the category of simple sports. There's more sport trappin' wild horses than there is in any big game huntin'.

Ropin' Is Real Sport

THE real sport is ropin', not shootin'. I've heard all about the big game huntin' in Africa, and I'd imagine it's much exaggerated. I've all the intention in the world of goin' to Africa myself. It won't be long before I'll be lightin' out for there—I've a standin' invitation from Colonel Rice to visit him at his hunting-lodge in Uganda. But I don't intend to spend my time killin' poor little lions with a gun.

I'm goin' after 'em with a rope—everything up to the rhinoceros. Maybe it hasn't ever been done before, but it's my idea of sport with a real thrill. We'll flush 'em out of the brush, and away we'll go after 'em. Rhino! Now, he's a tough baby—he'd fight you. My idea is to have five good cowboys all rope him at once, then keep gettin' bigger and bigger ropes on him and hold him. He'll duck and dodge and twist, but five good cowboys could hold him. But rope him? Easy! And lion'd be even easier. The thrill comes when he starts goin' and you've got to hang on.

I've roped mountain-lion myself, so I know somethin'

(*Continued on page 91*)

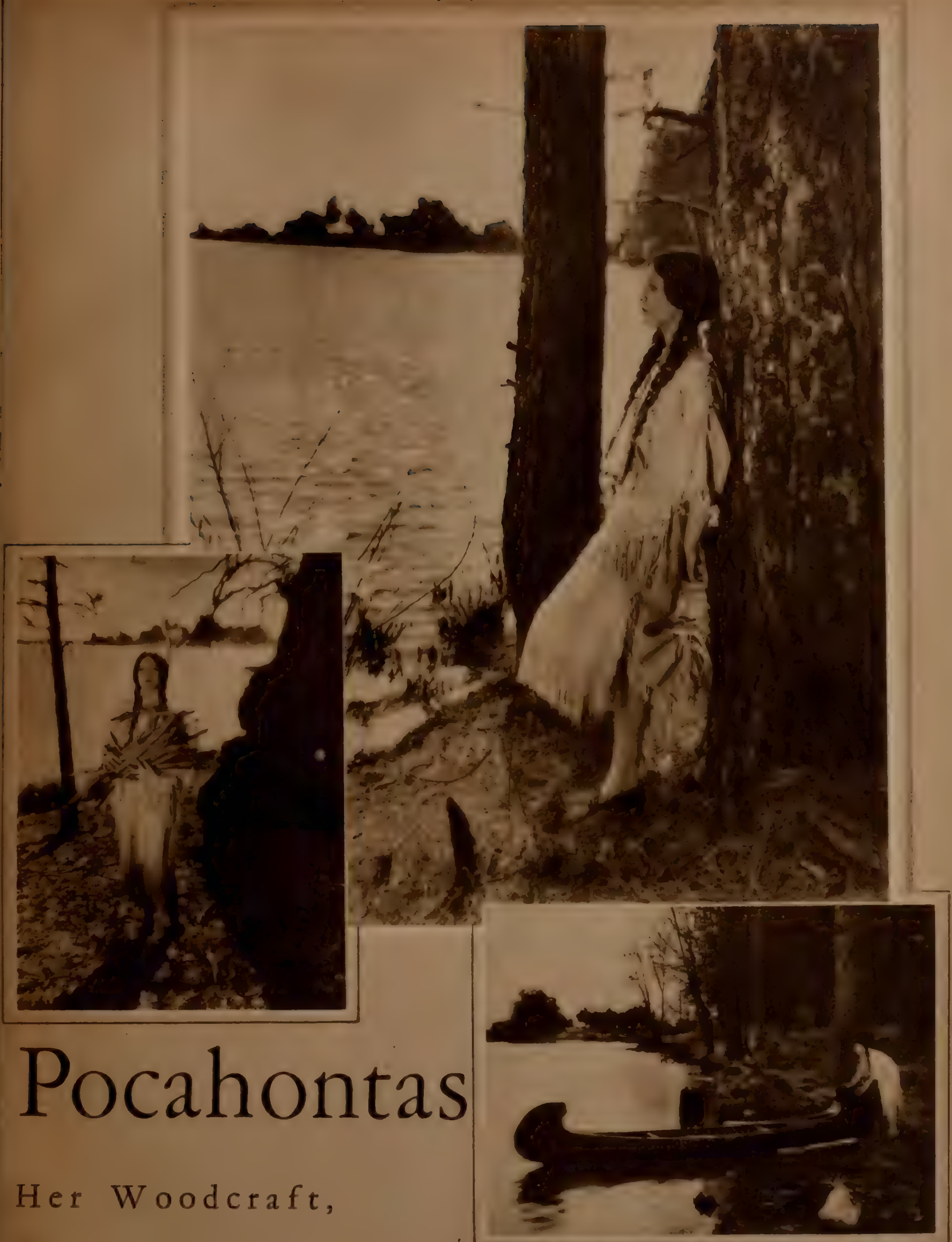
In private life she might be Mrs. Withers, but to her public she wanted to be forever Young. So one day she ran away—from Hollywood to the Big Woods—and lost herself. And, as *Peter Pan*, she found that a tree lends support to a day-dream—that getting up is no effort—and that bedrock is conducive to slumber

Peter

Using All

Loretta Young

Other



Pocahontas

Her Woodcraft, Becomes Two People

But as young *Mr. Pan*, she decided, she would never know much romance. So she acquired some braids, and hied herself away to an Indian summer resort, there to dream of the brave who deserved the fair young squaw—and would make her keep the home fires burning—and never allow her to paddle her own canoe

CLASSIC

CASE III

CHARLESON GRAY, *Court Reporter*

Editor's Note.—The docket of CLASSIC'S Open Court is full, and you, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, can expect some of the most interesting cases that have ever found their way into print. You have heard to date the testimony, under cross-examination, of Mr. Cecil B. De Mille and Mr. Eric von Stroheim, taking the stand in their own defense. The July term of court finds another interesting case before us—with a unique defendant in the dock. No less a gentleman than Mary Dugan's lawyer is trying the case, and the charge is no less than murder. It is a serious charge. Pay close attention, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, to what he has to say—for you are the ones who will decide the merits of his case.—

MORGAN FARLEY, Special Prosecutor, comes forward to present his side of the case: Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. Before the court we now have a most interesting defendant. Unlike the previous cases, those of Mr. De Mille and Mr. von Stroheim, this time we do not have an individual on trial. Rather, it is a place—Hollywood.

Looking at it as it reclines there in all the gorgeous wealth of its physical perfection, I grant that it may be difficult for me to convince you of the harsh charge which I am preferring against it. Realizing this, I feel that it is my duty to warn you against the blandishments of this murderer. Hollywood has tricked and sirened many people before, and will fool many again. So beware—for it is written that its clever ways, charming as they first may seem, invariably lead to artistic death!

Lest there be some question as to the fitness of so young a man as myself to try so experienced a defendant, I also feel that I should inform you that I am the attorney wh so successfully handled the case of my sister in the famou London "Trial of Mary Dugan." Too, I gained inval able experience in court procedure during the celebrate "American Tragedy" of one Clyde Griffiths. And the I certainly learned about seducers from the peer of the all in that famous affair, "Fata Morgana." Thus it evident that my dramatic background enables me to pr secute this fair scoundrel to the full extent of the la

Women in the Case

AND now to begin. As this trial is being held in community which respects womanhood and how, shall call as my first witness Miss Lilyan Tashman. Mi Tashman, will you take the stand? I might add that yo had better take that chinchilla coat with you—you kno how these courtrooms are. Miss Tashman, I believe yo are the author of an oft-quoted figure of speech concernin the respective merits of Hollywood and New York. W you kindly repeat it for the benefit of the court?

Miss Tashman: I said that whereas New York champagne, Hollywood is gin—and bad gin, at tha However, since the talking pictures—

Prosecutor: That will be all, Miss Tashman. Mi Constance Bennett, will you kindly take the stand Thank you. And now, Miss Bennett, what is your opi ion of Hollywood?

Miss Bennett: Will what I say be used against me?

Court scribe: Anything you don't want in the recor sweetheart—

Prosecutor: Order in the court! Please speak as freel as you can.

Miss Bennett (yawning): Hollywood is an awful plac Not anything to talk about but pictures, not anybody

Holds Open Court

he Charge: Murder, First Degree
he Accused: Hollywood
he Prosecutor: Morgan Farley

to but picture people, not place to go but picture herings. Very dull. Heigh- Very dull.

Unprintable Testimony

ROSECUTOR: Thank you, Miss Bennett. You will observe, dies and Gentlemen of the Jury, that se two young women are successful in llywood. Their attitude is decorated by no sour-grape tif. I now will call upon a man equally upsydaisy. arles Bickford, will you please take the stand? Mr. kford, what is your opinion of Hollywood?

Mr. Bickford: (Note by Scribe: Mr. Bickford's testiny is deleted by order of the court as unprintable.)

Prosecutor: Thank you, Mr. Bickford. And I wonder part of your annoyance is colored by the fact that your r oddly turned red under the movie sun-arcs? No? ll, at all events I now will call on an authentic redd. Jim Tully, will you take the stand, bo?

Mr. Tully: Sure I will! But what I say will cost you a ck a word. Kipling gets it, why shouldn't I? You n't pay it? Well, it's good publicity anyway . . . Hollyod? Jeeze! Ernest Hemingway asked me how I could e in such a place. It's easy. Don't pay any attention it, or any of the (another deletion) people in it!

Beer Indictment

ROSECUTOR: Mr. Tully, is your attitude toward the town fairly representative of that of the other big ots of contemporary literature? I refer to statents by such men as Dreiser, Aldous Huxley, Carl n Vechten, Hergesheimer and Mencken—to the neral effect that the place is a bucket of ashes.

Tully: Don't call that cream-puff Van Vechten a shot, the pink-tea-splasher! And, as for Hergeeimer—well, did you read "Tampico"? Dreiser s a good boy once, but we younger guys are coming ng too fast for him. Hank Mencken doesn't e it anywhere where the beer is bad.

Prosecutor: As it is here?

Tully: As it is here! You said it. No need to rub it in.

Prosecutor (sadly): Aye, as it is here. Thank you, Mr. lly. And say! Are these actors ever going to learn ver to lead with a right? (Turns to jury) And those, dies and Gentlemen, are but a few of the many witnesses my disposal, who are ready to testify to Hollywood's neral banality. I have selected them carefully, as being presentative of the film colony's best along social, tistic, dramatic and literary lines. You will note that t one of them is fooled by the town's false glamour.

Hollywood, we are informed passionately, is peerless at erything. Peerless climate, peerless salaries, peerless ssessions, peerless people. Yet to a not inconsiderable percentage of its population, it is not quite so peerless at anything else as it is at being peerlessly painful.

True, in the interests of the justice and truth for which this court stands, one must admit that the group which, if I may say so, gives the celluloid city the bird, are not notoriously well-satisfied with anything in particular. They have, if I make myself clear, well-developed critical faculties.

They are critical—but, damme, they also are interesting, intelligent and alive! The kind of people whose slightest good word is of more value than a whole chorus of the type whose conversation is summed up in the word "yes."

(*Continued on page 87*)

The Thing

Some Ladies To Fea
Feminin

Ball

Lilyan Tashman (left): "Wives hate women who are gracious to their husbands—who get so little graciousness at home." Hedda Hopper (right): "Most wives hate and fear the wrong type of Other Woman"

R. H. Louise

By GLADYS HALL

THE idea for this trenchant, timely and topical tale came direct from Hedda Hopper. Hedda ought to know. She *should* be the type that all wives hate and fear and lock their husbands away from. That Hedda has as many women friends as men friends and a legion of both is a tribute royal to the one hundred per cent. sportsmanship of Hedda. For if she would she could, if you know what I mean, Little Women!

For Hedda is suave and svelte and subtle. Hedda is slender and wand-like. Hedda speaks with the tongue of angels and demons. Hedda wears clothes like a million. She has a provocative face and a provocative mind. She is of the most mondainish mondaine and bakes her own bran muffins. She is a weaver of spells; screens with a feline ferocity under silken scarves; and is the mother of a son. She is in demand everywhere. On the Metro lot no picture seems to be complete without Hedda to be a *cause celêbre*, catty or cloying. In the drawing-room of all the Four Hundreds of the four great cities of the world. In the drawing-rooms of doctors and lawyers and preachers and scholars. On the polo field. On the beaches. At the bridge table. Over a dish of gossip. Wherever the smart, the intriguing, the eminent people of the world she moves in are gathered together, there Hedda is also. And holding the supreme authority is a sound sense of the practical side of life and a thorough knowledge of what makes this world go round.

A Wife Who Knows

NOT to mention the fact that Hedda was once married to De Wolf of the same name. De Wolf, whose acquiring and training of wives is international newspaper copy.

We were talking, Hedda and I, on the Metro lot. On the set of "Let Us Be Gay," Norma Shearer's last picture before the Blessed Event. Hedda said, pointing to the dark and violet-sweet Norma, "*There* is the cleverest girl in Hollywood!" She went on to discourse on diet and Swedish massage. She goes in for both. She goes in for everything that contributes to sheer perfection of mind and body. She told of a party she had recently attended at Marion Davies' little beach shanty. She described her own entrance with the detachment of an amused spectator.

Wives Hate

Give Away Some Secrets

Natalie Moorhead (right): "The woman wives *should* hate is some other wife who is a mother as well as a wife." Evelyn Brent (left): "There are things wives hate far more than they hate other women"

Fryer

Ball

The successful new gown. The successfully swedished figure. The grouping of watchful wives who, foolishly secure, had "let themselves go." She laughed and said, "My dear, *how the wives hated me!*"

And we went on from there: The Things Wives Hate. Deadly and dangerous women. Youth. Clothes. Charm some have forgotten or never had . . .

Blonde Yankee Dangers

HEDDA said, "The most dangerous and devastating woman in the world is the pale New England Blonde. She is as cold as a Yankee winter and as tenacious. She looks immaculate, and hasn't a scruple to her name. No woman suspects her, and all men desire her.

"Most wives fear and hate the wrong type of Other Woman. They fear actresses because of the legendary belief in the evil ways and wiles of us painted women. They are too obtuse or too unobserving to see that all actresses are far more interested in themselves (which means: in their work) than they are in any husband alive.

"They fear the obvious siren. The Barbara La Marr—Pola Negri type of woman. They shouldn't. I have never known a woman of this kind who wasn't a first-rate sport. A darned *good* sport.

"The really dangerous woman is the little ingénue, the World's Sweetheart variety, who has round eyes, a baby stare, a smell of lilac and a lisp. The sort who says to Any Husband, 'Won't oo *pease* help me wif my Bank Account? I just *tan't* add!' And Any Husband helps her with the bank account and—usually—adds *to it*.

"This innocuous, lilac type is the very one a trusting wife will invite to spend the year with her. She spends the year and when she leaves—*hubby leaves with her*.

Helpless Home-Wreckers

"THE type wives should hate is the helpless one who makes it her business to invite protection. All men love to feel that they are strong, that they are necessary. The woman who can most successfully make them feel just that is the very one to whom Every Wife should give 'Rough-on-Rats.' She shouldn't be allowed to die in the house, let alone live.

(*Continued on page 88*)

Home Cooking

Ball

Blanche Sweet is an ardent exponent of daylight saving. Why go down to the seas again, when you can get the same effects up on the roof? At the top, you see her dreaming of turning her back, and, right, rising to state that she is blanched no longer

Hollywood is now locally known as the back country. All the girls are going in for high coloring. Above, you see ten little back numbers from Pearl Eaton's chorus, getting some heavier coats up on the roof of Radio Pictures' administration building

Getting Called Names

bove, "Kewpie" or "Singin' in e Rain" Bow; right, "Hot Feet" or "Tanky" Garbo

Above, "The Dixey Pixey" or "The Varnishing Armenian"; Left, "Baby Blue Eyes" Bancroft

How Players Have (Or May) Become Popular Overnight

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

IN Hollywood's civic centers of art and culture two cardinal principles stand like twin obelisks. Both are inviolable as the Vestal Virgins . . . who, eing human, may have slipped occasionally. One is olier even than Il Duce Hays's prodigiously promulgated, nd much mooted, Code of Ethics. It is fundamentally xiomatic. Not in so many words, of course. But then ou get the idea. Or do you?

The one of these commandments to which strictest dherence is essential may be set down as The Rule of light and Pursuit. Without its rigid observance no Epic ay hope to be a real Supreme Achievement of the Screen. iberally translated, The Rule of Flight and Pursuit eans that ya gotta have a chase. And ya gotta have a hase in every moom pitcher. Whether it's Lil Gish chasg through fields of daisies, or Laurel 'n' Hardy chasing rough a Grandeur Screenful of custard pies and falling ousers.

There has never been a Super-Special without a chase. ot in all that proud panoplied pageant from "The irth of a Nation" to "The Patriot"—from "The ingin' Fool" to "The King of Kings," has there been an pic without a chase. There never will be one. For if e Bard himself arrived in Hollywood via the Styx & tratford Air Line, the first warnings of the Great Minds ould be:

"Remember, Mister—er—Shakespeare, ya gotta have chase!"

The Second Sacred Precept

THE fullest consummation of the second sacred precept is not yet attained, although devoutly to be wished. t is the re-christening of every star with one of those ndearing cognomens, like "Buddy." Without it no satelte may attain real stellar magnitude. As every picture ust have a chase—so every star must have a nickname.

For this there is sound precedent. Whom the people ve, they re-christen in popular fancy. Or, perhaps it's truer t'other way 'round—who are re-named to meet popular approval become the darlings of the populace. Consider, for instance, "Honest Abe," "Big Six," "Silent Cal," "The Manassa Mauler," "America's Boy Friend," "Scarface Al."

Look at it, for an instant, from an angle somewhat removed from pictures and players. Concentrate upon the case of the good Signor, Alphonse Capone. Under his natal name he could never have made his daily doings the subject of breakfast, luncheon and dinner talk. There are those who easily equal him in his own sphere of activity—Mr. Frank McErlane and Mr. Edward O'Donnell, just to mention two of the Cook County hunting set. But these sportsmen fail to figure in the press because their names lack the popular appeal of Mr. Capone's "Scarface Al" and "The Big Feller."

Mr. McErlane is doubtless familiar to the *cognoscenti*. But he cannot vie for public interest in competition with more picturesquely titled contemporaries. That is, they are contemporaries at the moment. Perhaps by publication time it will be ethical to prefix "the late" to the names of Mr. "Mops" Volpa, Mr. "Three-Fingered" White and Mr. "Fur" Sammons.

Underworld-Wide Fame

ONLY one of Mr. Capone's little world has shown real showmanship in the matter of names. This is Mr. John Demore. Mr. Demore's press notices wouldn't have filled an extra-girl's scrapbook before he made his bid for a place in the popular consciousness. But when he became inspired to alter his cognomen to "Machine-Gun Jack McGurn," his clippings eclipsed those of "Big Bill, the Builder." Bill should really engage Jack's Counsel of Public Relations.

So, you see, there's plenty in a name, after all. What fame equals that of "Two-Gun Bill" Hart? Who can estimate the enthusiasm aroused for young Mr. Rogers

(*Continued on page 103*)

• LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Otto Dyar

Mortensen

Four million dollars and two years were spent on "Hell's Angels," a war film with a novel ending—a happy one. And at last the world sees *Jean* Harlow (above), whose future now begins

Another red-head is happy (and happily) in Hollywood: *Zelma* O'Neal (left), who plays golf with a musical score in "Follow Thru," finds a spot where there is some comedy relief

M-G-M is rumored to have offered **Sylvia**, the Swedish lady masseuse who beats the fat from Hollywood silhouettes, seven hundred and fifty dollars per week to come over to their studio from Pathé where she is drawing down four hundred per. Sylvia bluntly refused. "There are a couple of girls over there I don't like and while it would be great fun to beat it off 'em, I think I'll stay here where I don't have to put my heart in my work."

• • •

SYLVIA has a great job. She doesn't have to massage anyone she doesn't like. It's in her contract. They tell the story of the very ritzy English actress who came to the ruthless little czarina of the massage table for a treatment. "Stand up," commanded Sylvia, "and turn around." There was a rather prolonged silence while she looked the candidate over.

"Now there," she said, "is what I call a broad beam!"

CONSTANCE *BENNETT being interviewed in a beauty parlor.*

***John Boles** getting the biggest hand of them all for his "Song of the Dawn" in the "King of Jazz."*

***Janet Gaynor** and **Lydell Peck** in the preview audience of Nancy Carroll's newest picture.*

***Jeanette Loff** and **Walter O'Keefe** dining together—it's almost a habit.*

• • •

CONSTANCE BENNETT wields more power and authority at the studios than any unstarred player who ever hit Hollywood. The beautiful Ex of Phil Plant is having her O. K. and O. Nay on stories, directors, and even her supporting cast.

She is under contract to Pathé, but her authority holds equally good on other lots. The final decision as to who was to support her in Warner Brother's "Office Wife" rested with Constance.

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

C. S. Bull

A Southern girl who went not only West, but Western: *Lucille* Powers (above) gets her first big Hollywood break—being the woman in the case of "Billy, The Kid" (*John* Mack Brown)

Otto Dyar

Tired: the show went on for *Mary* Astor (right) after the tragic death of her husband, *Kenneth* Hawks, and she completed "Ladies Love Brutes" and "Woman Hunt" before a breakdown came

When she was making "Common Clay," her personal press-agent called at the studio with some photographs for her approval. "But we don't under any circumstances allow any business transacted on the sets," he was told by the Boy-Who-Lets-Them-Know-Where-To-Head-In at the Fox studio. Which was all true and very well until Constance got wind of what had happened. Then they quietly changed their rule.

• • •

WALLACE *BEERY and his wife, and* ***Leila*** *Hyams and her husband dining together at the Montmartre Sunday evenings.*

Lon *Chaney telling* ***Hedda*** *Hopper she is his secret sorrow. Just for fun, of course. Nothing for Mrs. Chaney to get excited about.*

Sue *Carol and* ***Nick*** *Stuart buying rugs and kitchen crockery for their new house. This one is English—so they couldn't use the Spanish stuff.*

Jack *Holt and* ***Dorothy*** *Sebastian lunching at Henry's between scenes.*

• • •

JOHN GILBERT has gone just a little hay-wire in refusing to see the press just at a time when he needs their good will as he never needed it before. He has not granted an interview, or posed for a set of new pictures since before his trip to Europe. It is all right for Greta Garbo to hide out in seclusion. But——

Anyway, so rabid is Jack on the subject of press men that he arrived, turned on his heel and walked out on a stag dinner party given by one of his most intimate friends, when he caught sight of a local newspaper man who was also a guest.

On the other hand, of course, what this forever-talking town takes for high-hat aversion may, on investigation, turn out to be an effort to bend backwards and not solicit favorable notices on his "comeback."

NEWS AND VIEWS O

SALLY *EILERS and* ***Hoot Gibson*** *and their engagement ring, all three, present at* ***Marion*** *Douglas Rogell's birthday party.*

Joan Crawford *in a Ford with a girl friend.*

Helen *Twelvetrees in a bright red dress on her way to a studio preview at San Bernardino, fifty miles from Hollywood.*

Director out at Pathé wondering if ***Joseph*** *Schildkraut would play a "heavy" in an* ***Eddie*** *Quillan story. He found out!!!*

• • •

CLAUDIA DELL, the new Warner Brothers' best bet, "a Follies girl with a **Jeanette** MacDonald voice," was invited to sing at a private dinner party of studio executives. Claudia was properly thrilled by her distinctive audience, which included **Joseph** Schenck, Will Hays, **B. P.** Schulberg, the Warners and others. But there was one she couldn't place. So she inquired.

"Oh, *him*," whispered back a secretary of the occasion, who was escorting Claudia back to her car. "That was **Calvin** Coolidge."

• • •

THE most temperamental player in Hollywood is not Jetta Goudal.

According to his producers, **Jimmy** Hall has a couple of idiosyncrasies that have been too long overlooked.

Jimmy has a gift for breaking appointments—showing up on the set late—not showing up on the set at all—and running up the heaviest charge accounts in Hollywood.

In spite of it all, Jimmy is a good guy. He always ends by promising the offense will never happen again—and it doesn't—until the next time.

MARIAN *NIXON Hillman and her millionaire hu band and* ***Jean*** *Harlow dining at the Embassy.*

Kathryn *Crawford unnecessarily disguised in blac goggles on Hollywood boulevard.*

June *Collyer all dressed up in pink, with a sore throat.*

Mary *Brian in the audience of* ***Lenore*** *Ulric's rathe naughty show.*

William *Haines speaking cordially to a critic who panne his last picture.*

Cecil *De Mille going "lower case"—that is, de Mille Tired of being "called a big D."*

Women leaving during some of the trench scenes of "Al Quiet." (P. S. They came back.)

• • •

JOHN FORD, the well-known director, autographed a picture to a friend like this: "Portrait of John Ford (with hair.)"

There's a tip! Why not—"**Nancy** Carroll (with temperament)," "**Greta** Garbo (in solitude)" or "**Joseph** Schildkraut (with feeling)"?

• • •

WOULD you think there was anybody in the world who hadn't heard of the old song, "Frankie and Johnny"? But Pathé has changed the title of their picture from "Frankie and Johnny" to "Her Man," because they were afraid it was too obscure in meaning.

In order to test the idea, a poll was taken among the studio carpenters, props and electricians as to what the title suggested to them. The consensus of opinion was that "Frankie and Johnny" were a couple of buddies Over There during the war.

Hurrell

Even *Gavin* Gordon (above) had to smile at Fate's sense of humor—giving him the coveted rôle of leading man opposite *Greta* Garbo in "Romance," and then breaking his arm

Zerrenner

Thinking things over—wondering if she wants to be a comedienne or be serious—is *Roberta* Robinson (above), who makes her first appearance on any stage in "Dangerous Nan McGrew"

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

JEANETTE *LOFF delighting the Universal studio with her charming singing voice.*

***Mary** Pickford having her hair waved at Jim's and lunching at the Brown Derby, all in one day.*

***Bebe** Daniels advising a newspaper man to learn contract bridge and quit working for a living.*

• • •

THE *faux pas* interview of the month concerns a reporter who went to interview John McCormack.

"What do you think of John Boles's voice, Mr. McCormack?"

The genial Irish tenor replied that he thought Mr. Boles's voice was delightful.

"And Laurence Tibbett?" pried on the reporter.

Another compliment from McCormack.

On and on went the reporter, mentioning every singer of the screen. "Listen," interrupted the great concert singer after about an hour of this, "did you ever hear of John McCormack? I think he's pretty good, too."

• • •

A COUPLE of film newlyweds were stopped on the Boulevard by our leading hand-kissing sheik, who spent the best part of the ten-minute chat rolling his eyes at the pretty bride and telling her how charming she was. The husband stood on one foot and then the other. But the little bride rather liked it.

As the dashing Lothario finally tipped his hat and moved on his way, the young bride said: "Oh, I like him so much. He says the nicest things."

"The nicest thing he said," grunted the groom, "was 'good-bye.'"

LILYAN *TASHMAN in vivid cerise at the première of "Song of My Heart."*

***Charles** Farrell with a small, but decorative, mustache.*

***Eddie** Lowe was billed as master of ceremonies for this one but he didn't get a chance to do his stuff—there weren't any ceremonies.*

***Sid** Grauman reported slated for management of Roxy (Fox) Theater, New York, if—or when—**Roxy** goes with RKO and affiliated radio companies.*

• • •

BETTY COMPSON has actually filed divorce proceedings against James Cruze. This is their second separation for apparently the same reason—too many Hollywood parties.

Betty's first rebellion took place about a year ago when she moved out of Jim's Flintridge home, taking her elaborate bedroom suite with her. When she and Jim eventually patched things up, Betty moved back; but she didn't bring the bedroom suite. She must have had her doubts all along about Jim's reform as a host.

Now it's definite. Jim will continue to give his parties, but Betty and the bedroom suite won't be there.

• • •

JOHN GILBERT wanted very much to play the title rôle in "Billy, The Kid," but for some reason or other the studio saw fit to give the part to ***Johnny*** Mack Brown.

No longer are the studios under the sway of the star reign. With the advent of the talkies, stars, no matter how starry, are just actors to their home teams.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Fred Archer

Kitty**-ish*: from Mr. Ziegfeld's Hall of Fame steps ***Claudia Dell (above), whose eyes and whose ways are the current attraction of Hollywood—and of "Sweet Kitty Bellairs"

Don English

"It's berry odorous," remarks ***Neil*** Hamilton (above), who abominates common scents. All of which would seem to prove that a lover by Nature is not necessarily a lover of Nature

True to form:
Marion Davies

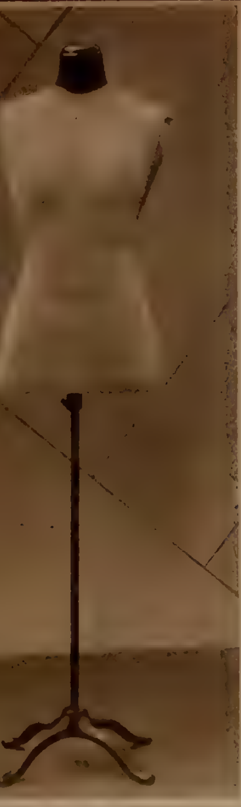
Flapper fashion:
Joan Crawford

Beauty and

Made for Love:
Bessie Love

Hit and bust:
Marie Dressler

The figure she keeps:
Anita Page



Solid comfort:
Norma Shearer

A figure of speech:
Greta Garbo

the Bust

Her side lines:
Leila Hyams

Comedy lines:
Polly Moran

Siren style:
Kay Johnson

The Nightmares Of a Peanut

At Eight Every Night, Marjorie White Has A Guilty Feeling

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Marjorie White is not busy being a wow in such Fox revues as "Happy Days," "Sunny Side Up," and the new "Follies," she is equally occupied having nightmares about returning to Inter-State Vaudeville, from whence she came. Even the glowing assurances of critics, and a two-year contract even more glowing, hasn't quite sold her on the idea that she is wholly set.

"Every time I see a new girl on the lot from New York, I jus' know she's slated to take my place. 'What have I got?' I ask myself, 'What have I got?' Seems like each one that comes out is just a little more beautiful than the other. An' as long as they stay beautiful, it's a little consoling. I figure it's harder to get shrimps like me for pictures than it is to get the real beauties. I guess I'm fairly safe," she gasped in childish breathlessness, "until another peanut shows up."

In all justice to Marjorie, she is not so "shrimpy" as just plain juvenile chubby. Even out of the reach of the mike she continues to talk like a fifth-grade contender for the elocution medal. Without ever quite achieving a lisp, she is always on the verge of it. The rest of her is made up of an enormous pair of China-blue eyes, that stare out on the world in utter bewilderment that it could be so grown up. On this occasion the expression of bafflement was further enhanced by a woolly white tam, set so far back on her blonde head that it fairly clutched at her bob for place and position.

Not Yet Convinced

"IT would be a mean trick if I should get un-renewed just as I'm beginning to be so crazy about it out here, wouldn't it?" she inquired plaintively, on the outskirts of a pout. And it wasn't until I agreed that it would, that she brightened perceptibly.

"I've got a regular Hollywood house up on top of a hill . . . that is, it dangles there, all surrounded by flowers and plants and things. An' I've even bought myself a Ford which drive very well, though no one thinks except myself. Gee, sometimes I wake in the middle of the night and just grab hold of my bed, because it's permanent on the floor and won't fold up on me. After you've lived a disappearing life in four-a-day and slept in beds that fold up on you, as long as I have, you begin to appreciate those little details.

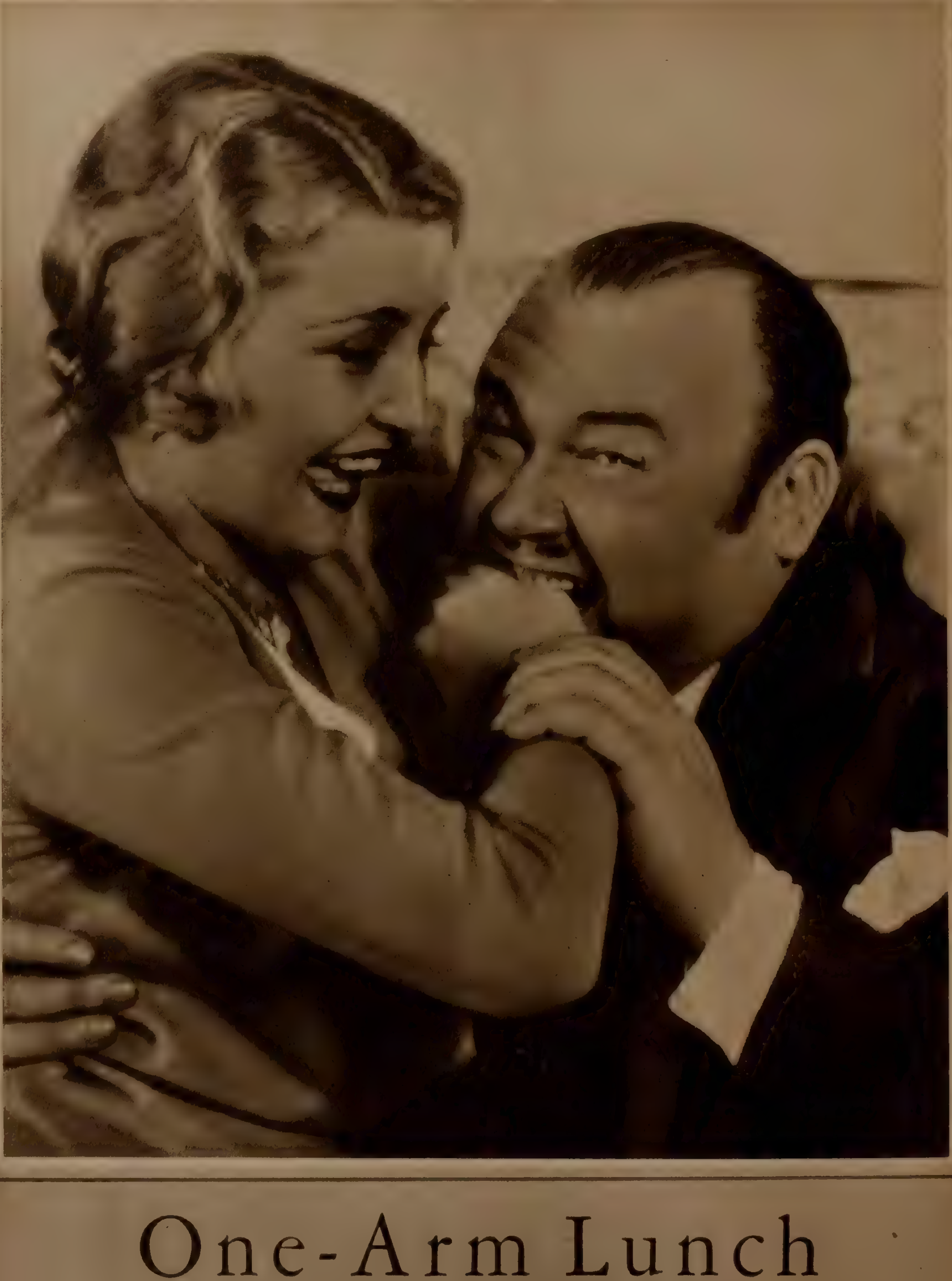
"I haven't got myself fully convinced yet that when I come home to dinner at night I can

(*Continued on page 96*)

Shy High

She may be high voltage, and she may stand alone, but Irene Delroy still is camera shy. For Klieg lights are brighter than the bright lights of Broadway—which she has electrified for years, and now leaves gloomy to light up the cinema version of "See Naples and Die"

Fred R. Archer



One-Arm Lunch

Now that Paul Whiteman has become a movie actor, he has discovered that in Hollywood a man must love to eat—and that being the case, he prefers puppy love (country style) with lady fingers for a diet. And with Jeanette Loff lending him a hand (even as she does in "The King of Jazz") he makes a big impression

Russell Ball

Psyching the Hollywood Blonde

A Few Simple Questions, And June Clyde Is Taken Apart

By

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

The woman questioned—and the questioner: June Clyde, as analyzed by Mrs. Leila Castberg (right), turns out to be not a typical Hollywood blonde

THE thought had come to me that somebody ought to psycho-analyze the motion picture blonde. Here was a unique zoological oddity, to be found nowhere else on the surface of the earth, but roving freely in our own little district. You could catch a marvelous specimen, almost tame, any day on the Boulevard; yet, with the world's attention riveted on this odd creature, nobody had ever given her a scientific examination which would account for her existence and her peculiarities.

"Somebody," I said out loud, "ought to psycho-analyze the motion picture blonde."

"Ah," said everybody in chorus. "Ah, but . . ."

"But what?" I countered, not to be so easily floored.

"For one thing, nobody can psycho-analyze a vacuum," said a voice, and snickered. I ordered its owner straight out of the room for unseemly and misplaced levity.

"For another," piped a second voice, "how are you going to find a typical specimen of the breed? And if you do, will she want to be psycho-ed?"

"Ah," I said. "True," I said.

And true it was, up to a point. June Clyde was the one who finally undertook to be the subject for my little experiment. And June went through it like a heroine, and came out with flying colors. Her complexes and fixations proved to be entirely under control. Nor did she show herself to be even fourth cousin to a vacuum, for she answered every question directly and straightforwardly.

Not *The*, But *A*

JUNE'S showing made it quite clear that she is not typically *the* Hollywood blonde. If she had been—as voice Number 2 pointed out—she would probably not have gone through the ordeal.

However, June is *a* Hollywood blonde, and for that reason she is profoundly interesting to the world. So, with your permission, we shall proceed with the report on my experiment.

First, let me introduce Mrs. Leila Castberg, the lady of extraordinary penetrativeness and profound insight who did all the work. All I did was sit next to her and take notes. But I call it my experiment because I was the one who said, "But what?" a little further back in the story, and if I had not said, "But what?" the experiment would never have been made.

Leila Castberg, let me say *en passant*, does not call herself "exactly" a psycho-analyst. She lectures on fixations and complexes to vast audiences in Los Angeles, but does not give private consultations as a rule. However, of the fact that she knows her wares let me assure you. She told me more about myself in the five minutes of waiting for Miss Clyde than it would normally be pleasant to hear if spaced over a five-year period.

The Truth Will Out

SHE fixed June with a firm gaze as the starlet entered the café, where we were waiting for her—and lunch. June was really petrified with terror, but didn't show it.

"Now," Mrs. Castberg said, "Miss Clyde, do you want to be psycho-analyzed?"

"Ye-es," said June, with a slight quaver. I wept inwardly for the poor girl. Her press-agent gave her a kick in the shins to make her answer correctly. It was just like one of those shotgun marriages you hear about.

"I ask," Mrs. Castberg went on, "because nobody has any right to probe into your mind without your consent, and if this is to be any use at all, you must promise to answer my questions absolutely truthfully."

"I will," said June.

Mrs. Castberg already knew more about June than June's own mother could know.

"Miss Clyde is not mental at all," she said, turning to me. "She is the direct, simple type. That doesn't mean she has no sense; she has instinct, the best kind of sense. Usually she has wanted the best kind of things, and occasionally she has been spoiled.

"She is not sophisticated at all, but she is simple, with an organized simplicity. She is poised, but she has bought her poise at a price. Some of it is assumed, some is natural"

(*Continued on page 82*)

In Private, a Bluebird

Charley Mack, Publicly a Crow, Has His Own Private Bulldog

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

THOSE who wish to observe a black crow in his native *habitat* may read this story to some purpose. It's an idyllic tale. Charley Mack may be a black crow in professional life, but he's practically a bluebird in his own home. In his own indolent fashion, against a background of palm trees and peacocks, Mr. Mack is sitting back and relishing the fruits of his enormous success.

I found him sitting on his wide back porch, which is, practically speaking, the living-room of the Mack estate in Beverly Hills. The house is conveniently built around it, in such a way that when Mr. Mack wants something, all he has to do is call one of his menials in a loud voice.

"And then," he says, "they come when they want to." The Mack household is immensely leisurely and casual, in accordance with its master's philosophy of life. He isn't so very far removed in spirit from the Mack of black-face fame. Mr. Mack is mild, kindly, and slightly rotund. He has a dry humor, detected less in what he says than in that lazy voice—a modification of the weary tones of the Black Crow. He's not so tired of it all—in fact, he surveys the world with a very pleased air, but with a continuous unworried and unruffled calm.

He was sitting with his parrot and his architect, examining some blueprints of a town he is building twenty-six miles from Hollywood.

"We're calling it Crowtown," he said. "That's all they're going to know about us up there, but I think it's kind of a cute name."

Experience has taught Mr Mack not to let the residents know too much about him. For years he's been building houses, in various towns. In most of them he has a house of his own. "And it's a funny thing," he said. "People buy the houses because they know I live there. So I have to go every so often and appear on the porch to satisfy the residents."

As he has real estate developments scattered all over the country, it keeps him pretty busy traveling from porch to porch.

The parrot was getting bored with blueprints.

"Mr. Mack! Mr. Mack!" he screamed, hoping to get some attention.

"Pretty little baby!" Mr. Mack replied gallantly.

"He can say 'Why bring that up?' too," he explained. "Of course, I want him to keep saying it all the time, but he only says it about once a month."

Mr. Mack's eyes have an amused light in them almost continually. It may be just a sort of stock twinkle, to protect him from the charges of excessive egotism that have often been hurled at him. But I would swear it's genuine. He is an egotist, beyond a doubt. He has a tremendous, and pardonable, pride in his own achievements and the things they've brought him. He'll tell you about his business acumen. He'll tell you that Moran and Mack are the only dialect black-face comedians who were ever able to make New York laugh.

(*Continued on page 92*)

Our Own News Camera

Day

The dog days are here at last, and many a mutt is up in arms. But "Yippee" apparently does not appreciate that Frances Lee (above) can make a dog's life an enviable one

She may be bunking in a bunker, but Thelma Todd (below), the female menace in "Follow Thru"—who ought to be in stripes, and *is* in stripes—is wide awake, for there's a game two can play by moonlight

Richee

A piano player makes a merry widow of a screen player: Vincent Youmans plays for Gloria Swanson (above) his compositions for her latest happy venture, "What A Widow"

Someone convinced Eddie Quillan (left) that the way to get along in Hollywood is to blow your own horn. So he bought a saxophone, and became unpopular overnight, hunting for the lost discord

Result: to keep peace in that Big Happy Family known as Hollywood, they put Eddie behind the bars (right)—and not bars of music either. And there he is going to play by himself a long time

Thomas

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Benninger

Arch sirens: most of Hollywood's tans are being acquired this season on the roofs of Talkie Town, but Helen Kaiser and Sally Blane (above) are two hangers-on at the beach, aching in more ways than one to have someone tell them where to get off

A hot number: plenty have "It" on the screen, but June Clyde has "It" even on her license plate (below). Lest you draw false inferences from this, however, she also points out the stop-light

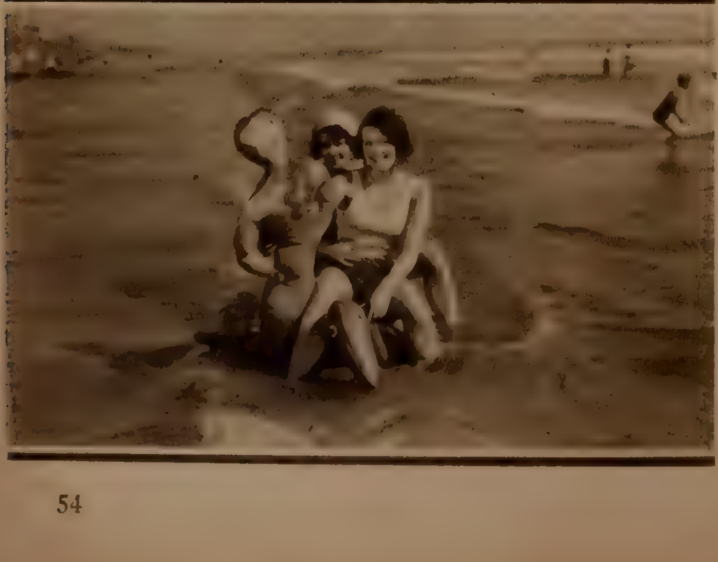
Longworth

Gun workers: up in the North country, where check and double-check originated, and where "The Right of Way" is laid, Fred Kohler—not to mention Little Billy, his underling,—would be a big hindrance to any hero (above)

Hurrell

The balance of the picture: the otherwise off-balance Gus Shy surrenders (left) to the temptation to do a parlor trick in "Good News," just to prove that a Broadway comedian *can* hold a position in Hollywood

A Hollywoodsman: an English woodsman of the days when men wore but one "clothe" stands revealed at the masked ball in "Madame Satan" as none other than Reginald Denny (above)



Kling

Two rough riders: when June Glory and Alice Jans (left) can get away from the chorus of "Dixiana," they go salt water daffy — first making sure that they won't walk back

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Hesser

Not so strong for exercise: home cooking has had its effects on Sue Carol (above), now on a diet of dumbbells, as witness her futile effort to lift that huge, solid iron weight all alone

Not an infant prodigy, but a prodigious infant, did this Sister G turn out to be (below) when Frank McHugh, babying her, made her ga-ga between scenes of "Mlle. Modiste"

Hurrell

Housebreaker: Wallace Beery (above), who has a gray future ahead of him as *Butch* in "The Big House" (gang slang for prison), does some watchful waiting

Longworth

Hip, hip, hooray! A bug may be snug in a rug, but nothing has been said to date about Joyzelle (right) in similar attire, stepping forward, but looking backward (though she isn't), in "The Gay Caballero"

A man of two rackets: Sidney Blackmer (above), who indulges in both stage and screen activity, discovers in Hollywood that a man must play if he would work

How it's done sometimes: out of a dozen "Whoopee" chorus girls, Samuel Goldwyn, assisted by Eddie Cantor (right), picks Eleanor Hunt for the leading feminine rôle in this, her first picture

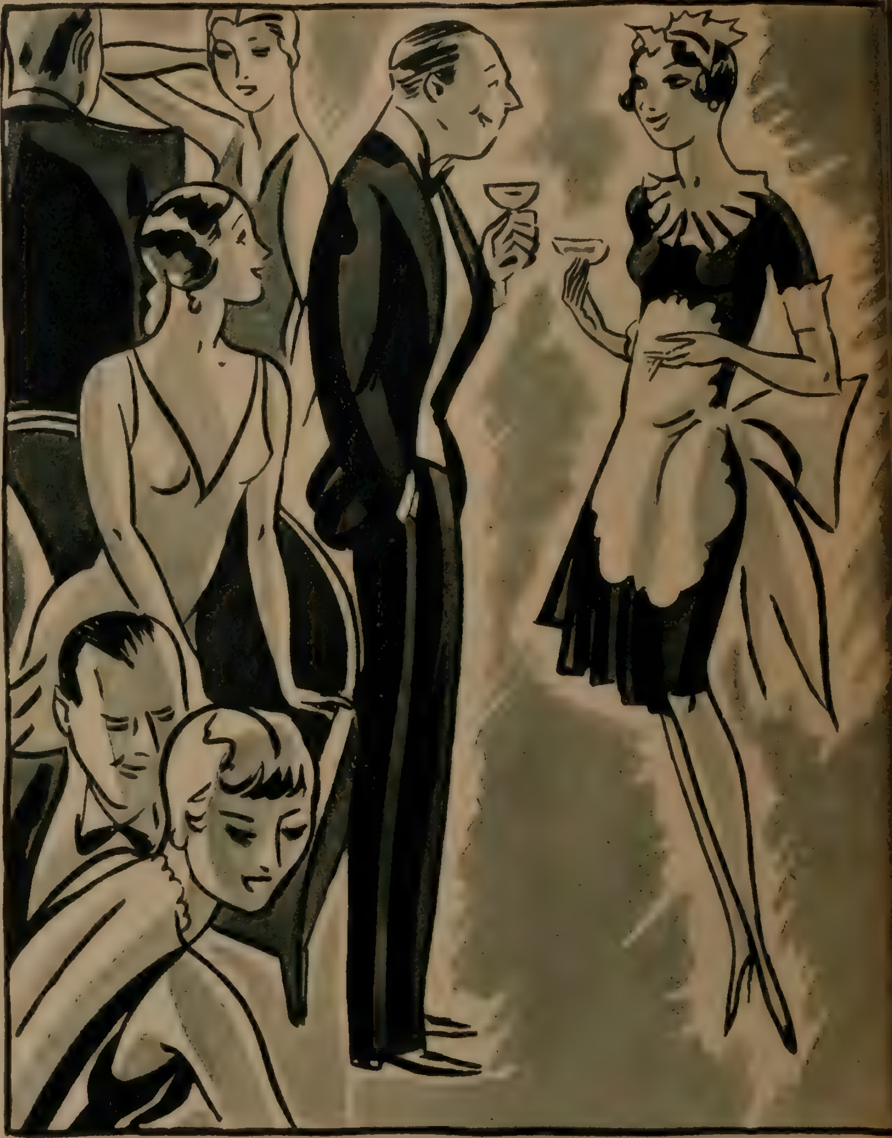
P. & A

· Service With A

By

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Illustrations By
Eldon Kelley



Hollywood domestics sometimes consent to wear the appropriate costume of their trade—the only way, sometimes, that guests can distinguish them from the hosts

HOLLYWOOD—the domestic servant's paradise.

Why work harder for less? Come to Hollywood, ye Marthas and Janes and Lizzies, ye Rastuses and Chin Lees, and work for a movie star . . . call your employer by his first name . . . make yourself thoroughly at home . . . act just like one of the family. Earn big money this easy way!

Is it just the spirit of healthy American democracy that creates the friendly, almost intimate relationship between masters and servants in our glorious film capital? One would like to think that it was. For in truth, there is often a very definite charm in the sheer naiveté of that relationship. I know of no other place on earth where such a strange atmosphere is to be found, an atmosphere in which Above and Below Stairs are merged in a hearty, romping good-fellowship. Hollywood domestics sometimes consent to wear the appropriate costume of their trade; but were it not for that, it would frequently be difficult to distinguish them from their employers and from the guests in the house.

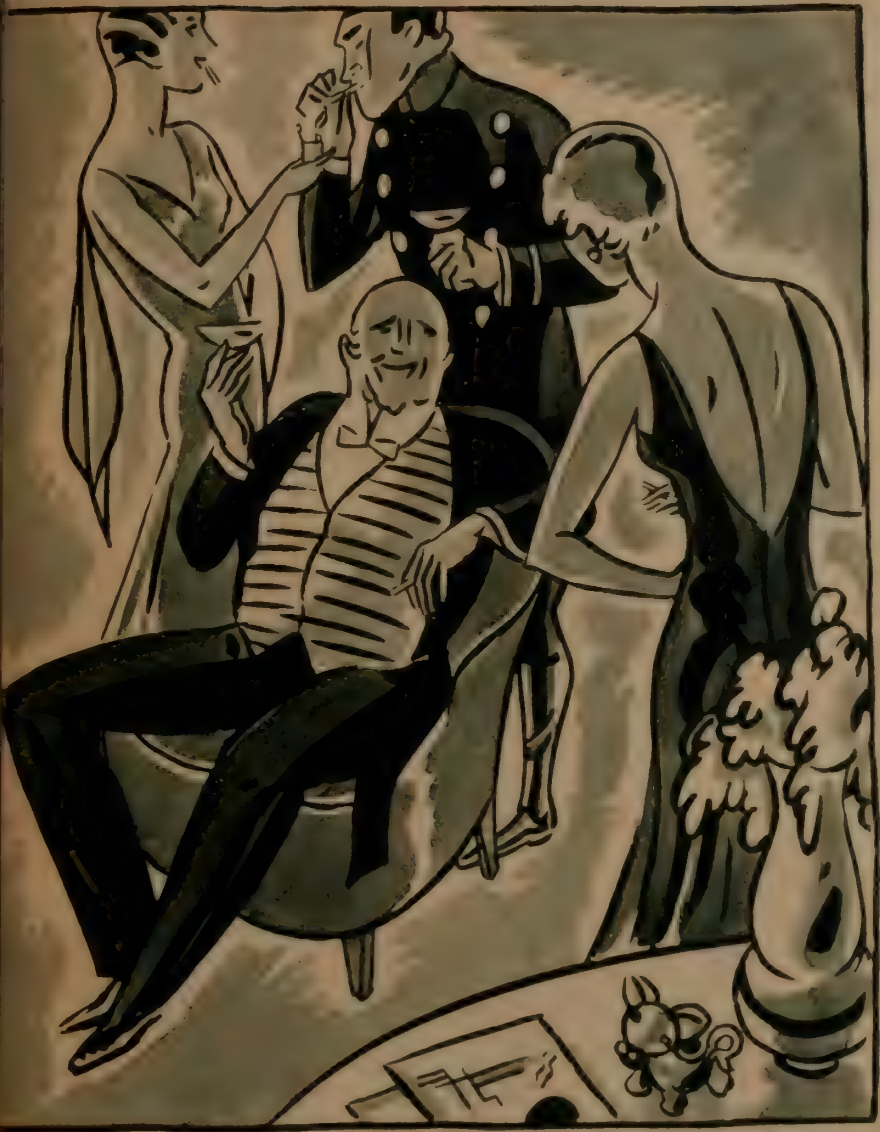
But—ah, how always there is a but!—I am afraid that healthy American democracy has very little to do with it. I am afraid that most of the equalizing movement is from Below Stairs up, rather than from Above down. It is true that there are one or two stars of a truly democratic turn of mind, who encourage their servants to eschew servility simply because they dislike any sort of starchy atmosphere in the home. The large majority, however, get freshness from their domestics only because they do not know how to get respect. To such a state of affairs, I must gravely and dutifully announce, do most of the signs point.

Service with a smile is doubtless a good idea, but when the smile spreads into a faintly obscene grin and service fades into the background, it begins to look as if something is wrong. Domestic servants, as everybody knows, are as a class the worst snobs in the world. Although most of them would strenuously deny it, nothing pleases them more than to preserve the virginity of Above and Below Stairs distinctions—provided the inhabitants of the higher regions can convince them that those distinctions are based on a solid foundation of superiority. Make a domestic believe you are a better man than he is, and he will give you service; fail to do so, and he will give you a smile. Really to get both, one would have to be a genius. And Hollywood, in spite of all press-agentry to the contrary, is not highly stocked with geniuses.

From my observations in dozens of stars' homes, I should hazard that the number of those Fortunate Beings who get genuine service from their domestic *entourage* could easily be counted on the fingers of a hand. They do not pay any higher wages, for cash will not buy service from a domestic. No . . . they are merely the happy few who are able to command respect from those who minister unto them, either by constant

Their grins are faintly obscene . . .

A Snicker ·



In Hollywood, servants aren't proud. They're not above mixing with the guests, sharing the cocktails and cigarettes, and calling you by your first name

In Hollywood Servants Insist Upon Sharing In The Fun

proof that they are better men, or else by showing a really genuine desire for that democratic atmosphere which is found in practically every celluloid home.

Two Hollywood Rarities

I WILL mention in this connection the young English girl who waits upon Gloria Swanson as personal maid. This remarkable creature conceived such a violent respect for Gloria through her pictures that she saved enough money over a long period to come from England to Hollywood where she presented herself at her goddess' door and insisted on being engaged as a maid. She wanted no salary, only her keep and the privilege of calling her mistress "Gloria." This was three years ago. She is still in Gloria's service, waiting on her hand and foot like a slave, receiving nothing in return but the priceless privilege of addressing her by her first name.

Her respect for Gloria has quite evidently been heightened by contact with her. Gloria, you see, although in former days she collected an unequalled reputation for Lofty *Chapeaux*, is now an example of that almost unique specimen in Hollywood, the genuinely democratic person. By this I don't mean that she bandies racy persiflage with electricians on the set, and so forth; not, in brief, that she has bad manners for everybody, but that she has good manners for everybody.

The heroine of this little history undoubtedly started out on her pilgrimage with only the awe of the Swanson name to inspire her. But names do not last long when one is brought in intimate contact with their proprietors; and her loyalty can only have been due to the more solid cause of respect for Gloria as a person.

No Heroes At Home

GENERALLY speaking, Hollywood domestics are peculiarly unimpressed by the fame of their employers and the world-circling glamour of their names. Like all domestics anywhere, it does not take them long to get an uncannily exact estimate of the real worth of those Above Stairs . . . as people, and not as shadowy figures on a screen. And then, according to the verdict arrived at, fun of a variety of kinds is apt to begin.

Many are the different sorts of shocks awaiting the innocent visitor to a star's home. The air of good-natured *camaraderie*, not to say *diablerie*, which the domestics adopt toward master and guests alike is at first a little alarming.

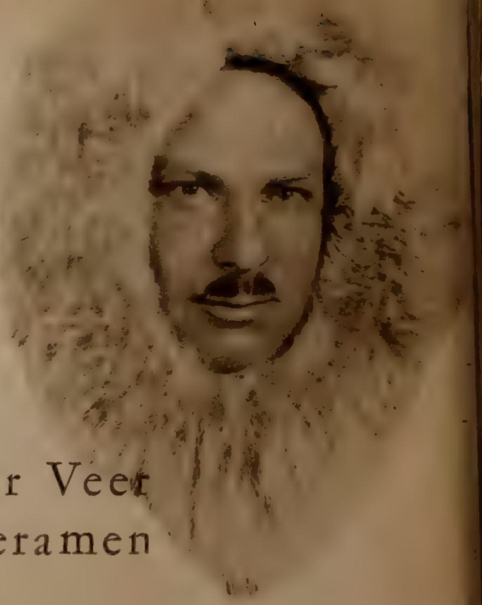
On one occasion I arrived at a party and was met at the door by the friendliest of butlers. "I do hope you'll like the party," he said. "It sure looks like a swell crowd." This is an accepted form of greeting in the Beverly Hills area, if similar reports from my acquaintances can be believed.

One leading woman arrived home from a week-end trip

(Continued on page 93)

Service with a wry smile . . .

They Brought Back The Proof



Luck Was With Van Der Veer And Rucker, Byrd's Cameramen

By HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

FOR four hundred years mighty men from many lands have sought to solve the sombre mysteries of world's end. Brave hearts remain forever frozen in the glacial wilderness of ice that caps the sphere's extremities. Those who have returned from the sinister glades of Death, have brought with them only tales of failure.

"We couldn't find the Pole because the barber'd moved away," laughed one of yesteryear's lyrics. But Americans, who make a habit of greeting grimmest Fate with levity, have at last accomplished the impossible. The Stars and Stripes are nailed securely to the South Pole. And the last land this side of Hades is forever christened "Little America."

Not only may you see by the early light of the Antarctic dawn that the flag still waves—but the boys have brought back motion pictures of the very Pole itself. The boys are Joe Rucker and Bill Van der Veer, movie cameramen of the perilous expedition commanded by Admiral Richard Byrd. Their accomplishment is unparalleled in history, and their tall true tales eclipse with fact the fiction of a Munchausen.

Thousands of tons of ice, thrust toward the Antarctic sky to the height of New York's topless towers by the frigid fingers of an unseen Titan. Ripping polar winds, devastating in their hundred-mile-an-hour velocity. A temperature attaining to seventy degrees below zero. Never-ending nights. Flesh frozen to camera metal. Wolf-dogs for pets. Birds that walk like men. Whales with halitosis. Two years of these things. The chill breath of Death always on their necks.

At top, Joseph Rucker (left) and Willard Van Der Veer, as they looked when icebergs nearly ended two good careers; above, safe in a studio

A Tilt With Nature

"I MANAGED to hoist my seventy-five pound camera outfit onto a high plateau of ice," says Willard Van der Veer, "and just about got set to shoot, when the entire table-top, weighing a dozen tons, tilted, and began sliding—with me sprawled on it. You see, the plateau was badly undercut and finely balanced. My weight was just enough to throw it off."

"Yes," cuts in Joseph Rucker, "I sort of figured that was the blow-off for Van. The plateau coasted down with an ear-splitting crash, and he was buried in ice and snow."

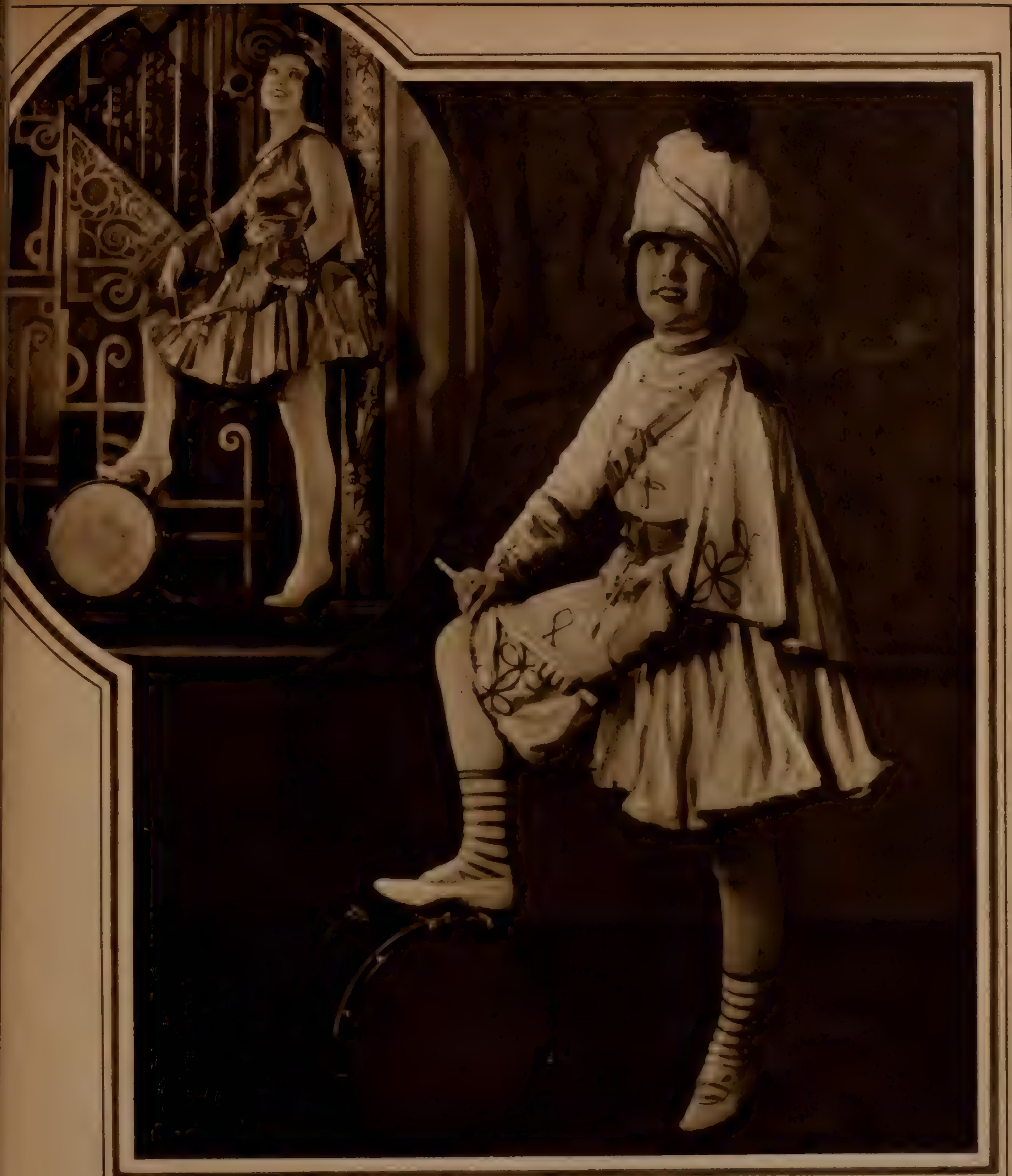
"But," continues Van der Veer, "for some fool reason I wasn't scratched. But, Joe here,—ha-ha—Joe came running to help, and tumbled into a crevasse. Gee, I thought it was curtains that time. It was a tough job to dig him out."

"Then there were those times when we went to shoot out in the Bay ice just as it was breaking up—and do you remember Braathen and that big crab-eater seal? That was funny."

"Yeah, that was funny," says the other. "We were lying out in the slush ice around the seal holes, waiting to see what we could shoot. Braathen was peering down into one, when a big crab-eater pops up right in his face. The two of 'em rubbed noses like a couple of Eskimo lovers!"

"Van had a pet whale, too. A school of 'em had worked through the ice into a small expanse of clear water. It was so small that they were forced

(*Continued on page 94*)



One Star Revival

At the same old stand as ten years ago—when she was the leading lady of the Oakland, Cal., High School—Bernice Claire, now a leading light of Hollywood, again plays the drum and the drummer in "Mlle. Modiste." And who can say there is no comparison between a professional and an amateur?

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

Above is Nancy Carroll and one of the ensembles from "Paramount on Parade." On the right Charles Farrell looks longingly and lovingly into the eyes of Janet Gaynor in "High Society Blues." Below, one of the graphic moments with Louis Wolheim and his boys in "All Quiet On The Western Front"

The Biggest Parade

IN **"Paramount on Parade"** the producers— the artists—have succeeded in establishing t intimate touch so greatly desired in the revue type entertainment. People like Maurice Chevalier, Ja Oakie, William Powell, Clive Brook and countl others from Paramount's lengthy roster someh establish an *entente cordiale* with the audience, see ing to wink and smile at each individual as though t fun was meant especially for that particular custom

Chevalier is the bright particular star of the revu and gives his talent lavishly by appearing in a genero number of songs and sketches. Jack Oakie is Mast of Ceremonies; Clara Bow and Nancy Carroll ring t entertainment bell in respective spots. The outstandi features are a park bench scene featuring Chevalier ar a hot boudoir number starring him and Evelyn Bren

The Gaynor-Farrell Blues

NOW in all truth there isn't anything ver great or novel in **"High Society Blues.** In fact, it is a pretty infantile piece of pictur work. But Janet Gaynor sings. So doe Charlie Farrell—who plays the ukulele as wel Lucien Littlefield and Louise Fazenda poke in lot of fun—and at the end there's a good tim been had by all.

The plot is a re-vamp of Shakespeare' **"Romeo and Juliet"** brought down to thes days of sound business and Wall street crashes There is a feud between two families, and the son of one loves the daughter of the other. It all ends quite merrily with everybody friends. Meantime Janet and Charlie go into a clinch at the end of every reel. And they seem to enjoy it as much as the paying-guests.

Both of the stars have improved since their initial ventures upon the song-screen, and each is sure to win greater popularity than ever in this type of thing.

The Late War—with a Vengeance

AN amazing work of blood and steel has been hammered out at the film forges of Hollywood in **"All Quiet on the Western Front."** Those who dare face the facts of war must acclaim it a masterpiece. But this is no *opera bouffe*, and the truth about the trenches is far from film fare for a happy holiday.

Here is gaunt death—unglorified. Death in the muck and stench of the front line. And the soul-shattering fear of it that reduces fun-loving boys to gibbering, raw-nerved, unhuman things.

The drama is superbly staged, and nobly enacted. It brings a new star to the screen in Lewis Ayres, the former Hollywood bandsman, who has the leading rôle. And it adds a cinema *croix de guerre* to those already won by Louis Wolheim, Raymond Griffith, (who gives tremendous feeling in an unforgettable dugout scene), Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and the rest.

Critic

THIS MONTH
Song of The Flame
Paramount On Parade
Hold Everything
High Society Blues
The King of Jazz
All Quiet On The Western Front

Twice Told Tales

OLD friends, old books, old wood and old wine may be best. But old musical comedies don't follow in their category. In its hey-day, two seasons ago, "**Hold Everything**" was a very fair stage show, boasting several song hits that enjoyed a brief popularity.

In the film version, however, "**You're the Cream in My Coffee,**" sung, incidentally, by that great troubadour of the prize-ring, Georges Carpentier, proves only sadly reminiscent. And the laughs provided come merely as echoes down time's canyons.

Joe E. Brown is funniest in a moderately good portrayal of Bert Lahr. Winnie Lightner does her stuff. And not much of anything may be said about Sally O'Neil. It is really Monsieur Carpentier who saves the day, after all. For the "**Orchid of France**" puts on the best pugilistic sequence seen in many a squared circle.

A Big Fiddler's Debut

PAUL WHITEMAN'S personality beams benignly down upon "**The King of Jazz,**" which happens to be just about the most lavishly staged musical extravaganza brought to the screen since the talkie found its tongue. Whiteman seems destined for heavy film honors—and the "heavy" has nothing to do with his avoirdupois.

On the credit side of "**The King of Jazz**" there must be recorded elaborate spectacle, beautiful pictorial and color composition, excellent music and great artistry in John Murray Anderson's presentation. The picture provides much heretofore available to the public only in the metropolitan theater. On the debit side stand the undeniable facts that much of the material is far from fresh; that there is a dearth of comedy and that there is far too little of Paul Whiteman.

Players who score most are John Boles, Jacques Cartier, Nell O'Day and Jeanette Loff.

Singin' on the Steppes

A SWAGGERING, tuneful operetta of the Russian Revolution reaches the song-screen in "**Song of the Flame,**" which in its film form is a vast improvement over the stage presentation.

The plot, as in all such vehicles, is subordinated to the vocalizing of the leading characters and choral effects. There is a vast aggregation of voices, and the song of the Revolution is especially thrilling.

To the surprise of many, Noah Beery holds his own in this operatic company with a booming baritone that makes his drinking song memorable. Others in the cast are Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray and Alice Gentle. The voices are all excellent, but the acting leaves something to be desired from a movie view point.

The mob movements in those sequences depicting the rousing of the populace and the storming of the palace are more than usually impressive.

Above, Joe Brown and Winnie Lightner don't take their golf too seriously in "Hold Everything." On the left, Paul Whiteman and the Sisters "G" in a scene from "The King of Jazz," which marks the big fiddler's dêbut on the screen. Below, Bernice Claire, Noah Beery and Alexander Gray in "Song of the Flame"

Betty Compson

registers delight in her new modern silverware with VIANDE *Knives and* VIANDE *Forks.*

On the screen a flashing revue dancer in "The Great Gabbo," a demure peasant violinist in "The Street Girl" . . . But a very modern young hostess in her own charming home.

Very gay, and modern, and up-to-date, that home . . . and naturally the silver service doesn't lag behind.

The new Viande Knives and Viande Forks found immediate and eager welcome on Betty Compson's table.

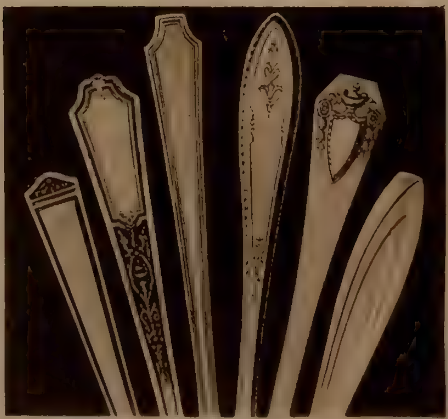
The long-handled, short-bladed knives, the forks with their long handles and short tines cast a glow of modernity over Betty Compson's entire silver service . . . even to the tea and dinnerware. Matched in modernity her new china, linens, and crystal. Matched in modernity the young lady herself.

Naturally it is 1847 Rogers Bros., the original, the finest of all silverplate . . . America's oldest company in point of years . . . newest in freshness of style.

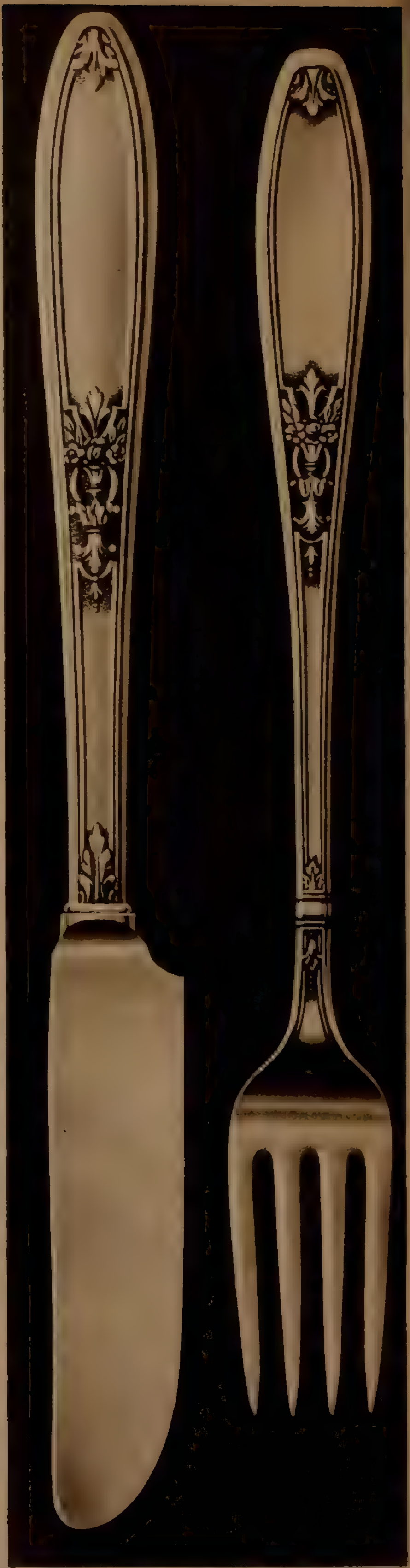
Covers for Six, 26 pieces, $38.00. "Pieces of 8" (trade mark registered), 34 pieces, $49.50. Patterns . . . Silhouette, Legacy, Argosy, Ancestral, Anniversary, Ambassador, and Heraldic. Regular shape knives and forks are offered, as well as the Viande shape, if you prefer.

Write for booklet U-57, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware." Address letters to Department E, International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

3-Pc. Tea Set, $65. Tray, $25. Ambassador.



Anniversary, Ancestral, Legacy, Argosy, Heraldic, Silhouette.



VIANDE KNIFE & FORK

TRADE MARK [PAT APP FOR]

VIANDE Knives, $15...6 Forks, $8.25. Ambassador Pattern.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

He Dares *to* *Be* Himself

William Boyd Does Things That Just Aren't Done In Hollywood

By GLADYS HALL

Russell Ball

THERE is one man in Hollywood who dares to be himself. *And is.*

He leads his own life, in the way he likes to lead it, and lets the rest of the world go bye-bye.

He doesn't care what people say, or think, or do, or do not do.

He never does anything because it is "being done."

He is himself in his personal—very personal—life, and he is himself in the studio and on the screen.

He doesn't give a rap for publicity of any kind, and has to be bound and gagged before he'll give an hour to it now and then. He's completely un-self-conscious about it all. He doesn't give his life or his habits of living any label or handle, and he doesn't thank anyone else for doing it for him.

There are other actors in Hollywood who profess to eschew publicity and who do eschew it, literally. Yet, as in the cases of Lon Chaney and Greta Garbo, the very shunning is the cleverest publicity of all. "There IS no Lon Chaney." Garbo, the Mystery Woman, the Enigma, the Crossword Puzzle—what genius of exploitation could do more or better?

He says, "I am a man, not an actor." And he persists in being a man and not an actor, no matter how out of date being a man in Hollywood may be.

C. B.'s Choice

HE once said just that to the great C. B., when the great C. B. was riding him rough-shod and with bloody spurs. He told the Great One then and there that he could take his choice—a *man* or some other actor. As one of many proofs that the Great One *is* great, indeed, he chose—the man.

The name of this man who dares to be himself is—lest the suspense kill you—Bill Boyd. Familiarly known as Big Bill Boyd.

Bill never goes to movie parties. He occasionally gives a party of his own and has a swell time doing it. But he has to be the host. He never goes to previews or openings, not even to his own.

When he goes back to the old home-town, and the boys he used to "can the cat with" sit and gape at him, open mouthed, across a chasm, he is desperate. He wriggles and cusses and finally says—well, what he says serves to bridge the chasm and make them all boys together again.

He lived in Beverly Hills for some years, when he was married

(*Continued on page 90*)

Above, William Boyd laughing at the Hollywood game of politics; left, in his Malibu Beach home, where he lives restfully alone

AS THE STUDIO WORKERS SEE THE STARS ■ ■ ■

THE VIEW OF THE MAKE-UP MAN ■

To Max Factor even the fair Dorothy Mackaill is just a face—a face whose every feature is magnified—a background for powder and paint . . . He goes to see them on the screen, and thinks anxiously, "So-and-So is getting lines around the eyes. I'll try a heavier powder base" . . . or "He's taking on weight. I'll have to use more red under the chin"

Bert Longworth

Keep Klean for the KIDDIES

Believe It Or Not--This Is The Motto Of Joe E. Brown

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

JOE—*you* know Joe, of the ample mouth and the hysterical feet—well, they're making him a star. Almost any minute now, the signs in front of the theaters will be changed from "'Such-and-Such,' with Joe E. Brown" to "Joe E. Brown in 'Such-and-Such.'" Which may not look so different to you. But it looks ever so different to Joe. And you should see what it does to his pay check!

Moreover, it means that he is allowed to eat in the red plush dining-room, sacred to executives and tip-top players, and pay for everybody's lunch every so often, which *is* coming up in the world, if you know your Hollywood.

Such a position of prominence and affluence has its responsibilities, as Joe will tell you. There are, for instance, the Kiddies. They *look up* to a motion picture actor, they do, and it's up to him to see that he deports himself in such a manner that they will not be corrupted by such contemplation.

"KEEP KLEAN FOR THE KIDDIES!" That's Joe's slogan.

He has kiddies of his own—two little boys, aged eleven and thirteen—and he knows. You have to give them something to admire.

His Young Audience

THE subject of proper idols for the little ones came up during lunch at the Embassy Club. Joe was discussing the technique of being funny and telling me how low comedy may be art when a little girl of about five or six, clutching a resplendent doll, came in with her mother. She saw the comedian, started, nudged her mother excitedly and became so absorbed in gazing at him that she had some difficulty in getting into her chair. There were other, more decorative stars in the room, but the tot saw no one but Joe.

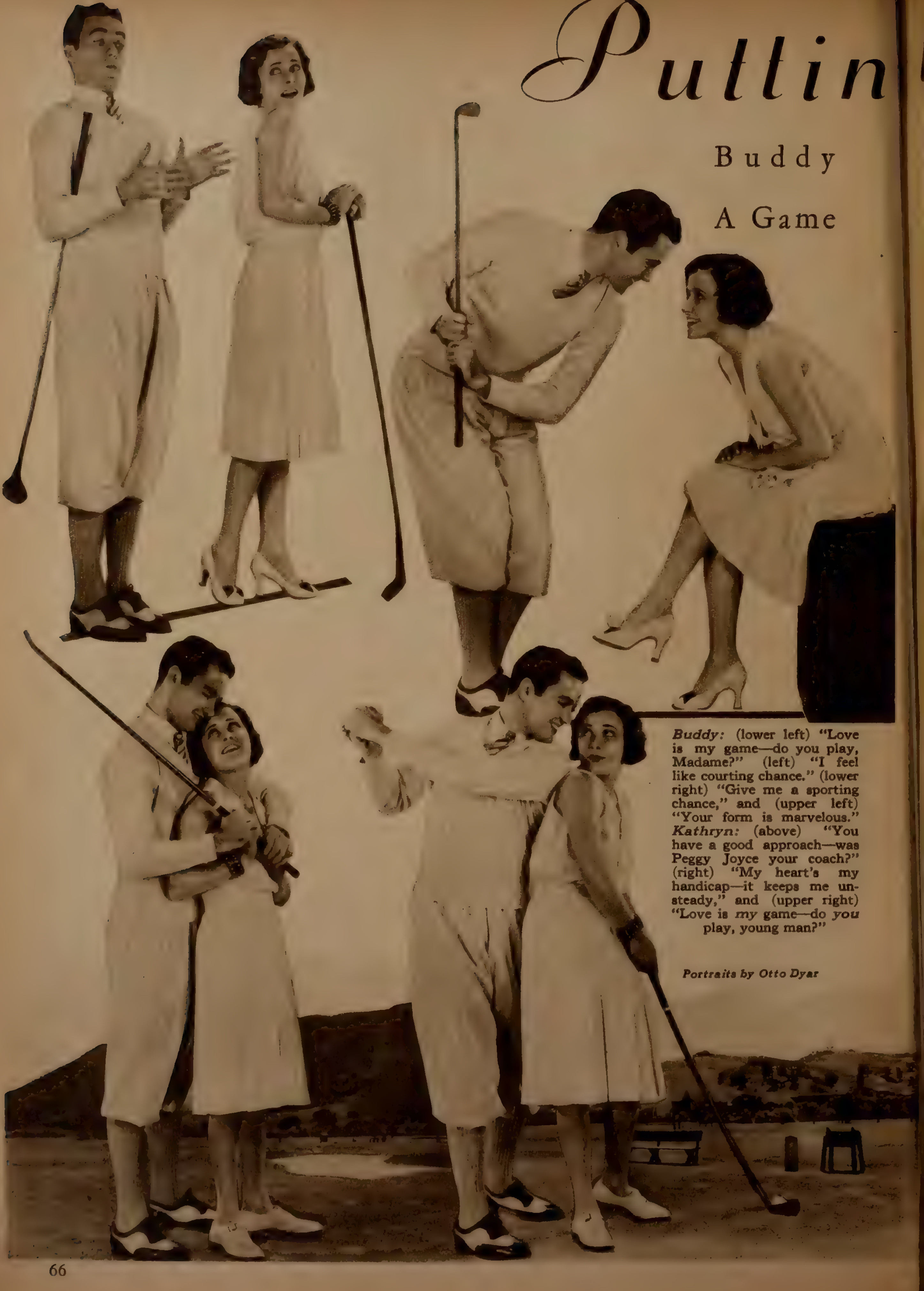
Mr. Brown was enchanted. He made funny faces at her. He wiggled his fingers. He played peek-a-boo. He flirted with her outrageously and forgot to eat his lunch. Also, he forgot to discuss the technique of comedy any more. Finally, when the child's mother became really firm with her about spinach and a glass of milk, Joe sighed deeply and turned back to me.

"Ah!" he said. "Ah! Those are the ones we must consider. The

(Continued on page 98)

Puttin

Buddy
A Game



Buddy: (lower left) "Love is my game—do you play, Madame?" (left) "I feel like courting chance." (lower right) "Give me a sporting chance," and (upper left) "Your form is marvelous." *Kathryn:* (above) "You have a good approach—was Peggy Joyce your coach?" (right) "My heart's my handicap—it keeps me unsteady," and (upper right) "Love is *my* game—do *you* play, young man?"

Portraits by Otto Dyar

the Question

Rogers Plays
With
Kathryn Crawford

Do You Play, Madame?[*]

Love is my game—do you play, Madame?
I'd like to challenge you some summer day, Madame.
Your form is marvelous. I'm just a beginner,
But beginner's luck may make me the winner.
Love is my game—do you play, Madame?
With rising temp'rature I rise to say, Madame,
I feel like courting chance. Give me a sporting chance.
Love is my game—do you play, Madame?

[*] Song from Paramount's "Safety In Numbers"

The INSIDE

A Handy Guide

BY ROBERT

Here is a unique article. For the first time in history the reader is taken into the studios to witness the actual making of a motion picture. Read it carefully. It is Hollywood.—Editor's Note.

WE, you and I, are standing on a high hill above Hollywood. Beneath us lie the busy studios. How would you like to descend and see, with your very own eyes, how a motion picture is made? You wouldn't? Very well. We'll start right away.

We are going to begin at the beginning and go from department to department. We will spend just enough time in each department to see and hear what the men are doing, to discover how they go about their work.

First of all, we must visit the story department, for without the story, no movie could be made. We enter a low building and see many young men seated before typewriters. These are writers—high-salaried artists, who work unceasingly at turning out brilliant word pictures. You will find no harder workers under the studio roof than these fellows. Two of them are talking over a story now. Let's listen:

"—yeah, just come as you are. Elsie and Mack are bringing the gin an' I just had the valves ground, so we oughta make the border by midnight easy, an' we can watch the races an' start back Sunday night an'—"

Making Talkie

AFTER the story is written, it is adapted for film purposes. No one is exactly sure what takes place during an adaptation, but every studio has adapters who are busy eight hours a day at adapting, so it is worth our time, surely, to find out. The work is said to be the most exacting and specialized of any in the film industry. All of those men in the left corner of the room are adapters. Let's surprise them at work and hear how it's done:

"—me, I'm goin' to Tia Juana an' play the ponies. Why don't you and Lil try to make it? I figured we could stay in San Diego tomorrow night an' go over when the patrol opens at nine—"

After the adaptation, the story is made into a scenario by scenario writers. These are hard-working, happy people who often slave at their jobs until they actually drop. The way in which they labor should be an inspiration to every man, woman, and child in the country. Suppose we just tiptoe up behind a couple of them and see how they do what they do, and what they are being paid fifteen hundred smackers a week for doing. Listen closely:

"—you're darned right I'm gonna wear a hat. Last time I was in Tia Juana I didn't have no hat and they said I was stewed at the border an' made me walk a line and I thought the gang would die laffin'. Now get this straight—I'll come by for you at ten an' then we can pick up the bims an' go straight through—"

The Right Direction

WHEN completed, the scenario goes to the director and his staff for study before the picture is begun. This, of course, is where the real brain work comes in. Naturally then, only those with the greatest amount of gray matter and powers of concentration are entrusted with the job. That director over there, for instance (the one to whom we're going to listen), is the greatest mental giant in Hollywood. What he says counts. Let's hear what he says:

"—not for me, boy. I'll take no auto down there in all that traffic with every jay cop laying for me, when I can get on the Tia Juana Special and play rummy all the way down. Last time I took the car I got bumped by eighteen drunk drivers and I told Gertrude then—"

After the finished scenario is whipped into workable shape by the director and shooting schedule established, the players are given their parts to learn. Such drudgery! Memorizing lines is a Herculean task, requiring the utmost

At top, an exterior view of the busy studio, where the busy workers earn their *chili con carne;* above, interior view of the busy studio, revealing the busy workers

STORY

To Studio Life

ENDER

concentration and nerve control. To t an idea of how hard it is, you really ould step over here where a troupe is hearsing. But quietly—

"—Listen, dearie, you can't tell me ose tables aren't fixed! Pete lost a thouand berries in less than ten minutes last me at chemin de fer. *But I got a system roulette. I'll show you if you'll lemme ave that script to write on—"*

Public Relations

WITH the picture actually in production, it is necessary that the world should know about it in order at the finished film does not play to empty houses. Such terest is created by publicity men, demons for work, and ossessors of the soundest minds in the business. These e the ones who conduct a research of every phase of the lm and players in order that you may read interesting dbits about them in the newspapers. No one can get a osition as publicity man by shirking work; just as no pubcity man who shirks work can long hold his job. It's ork, work, work for these men. Here are some now. The ublicity chief is making an announcement. Listen:

"—an' we only need ten more signatures to get a private car n the Borderline Special. Anybody who's going to Caliente is week-end and hasn't signed the list, I advise 'em to sign ght away so we can all be together an' shoot a little poker on e way down—"

Of course, every picture must have special "sets" constructed. For instance, if it is a movie about Ireland, the scenes must all look Irish. That sounds simple enough, but in reality you will find the work of planning and building the sets to be most complicated. The men whose work it is have to be the best practical artists in the country. It is only after a long and expensive period of training that they are entrusted with the work. Serious fellows they are, who work away with a fine disregard of the time clock. We really should spend just a second listening in on them:

"—it's all right to drink their beer down there, but take my advice an' lay offa that Tia Juana Tequila. Boy, that stuff'll lay you out so *quick that after two glasses of it you'll be askin' what happened—"*

t top, another view of the studio, and after you read the story you ill know where all the busy workers are; above, a bird's-eye view of a Hollywood ant hill

Money-Maker

BUT probably the busiest of all men on a studio lot is the supervisor. And why not? For the supervisor is engaged for the single purpose of killing waste and doing away with idleness. He is the efficiency expert of the movies. If you are working in the studios, be awfully sure that you *are* working when he comes around, else your name will go down in his notebook and the following day you will get a little pink slip which begins, "We regret—." Only men with a fine business sense and infinite capacity for work become supervisors. They must set an example, by the way in which they do their work, for the entire studio to follow. Watch that supervisor there—see how he's going from one man to another to stimulate interest in the work. Shall we hear how he does it?

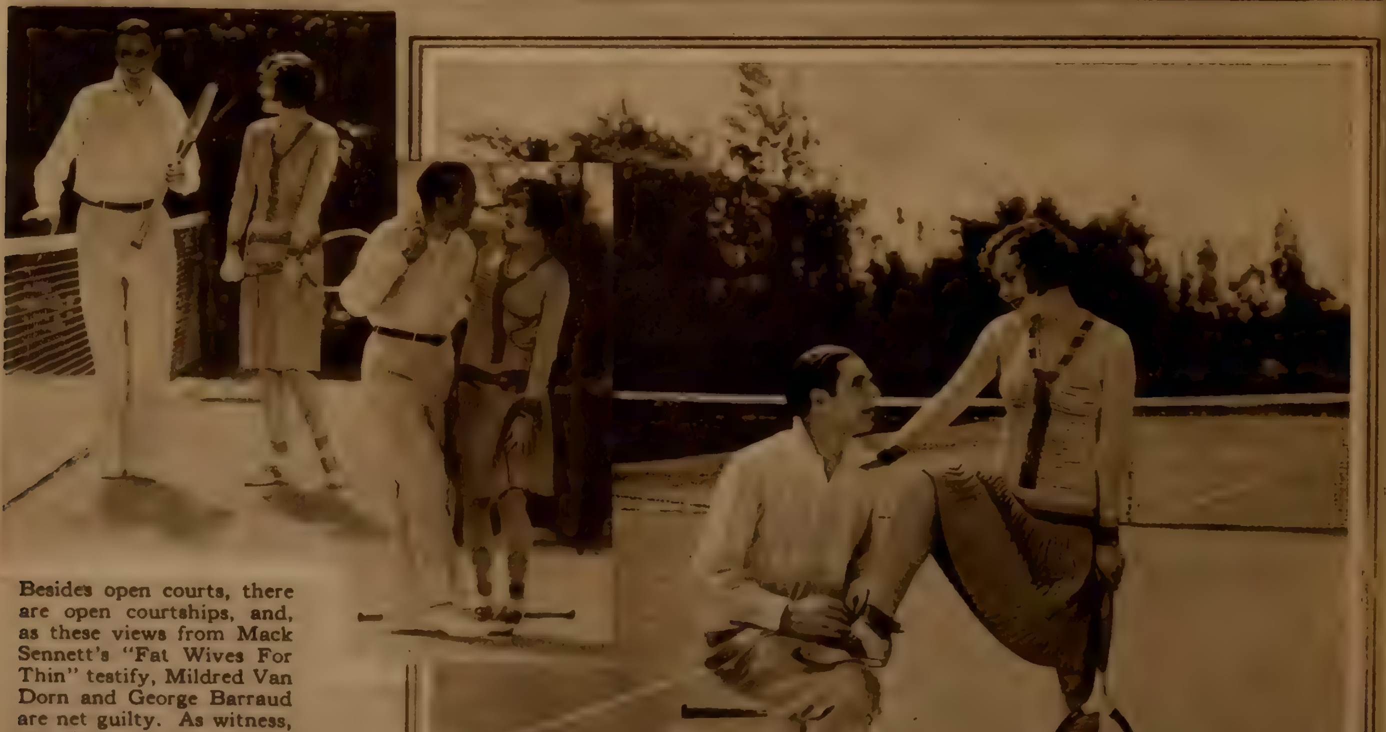
"—any of you guys got extra cash you want to place on the ponies Saturday? I'm takin' a studio pool and puttin' it all on Bromo Seltzer II *at five to one. Now if you birds can't actually get to Tia Juana next Saturday, that don't mean you have to miss out on the races because I'm takin' this dough down, see, and* Bromo's *a cinch to win an'—"*

Sound Business Men

MOST important of all to the film industry to-day are the sound experts. No haphazard profession this, and no haphazard men will you find in the work. The success or failure of the films you see every day depends upon these research engineers. The knowledge they bring to the industry is highly specialized and intricate. There is more of downright hard work and less lost motion in their branch of the business than you will find, probably, in any other. How interesting it would be, then, to pause near one of

(Continued on page 105)

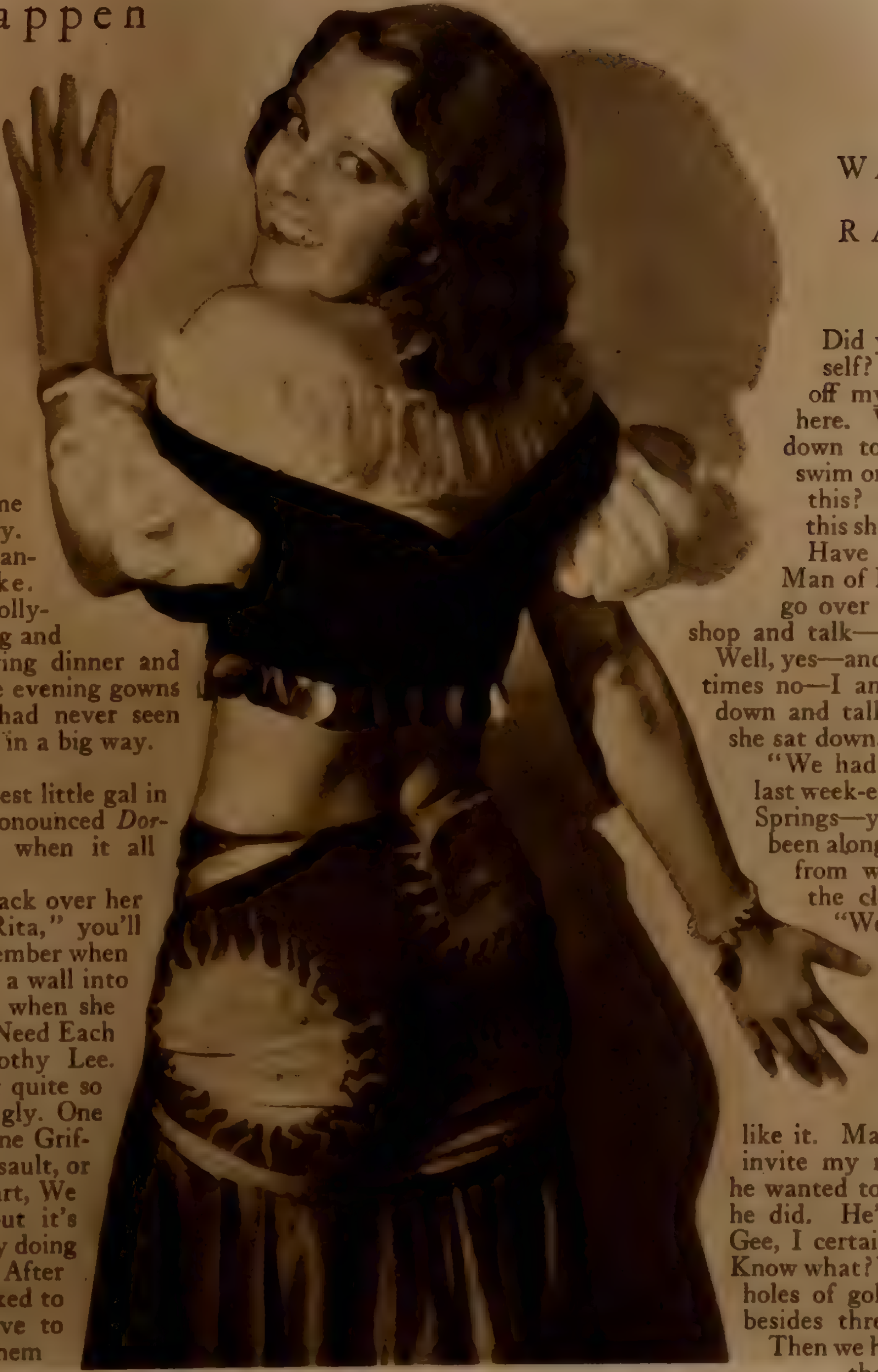
Court of Appeals



Besides open courts, there are open courtships, and, as these views from Mack Sennett's "Fat Wives For Thin" testify, Mildred Van Dorn and George Barraud are net guilty. As witness, top right and around the page: she asks to be served, then runs to cover, and asks if all is fair in a love game. He jumps at her words, asks if he might serve. She asks him to help her home — and he bows to her wish

An Eye-Opener

Things Happen To People Who Meet And Talk To Dorothy Lee



By

WALTER RAMSEY

IT all occurred to me rather in a hurry. Somewhat like another earthquake. Here I had been in Hollywood for years—meeting and knowing actresses, having dinner and dancing with front-page evening gowns wearing orchids—and had never seen one that I could fall for in a big way.

That was yesterday!

To-day I met the cutest little gal in town, Dorothy Lee (pronounced *Dorothy Lee*), and that's when it all occurred to me.

And if you'll think back over her swell scenes in "Rio Rita," you'll get what I mean. Remember when she fell backwards over a wall into the water? Remember when she sang "Sweetheart, We Need Each Other"? That's Dorothy Lee. No one else could do it quite so well or half so convincingly. One couldn't imagine Corinne Griffith doing a back-somersault, or even singing "Sweetheart, We Need Each Other"—but it's easy to imagine Dorothy doing both and loving it. After you've seen her and talked to her, you no longer have to *imagine* her doing them—she *does* them all and more.

It was yesterday that her wee, small knock came at my office door. After a number of loud "Come Ins," a tiny, animated, brown-eyed and smiling parcel of pep floated in on four-inch heels.

"Hello," I said.

One Thing After Another

"HELLO yourself," she snapped back, with the small-editioned tone of a football player in a locker-room just before the big game. "I'm ten minutes early! No one is ever going to be able to say that Lee wasn't on time. Gee, what a cute divan! Whose picture is that? Did you frame it yourself? I think I'll take off my coat, it's hot in here. Why don't you go down to the beach for a swim on an afternoon like this? Mind if I take off this shoe? My foot hurts. Have you read 'Young Man of Manhattan'? Let's go over to the hamburger shop and talk—I'm hungry."

Well, yes—and then again, sometimes no—I answered. Let's sit down and talk things over. So she sat down. I just caved in.

"We had the swellest time last week-end—down at Palm Springs—you should have been along," began the voice from way down deep in the clever sports dress. "We just played games and more games 'til everyone almost died—all except me. I never get tired. The longer I play, the better I like it. Mamma said I could invite my new boy-friend, if he wanted to come along—and he did. He's a man, though. Gee, I certainly wore him out. Know what? We played eighteen holes of golf in the morning, besides three sets of tennis. Then we had lunch and after that we played ping-pong for an hour or so and I wanted to go swimming—so we did. And then. . . ."

One And The Same

IS this the same little girl I've seen over at the Brown Derby, all dressed up like a lady and looking very sophisticated? Why, I always thought she was about twenty-two—and here she says she is barely eighteen. See that natural twinkle around her eye? That wasn't there the day at the Derby. Maybe she was trying to put on an act—probably she's scared people will think

(*Continued on page* 89)

This is her off day, Merna Kennedy decides, convinced that swimmin' is more of a current attraction than fishin'. But while she is in deep water, someone runs off with her dry goods, so that she has only a hoop skirt to get home in, and the chances are one to tan

The Cold Swimmin' Hole

“Palmolive is *the* soap which thoroughly cleanses the skin

. . . and at the same time reveals *natural* loveliness”

says the celebrated

LEON DESFOSSÉ

—one of the best known of all Parisian beauty specialists

Desfossé has a most unusual salon in Paris . . . mosaic floors, marble walls, lend an elegance of background women delight in.

> *"Palmolive is so effective because of palm and olive oils which cleanse and soothe the complexion, and at the same time bring out natural color."*
>
> L. Desfossé

If you've been to Paris . . . if your friends have been to Paris . . . you probably know of the chic beauty salon of Desfossé on the Rue St. Honoré. The establishment Desfossé has been a training school for many of the now famous French specialists, including Emile Massé of the Rue Daunou.

This expert of international professional importance urges you to use Palmolive Soap. He says: "I always advise my clients to wash with Palmolive Soap and warm water, making first a lather with both hands, then thoroughly rinsing with warm water and with cold, thus toning up the complexion."

Desfossé is not alone in his opinion of the tonic effects of palm and olive oils in soap. Today, a tremendously impressive group of more than 22,800 beauty specialists—throughout the world—advise Palmolive.

Ordinary soaps won't do

Beware of using crude soaps, soaps made of undesirable fats, soaps artificially colored or highly perfumed. They may be harmless. But to experiment is dangerous. Palmolive is made of no other oils but those of palm and olives. It is these oils which give it Nature's own green color. They make unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes.

"The skin must be thoroughly washed, but care taken to employ only the soap which gives the greatest benefits with the least inconvenience," the great Desfossé warns you. So many soaps are irritating.

You should not experiment when it is so easy to buy Palmolive. Millions use it for the bath as well as the face. Try it and you will understand why.

Retail Price
10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5248 A

You can keep *your* skin *lovely* just

98% of the lovely complexions cared for with

NO SINGLE BEAUTY touches hearts as a petal-smooth skin does. People are subtly *drawn* to the girl who has it . . . cluster about her admiringly.

Nobody knows this better than do the girls who have won the hearts of millions . . . on the screen. For Hollywood directors found out long ago that unless a girl has the smoothest of skin for the all-important close-up, she can never hold her public.

As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, puts it: "Smooth, beautiful skin is the most potent charm a girl can have . . . and an absolute essential for stardom on the screen."

And you can keep *your* skin just as lovely as the screen stars do! Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. First, five or six of them began to use it . . . found out how perfectly smooth and soft it keeps the skin . . . and it wasn't long before 9 out of 10 famous stars were using this delightfully fragrant white soap.

JOAN CRAWFORD, lovely M.G.M. star: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy."

SUE CAROL, vivacious Fox Films' star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for smooth skin."

BETTY BRONSON, delightfully winsome star: "So wonderfully soothing!"

above BILLIE DOVE, lovable First National star.

right BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star.

MAY McAVOY, charmingly petite star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so refreshing."

MARY ASTOR, charming star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so soothing to the skin."

LUX Toilet Soap

as 511 Hollywood Actresses do . .

you see on the screen are Lux Toilet Soap . . .

And, under the glaring lights of the close-up, only the slightest amount of make-up can be used . . . the skin of the stars must be *naturally* lovely.

9 *out of* 10 *lovely stars use it*

Not only in their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but on location. For at the actresses' request all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for their skin . . . and oh, so grateful to it since so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France . . . in Germany . . . in England.

If *you* aren't one of the millions of women who are already devoted to this dainty soap, order several cakes today. You will be delighted with the way it cares for *your* skin.

MARION DAVIES, charming M.G.M. star: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."

EVELYN BRENT, fascinating star: "Lux Toilet Soap is pleasing and soothing."

JANET GAYNOR, Fox Films' adorable little star: "Lux Toilet Soap has the caressing quality of fine French soaps."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, enchanting star: "It's certainly a wonderful soap."

MARION NIXON, Warner Brothers' exquisite star: "As marvelous as French soaps."

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealing beautiful star: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent."

CLARA BOW, Paramount's scintillating star.

MARY BRIAN, ever beloved Paramount star.

First sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European capitals . . . 10¢

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

GERRY.—**Marian Nixon** and **Eddie Quillan** appeared in *"Geraldine."* **Alice White** did not play in this production. **Miss White** was born in **Paterson, N. J.** Received her education in **Roanoke College, Roanoke, Va.** Coming to **California** she took a secretarial course at **Hollywood High School.** Then came her opportunity to become a script clerk and this work she followed for about two years. Finally came the chance to act—and she accepted it gratefully. Studied dancing and singing, but haven't her tutor's name.

CHARLES FARRELL FAN.—**Charles** was born in **East Walpole, Mass.,** Aug. 9, 1905. You bet he did his own singing in "Sunnyside Up" and "High Society Blues." I can supply you with three poses of **Charles,** these are sold for twenty-five cents each. **Rose Hobart, Estelle Taylor** and **Lee Tracy** appear with **Charlie** in *"Liliom,"* **Fox Studios.**

BERYL GIBSON.—Sorry I can't speak **Spanish,** you'll have to write in **English** as usual. **Lois Wilson** did not appear in *"God Gave Me Twenty Cents."* **Gilbert Roland's** real moniker is **Luis Antonio Damaso de Alonzo,** hardly blame him for changing it, do you? **Anita Page, Pomares,** she's **Spanish** and **French** descent. **Barry Norton** is playing in the **Spanish** version of the *"Benson Murder Case."*

QUESTIONOUS.—Not until we had read a half dozen of these war novels did we realize what a good literary critic **General Sherman** was. Well! this will settle **Buddy's** age for you and your friend. Hope you win the bet. **Buddy** was born Aug. 13, 1904. His next picture is *"Follow Thru,"* **Paramount.** The theme song of *"Pointed Heels"* was **I Have to Have You** and **Ain't Cha.** That is **Clara Bow's** real name. No new picture has been announced for **Rudy Vallee** at this time.

DOROTHY ZIPPEL.—You neglected to enclose your name and address for a personal reply. **Robert Montgomery** is not married. **Gloria Grey** was *Diana* in *"Blake of Scotland Yard."* **Frankie Darro** is not related to **Tom Tyler** or **John Darrow. Frankie** was born in **Chicago, Ill.,** Dec. 22, 1918. Real name, **Frank Johnson, Jr. Tom Tyler, Port Henry, N. Y.,** twenty-seven years ago. Real name **William Burns.** Drop in again sometime.

SUSIE WOOSIE.—Your favorite **Sue Carol** is playing opposite **Arthur Lake** in *"She's My Weakness,"* **Radio Pictures Studio. Grant Withers** was married to **Loretta Young,** Jan. 28, 1930; their marriage was not annulled. **Joan Crawford** was born Mar. 23, 1908. **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** Dec. 9, 1907. **Ruth Chatterton** is playing in *"The Lady of Scandal,"* **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.**

HEARST FAN.—**Mabel Normand** and **Lew Cody** had the leads in *"Mickey."* **Marilyn Miller,** star of *"Sally,"* will be presented by **First National** in *"Sweethearts."* It will be all in **Technicolor. Walter Pidgeon** plays opposite. **Marian Nixon, Rex Bell,** and **Belle Bennett** have the leads in *"Courage."*

If you saw Warner Baxter in "In Old Arizona" and "Romance of the Rio Grande," you will surely want to follow the further adventures of the bold but lovable bandit in "The Arizona Kid." He is shown with Mona Maris, above, in a scene from his new picture

H. R. K.—Yes, **Douglas MacLean** and **Edith Roberts** played in the silent version of *"Seven Keys to Baldpate,"* which was released in Oct. 1925. **Sally Blane, Loretta Young** and **Polly Ann Young** are sisters. **Marion Davies, Lawrence Gray** and **Walter Catlett** are appearing in *"The Floradora Girl."* **Lon Chaney, Lila Lee** and **Harry Earles** in *"The Unholy Three."*

BOBBIE F.—**Conway Tearle** was born in **New York City,** in 1880. Received his education in the public schools of that city, and later he matriculated at **Amherst College.** His original intentions were to become a lawyer, putting the result of his studies into actual practice by appearing frequently in court in the capacity of counsel. In 1910 he harkened to the call of the stage and appeared in several minor rôles. He is very happily married, plays tennis very well, swims, is five feet ten and a half inches tall, weighs 163 pounds, and has dark brown hair and eyes.

HULA HULA.—The joke you told would never keep me guessing, that's an old one. **Jack Oakie** (gosh! but he's popular) was born at **Sedalia, Mo.,** Nov. 14, 1903. **Oakie** graduated from the **La Salle High School in New York City.** For a number of years he and **Lulu McConnell,** famous vaudevillienne, appeared together as a team in many musical comedy successes and over the two-a-day circuit. He is five feet ten, weighs 152 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Real name is **Lewis Offield.** Latest picture *"The Sap From Syracuse,"* **Ginger Rogers** plays opposite, **Paramount Studios.**

FRENCHIE.—We're always glad to hear from new readers. **Maurice Chevalier** is married to **Yvonne Vallee,** they have no kiddies. **James Murray** was born in **New York City,** Feb. 9, 1901, five feet eleven and a half, weighs 178 pounds, light brown hair and green eyes. Married to **Lucille McNames** on Sept. 13, 1928. Appearing in *"Hide-Out,"* **Universal Studios. Neil Hamilton's** new production is *"The Widow from Chicago,"* starring **Alice White.**

MINNEAPOLIS FAN.—**Norman Kerry** is the only star, so far as we know, who was born on June 16. **Elliott Nugent** was born at **Dover, Ohio,** Sept. 20, 1901. Educated at **Dover High School, Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio.** Was assistant editor for one of the **Dover** newspapers, also a member of the **Ohio State** track team when in college. Has appeared in a number of **Broadway** productions, in addition to the ones composed by his father and himself. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes. Married to **Norma Lee,** they have two children. Now appearing in "The Sea Bat."

(Continued on page 102)

Its Bubbles wash Impurities from *Between* the Teeth

Colgate's not only polishes the smooth outer surfaces . . . but also washes out the tiny crevices where ordinary brushing can't reach. Thus, it cleans teeth completely.

MERE surface polishing of teeth is only *half* cleansing. Danger lurks in the spaces between teeth; in the tiny fissures where food particles collect and where decay may begin.

Colgate's cleanses these hard-to-reach places. Its bubbling, sparkling foam penetrates the crevices; softens the deposits and flushes them away in a hygienic wave of complete cleanliness.

This Colgate foam is unique. Scientific tests prove that it has the highest penetrating power of any of the leading toothpastes. Its washing action is amazingly thorough. After brushing with Colgate's, your mouth *feels* clean . . . because it *is* clean . . . as no other toothpaste *can* clean.

Colgate's polishes teeth brilliantly . . . using the soft, chalk powder which all dentists use for this purpose. But any good toothpaste will polish the teeth. Colgate's, *in addition* to polishing, gives the *extra* protection of a thorough washing action which makes the cleansing operation *complete.*

Superiority in cleansing and economy have made Colgate's the most popular toothpaste on earth . . . used by more people and recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice made.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is the Largest Selling Toothpaste in the World

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If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder. It has the same superior cleansing power as the cream.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

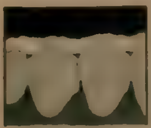
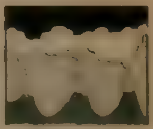


Diagram showing tiny spaces between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-633, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y. C. Please send a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name--

Address--

The Changing Movie Audience

(*Continued from page 25*)

sentimental ballads of moon and June to a tin-pan piano. Now, 1930: Strauss, Tschaikovsky, the most difficult scores played by an immense symphony orchestra to rapt picture audiences!

Testing Tastes

"WE have to-day the same audience that we always had," says B. P. Schulberg, Famous Players producer, "and *a new audience besides*. What this new audience is, we are finding out by experiment. Perhaps this will tell you something. We are making pictures to-day that we would never have dreamed of making two years ago, pictures that wouldn't have been box office successes then. Now there seems to be an audience for them. The appeal of dialogue is not so direct as that of action alone. It takes a rather more highly trained type of mind to receive impressions from the spoken word than from visual scenes of action. We made 'The Virginian' for our old familiar movie friends whose tastes we have learned from years of picture making, and we made 'The Lady Lies' and 'The Laughing Lady' for our new friends, our new audiences, trained to delight in the subtler shades of human motives by books and stage plays."

Children used to fill the theaters—now adults do, says E. B. Derr, Pathé executive, left; and Erno Rapée, right, has found audiences to appreciate fine music

Among the fifteen million new patrons of motion pictures, then, there are sophisticates, highbrows even, attracted by the cleverness of a Ruth Chatterton, the delicate irony of a Claudette Colbert, the *savoir faire* and slightly *risqué* finesse of a Maurice Chevalier. Horn-rimmed spectacles are now prominent in movie loges.

Movies for Children

FOR many years it was the sneering accusation of critics, admitted by the more honest picture producers, that movies were made to appeal to audiences mentally about twelve years old.

"And now," says E. B. Derr, who with Joseph Kennedy directs the destinies of Pathé, "the exchanges are begging us to make pictures that will draw the children into the theaters! Instead of planning all our program to the understanding of the adolescent mind, as in the past, we must deliberately give thought to ways and means for keeping our child fans. Pathé is making four hundred short-reel subjects this year just for the children.

"There are several reasons for this situation. Many of the smaller neighborhood houses have found the cost of wiring for sound prohibitive, and have closed. When the center of amusement is downtown, at some distance from the residence districts, the audiences naturally become more adult. Children do not travel far to see pictures alone. We are keeping the younger portion of our audience by deliberate effort through special pictures, and a system of children's matinées, and we are reaching an older, more critical audience than ever before with our regular program pictures.

More Than Talk

"THE addition of talk to the movies was not in itself instantly and miraculously successful, as the general impression seems to be. Exhibitors complained bitterly, as late as six months ago, that their audiences did not like talking pictures. That was because they were seeing the same old movies they had grown tired of, with talk added. Then the producers woke up to the fact that dialogue admits of more subtle plots, more intricate play of human motives than silent pictures. We hired dramatists from the speaking stage, we hired the most finished actors and actresses we could find. Our pictures have grown up, and so have our audiences."

Now we are beginning to get a picture of the new movie audience which has swelled the ranks of picture patrons from the ten million a week attendance of a few years ago to the astonishing number of one hundred and fifteen million a week today. The former fans are with us still, the youngsters who flock to see their idols—Doug Fairbanks, Hoot Gibson, Ken Maynard, Gary Cooper, Mickey Mouse; the flappers and their male prototypes in their teens, followers of Alice White, Buddy Rogers, Loretta Young, Clara Bow, Robert Montgomery; the family fans who always go when there is a Lon Chaney picture, a Harold Lloyd, or a Ronald Colman, a Janet Gaynor, or a Novarro film. And in addition, we have the newcomers, drawn to the movies by the new aspects of the films, by the voice of a Lawrence Tibbett, by the subtlety of Ann Harding or Walter Huston, by the whimsical dialogue of a Barrie, by the new magic of color and song and spectacle of screen musical comedies, more elaborately costumed and expensively cast than any legitimate show could afford.

These new movie fans are theater-trained, music lovers, sophisticated, critical, adult. They deliberately choose the movies as entertainment, as they formerly chose the concert or theater or opera. The most substantial audience in the world has been won over to the most democratic amusement in the world. Among them are business men, college professors, millionaires and highbrow critics. They have money enough to gratify expensive tastes, but they have found that the movies, once and still the poor man's entertainment, have something for them also.

That this new movie audience is well to do—an audience of spenders—is demonstrated by the testimony of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which considers the "animated catalogue" of products shown in motion pictures the biggest selling agency American trade has today. For every foot of American film exported, according to the Department of Commerce records, a dollar's worth of American goods is sold abroad. In this country the movies continually increase the "spiral of demand" for American manufactured products, says Will Hays, speaking under the auspices of the Department of Commerce over a nationwide broadcast recently. They carry to American homes and purchasers the visual perception of American goods, and arouse a desire for them. They show attractive homes, charmingly furnished, fine automobiles, modern conveniences of living, they set the styles in dress.

Proof

A PRACTICAL proof of the fact that movie audiences are buyers was shown in a recent picture where Gloria Swanson used a certain bottle of perfume on her dressing table in a luxurious bedroom setting. This perfume was a delightful one, which, however, for some reason or other had failed to catch the fancy of the public, and its manufacturers were on the verge of failure. Its bottle was of characteristic shape and color, and within a month of its appearance on the screen the demand for the perfume was greater than the manufacturers could fulfil. It is one of the most successful brands on the market to-day.

The new talkie audience, then, is a well-to-do audience with money to spend and appreciation of fine standards of living.

The new talkie audience is a more selective audience. It is composed of intelligent people who have an infinite choice of amusements—motoring, radio, outdoor sports, good books—and find mental and sensory stimulation in the movies.

The term "movie fan" has now become as dignified as the terms, "devotée of the opera," "art patron," "theater-goer" and "music lover." The remark which has come to be an axiom in the industry is no longer true. The movies are not in their infancy to-day. They have grown up.

DOROTHY DIX *says* "ROMANCE *doesn't always demand Moonlight*"

DOROTHY DIX, *famous writer on romance and marriage*

Even picnics have their opportunities — and simple frocks their charm

WHY is it so many girls think romance must wait for just the right moment? That moonlight, music, atmosphere are essential?

Romance is everywhere — afternoons at the beach, hiking in the country — simple picnics — *all* have their opportunities.

But you must always look your charming best!

You should know above all the significance of *color* in clothes. For you needn't wear expensive things if you know this secret.

Men Love Color

Men respond quickly to color — as the old saying goes, "It's color that takes a man's eye." Even on a picnic where old clothes are called for, *avoid* faded blouses, color-dimmed prints. For the loss of original *color* in a garment means a corresponding loss of *allure.*

Therefore, let me give you two simple hints —

FIRST: In even your simplest frocks, choose the pretty colors that are most becoming to you.

THEN: Guard the charm of color always from even slight fading—for there is a magnetic appeal in vibrant fresh color.

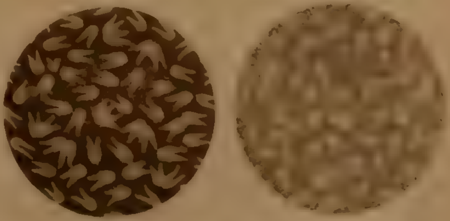
When I say this, girls often reply that frequent washings — which daintiness demands—too often take the loveliness from colors. If that is the case, you have probably been using the wrong soap.

Ordinary "good" soaps are sometimes not good enough — and *some of the color goes with the dirt.*

To play absolutely safe, use Lux, which is made *to safeguard colors.* Lux has a slogan . . . "If it's safe in water, it's safe in Lux." And that's true.

AT HOME, TOO, let the charm of color add glamour to you. Even the simplest home makes a lovely frame to your dainty, feminine self, if *everything* — from the cushions on the porch swing to the curtains in the living room — is kept *colorful as new* with Lux. Remember men love color.

DOROTHY DIX



THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Sample after 12 Lux washings — unfaded, live, vibrant as when it was bought, magnetism of color retained.

Sample washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap—undeniably faded, the allure of fresh color lost!

if it's safe in water . . .
it's safe in **LUX**

Hollywood Sob-Stories

(*Continued from page 29*)

beautiful and healthy without her constant care. Idleness was again a gulf before her.

Adolphe Menjou was making a picture, and there was a part Lina could do if she wished. At the time she "wished" more than anything else in the world. She fairly ached to be back in things again, to be accomplishing something besides Wednesday luncheons at the Montmartre. Sam Warner must have felt sorry for his very young wife, for at last he gave his consent.

Lina worked again. She danced. She had a lovely home, a husband who adored her, a darling baby—and work. For a moment it looked as though Hollywood had turned a smiling face on Lina Basquette—but not for long.

Tragedy Enters

IN the midst of the Menjou picture, Sam Warner was taken gravely ill. Before it was completed—he died.

The whispers again! Discreet whispers, well back-of-the hand. But whispers about Lina. She had gone ahead and finished the picture, for one thing. Brave, wasn't it? murmured Hollywood, with a superficial smirk. Or was it that she cared more for her work than for Sam Warner? Cruel stabbing whispers which Lina felt—and heard.

Lina finished her work for one tremendous reason which the world does not know—

She needed money, financial security for herself and her baby.

At the time of Sam Warner's death, Lina had two hundred dollars in her checking account at the bank. She had not another cent in the world. The Vitaphone, at that time, had not brought its thirty millions into the Warner Brothers' coffers. For years their organization had struggled under a load of debts, lack of cash, lost prestige. Sam Warner's trust fund for his wife and child was extremely modest, the income amounting to only eighty-five dollars weekly.

Work No Longer Play

WORK, to Lina, was no longer a hobby. It was her bread and butter. Luckily, things broke for her, in the line of picture engagements. There were several unimportant things—and then her selection by Cecil de Mille for his most pretentious picture of the year, "The Godless Girl." With the exception of Lina, who was overjoyed, there was scant rejoicing over her selection throughout the town. "Now, how in the world did he happen to choose her?" was the drift of the grumblings. And all through the engagement she was watched with unfriendly eyes. "She's getting upstage. Talks about herself all the time. The high-and-mighty little lady is due for a ride," are but a few of the general observations both spoken and written.

"No one knew, at that time," explained Lina, "that I felt anything but high and mighty. I was tremendously worried financially, but I felt I had to keep up a front. In Hollywood, nothing succeeds like looking successful—and I felt my professional work would suffer if I didn't keep up a show of prestige. Believe me, it was a drain on both my resources and my pride to do some of the things I did. I knew I could not afford to keep a nurse for the baby at one hundred and thirty-five dollars a month—and yet I felt I could not afford to let her go. I wanted the world to think Sam had provided amply for us.

The Unseen Reasons

"I DIDN'T want them to realize that his baby and his wife were receiving not one cent from the talking-picture idea which, by this time, was beginning to make millions for his brothers. And the Vitaphone was primarily Sam's idea. He fought the whole organization for it—trying to make them realize its value. It didn't seem fair that we, little Lina and I, should be struggling. I didn't want it known that we were. If I talked about myself, how well I was getting along, if I bragged a little (as I was accused of doing), it was to cover up something else, just the opposite, which I felt keenly. But Hollywood didn't know that—and they talked. I was in Dutch again.

"There were times when I was almost desperate. I don't think I could have stood it if I hadn't met Pev just at that time. He was photographing 'The Godless Girl' and, with us, it was a case of love at first sight. I had loved Sam Warner—but it was a love that was more the deep affection and reverence of a girl married to a man twenty-two years her senior. I minded him. I was just a baby to him. With Pev, it was the sort of love that makes the world go 'round.

"He was so sweet to me. He seemed to understand, where everyone else chose to misunderstand. One by one, my fai weather friends drifted away. Only Pe was on hand to see me through the dar moments."

But Hollywood misunderstood this romance as it has misunderstood most thing about Lina Basquette. They looked on i at best as a passing flirtation. Even Ceci de Mille was irritated—until he realized the attachment between his leading cameraman and his new leading lady was much deeper than the gossips credited it to be.

Stephen Kay

Another Hot Scene

The woodwinds howl, and there is a sound as of tom-toms—the studio suns pour down—the shipwrecked lovers are married before the censors—and the omnivorous cameras and microphones eat up another kiss in the desert

Again They Were Wrong

IT was a deep surprise to Hollywood, who loves to know it all, when Lina Basquette and young Marley were quietly married, and soon afterwards left on an extended vaudeville tour. Again the gossips guessed—and guessed incorrectly. "Now that she has a new husband, she's turned the baby over to a nurse and forgotten all about her. A fine mother she is!"

"I heard what they were saying," went on Lina, "but I couldn't let it stop me. Pev and I had to work. My offers for picture work were beginning to come few and far between. We needed the money, and when this attractive offer came from the vaudeville people we snatched it. Naturally, I didn't want to drag my baby around the country in and out of hotels, and besides, it would have made a big dent in our finances. I figured it would be much wiser to leave her here in good hands where she would be comfortable and send the money I would have spent, taking her with me, on a nice place to live and a competent nurse. She was getting ten dollars a week from her father's estate for her entire living expenses. The rest I was earning.

"For some time the Harry Warners had been dickering for her adoption. To this I flatly refused. She was my baby and I wanted her with me whenever I felt I could have the time free. I agreed, however, to her living with her aunt and uncle, providing I might have her whenever I wished. Finally, after a great deal of legal bickering, it was decided that way, and there was to be a settlement of three hundred thousand dollars on her—*and her alone!* To be held in trust until she was twenty-one. I was not to receive a dime of it!

The Final Blow

"I WAS playing in the East when I read that the Warners had announced they had adopted my baby and had full custody. I was frantic. I became ill, and it led to a nervous breakdown. I never agreed to give my baby away—for adoption—for money—for any other reason of which I have been accused.

"I tell you," said Lina and leaned earnestly across the table, sincerity marking every word, "that my flesh crawled when I got back in Hollywood and found myself being cut by old friends, because they believed such a monstrous thing about me.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Do Unseen Hands Keep You Dumb..

When You Ought to Talk?

How often have you wanted to talk, but held back, silent, because you felt unequal to the other people present? How many times have you passed up, or avoided the chance to talk in public—before your business associates, your club or lodge, because of your fear of stage fright? Are you afraid of your own voice—instead of being able to use it as one of the greatest business and social assets in your possession? And yet you might be surprised to hear that many of the most brilliant public speakers we have today felt exactly this way—before they learned how to develop their "hidden knack" of powerful speech—a knack which authorities say seven men out of every ten actually possess. And the chances are that you, too, have in you the power of effective speech—which, if unloosed, would be almost priceless to you in a social or business way. Find out if you have this natural gift—read every word of the message below.

Discover These Easy Secrets of Effective Speech

PROBABLY you have never pictured yourself being able to sweep a giant audience off its feet—to win the applause of thousands. Yet the men who are doing such things know that it is all astonishingly easy once you are in possession of the simple rules of effective speech. Before you learn these secrets you may be appalled at the thought of addressing a small audience. Still it all seems so ridiculously easy when you know how to banish stage fright, and exactly what to do and say to hold an audience of one or a thousand in the palm of your hand.

Yet what a change is brought about when a man learns to dominate others by the power of Effective Speech! Usually it means a quick increase in earnings. It means social popularity. You yourself know how the men who are interesting talkers seem to attract whomever they wish and name their own friends—men and women alike.

There is no magic, no trick, no mystery about becoming a powerful and convincing speaker—a brilliant, easy, fluent conversationalist. One of America's eminent specialists in effective speech has developed a method that has already raised thousands from mediocre, narrow ruts to positions of greater prestige and wider influence. This new method is so delightfully simple and easy that by spending 20 minutes a day in the privacy of your own home, you cannot fail to make rapid progress.

How you can use this method, how you can banish stage fright, self-consciousness and bashfulness, quickly shaping yourself into an outstanding influential speaker, is told in an interesting book, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* Not only men who have made millions, but thousands of others have sent for this book and highly praise it. You can receive a copy absolutely free by simply mailing the coupon below. Act now to discover your priceless "hidden knack"—the natural gift within you. Fill out and mail the coupon at once.

What 20 Minutes a Day Will Show You

How to address business meetings.
How to propose and respond to toasts.
How to make a political speech.
How to tell entertaining stories.
How to write better letters.
How to enlarge your vocabulary.
How to develop self-confidence.
How to acquire a winning personality.
How to strengthen your will-power.
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Psyching the Hollywood Blonde

(*Continued from page 51*)

This seemed like a good start, considering June had only spoken three words. But I knew Mrs. Castberg wasn't talking through her hat. I had had a sample, and it had struck home. Already I was deciding to give my fixations a severe talking to when I got the chance.

"You're a small-town girl, aren't you, Miss Clyde?" Mrs. Castberg went on. "I thought so. That's a good beginning for a simple type of girl like yourself. What made you become an actress?"

June was fairly cool and collected. "I went on the stage when I was nine years old," she said. "I had quite a remarkable voice, they thought, so . . ."

"I can tell you something more," Mrs. Castberg said. "You can do anything at all you want to do—but you'll have to want to, deep down. You will never want to do the wrong things, even for the sake of an adventure—in fact, you don't care for a lot of adventure. You're not an actress for the glamour of the glaring lights, but because you have an urge, and also because you have to make money. Otherwise, you'd much prefer marrying the man you loved. You wouldn't marry for a lot of worldly things."

June was beginning to think there was a trick somewhere. "That's very true—oh, how true that is!" she repeated as each revelation came out.

Mrs. Castberg turned and spoke confidentially into my ear. "Miss Clyde is romantic. Is that a terrible thing to say?

"You have a deep inner feeling that life is good," she pursued, turning back toward June. "You don't exactly believe in fairies, but you could. Life is easy for you because of your belief in good angels. Not exactly good angels, but your guiding star, you might call it. You're quite safe to keep your illusions in the movies, which is a good thing for you.

"Frankly, Miss Clyde, I'm glad, surprised, to find you as you are. I was expecting something—well, different—when they asked me to psycho-analyze a motion picture blonde. I like this about you, especially; that unlike most people, you wouldn't strike the hand that helped you to success, if there has been any such hand. But most of your success you have made yourself.

"The only thing that will ever stop you from success in your profession will be love.

"Your love life, I should say, is very simple. You have not had any love affairs. You have loves, but not love affairs. Isn't that right?"

"Exactly," said June. "So few people interest me enough to love them."

"Your loves," Mrs. Castberg pursued relentlessly, "are ideal. You are in love with an ideal man. Your employers need not worry about your breaking the marriage clause in your contract, I should say, because the chance of your meeting the ideal is remote. But if you do meet him, then nothing will stand in the way of your marrying him, and . . . to use the vernacular . . . your contract will be flooey."

She paused a moment. Then, "Miss Clyde, did you ever feel any difference between your love for your father and for your mother?"

"I loved my mother best," said June.

"Ah, you see," Mrs. Castberg exclaimed triumphantly; "she has no *Œdipus* complex. That's why she isn't likely to give the studio trouble on the marriage clause. Those who have the father fixation are the ones most likely to fall for a man at any moment. But Miss Clyde is not the type who is crazy to fall in love. Eventually, if she fails to meet her ideal man, she will idealize a man who falls short of the ideal."

"They also serve who only stand and wait": a scene behind the lines in any large theater in any large city on any large Sunday evening

"What are the specifications of your ideal man, Miss Clyde?" I put in.

He Must Be Real

"I DON'T care how he looks," she replied without a moment's hesitation. "I don't care if he hasn't a penny, so long as he earns his money honestly. He would have to be real—someone who wasn't always acting. So Mrs. Castberg is right in saying I'm not very likely to meet him just yet—there aren't many like that in Hollywood."

"As to money," Mrs. Castberg said, "I can see that Miss Clyde wants it, but she is not, and never will, be money-mad."

"That is true," said June. "I would like to have money so that I can make those I love happy. For myself, I want only enough to live comfortably."

"When did you first fall in love?" asked Mrs. Castberg. "Schoolgirl love, I mean."

"When I was fourteen," replied June. "He was captain of the basketball team and president of the student body. He was very poor, and worked nights to pay for his schooling. I admired that. I don't think I loved him—I just admired him enormously. I never kissed him . . . that sounds silly, doesn't it? He's in San Francisco now, and I still see him whenever I go there. We're very good friends."

Mrs. Castberg whispered in my ear: "I'm going to see if she has a *Narcissus* fixation.

"Did you ever sit and look at yourself in the mirror when you were a child?" she asked June.

June shook her head. "Only when I used to try on costumes," she said. "I loved doing that."

Mrs. Castberg looked her straight in the eyes for a few moments.

No *Narcissus*

"She has no *Narcissus* complex," she said, turning at last to me. "We mean by that, she is not and never has been in love with herself. That, you see, would have been one reason for her failure to fall really in love with a man, for if you are in love with yourself there's no room for anybody else. When she tried costumes on before the mirror, it was her urge to act coming out, and fortunately the urge was never frustrated. There has been no inhibition for her to overcome. Excuse the affected-sounding phrase, but in technical parlance we would say there has been no frustration or inhibition in the central stream of her drive.

"Another thing. Miss Clyde, isn't there a tune running in your head nearly all the time? A sort of harmonic background in your brain?"

"Yes, there is," said June. "It's marvelous that you could tell me that. Nearly always, except when I am asleep, there is a tune in my head."

"I thought so. Do you know what that means? You have intuitively contacted your inner rhythm. I am sure your directors never had to teach you to move gracefully. You have harmony and rhythm in your head, although, as you told me just now, there was not much music in your family.

"Now about your dreams. Did you ever dream of being on a desolate plain?"

"No," answered June. "But I have dreamed so often of laughing and crying—just laughing and crying all by myself."

"You see," explained Mrs. Castberg, "her dreams are emotional, as you would expect for an actress, but they do not depend on anyone. She is self-sufficient. She is in touch with the cosmic emotions, joy and sorrow, that have existed since the beginning of the world; but in her dreams there is no one there inspiring those emotions. Miss Clyde is a very lucky girl, because she is simple, life to her is simple, she knows what she wants, and yet her instincts are infallibly right.

"Miss Clyde," concluded Mrs. Castberg, "is not modern, nor is she mid-Victorian, nor anything else of the kind. She would be herself in any age. She does not adapt herself; she knows what she wants out of life and she is not influenced by what the age thinks she ought to do, or by what any individual thinks she ought to do."

“A drop of it...so! and ten years slip away!”

says VIRGINIA VALLI

“You remember the old rainy days up in the attic? Dressed in grown-up clothes? ...putting on grown-up airs? Well, I have a theory that we grown-ups like to dress up, too...But we like to turn back the clock...and play we're our younger selves! Hats...frocks...often I buy them, to encourage that mood... And now...And now, I've a perfume... an ever so much quicker way...A breath of SEVENTEEN *upon me...and I'm joyously in the role...playing I'm my youngest, gayest me!*

Seventeen
Seventeen

Breath of the Modern Spirit
a new perfume...SEVENTEEN

Young...with eternal youth...Sophisticated... as whispered repartee...Naive...daring...

Soul of the modern woman...part of her vivid personality...breath of her *different* charm...

Seventeen comes like a crisp, fresh breeze, after all the cloying perfumes you have known. Seventeen — like you — dares to be *different*...new!

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume*, in such exquisite little French flacons ...the *Powder*, so new and smart in shadings...the *Toilet Water*, like a caress...the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury...the *Talc*...the *Sachet*...two kinds of *Brillantine*...and the *Compact*, gleaming black and gold...like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

Manage THESE *or they'll manage you!*

THERE'S no question about it, *millions of women need help!* With all our new devices, they still are working too long hours . . . are being bullied by dirt.

Yet other millions of wives and mothers present such a different picture. Their homes sparkle. They make cleaning seem easy. And they have, every day, some time for themselves.

In those less happy homes, something must be wrong. Two things, in fact, we venture to guess: First, the lack of a definite cleaning plan. Second, probably an incomplete understanding of how *best* to use soap.

***Send for this book—it's* FREE!**

If, you, too, have days when work piles up, then we urge you earnestly to send for our book, "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." For here are many valuable cleaning methods given in detail. And simple instructions, if you want them, for making your own efficient cleaning schedule. Use the coupon but mail it promptly.

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Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free . . . a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

Is the Devil a Woman?

(*Continued from page 30*)

not because of the joy of neatness, but because she may make her home a private hell for her husband. In her hands the dust-cloth is a far more treacherous weapon than the pitchfork, as she wipes away the casual cigarette ash and "tidies" after the comfort-seeker.

Though she smiles often, there is no real humor in her soul. To her, life is a serious affair of trivialities. Firmly and insistently she points out deficiencies in her husband's men friends. Charlie is too fond of cards. Harry smokes too much, and the fumes stay in her curtains. As for that girl that Tom goes with, you can actually see through her bodices and the body is an evil thing. God made it for beauty—but the Lady Devil clothed it.

Beautifying Vice

SHE does not go to see *risqué* shows or read improper books, but she is fast to concoct fiction that will blast a reputation, over her afternoon-bridge table.

She is a hypocrite because, while her purse is generous to her favorite charities, real sympathy has no part in the giving.

She is a liar, because she knows only the words and not the substance of truth.

In short, she is the Devil because she makes Virtue so hideous and Vice so attractive.

This thoroughly correct, efficient, so-called "Good Woman" Devil has driven more men from the paradise of happiness to the roads of philandering and drink than all the collective sirens of history.

It is such a character as this that I portray in the first part of "Madame Satan." She is stupid and uninteresting to the point where she drives her husband into the arms of a friendly little vamp. Later, in an attempt to win back her man, she becomes wicked herself and she does a thoroughly excellent job of it. Good women have so much more imagination for evil—than the naughty ladies. They can be ten times more shocking.

Her Own Reputation

AFTER my denunciation it will probably amuse you to know that I have labored through life under the title of a "good woman." That is, good in a sense of the conventions; not, I hope, in the drab virtues I have just outlined in my favorite conception of a Lady Devil. I was not particularly crazy about the reputation, but somehow I could not escape it. Because I kept fairly decent hours, and did not fall under cabaret tables from an excess of liquor, because I married the man I loved in preference to a *moderne* experience with him, Broadway branded Kay Johnson a "good woman"—and there the matter stood.

It even affected the type of stage rôles I played. I was never more than politely indiscreet, and usually I was an example of all the stage virtues. It became rather irksome. Though no one else would believe it, I felt in my heart that I had interesting possibilities in the line of misconduct; at least, I felt I could successfully portray a painted lady.

It is a strange quirk in the make-up of good women that they inevitably feel their hearts they could be a most attract influence for evil—if they cared to. It i saving grace. Show me a woman who fe that she could not break up some ma home if she cared to—and I will show yo rarity. She argues the point in her mind naturally she would not stoop that low, s tells herself, and usually she is quite sat fied with her own husband. But the fa remains that it could be done—and th satisfies her. If it doesn't—Heaven sa the pieces! For there is nothing mo dangerous than a good woman on a ran page. By very contrast with her form virtues, Evil becomes more emphasized an apparent.

Good Enough to Be Naughty

I REMEMBER a certain show I did fo Al Woods. It was quite naughty. Th part I played was even naughtier, and had won it only by prayers and begging When I first presented myself for the rôle Mr. Woods merely shook his head an dismissed me with the words, "You can' do this thing, Kay. You aren't experienced You're a good woman." There was my reputation again . . . a reputation I ha been trying to live down in the mind o producers for years! "But I can," I insisted. "Really, I can. Please give me a chance at it."

At that time, the part was being rehearsed by a lady of . . . what shall we call it? . . . experience. Certainly she had *lived*, and the part she was studying was not far removed from her actual experiences. I sat in the darkened theater and listened to her speak the frequently *risqué* lines. Coming from her, they did not sound particularly startling—they were words she might have spoken in casual conversation. Suddenly I was struck with an inspiration, "That doesn't sound naughty when she speaks the lines," I whispered in the ear of Mr. Woods, "because they sound too natural. But if I said them . . ."

Her Shocking Experience

"BY jove," he whispered back, slapping his knees, "I see what you mean. If you said them, they would sound . . ."

"Awful!" I finished triumphantly.

Which is exactly what happened. For the best part of a year we were on the verge of having the show closed because of certain speeches of mine. My mother was horrified, but secretly I was very pleased with myself. It rather verified my private idea that I could be quite a Devil if I cared to be.

I believe Mr. de Mille felt somewhat the same reluctance Mr. Wood experienced with me. When he, Mr. de Mille, outlined the plot of "Madame Satan" to me, he said there was no doubt in his mind as to my doing the "good woman" part of the story —but later, when the character becomes a Devil—well, he didn't know.

I am just waiting to show him the fruits of my imagination along that line—and I will show him.

He has yet to learn what devils we "good women" can be when we set our minds to it.

Have you ever thought of going to Hollywood—perhaps going there to live? Do you realize who your neighbors would be? K. C. B. is telling you, back on page 12, and, moreover, telling you in his own unique way what they are like. Still another new feature in the perennially new CLASSIC.

From Where I Sit

(*Continued from page 10*)

When Aimee calls into the microphone, her much-publicized miracles will indeed come to pass. People who have been deaf for years will sit up in their seats as if they had been hit over the head with a chair.

Will Alice Do It?

WE are all wondering whether Alice White will take the fatal matrimonial plunge or not. Alice has everybody up in the air—"all of a flutter," as you might say—about it. One day she says she will; the next, it is "perhaps" or "yes and no." If you ask her boy-friend, Sidney Bartlett, he seems just as undecided.

They took a trip to Chicago to see Bartlett's mother, and it seemed as though all was practically over but the throwing of old shoes. At every station along the route reporters questioned them. "We are not going to be married," they said to one. The next was told, "We may or may not." Another, a few more hours up the line, elicited the statement that "marriage is a sort of impulse, isn't it?" That left it as much a mystery as ever. Then, a few days later, they returned to Hollywood—still unwed.

All right, Alice, say I. Take your time, old girl. But don't—oh, don't start doing a Harry Richman. My constitution won't stand it; and I am not the only one.

There's one thing you can say for Alice's romance. So far, she hasn't posed for any pictures biting "Si's" ear off.

To the Music-Facers

NO longer are they expecting people who work in picture studios to get their inspiration from within. Universal has started a movement, and other studios are following suit, to placard the grounds with illustrated posters bearing messages of cheer to one and all. Here, for example, is one thought that Universal employees are asked to bear in mind:

"Winners never pass the buck. When you're right you expect credit. When you're wrong, who should accept the blame? Face the music and go ahead."

I am biting. Who *should* accept the blame in a movie studio? I have never heard yet of anyone accepting blame for anything in Hollywood; and one thing nobody can say about me is that I'm too proud to learn.

Temperament Cure

HOLLYWOOD has been trying for years to find a cure for that disease called "temperament," which is so rampant among movie stars. But I see that it has remained for the savages of darkest Africa to show us the first really effective treatment.

It was on a filming expedition to the Sudan, headed by one Major Court Treatt; and the seventeen-year-old star of the picture, a native girl who performed practically in her birthday suit, suddenly contracted the disease. It developed that the young lady had been reading the fan magazines—and she had decided that she had just as much right to throw temperamental fits as Jetta Goudal or anyone else.

Major Treatt was a man of action. He sent her straight to the chief of her tribe, who proceeded to spank her very hard at the point where it would do the most good. A complete and permanent cure, Major Treatt announces, was effected in a few minutes.

The suggestion is there for any director who cares to make use of it.

Believe It Or Not

THE story about how Charlie Farrell averted a juicy new Hollywood scandal by just twelve minutes was passed off by our wiseacres as so much press-agent blah.

(*Continued on page 97*)

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PARIS - NEW YORK
Rêve d'or
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The Most Romantic Moment of My Life

(*Continued from page 27*)

to see Paris—just as I had. And here we were, both on our way, and with each other. Wasn't life wonderful?

The last night aboard was at hand before we realized it. It was a magnificent, exciting evening and we talked of our plans as we walked around the ship. We would take the same train to Paris, of course. Then we'd spend a lot of time together there. It would be marvelous!

But I missed the train at Cherbourg!

She had come into my life like a dream—and when she was gone I completely forgot her. After I found that she was not aboard the same car with me, she became a dream again—gossamer. I began immediately to think of the Paris of music. I had lost the Paris of romance and I wasn't mourning the fact. I was happy in the thoughts of the girl I had left behind. My wife.

Paris' Morning Glory

THE first few days of Paris disappointed me vaguely. It was altogether too cosmopolitan, too bustling, too reminiscent of America. I had hoped for the Paris of the novelists—the city of a gay picturesque people. But it was a long time afterwards that I realized why I didn't find my Paris the first days of my stay. I had been tired with traveling and consequently had stayed in bed until the sun was overhead before venturing out on the crowded boulevards. But on the fourth day I decided that I would awaken early the next morning and take a stroll across the Seine and up the crooked old streets to Montmartre. I wanted to see the city spread out in the faint sunlight of a morning in Spring.

But I never got as far as Montmartre. Too soon I was engrossed with the beauty of early morning in Paris. The dew still clung to each leaf along the quays and the whole city seemed washed and clean of its night of rioting pleasure. Every odor was of fresh flowers or newly gathered vegetables. Without realizing that I had stopped in my wanderings, I began to dawdle over the little book stalls along the way. It was a fortunate thing that Paris booksellers open their shops early—for if they hadn't, I should have missed my most romantic moment.

A Memory Returns

I WAS busily reading the titles on some of the old volumes, when all at once I heard a small voice behind me say, "Good morning." It was the voice of a memory, a memory returned. I dropped the book I had been holding in my hand (curiously enough, it was the memoirs of a lovely courtesan of the time of Louis XIV) and turned sharply around. It was Marilynne, looking just as sweet and romantic as she had only a few short days before. Without any further words, she laid her hand on my arm and we started off along the river toward the famous Eiffel Tower, prominent in the blue distance.

Romance is always that way, I suppose. It never begins—never continues—and never ceases. In those first few steps, we had lost sight of the fact that I had missed the train. It was enough that we were in Paris together, just as we had dreamed of being. Words weren't necessary.

As we walked, we watched for interesting things to point out to one another. Once we stopped for a spray of powdery yellow mimosa from the south of France at one of the gay little flower stalls. (A Frenchman can go without bread, but not without flowers.) Once we were almost run down a fleeting taxi—dangerous street crossin never entered our minds. Venders we calling their wares with lusty voices as passed, and their cries sounded like songs us. It was a beautiful setting on a beautif morning. A setting for romance.

THEN before our eyes there suddenl was a sign—a very brilliant sign—whi told of an afternoon performance of "Louise at the *Opera Comique*. I had stopped suddenly that Marilynne was at a loss understand. But in answer to her man questions, I asked her one: would she lik to spend the afternoon with me? "Louise —and. She smiled her reply.

During the rest of the morning and earl afternoon, we walked into many strange out-of-the-way parts of Paris. While w walked, I told her the story of "Louise It was a quaint little story about two ver young people in the United States who ha always dreamed of going to Paris. The were sweethearts and love was new to ther and very romantic. They longed to s Paris together as sweethearts. And they got their wish. They went to Paris whi they still were young. It is the sweetes love story of all the light operas. As unfolded the story to her, the setting becam more and more romantic to us. She looked upon our meeting as a sort of a fate—w were the boy and girl in "Louise."

Living the Story

AT last, curtain time arrived, and we sat in the cool darkness of the theater. There wasn't much of a crowd. We were all alone in our aisle and the rest of the lower floor seemed taken up by other couples very like ourselves. Boys and girls, gathered to see their own romantic story told in song.

The curtain rose.

There before us stood a boy and a girl. There *we* stood. And we sang of our longing desire to see Paris together. We were in another world. It seemed so real to us that we both imagined it was ourselves singing our love song to the world. A song of romance. As the story progressed, the two lovers got their heart's desire of seeing Paris. But hadn't we? Here we were *in* Paris. The Paris of Romance!

That we had been holding hands during the whole performance didn't occur to us until the finale. But as the curtain descended for the last time, we suddenly became aware that we had been carried far away from ourselves. That we had been on the stage—and that the story had been told. Our romance had come and gone. Nothing was left for us. We sat for some time in the theater after everyone else had departed. Not a word was spoken. Then we arose and walked slowly out of the theater.

AS we said "good-bye" at the entrance, we knew that we should never see one another again. We parted as simply as two people ever said a last farewell. It was just "Good-bye, Marilynne," and "Good-bye, John." And I stood there and watched her walk away down the boulevard in the blue light of twilight. Romance had come to me, and now it was moving away. That intangible, fragile spark which had leapt into such a flame in the story of the opera, and then flickered out at the first breath of cold disillusionment.

And so ends the story of my most romantic moment. It came like a dream, and went like one.

Classic Holds Open Court

(Continued from page 37)

Then just what is it about Hollywood that snares and translates into lamb chops the goat of so many of its juicy-minded gentry? Why is it that big-leaguers visit it but temporarily, then depart with pinched noses and expressions of disdain? Why is it that you will ever and anon see that familiar gesture . . . a gasp, a lurching rise from even the most comfortable seat, a stiff-fingered grasp at the brow, a tortured voice crying: "This town! Good God, this town!"

Behind the Crime

WELL, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, a prosecutor's task is to be critically destructive, and not constructive. But an inherently kind heart prompts me to tell the gaudy and empty shell which now lies prone before you, just what is the matter with it. And that, I might point out, is something which the assailants of Caesar didn't do for him!

First, I believe that the principal reason for Hollywood's terrible cheapness is its utter disregard for the rich storehouse of the past, in favor of the lessons brought to it by vaudeville players of questionable tastes. Here the old, the fine, is abandoned in favor of the crassly new. Those rows and rows of stodgy, newly rich houses, filled with yesterday's output at Grand Rapids—ugh! The mediocre minds which fill them—double ugh! They are Hollywood's minor assassins!

The older communities of Southern California are grand. But Hollywood is a merry-go-round, chasing its tail to the encouragement of a strident tune. Its sense of values has become perverted by a too-close adherence to the dramatic wants of shop-girls and old ladies from Oshkosh. Its eyes have been blinded to true beauty by the dollars which it uses for lenses in its eyeglasses. In the midst of its mighty commercial success it is sterile and without power but to destroy the finer sensibilities of those attracted to it, youth and the bright Medusa.

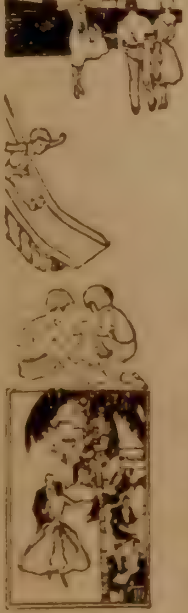
Summation

THUS I call Hollywood a murderer. Lacking appreciation of the brown savor of earth and of the rich red blood of life, it destroys those appreciations in others. The man or the woman who would preserve his artistic integrity should flee from it as from a banshee. It is a vampire, a ghoul, a paste diamond caught in the amber of its own hopeless routine. It is the slayer of individuality!

I pity it and sorrow for it. Pity it, because of its failure to grasp the huge possibilities for good to which it has access; sorrow for it, because I fear that, except for a few isolated instances, it never will realize them. Yet, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, if in your opinion I have presented my case with enough force to arouse Hollywood from its dormant attitude as regards true artistry, I will ask that the court give it a period of probation in which to prove itself. Otherwise I ask that you sentence it to its usual quota of laughter in the eyes of the cultured world!

The prosecution rests.

Silent Pictures are going to have their day in court — CLASSIC'S Open Court, August panel—and their attorney will be none other than the silent, but eloquent, **Charles Spencer Chaplin**



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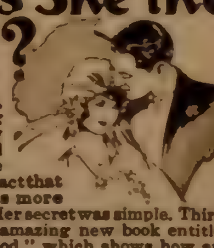

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The Things Wives Hate

(Continued from page 39)

"Wives usually hate the economically independent woman. Well, in this particular, perhaps they are right. Men like feminine women. They do not like limp door-mats. Wives usually hate the independent woman because they themselves are too lazy to do anything but *be* a wife and, for the most part, not a very good one at that. There is a less respectable name for many women of this ilk . . . wives who lie abed mornings, too headachy, too worn out to get up for breakfast. And no sooner is the sympathizing hubby safely out of the house than they 'phone and make bridge dates or shopping dates for most of the day and night. They know that they are slackers and resent the woman who isn't.

"If wives would cast off the old shibboleths and cease to waste time hating and fearing the sensational sirens who wreck no homes and wouldn't want a tame husband for a house-pet, there would be fewer *Elsie Dinsmores* as instruments of alimony."

Mistaken Hates

NATALIE MOORHEAD is another little lissom lady from whom all well-brought-up wives shudder away in unholy horror. The way she wears clothes. The way husbands look when they gaze on her.

Natalie laughed and agreed with Hedda when, a few days after the foregoing conversation, I lunched with her at the Embassy.

She said, in her forthright way, "Of *course*, wives hate the wrong sort of women. They hate actresses on general principles. Probably there is more than the potentially straying husband involved in this. It may be partly because all women, wives included, have wanted to be actresses all of their lives. I think there is no person, male or female, wife or husband, who hasn't wanted to be on the stage at one time or another. They are jealous, the wives, of actresses. For reasons of self, as well as spouse.

"Also, they hate the obvious siren, the woman who dresses for men, who is physically attractive, who invites 'that sort of thing.' Equally, of course, they shouldn't. For that sort of woman has had so much of that sort of thing she is probably tired of it. She doesn't have to look for it in other women's husbands, thereby getting herself into a horrid mess. She is probably far too clever to want to be involved in anything of the sort. A woman who is a siren to all men is too smart to be involved with the wrong man.

Beware Maternal Types

"THE woman wives *should* hate is some other wife who is a mother as well as a wife. There is the really dangerous woman. The woman who is a *woman*.

"Nine-and-a-half times out of ten the so-called siren type of woman has sporting blood. And sporting blood doesn't permit of illicit affairs. Doesn't permit of causing rotten unhappiness to other people. For the most part, most wives attach far too much importance to their own husbands. Most wives consider their legal mates far more desirable than they really are. They will see some charming woman being charming to the hubby and will never again invite her into their home. Chances are, the charming woman is being bored to death and only turning on the works because it is second nature to her and a part of her training.

"Wives seldom hate the very young girl—and they shouldn't. Unless the man in question is a confirmed sensualist, or some sort of pervert, the adolescent stage will bore him to death.

"Undoubtedly, the sweet and simple type . . . not too much younger than the wife but just enough . . . is the most dangerous of all women. She looks beyond suspicion. She acts below the belt line of suspicion. She appears to be hard to get. She is out for the things that drop like ripe plums into the laps of her more picturesque sisters.

"Most wives hate *all other women*. Every other woman is a potential rival. A menace. And most of this tide of hatred is pitifully unnecessary. I'd back a wife and mother against the Other Woman every day in the week. The Other Woman may have all the outings—for a time. The wife has all the innings—and keeps them."

The Poison of Charm

LILYAN TASHMAN is the tonsorial despair of even so over-dressed a place as Hollywood. Wives throw up their hands and retreat into handy anterooms when Lil swanks into any gathering. She looks as if she might gather husbands, more or less helter-skelter.

She told me, "Wives hate gracious women who are gracious to their husbands . . . who get so little graciousness at home.

"Wives hate thoughtful women. Women who, as hostesses, remember what Oscar liked so well the last time he dined with them. Women who are considerate to husbands who, also, get so little consideration at home.

"Wives hate women who regard their husbands as different, interesting, worth listening to. For what wife plays the game of Patience called 'Finding My Husband Interesting'?

"The dangerous woman to Any Wife is the perpetually charming woman. Charm is more virulent a home-poison than any amount of beauty, fame or sex appeal. It combines the best element in all three. And the really charming woman is charming to everyone and to everything. To the servants in her house, the dog, the salad she is eating and—other women's husbands.

"Wives always hate the very smart woman. Not so much, perhaps, because she is smart as because they know it is laziness on their own parts not to be. Laziness and nothing else. Any woman can be smart, anywhere in the world, on any amount of money, large or small. Smartness is not a question of bank account or of locale. It *is* a matter of effort, of keeping up on things and of laboriously acquiring taste if one is not fortunate enough to be born with it."

Hateful Husbands

EVELYN BRENT, who is the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, or the prototype of that poetized person, doesn't think most wives fear competition to any alarming extent. Most wives, she says, are steeped in a bland complacency. They have their marriage certificates and they believe every word of them. They have heard the preacher say, 'Until Death do us part.' They have their gold or platinum or diamond bands. They have their homes and their allowances and their children. If they do hate other women, it is only spasmodically. They hate other things far more.

"For instance," said the carven Evelyn, "all wives hate to be rushed while dressing for dinner. There is more murder in their hearts when a husband calls, 'Aren't you ever coming? What the—are you doing anyway?' than they could possibly hate any *Lorelei* parked on any stone.

"All wives hate to be told they are too tired to go out and do things when they

(Continued on page 100)

An Eye-Opener

(*Continued from page 71*)

er too young. Look at her little foot curled round the leg of the chair. I'll bet she oesn't wear bigger than a size-one shoe. wonder? . . .)

". . . we went over to the playground here all the little kids play, and we tried o do a lot of tricks on the bars. He couldn't o as many as I could, though. While I was oing the 'turn-over' and the 'roll,' he ust sat on the ground and rested. Then I anted to dance. I love to dance, don't ou? So we went over to the hotel and anced. Not for very long, though. He aid his feet hurt, so we stopped dancing. fter I let him rest about five minutes, I old him we should go horseback riding in he sunset. It took me a long time to get im to do that, but after a while we went iding. When we came back I wanted to . . ."

(Oh Lord, don't let her have any of those leas this afternoon—my rheumatism'll ill me. I wonder why that song keeps unning through my mind? "Sweetheart Ve Need Each Other." How does she make hose big eyes shine like that? I'll bet her oy-friend would like to see her with her hoe off—he'd probably say, 'See, it serves ou right for running me ragged all over alm Springs.' Isn't she cute?)

Her Disappearing Act

SAY, can I use your telephone? I've got to call my mother and tell her something. You haven't any? Is there one across he hall? All right, I'll go over and use heirs—be right back . . . . Wait for me, ou got to ask me some questions 'fore I o home . . ."

Then, with one leap from the top of my cute divan," she skipped to the door and lided through. While she's gone I'll tell ou something funny about Dorothy:

That "Hello Yourself" business isn't riginal with Dorothy. That was the name f the last show she played in on Broadway. t was while she was thus employed that she vas "discovered" by a scout from Hollywood and beguiled into signing a contract o appear in the talkies. That's where the augh comes in. Hollywood thinks that hey've put one over on Broadway by arrying away another of their stars—but Hollywood is slightly cock-eyed. *Dorothy Lee was born right here in Hollywood.* She ried to get a chance in pictures long before he finally went to New York for a fling at he stage. No one would give her a chance. The studio which now has her under contract at a nice little figure could have signed her then at a salary of one-tenth of what he now commands as "a former star of the tage." In other words, Hollywood looks upon their very cute and vivacious little newcomer as an invader from Broadway—and she went to school at Virgil High, about a mile from the studio where she now cavorts. I'd say that comes about as close to putting one over on the old home town as anything I've heard of these many moons.

Ingenious or Ingenuous

BUT, while she is "just crazy about playing comedienne parts behind the footlights," she is quite sure that she wants "to play ingenues on the screen." Of course, when you see her in "Radio Revels," you'll understand that she hasn't had her wish fulfilled as yet. Still a comedienne—and how. Still piloting her five-foot self through a flock of footage with Bert Wheeler and Bob Woolsey. Just one laugh after another—and the little gal's heart is crying out for "ingenue parts." (Hold everything, here she comes back from her telephone call.)

"Mamma says I have to go back to the

(*Continued on page 97*)

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He Dares To Be Himself

(*Continued from page 63*)

to Elinor Faire—and to this day doesn't know the name of his next-door neighbor.

He has rented the house (to Winnie Lightner) and he lives alone in a cabin at Malibu Beach or near there.

Taking Care of Himself

HE built and painted and window-sashed and electrified the place himself. He does his own cooking, cleaning, darning and mending and gets, he says, a great satisfaction out of knowing where things are. No one to mess about.

He showed me his pantry shelves and I had to confess that he's a better man than I am, Gunga Din. Such orderly rows of tinned goods, such shining pots and pans and kettles as no graduate of a Domestic Science Course ever dreamed of! The very soups were arranged in alphabetical order.

He spends his mornings in the surf, his days in a bathing suit and a pair of duck pants, and his evenings reading before his open fire.

And he doesn't thank folks for dropping in on him. "This is my home," he told me, "and not a roadhouse."

His real friends never come, of course, unless invited, and those who come without invitations are not his friends and, by the same token, not welcome. He tells them so. Bill speaks his mind, no matter what is on his mind and no matter to whom. He recently did that very thing. A jovial group dropped in on him one sunny Sunday morning. They were primed for action and rarin' to go—and where better than down to ole Bill's beach place? Bill told them, in a few short words, that there was the whole long beach to make whoopee on—and when he wanted to see them he'd let them know. That's Bill. He says it gave him a tough moment, but was better than "suffering all day."

He's been married three times and says he guesses he doesn't get on with women.

Bill, The Breadwinner

BILL Boyd never dreamed of being an actor.

He never dreamed of being anything in particular. He just meant to work for a living, as men do. He was one of seven children in a hardworking American family in a small mid-Western town and he did plenty of that folksy thing known as "going without." He has worked and earned his own living ever since he was six years old. Back in those days, he drove a grocery wagon and probably threw stones at the neighbors' windows and chased the cats and was a reg'lar feller. Since that time he has been lumberjack, chauffeur in a private family, one of a gang of orange pickers (eating more than he picked), and about everything else on the rolling green earth. The one thing he never has done and never would do is wait table, that last resort of so many young down-and-outers.

And no matter what his occupation, no matter where he has been or with whom or why, Bill Boyd has been the same, has remained the same, *himself*. Not so very long ago, he happened to meet the woman for whom he chauffeured some years ago. She went far out of her way to attract the attention of the blond young movie hero. They talked and Bill was just the same as he had been when she said, "Home, William" to him. She invited him to spend the week-end at their home. He has never gone, but if he did go, he says he would *feel* just the same, *act* just the same, and *be* just the same as he was then.

Bill Boyd likes the out-of-doors. He doesn't just talk about it, he lives it. He likes the sea and the sun and the seve winds and a roaring fire and a book to reac He's a home man more than he is a famil man. He has his own way of doing thing and likes that way best. He may be bachelor by birth.

He doesn't crave Big Money. He like the feeling of having enough and the ability to forget that he has it. He probably has He doesn't go in for hobbies.

We were talking about Harold Lloyd and other Movie Midases. Bill threw his brawny arms up over his massive graying head and shouted lustily, "God, I'm glad I'm poor!"

He'd like to have some five hundred thousand dollars and then retire to a ranch. Really retire, and to a real ranch. Grow things. Make it pay. Work with the sweat of his brow and the strength of his powerful limbs. *Man's* work.

He says the first day he ever wore grease paint he could think of only one thing—the boys in the lumber camp he had recently left, and what they would have done to him if they could have seen him then.

Millions Not Enough

BILL BOYD knows what it is to live in the house with millions. His first marriage was to a woman who had plenty of that commodity. He loathed it. He felt like a lap-dog. He says he *was* a lap-dog. He didn't *have* to do anything. And he likes to have to do things. He used to come in from the orchards afternoons and "dress up" and drink tea and pass little cakes to visiting ladies. He did it about twice and after that he had his "tea" with the farm-hands. He only married millions, he says, to find out what people with so much money do. He found out—*nothing*. He couldn't stand it. He walked out.

Bill got into the movies by accident and not design. The profession interests him so long as he can be himself. It doesn't suffice him. He knows he could never get along with actors. He isn't actor-minded. And so he doesn't hob-nob. He has remained himself, telling people what he thinks of them whether they like it or not.

He has never played politics, pet game of pictures, in the studio. He has never asked for a raise. He has never discussed money at all. When the time comes for that sort of maneuvering to be necessary, the time will have also come, he says, for him to hike.

He'd like to be married, to have children. Family life appeals to him. But he doesn't believe it is for him—not while he is on the screen, at any rate. A woman in the profession knows too much about it. A woman out of the profession suspects too much about it. Thus Bill. And in both cases, when you come home from the studio, the partner of your joys and sorrows is sure to say "And how is Miss . . . . . . to-day?"

Saving Trouble

THERE probably isn't any Miss . . . . . . in the actor's life or thoughts. But there is, Bill says, "a lot of shenanigans" going on in every studio, and every Hollywood wife knows it—and sooner or later it is bound to cause trouble. And why look for trouble?

Men like Bill. He's the sort of guy known as "two-fisted." Women love him—for a while. Or so he explains it. He says he has been accused of being too nice to women. He waits on 'em. He can't help it. He's that way. He picks up things for 'em and does errands and buys 'em presents and all that. He's affectionate and eager to those he cares about, and wears his big heart right out on his big forearm. And women

(*Continued on page 105*)

Sports Of The Stars

(*Continued from page 33*)

about what it'd be like. When I was with Ringling's Circus, we had experience ropin' all sorts of queer animals, when they used to get loose from their cages. The toughest baby of all was the polar bear. He fights you with his paws, just like a man. If you rope him, he reaches up and slips it right off his neck. Then, too, he can knock a horse clean over. We had real thrills when the polar bears escaped, I'm tellin' you.

We had a water buffalo in the circus, and I used to rope him. That was easy, but one time I thought it'd be a swell dish to bulldog him, and I sold the idea to Mr. Ringling. I guess that was one of the biggest thrills I ever had. It wasn't till I got hangin' under his head at full speed ahead that I realized his horns were shaped so's to make it impossible to bring him down—sort o' flat back on his head. My arm was wedged under them and I couldn't move him an inch. But he moved me plenty before we were through.

The silliest thing of all, seems to me, is fox huntin', English style. I never seen anything that was any sillier. All those red coats, and tootin' of horns, and bayin' of hounds—and a mob of big fellers on horseback all goin' after that poor fox. Of course, to everyone his likes and dislikes. But where they get the sport out of that stuff beats me. Just absolutely silly, I say.

I've killed every darn thing there is, I should say. And when you've done all of it that I've done, you get kind of tired of it. Of course, there's good shots and bad shots; if you're one of the bad ones by nature, I suppose you'll always get sport out of huntin', because of all the times you miss. Must make it seem like the poor beast has got a chance, or somethin'.

But if you can shoot straight, it's just duck soup, at least as far as anything in this part of the world is concerned. The only thing I will say is that you can have some of the best times in your life on those huntin' expeditions, with two or three fellers along with you. And bear meat! That's somethin' worth goin' after, any day of the week. But call it bear meat and not sport that you're seekin'. That's my idea.

Ropin'—well now, that *is* sporty. That ropin' expedition to Africa is goin' to be my big moment. I'll take along a bunch of first-rate cowboys who know their stuff, and then we'll see what we can do with the big game in those parts. Elephants is about the only thing we shan't have a go at. It wouldn't be much use ropin' one o' them—at least, not with a handful of men, anyway. It takes an army to hold on to 'em. But we'll certainly try it on rhino. It'll be a thrill, and one heck of a novelty, too. That's why I'm thinkin' quite seriously of takin' cameras along and makin' a picture.

Everybody's pretty tired of pictures of lion and rhino gettin' shot, and the proud gunman posin' with his foot on the animal's head. But it ain't so much to be proud about. As I been sayin', as long as you can shoot straight, it's easy as pie. That's how it is in America, and I figure that's how it is in Africa, too.

If we can't rope those rhino good and proper, I miss my guess. And anyhow, whatever happens, we ought to get some good pictures, not to mention the thrills we'll get and the good times. The more you shoot, the more you want to get back to ropin'. Huntin' poor little bears and lions is too easy.

Meantime, I go on tryin' to hit one of those darned coyotes from my 'plane, out over the Mojave desert. Those coyotes sure have got a good chance—I ain't hit one yet. One slip, that close to the ground in a 'plane, and it's all over.

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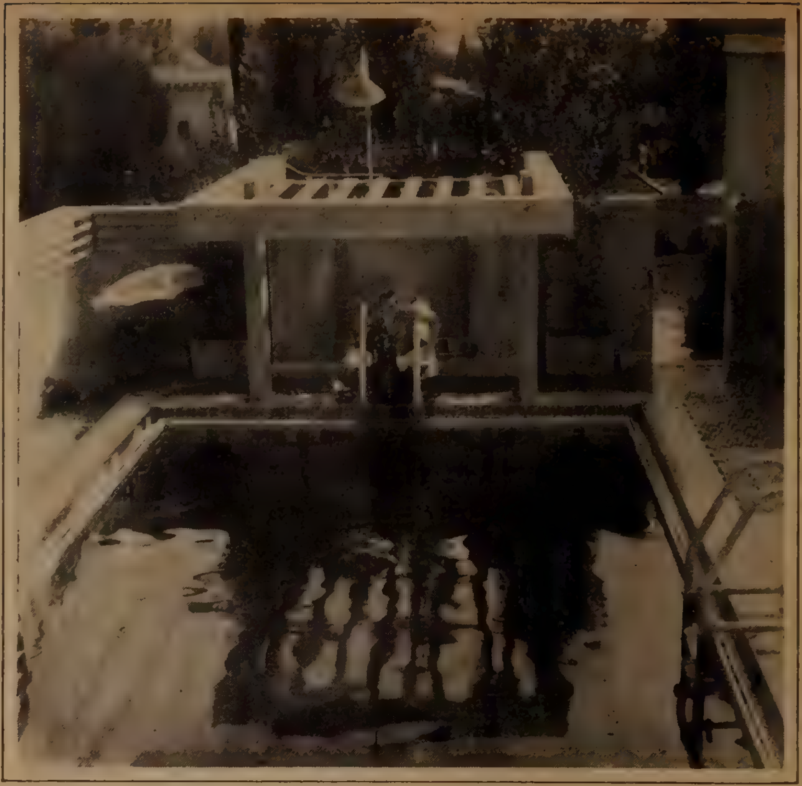

A pool player: Charles E. Mack of the Two Black Crows, on the brink of his popular private pool—a better place to plunge, Hollywood avers, than Wall Street

In Private, A Bluebird

(Continued from page 52)

He's immensely pleased with himself. But at the same time he has his tongue in his cheek, or I'm very much mistaken.

And why shouldn't he be proud? He's not only the author and Head Man of the Two Black Crows. At Paramount he has one of the shrewdest and most amazing contracts ever written. He's a real estate magnate, the owner of a prosperous trunk factory, and the inventor of a marvelous paint-remover that can clean fourteen yellow taxicabs in one day, and very likely a number of other colors. He is still inventing, and his own house is full of gadgets that he originated—very smart and practical ones, too.

He's inordinately fond of his house. He took me on a tour of inspection which neglected no nook or cranny. It's a house done in the modern manner by Mr. Mack's special decorators. "You know," he said, "some people expected we were going to do it in a very extreme style, with those low beds that you look funny in, and everything."

In Charley's own room is a full-length mirror equipped with footlights that you turn on with the toe of your shoe. There are two Schipperke dogs on the place, and in addition he has a little private bulldog, who lives in one of his clothes-closets and growls menacingly at anyone who attempts to come near the Mack suits.

He Owns His Designs

MR. Mack was anxious to have me see that everything in his house was practical and meant to be used. He only knows one piece, but he played it on all the pianos. He executed a few shots on the billiard table, turned the electric lights on and off, and every time we looked at a bathroom I fully expected him to take a shower.

"I own the design for every piece of furniture in this house," he announced with childlike pride, and added, "but anyone can copy them just the same."

Hand in hand, we descended into the bowels of the swimming pool. It is deeper than any other pool in Beverly, or the tiles are brighter, or the floodlight is stronger, or something. We examined the designs of starfish and dolphins that have been laid in the bottom for the benefit of those who can keep their eyes open under water.

We even invaded the brightly checkered kitchen, where Mr. Mack's three shiny Oriental boys were eating their lunch with chopsticks. "They're good boys," said Charley benevolently.

In addition to his boys and his attractive secretary, Mr. Mack has in his employ a doctor, a lawyer, and a couple of black-face comedians who help him with gags.

"Yes," he said. "I always carry a doctor with me. I hire him by the year. The one I have now is a cancer specialist."

I was going to be sympathetic when he announced blandly, "I've never been sick in my life. But if you go to a doctor four or five times a year, you might as well hire him by the year; it doesn't cost much more."

The $10,000 Lawyer

MRS. Mack's health is just as perfect as her husband's. She is one of the decorations of his house. She is pretty and blonde but not very obtrusive.

He also has a lawyer by the year, at $10,000, and I've no doubt he engages a flock of architects on the same basis.

"One person can only look after one thing at a time," he said in defense of his extravagance, "and if you can afford it, you might as well give yourself the comfort of having all those things done for you. You can't take your money when you die.

"You can only eat three meals a day," he said, "and what's the use of being mean with petty people, hoarding your money and not getting any pleasure from it. As I say, you only have one pleased heir, and that's the best you can expect."

Service With a Snicker

(*Continued from page 57*)

to find the domestic staff giving itself a party on the best pre-war Bourbon, and one and all well pickled. The same girl told me she used to have a Chinese servant, who, after long experience with various stars, thought he was called upon to offer advice on all household matters to his mistress. "You pay too muchee rent," he often volunteered.

The Butler Played Host

POLA NEGRI at the height of her fame had a very tony butler, who used to give big dinner-parties to his friends when La Negri was away, using the best silver and linen. He and his guests all dressed formally, and the parties were said to be a model of decorum.

Hobart Bosworth's Chinese cook, a short time ago, was inclined to spiritualism, and entertained guests on arrival with prognostications as to their future welfare. This act went over so well that finally the cook left to set up in business as a seer.

The height of something, of course, was the time many years ago when a female star's chauffeur came into the house where his employer was at a party and told her it was time to go home. When she refused, he took out a gun and shot the host.

Many stars are willing to let their servants make themselves at home to an extent which they refuse to allow in guests who, they feel, are slightly below themselves in dignity, wealth or importance. One man, who married a famous star, found that when he brought some of his old friends of bachelor days to the house, his wife practically insulted them, and he was told not to bring them again. So he had the clever idea of hiring them as servants. In this way he had them with him all the time, and his wife did not in the least object to his fraternizing with them as much as he pleased.

Lew Cody's Negro servant has adopted the name of Jim Cody and is treated exactly like an equal. He invites his friends to parties at the Cody home, it is said, telling them: "We're having a party to-night."

Embarrassing Moments

A SPECTACLE that always remains in my mind is that of a certain leading man dressing for dinner, and looking all over the room for a soft shirt that had buttons on. Three servants aided him in his quest, all swearing volubly at once. The master's underwear was hurled broadcast about the room. The accompanying profanity was of a prize richness that would have done credit to the upper classes themselves.

There was, of course, Emil Jannings' valet, who was inspired with a deep and wholesome respect for his master, but nevertheless caught the prevailing democratic spirit while he was in Hollywood. "We are wearing our gray suit to-day," he would say. Or, "We don't like the part we have in this picture."

Perhaps the most embarrassing moment on record was when an innocent lady called on Ina Claire, not so long ago. The bell was not answered, but a window shot up somewhere overhead and a domestic's head peered out, inquiring what all the noise was about. "What do you want?" yelled the head. The lady said she had come to see Miss Claire. "Well, you'd better come around the back way," came the retort, and the window banged shut. The lady, I need hardly add, was an interviewer.

Clara's Conversationalists

UNDOUBTEDLY the most extraordinary domestic menage ever seen anywhere was that formerly maintained by

(*Continued on page 95*)

KLEENEX
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM
THE SANITARY WAY

Be *safe*... remove cold cream the Kleenex way

BE SAFE when you remove cold cream. Don't use a method that may stretch and relax the skin . . . like coarse, unabsorbent towels. Don't use unhygienic "cold cream cloths," which usually carry bacteria *into* the pores instead of lifting impurities away.

Kleenex is safe. Great skin authorities recommend it, great beauties use it. Every Kleenex tissue comes from the box pure, soft, absolutely free from the germs that are so dangerous to complexion beauty.

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Kleenex tissues are becoming more and more popular for handkerchiefs. They are so fresh, clean and soft . . . and do away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering.

Doctors advise Kleenex when there's a cold, to avoid reinfection. Think how much better to use a tissue, then discard it, than a germ-filled handkerchief.

Ask for Kleenex at the toilet goods counter of any drug or department store.

Lovely Helen Wright, Universal's talented new leading lady, has her own feminine reasons for removing cosmetics with Kleenex: "Such lovely tints! Kleenex not only removes make-up and cleansing cream very thoroughly — it puts me in the right mood for a beauty treatment."

Helen Wright

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Twin smiles: two of a kind are Leila Hyams, the fair, and Leila (McIntyre) Hyams, the dark. And, believe it or not they are mother and daughter

They Brought Back The Proof

(*Continued from page 58*)

to stick their heads straight up, eight or ten feet out of the water. One came so close to the camera that its moist, fishy breath actually put a film on the lens like a fog. And, say, that whale had what your best friend won't tell you about! Phew!"

Iceberg Antics

"THAT was the same day we landed on the hunk of drift ice—several times larger than a ship. We were waiting for more seals, when the whole drift began to shiver like Gilda Gray. Then one edge went into the air and the other toward the water. So we went sliding, and it looked as though the whole cake was going to up-end—and that would have been just too bad. Our wives would have been widows. But finally the berg that had drifted under ours squeezed out, and dropped us flat again with a tremendous splash."

It was all in the day's work to these adventurers who had carried a ton of movie equipment into this frozen inferno. Every time they touched camera metal in a temperature never above twenty below, a patch of skin and flesh was left frozen to the machine. The film itself was brittle as a cookie, and one's breath froze on the camera mechanism. But of the 160,000 feet of film they took into the Antarctic, they brought back 100,000 feet of pictures in their precious film cans. They apologize for the rest. Making movies in the Antarctic is a little different from working in a Hollywood studio, they explain. In Hollywood, airplanes and cameras are not dashed to bits by Polar gales. They lost one camera this way—and a 'plane, too.

But the biggest kick during the two years of polar nights were those provided by the touch of civilization, coming 11,000 miles from Times Square via radio. Then too, there were the movies that Paramount got through the ice to them this year. Not just regular movies, but—well, listen.

Views From Home

VAN DER VEER'S youngest youngster hadn't learned to walk when he left for farthest South. One picture showed the littlest Van Der Veer navigating on his own sturdy pins. One of the men, Hansen, had a youngster born after his departure. His first glimpse of the new arrival came via the movies. And Rucker's boy came to his dad on a strip of celluloid which showed the lad clad in his first pair of "long jeans." The men were pretty homesick. These things affected them. But now they're home with the kids—and with the wives who traveled half-way down the world to herald their return from the end of the world. And in a dozen cans they've brought photographed evidence of history-making exploits.

No further back than the days of our Revolution, all the vast territory of Antarc-

(*Continued on page 99*)

Service With a Snicker

(Continued from page 93)

Clara Bow. It consisted of two plump German women, who wore ordinary white dresses and tennis shoes, seldom washed their faces and wandered in and out of the sitting-room to join in the conversation. One of them had an Australian wombat for a pet, and this animal slept on her bed all day. They invariably called their mistress "Clara," both to her face and in referring to her to other people. Their views on the romantic affairs of Miss Bow were freely expressed to all and sundry, and were accompanied by numerous choice expletives. Their only drawback was that they liked their little drop. Otherwise they were distinctly good people to have about the house. As long as Clara got a woman in every day from outside to clean the place, everything was fine. But finally she decided she would rather have servants who were servants and not conversationalists or wombat-fanciers. So they had to go.

Calling one's master or mistress by the first name is nothing at all unusual in movie households. I have heard it done scores of times. No one seems to object, or if he does, he doesn't know how to set about objecting.

Democracy is also the keynote with the waiter fraternity in Hollywood. Recently a Professional Insulter arrived here whose principal act was impersonating a waiter at banquets and being rude to the guests, the host paying him to do it as a practical joke to liven up the evening. The Insulter had been in Movieville only a few days when he realized that he was up against a tough proposition. He had to make his insults doubly lurid and deadly. For if he had done his act as he did it in the East, it would never have occurred to anyone that he was pulling a stunt.

Just Off the Boulevard

(Continued from page 16)

about to be served. When the Daniels' servant arrived at the side of the director, that gentleman raised his eyes to say:

"You may pass me up with the dessert—I really don't care for any." To which the menial replied:

"What do you think I stayed in all afternoon making it for, if you aren't going to eat it?" And pronto he set it down in front of him.

And they tell me that the cigar fell from the lips of the astounded director as he fell to and ATE the dessert in full!

All Signed Up

THERE is a famous star in Hollywood who numbers among her souvenirs several placards which tell their own little story of one phase of her Hollywood experience. The signs read:

NO CASTING TODAY.
CLOSING OUT SALE.
NO HELP WANTED.

In the order named they are their own little scenario.

The girl had tried pictures—and failed. She went to work as a saleswoman in a shop that went out of business. And when she went after another job, there was NO HELP WANTED.

Lately she has added another placard to her collection . . . THIS PERFORMANCE SOLD OUT.

Now her name is three feet high on the billboards.

You might say that signs had played an important part in her life.

"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

© P. Lorillard Co.

OLD GOLD cigarettes in a stunning *New* velour box!

Why shouldn't milady's favorite cigarette be packaged as charmingly as her face creams . . . or her personal stationery? No reason at all. So OLD GOLD presents this lovely box of fifty "O. G.s" in golden velour paper—Cellophane-wrapped to protect its beauty. To be passed to your guests . . . to use as a bridge prize . . . or just to keep on your dressing table. At your nearest dealer's.

. . .

If dealer cannot supply send 35c to P. Lorillard Co., 119 W. 40th Street, New York

Old Gold
CIGARETTES

That's his signature

YOUR health—or your life—may depend on the accuracy of the prescription the doctor writes for you. He makes certain it is right before signing his name to it.

But he does not check the prescription more carefully than manufacturer or store owner checks the advertisement appearing over his name.

Look at any one of the advertisements in this magazine. Its sponsor is well known. That's his signature in clean, cold type—and he realizes that incorrect statements above it would jeopardize the health—the very existence of his business.

Continued advertising invariably is proof of honest advertising and honest goods. You and the millions of others who consult the advertising before you buy, have made advertising one of the great forces of modern business. You have made it important to the manufacturer, to the merchant—and to ***yourself.***

Consult the advertising with confidence

SOOTHES
EYES AFTER
OUTDOOR SPORTS

Why suffer with heavy, burning, bloodshot eyes after tennis, golf, motoring and other outdoor activities? It's needless when a few drops of harmless *Murine* will instantly end the irritation and soon make your eyes clear and fresh again. 60c at drug and department stores.

MURINE
FOR YOUR
EYES

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly darkens eyelashes and brows. Makes lashes appear longer and more luxuriant. Gives depth, brilliance, expression and charm to the eyes. Harmless. Easily applied. Approved by millions of lovely women the world over. Solid or water-proof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown; 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

New Scientific Hair Remover

NAX
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A revolutionary discovery made by an expert after years of study. Nothing else like it! Harmless—quick acting—no unpleasant odor. Not only removes hair but retards growth. (Regular price $3.35.) To introduce this marvelous new depilatory cream, we make this special offer at $1.98. Pay postman $1.98 plus a few cents postage. If $1.98 is included with order we pay postage.

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162 West 34th Street Dept. 33 New York City

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE B-837 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C.

Hard lines: Helen Kane listens to a dictaphone recording of Paul Gerard Smith's dialogue for "Dangerous Nan McGrew," while he and Director Mal St. Clair (left) marvel at her seriousness

The Nightmares Of a Peanut

(*Continued from page 48*)

really call it a day. Every time the clock strikes eight p.m. I get a guilty feeling. Believe me, this life of ease gets into your blood. That's why I think it would be a shame if I got the habit here—an' anything should happen to upset it." The white tam bobbled alarmingly, in sympathy. "I don't want to talk like a sissy about it—or anything—or sound like I hated my work before I came to Hollywood, because I was glad enough to be getting along in vaudeville before the talkies came along. It was the only life I'd ever known before I came out here, and I wouldn't have been happy doing anything else."

Her Early Start

VAUDEVILLE, it turns out, happened to Marjorie very early in life. When she was even more a "peanut," to quote her own words. Though no one in her family had ever done professional work outside of lodge benefits, and no great talent had been uncovered even among those willing cousins and uncles, Marjorie was recruited for the "Winnipeg Kiddies" at the early age of seven.

The reason it was called the "Winnipeg Kiddies" rather than the "East Side Kiddies" or the "Walla Walla Kiddies" is because all the Kiddies (including Marjorie) were natives of Winnipeg, Canada. For several months the kiddies entertained the soldiers at training camps, and Marjorie, in particular, was a honey. "I did everything quite serious," she explained, clutching at the tam, which had actually slipped, "but, somehow, every time I opened my mouth it struck the soldiers funny. It wasn't until years later that I realized just how funny I look every time I open my mouth."

Allowing for a sufficient lapse of time to get Marjorie safely into her teens, her next professional appearance was as part of a "sister" act, later known in the United States as "The White Sisters." The actual relationship between the girls was no stronger than a passing resemblance, yet they clicked in vaudeville as a couple of mean harmonizers and even pinched for the Duncan Sisters in "Topsy and Eva."

A Change In Partners

JUST why Marjorie assumed a sister is not altogether clear even to this day, except that sister acts were going fairly well at the time, and the little White knows her show business well—for a "peanut." Just what the "sister" is doing right now, Marjorie is not quite sure. The act broke up when Marjorie acquired a husband in place of a "sister" as her team-mate. Eddie Tierney is the name.

Marjorie and Eddie made a nice go of it on the Inter-State circuit as headliners. They toured religiously between New York and Texas, leading the same sort of life that has been so elaborately presented in our latest backstage movies. Before the tour was finished they had rated the spot right after intermission, which is as good as you can get on Inter-State or anywhere else.

The reputation of this chubby little White girl, who could make people laugh every time she opened her mouth, got circulating back in New York and resulted in two musical revues. The first was "Hello, Lola," but the second, and more successful, was "Lady Fingers," in which Marjorie was featured.

It was inevitable that Winnie Sheehan, head of Fox production, should see her. Mr. Sheehan seems to catch all the shows.

"When I first signed the contract in New York I was interested—but not exactly excited," she said, describing the event. "I'd never thought of the movies and myself in the same breath. I liked to go to the movies all right, and I thought the stars were beautiful, but I figured that was something we didn't have in common.

"As I was telling you before, it wasn't until I got in Hollywood that I realized just what you could make out of your life by being a movie star. If you didn't get a check every week for more than you were worth, you'd never realize this was show business, at all. It's not only the work—it's the life—an' vacations. I used to spend my spare time between shows rehearsing for another one. That is what Broadway understands as a vacation."

An Eye-Opener

(Continued from page 89)

studio again to-night and make those scenes we did yesterday all over again," she said as she opened the door, closed it, walked across the room and bounded to the seat of honor on the back of the divan. "Gee, somebody in the cast made a mistake and ruined the whole scene just as we had it right. I have to fall down on the hardwood floor like I'm fainting—did it sixteen times last night, and look at my arm. And my back aches too. Why can't everybody do it right at the same time?? Now I have to go back and do it all over again. Gee!"

Too Young to Care

HER left elbow, which she had been holding out for my inspection all this time, was as black and blue as an ebony piano with a blue light shining on it. Poor kid. Just at the age when the most important thing in life is to do her part right—regardless of how long it takes or how much she gets banged up. Two to one she'll come on the set to-night with a big smile on her pert little mouth and do the same scene sixteen times again—and her elbow will hurt and her back will ache. But she won't care. She's young. Maybe tomorrow they'll let her be an ingenue. Then she won't have to fall on her elbow any more. Won't that be great?

"Guess I'll have to go now. Do you want to come out to my house some evening and ask me the questions? Guess I'll put on my shoe again. Where's my coat? Oh, there it is. Want to go down to Palm Springs the next time mamma and I go? Gee, we had fun. Some day I'll tell you what we did and how I wore out my boy-friend. Well, 'bye, see you over at the Brown Derby some noon. 'Bye . . ."

And as the four-inch heels turned smartly down the hall, I heard a voice singing, "Sweetheart, We Need Each Other . . . Ta ta de dum ta data."

About five minutes after the singing died away, I found myself still tiptoeing around the office in a haze. And *that* is when it all occurred to me rather in a hurry.

From Where I Sit

(Continued from page 85)

It's supposed to have happened in San Francisco, the very town where, years ago, Fatty Arbuckle reaped some notoriety.

Charlie, it seems, booked a passage to Honolulu and, twelve minutes before sailing time, discovered that unknown to him Janet Gaynor had booked on the same boat—without her husband. Charlie flung his clothes back into his trunks and rushed off the boat, just as Janet was coming on board. They met half-way up the gangplank, Charlie quickly explained what had happened, and Janet sailed away alone.

My Naïve Soul

NOBODY that I know in Hollywood believes that such a thing could really have happened; but for some obscure reason I swallow the story whole. I was in San Francisco at the time, and when Charlie told me the story "in his own words," I could not but believe that he was still as ingenuous and innocent of guile as ever.

That is the way of things in the cynical land of Hollywood. When there is a good story from real life about the stars, no one will believe it. It's the old business of crying "wolf!"

If, as I believe, the story is true, it is certain that one of the biggest scandals that ever painted Hollywood crimson was averted by the narrowest margin.

MARLBORO *has* IT

IVORY TIPS

If you are particular about your lips, try the new Ivory Tips. You don't drink 8-cent ice cream sodas. Or smoke 3-cent cigars.

. . . . *why take chances with cheap cigarettes?*

For those who can afford 20 cents for the best... Marlboros. The cigarettes of successful men. And smart women. *You* will like Marlboros.

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are tangible.
you can take them home.
you can keep them.
along with
the best stories
the stars
ever appeared in
the most human,
and the brightest.
true-life stories,
told in their own words—
told as you would hear them,
if you also had
their confidence.
and you also know
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and the best
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Just wipe off Freckles, Enlarged Pores, Skin Blemishes this AMAZING NEW WAY.

A NEW SKIN—clear, youthful, radiant, lies just beneath the surface of your old *outer* skin. *Remove* your outer skin mask, with its blemishes, freckles, large pores, signs of coarseness and age—simply, safely, quickly—with an amazing NEW American discovery. No bother—no fuss. Presto—off comes your old, faded, worn out, blemished, *useless outer skin.* Your dazzling new beauty will amaze you.

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Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

$1.
Postage Prepaid

TRIMETTE Self Hair Cutter

SAVES MONEY!

Eliminates constant barber expense. Keeps hair always neatly and evenly trimmed. Saves time. Quick, easy and clean. Just as easy as combing your hair. Trims back of neck, sides and front evenly. *Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.*

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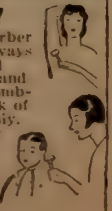

Keep Klean for the Kiddies

(*Continued from page 65*)

little ones! They make heroes of us, you know. We must see to it that we are worthy. We must keep ourselves *clean* and decent.

"It's a small thing to do—and it may mean so much in many little lives . . .

Other Worshiped Players

"TAKE baseball players—fellows like Babe Ruth. Think of the thousands of small boys who idealize them and take them for their models. What a terrible thing if one of them is found wanting in decency and sportsmanship! Why, that baseball scandal, several years ago, was a tragedy to untold numbers of lads.

"It's a good deal like that with us. They see us on the screen, read about us and think we're all right. We can't afford to disappoint them.

"That's why I don't go out very much any more. I used to like to go to nightclubs and places like that. But sometimes that is misunderstood. You have to be careful.

"I like to clown, you know—naturally. And once I was at a party and was pretending to be drunk—just fooling and trying to be funny. I never take a drink, you know. Haven't in years.

"But someone at this party thought I really was drunk and the story went round: 'Brown was drunk!' People said, 'We saw him staggering around and making a fool of himself.'

"It was pretty bad. One of my friends, defending me, got into a fist fight about it. It taught me a lesson."

It occurred to me to wonder what the kiddies thought of Mr. Brown's pretending to be drunk on the screen.

The Less Seen, The Better

"IT just shows you that you can't be too careful," he continued. "I have reached the conclusion that it is better and safer not to appear in public at all, if you can help it.

"It is a great privilege in one way to be a comedian. To make people laugh. To make them forget their troubles for a little while. And especially to make children laugh.

"People of the stage and screen who become involved in scandals—whose divorces and love affairs get into the papers in an unpleasant way—do more harm than they can possibly imagine. They don't realize the influence they have. They don't realize how youngsters imitate them and look up to them—how they idealize them. It isn't so difficult to behave yourself—to be decent. And it is our duty."

Lines from "Hold Everything" and similar pictures kept popping into my head. The jokes about—er—"pansies." The gags about gentlemen being pinched and kicked behind. The sly winks. The innuendos. Conversations concerned with—but, after all, this magazine is also read by kiddies, and besides, the postal authorities just might have something to say about my quoting these things. What, I wondered, did the kiddies think of those matters? And did they, by any chance, imitate those gags in their own living rooms?

Sorry He Cried

"I LOVE children," Mr. Brown rattled on. "There are my own boys. If anything should happen to them—

"D'you know, once I did a terrible thing! It was sacrilege and I know it. I was making a picture at Warners' in which I had to die. There was a very sad scene in which I was supposed to weep. But I couldn't.

"The director talked and talked to me and I tried and tried. But the tears wouldn't come. I was not in the mood. Or something.

"Finally, in desperation, I went and sat down in a corner by myself. I thought and thought. I pictured to myself my two youngsters, dead and lying cold and stiff in two little graves. And I cried, all right! You *bet* I cried!

"But it was a terrible thing for me to do and I have regretted it many and many a time. What if anything *should* happen to them? How would I feel?"

I could only guess.

Fans Who Matter

HE discussed his fan mail—such of it as comes from children. He reads it and often answers it himself. But not unless he perceives that the writer is a real, honest-to-goodness fan of his.

"If a letter just says, 'Dear Mr. Brown: I enjoyed your work in "No! No! Nanette!"' (I wasn't even *in* that picture!) If a letter reads like that, I just throw it away. But if they show that they really have followed my work and are interested in me, I often write to them and send them pictures."

There was the little girl who told him that her Daddy never laughed and joked with her and that she thought it must be wonderful to have a Daddy around the house like Mr. Brown. Joe wrote to her and explained that maybe Daddy was too tired to joke after a long, hard day in the office, making money to buy her pretty things. There were a number of such incidents.

I was getting all befogged. I just couldn't reconcile all this purity of thought and action in one's private life with the indubitable suggestiveness that is constantly being exploited in musical comedies upon the screen. I interrupted him to bring up the subject of popular song lyrics and asked him if he didn't think some of them were pretty awful.

He looked a little vague. "Like 'Turn on the Heat' and some of those—" I urged.

"Say!" he cried, "I have the words to a couple of new songs here. Songs for my next picture. I don't know the melodies very well, but I can give you an idea of how they go—"

Theme-Song Themes

HE produced a piece of paper with some verses on it and burst into song—to the high edification of the aforementioned small miss opposite us—beating time on the table, making more or less appropriate gestures as he sang.

One song was one of those high-stepping collegiate dance numbers, with the conventional suggestions about heightened temperatures. The other was concerned with something about, "Whatever I do—when I do it with you—I want to do it harder—" Something like that.

Mr. Brown explained it to me. "He is in love with her, you see. It makes him feel intense."

"Oh!"

"But aren't they pips? Cute and catchy and peppy. With a chorus and a ballet, they'll be great!"

"Mmm."

I went away presently and shut myself in my room and concentrated upon these matters. I had never given much thought to protecting the innocence of the kiddies before. Evidently it was a problem to be considered at some length. The rules, as quoted, seemed to be that you may be as suggestive as the law allows upon the screen, in full view and hearing of the little dears, so long as you behave in the most exemplary manner at home where they can't see you.

After concentrating upon these matters for an hour-and-a-half I was still confused.

They Brought Back The Proof

(*Continued from page 94*)

tica was a black blob on the map. It was *terra incognita*—an unknown land—the subject of never-ending fantastic speculation. It was presumed to be a vast Southern continent beginning with Tierra del Fuego and stretching across hemispheres as far as Java.

At a rate not exceeding fifteen miles a day, the adventurers of centuries slowly and painfully lifted scant corners of the veil of mystery in exploration. But the Byrd Expedition, flying at a hundred miles per hour, has reduced the unknown portion of this Antarctic world to a comparative pin-point. The area explored equals that from Chesapeake Bay to Lake Michigan—beyond Duluth—and would cover the Virginias, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and half each of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota.

Of this territory 150,000 square miles were surveyed by aerial camera. Over 7,000 miles were covered by 'plane—and another 3,000 by dog-sled. The expedition sent 300,000 words of story back home, and for the first time news despatches carried date lines reading "South Pole." The total area never seen before measured some 220,000 square miles.

A dramatic contrast between the old and the new methods of exploration and discovery was instanced in the fact that the actual flight from "Little America" to the South Pole was made in nineteen hours—there and back—a distance of 1,600 miles. A vast difference between the weary plodding of explorer Amundsen, whose cairn still stands and was seen by the Byrd party on Christmas Day—eighteen years after its erection, following his return from the Pole.

One result of the expedition is the firm establishment of American sovereignty over a great territory. The Byrd discoveries give access from the coast to inland territory which the United States has claimed.

The amazing photographic feats of Van Der Veer and Rucker have made it possible for arm-chair travelers and students the world over to view the beauties and terrors of an unknown that must have remained unknown but for the marvels of motion pictures and the intrepidity of cameramen. Here, perhaps for the first time, we are given an easily understandable example of how the younger generation will learn its geography lesson. Also perhaps a lesson in the pioneer bravery which once distinguished our country, and is now in its renaissance through the Byrds, the Van Der Veers and the Ruckers—men for whom there are always new worlds to conquer.

In any event, Rucker and Van Der Veer have proved without doubt that "in the North Sea lives a whale, big of bone and large of tail." Moreover—that the part of the song about "and oh, and oh, the ladies loved him so" is a flagrant violation of fact. For the whale has halitosis.

Van Der Veer and Rucker saw a vast new world. The rest of us look on at the same old world. But there are ways of making this old world vastly new, continuously new. And CLASSIC, delights in the pastime

A bridge party: Miriam Seegar, whose house is unique (even for Hollywood), has made her home her castle, with a drawbridge at the front door

HOURS *of this . .*

and this . . . .

WASTED

by neglecting a minute for THIS

Often all the efforts made to attain a dainty, lovely appearance are undone by ruinous, telltale moisture spots on a beautiful frock.

It's so unnecessary, too, for just a minute devoted to DEW will keep excessive perspiration from spoiling your charming ensemble.

This original crystal-pure deodorant and instant non-perspirant may be used often and at *any* time of day. DEW will not irritate the most tender skin or injure the most fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. It stops perspiration instantly. It is colorless, and unscented and in a beautiful spill-proof flask. DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads. At all drug and department stores. Three sizes: 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00. Write to Lambert-Fesler, Inc., Dept. N-14 for a generous, free sample.

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DEW

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INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT

FRECKLES

A Simple, Safe Way to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no longer the slightest need of being ashamed of your freckles, since it is now an easy matter to fade out these homely, rusty-brown spots with Othine and gain a clear, beautiful complexion.

After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will find that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It's seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these unsightly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

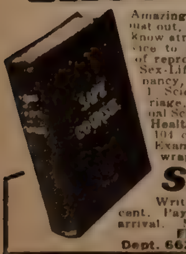
JUST WIPE OFF Superfluous Hair

Banish unsightly hair *instantly*
No fuss—no mess—NO ODOR. Just apply dainty Mystic Stone. No acids, no burning chemicals—just clean, harmless Mystic Stone. Will not smart or injure delicate skin.

Try This New Way
SPECIAL OFFER NOW

Mystic Stone is the easier—quicker—*surer* way to rid yourself of unsightly hair growths. Send only *$1.00* for large size Mystic Stone Combination and instructions. Mailed in plain wrapper. Write NOW. COLEE (Dept. K-7) 80 E. 11th Street, New York, N. Y.

Life's Secrets!



Amazing new book, "Safe Counsel," just out, tells you the things you want to know straight from the shoulder. Gives advice to newly married. Explains anatomy of reproductive organs, impotence, laws of Sex-Life, mistakes to avoid, diseases, pregnancy, etc. Contains 9 startling sections 1—Science of Eugenics, 2—Love, 3—Marriage, 4—Childbirth, 5—Family Life, 6—Sexual Science, 7—Diseases and Disorders, 8—Health and Hygiene, 9—Story of Life. In all, 104 chapters, 77 illustrations, 512 pages. Examine at our risk. Mailed in a plain wrapper.

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Write for your copy today. Don't send a cent. Pay postman only $1.98, plus postage, on arrival. Money refunded if not satisfactory.
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Dept. 6623, 800 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

In a position to smile: Nancy Dover, of Educational-Mermaid Talking Comedies, illustrates how Occidental curves can improve an Oriental chair

The Things Wives Hate

(*Continued from page 88*)

are too tired, but don't want to hear about it.

"All wives hate being told they are wrong when they *are* wrong. They resent it less when, occasionally, they are not wrong.

"All wives hate husbands who flatter other women with honeyed phrases, and put the flattery on ice at home.

"All wives hate husbands who quibble over bills. Their bills. Which should mean—but that is too gloomy a thought.

"All wives hate husbands who are fussily considerate of them, and hate them more when they are not considerate at all.

"The hates of wives are intricate and complicated matters. Each wife unto her own hate, say I."

Marriage Prisoners

FERN ANDREA is a recent importation from Germany. It is rumored about Hollywood that another wrecker has come to town. Like the other ladies of light and love, Fern has been married and knows the wife angle. Her husband, a German baron, was killed in the war two months after their marriage. In two months Fern acquired her husband-lore.

She said, "Wives chiefly dislike the feeling of possession which most men entertain about them. They feel constricted, hemmed in, prisoned.

"Most wives hate the too intimate and too constant association . . . which is not so much the fault of the husband as the fault of marriage.

"All wives resent and hate the 'take it for granted' manner of many husbands . . . husbands who fail to make love to their wives even when they love them. The security of love is not so important to most women as the sensationalism of love."

Thus the home-wrecking women of the screen. The *Loreleis*. The *Faustines*. The Eternal Questions.

If Any Wife here reading has a perfectly bona fide little pet hate of her own, let her now speak out or forever hold her peace.

Hollywood is a town of changing names.
New names arrive by every train.
Old familiar names disappear.
And the producers are responsible.

But even the producers' names are changing.
New Higher-Ups are stepping in.
The old owners are on their way out.
And who is responsible?

Don't miss "Who'll Own The Movies?"
In the August

Motion Picture CLASSIC

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

CLARA *BOW singing a song for "Paramount On Parade."*

***Alice** White appearing on the Boulevard minus make-up—even face powder.*

***Claudette** Colbert being muchly admired on her first visit to the Paramount West Coast studio. **Dick Arlen** among the interested onlookers.*

***Florenz** Ziegfeld declaring that the ideal weight for Miss 1930 is 125 pounds. Ten pounds gain over last year's ideal.*

***Mary Brian** in a white sport outfit without a hat.*

• • •

WARM weather has not slackened Hollywood social activities to any noticeable degree. The parties continue along the elaborate pace set by the midwinter festivities.

Following the opening of "All Quiet On The Western Front," **Junior** Laemmle invited three hundred guests to the Embassy Club. As this room is not large, Junior's party occupied the entire club.

Among those who attended were:

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Messrs. and Mesdames: **Jean** Hersholt, **Ernest** Lubitsch, **B. P.** Schulberg, **Cecil** de Mille, **Oskar** Straus, **Louis** Wolheim, and the débutantes included **Clara** Bow, **Joan** Bennett, **Bebe** Daniels, **Patsy** Ruth Miller, **Sue** Carol and **Lupe** Velez.

• • •

ANOTHER brilliant affair for one hundred and fifty guests was given by Carmel Myers and her husband at their new home in Beverly Hills. The affair was a masked ball and among those who showed up as troubadors, ladies of quality, noted characters from plays, etc., were:

Joan Crawford and **Douglas** Fairbanks, Jr., **Bessie** Love and **William** Hawks, **Harold** Lloyd, **Corinne** Griffith, **Norma** Shearer, **Billie** Dove, **Claudette** Colbert, **Beatrice** Lillie, **Norma** Talmadge, **Gilbert** Roland, **Ramon** Novarro, **Howard** Hughes, **Edmund** Goulding and **Carmen** Pantages.

• • •

EDDIE *LOWE explaining that the title of his next picture, "Good Intentions," is based on the old saying, "The road to Hell is paved with good intentions."*

***Will** Rogers wearing spats for a sequence of "So This Is London."*

***Catherine** Dale Owen permitting herself a slight smile at Will's spats.*

***Maureen** O'Sullivan refusing to talk with an Irish brogue even for publicity purposes.*

Hollywood Sob-Stories

(*Continued from page 80*)

Hollywood has been cruel to me before, but never this cruel! The only way I knew to vindicate myself was to give my side of the story to the newspapers.

"Was it such a terrible thing that I wanted my daughter to share in the large fortune her father's efforts had built? I don't think so. I think in her later life she would have looked at me reproachfully if I had not prepared for her future as best I could. I would never be able to give her the things that the money which was rightfully hers could bring into her life. I could work from now until the grave—and I couldn't. But even so, I had rather deprive her of her financial birthright than to give her up entirely to the extent that I could never see her again . . .

"Unless our original agreement is held to, little Lina will get along as best she can on what her mother is able to provide for her!"

And the fire blazed brightly in the eyes of the girl whom Hollywood has never befriended—or understood.

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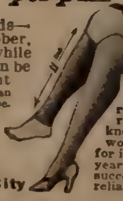

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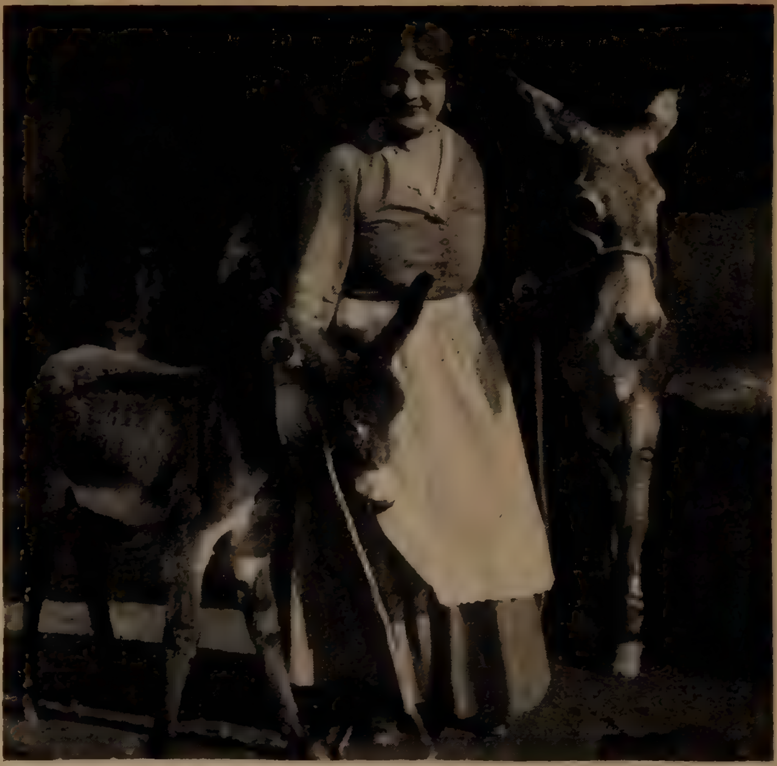

Not at all asinine: two sure-footed residents of Hollywood don't kick at being photographed with Louise Dresser

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 80*)

UKULELE LADY.—Any relation to **Ukulele Ike?** **Morgan Farley** was *Dick* in *"Half Marriage."* You know a ticket speculator is just a man who enables you to see one show for the price of three. Don't believe there was a theme song in the above picture. The players do not like to give their home addresses. **Janet** will surely receive your note if you send it to her at the **Fox Studios.**

JUST ME.—At the time when our **January** issue went to press **Sue Carol** was not married to our knowledge. But have learnt since she has been wed secretly since last **July.** **Oh! Kay? Alice White** hails from **Paterson, N. J.** She is five feet two, weighs **105** pounds. **Gary Cooper** and **Mary Brian** had the leads in *"Only the Brave."* **William Boyd** and **Helen Twelvetrees,** *"Paris to Bagdad."*

L. A. D.—The letters **S O S** have no verbal significance. They are used as distress because they are easily sent and readily understood, represented by 3 dots, 3 dashes, and 3 dots. **Frank Richardson** is the chap who sang *"Walking With Susie"* in *"Fox Movietone Follies."* He isn't really a negro. **Ben Alexander,** you remember him in kid rôles, played an important part in **"All Quiet on the Western Front."**

DIMPLES.—You're lucky. **Ann Harding** was born in **Texas,** the daughter of an army officer, and her early stage experience was derived in the famous **Jessie Bonstelle Stock Company** in **Detroit.** Coming to **New York,** she made her début at the **Provincetown Playhouse.** Her first big hit was in *"Tarnish,"* and she has commanded attention with her fine work in *"The Trial of Mary Dugan,"* and numerous other stage productions. She is married to **Harry Bannister.**

OLD FAVORITES.—**Pola Negri** is spending a second honeymoon in **Europe** at this time. **Natacha Rambova** has played in several films, do you remember, *"What Price Beauty"* or *"When Love Grows Cold?"* **Jean Acker,** *"Braveheart," "The Nest,"* and *"Ace of Cads."* **Barbara La Marr's** last picture was *"The Girl from Montmartre."* **Wallace Reid** was born **April 17, 1891,** died **Jan. 18, 1923.** I can supply you with a photo of **Barbara.**

TOWSER.—**Rin-Tin-Tin** is owned by **Lee Duncan.** You can reach him at the **Warner Brothers Studios.** **Tom Mix** was born **Jan. 6, 1879.** Not active in pictures right now. **Richard Dix** was born **July 18, 1894.** Playing at the **Radio Pictures Studios.** **Fred Thomson** died **Dec. 24, 1928.** **Ronald Colman** and **Frances Dade** are featured in *"Raffles."*

BUG.—**Johnny Murray** doubled for the singing in **"Weary River."** Don't know where you can secure his photo. **Don Alvarado** and **Ulrich Haupt** support **Dolores del Rio** in *"The Bad One."* **Billie Dove** and **Ralph Forbes** had the leads in *"Lilies of the Field."*

DOT. — **Lawrence Gray** was born in **San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1898.** Has brown hair and green eyes. Hobbies are riding, music and literature. He is not related to **Gilda Gray;** her real name is **Maryana Michalska.** **Gray's** next production is *"The Floradora Girl,"* **Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.**

PAMELA YOUNG.—Please inform your mother it's perfectly **O. K.** for you to receive a personal reply from me. **Ramon Novarro** is still single. **Ivan Petrovich** is about thirty-two years old. **James Kirkwood, Feb. 22, 1883.**

Getting Called Names

(*Continued from page 41*)

when he was yclept "The Darling of the Debs"? What matter if Alice White be deuce or Duse of the cinema? . . . she's "America's Girl Friend"! Even though there seems to be some subtle intimation of difference between the titles of "America's Girl Friend" and "America's Sweetheart."

So in lofty determination to do our bit in advancing the Cause of nomenclature, we hereby inaugurate a Movement which we know will gather impetus until every single actor on the screen is equipped for Success by having a nickname all his very own. We expect no thanks for the helpful endeavor. It will be sufficient to know that we have led the cinema a step in the right direction.

George Bancroft, for instance, would be aided immeasurably were he to be re-named alliteratively. Maybe "Big Boy" Bancroft would do the trick. Or, perhaps a bit more emphasis on the sex angle would be better. How about "Baby Blue Eyes" Bancroft? Something about eyes would also help John Boles to further fame. Just "Roley Bolesy Eyes," mayhap—or the reversal of an already well-known name—"Rolls" Boles.

William Haines needs a new name badly. He might use one from Helen Morgan's song, and be known henceforth as "Just My Bill" Haines. Or "Hey-Hey" Haines.

Clara might easily become more popular by being billed as "Cupid's" or "Kewpie" Bow—as "Vo-deo" Bow—or "Singin' in the Rain" Bow. While a natural for Nancy or Sue would be "Christmas" Carol. Johnny Mack Brown would do better as Johnny "On the Spot" Brown. It would put him "on the spot," and in the spotlight.

Greta Garbo might be nicknamed "Hot Feet" because of her shoe-removing penchant. Or as "Tanky" because of her favorite line, "I tank I go home." Richard Dix could be "The Dixey Pixey," or, as he has called himself, "The Varnishing Armenian." After the film version of "Hold Everything" there's no better nickname for Joe Brown than just plain "Bert Lahr." And that famous couple, Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman could team as "Lowe and Behold."

They Might Have Worse

CHARLIE FARRELL might be even more popular as "The Sunshine of Virginia." Virginia Valli, of course. And "Ga-Ga" would be more euphonious with Gaynor than is Janet. To avoid confusion, all the Barrymores could be known as "Ethel," and all sister teams could be combined under the general heading of "The Sisters G." And Joan Crawford could paraphrase that old song by naming herself, "Here Comes My Dodo Now."

Cecil de Mille could capitalize on the title of that famous book, "De Mille on de Floss" —maybe just "Flossie" as a contraction. Estelle Taylor could be "Birdie"—a sort of reference to a Taylor's goose.

And so it goes. Perhaps the nicknames suggested aren't the best available. But it must be remembered that a great many are already copyrighted. Al Jolson's "Mammy Boy," Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz," Lew Cody's "The Butterfly Man," Vilma Banky's "The Hungarian Rhapsody," Gibson's "Hoot," all the "America's This and That's" from "Sweetheart" to "Pal," and Ruth Elder's "Mrs. Walter Camp, Jr."

But you get the general idea, and it'll be a big helping hand to the stars if you'll all pitch in and dope out some real good nicknames so that *all* the Hollywood stars may shine.

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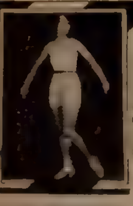

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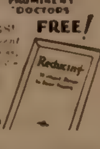

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Black and White

(Continued from page 6)

out by a figure of speech. Speech is not the thing that sways the millions of theatergoers, but rather the acting. The expression in the eyes and face alone speak with more eloquence than can ever be put into words.

Is there not the expression of pain or fear, in the very attitude of a dog? Yet has he ever voiced it with words? A cringing body and eyes filled with the agony of pain is an emotion far more expressive than human tongue may ever hope to speak.

Lucele Turner

Is The Voice The Thing?

Los Angeles, California

Recently Lionel Barrymore stated that an unusual talking voice is a subordinate requirement for the talkies. Gray matter and an acting intuition was what counted. It is refreshing to hear this from a great actor and director. We have heard so much about stars falling by the wayside because their voices don't click. Every movie sheet and monthly contain stories that would lead one to think that the "voice is the thing." Granted, of course, that there is a requirement.

But check up on the recent talkie successes, and in the majority of cases you remember the acting and the actor. Together they make the voice. Now and then there's an exception—you recall the voice also—as Greta Garbo in "Anna Christie." Her voice lingers because it is such a natural part of her—not the studied P's and Q's of the elocution schools. The voice alone has been given such an exaggerated place that even great actors before the "mike" suffer with a kind of voice—apprehension—neurosis. One feels their voice-consciousness.

It is also a relief to note the trend manifested by directors—that a perfect face and figure is not always identical with dramatic skill.

John J. Goodman

The Much Abused Theme Song

Montreal, Que., Can.

I had always been more or less reconciled to the sad fact that I am totally unable to sing, hum, or whistle a tune for three bars without straying into half a dozen keys. It was inconvenient at times, such as finding myself with three other fellows at the stage of wanting to sing "Sweet Adeline" and being incapable of carrying the tenor, but one can't have everything, and I was resigned to my tuneless vocal chords.

And then the "talkies" came along, and the theme song, which had hitherto been at the sole mercy of the theater organist, now was warbled, trilled, burbled, and growled by every principal in every picture. And now I am discontented. I think of the times in my not-too-checkered career when I was unable to impress certain young ladies with my pleasing personality, and then I meditate upon the screen singing hero.

The lady of the hero's heart may be giving him the ritz, burying him under a verbal barrage, trampling all over his sensibilities, handing him the glacier glare, and in short, treating him pretty darned mean. What does the hero do? Does he behave in a normal manner and slink away with his metaphorical tail figuratively tucked between his hind legs? He does not. He gazes at the moon or the setting sun—the presence of one or both of these natural phenomena is essential to the singing of the theme song—and lets out a burst of what might be loosely described as song.

Well, at first the heroine looks at him with utter scorn. But with the first line her luscious lips part appealingly, and you can see that a little relenting has crept into her heart. At the end of the first verse she glances wistfully into the hero's wide-open mouth, and her eyes become bovinely soulful. He sings the refrain—and she edges shyly up to him and twists her forefinger in his coat lapel, if he happens to be wearing a coat. If not, she twiddles her fingers up and down his manly, vibrating chest. As he starts through the chorus again she flings all restraint to the winds and joins her lovely ungreased treble to his husky bass, baritone, or tenor, as the case may be. With eyes closed they dwell lingeringly on the last long drawn out word—generally "love"—finally smile tenderly into each other's eyes, throw their arms about each other's necks, and everything is just dandy.

It happens every time. I'm enrolling for a correspondence course in voice training.

John S. Hook

Grateful For the Talkies

Jackson Heights, L. I.

What a blessing the talkies are. Not for the girl whose days are filled with shopping for lovely clothes, tennis, dancing, flowers, parties, one beau after another, one "date" after another, who sandwiches in a movie merely to bridge a gap in a series of exciting events.

For those girls like myself, however, I repeat—what a blessing the talkies are! Lonely rooms to come home to in the evening after a day of loneliness no matter if we work with hundreds and come in contact with thousands. Lonely dinners, lonely walks, and lonely nights!

Now, overnight it seems, our friends have multiplied fourfold. Maurice Chevalier twinkles at us with his naughty eyes, singing his songs for us alone, Gloria Swanson shows us her beautiful gowns, Richard Dix acts as "big brother," Paul Whiteman's orchestra sets our feet tingling, John McCormack sets our hearts singing—all of them bringing us sympathy, friendship and romance. And we leave the theater, our heads high, cheered for the moment at least, and believing that perhaps happiness is waiting for us just around the corner.

B. F.

Need More Like It

I recently saw the talking-picture, "Graf Zeppelin Around the World Flight," and what an intensely interesting film. Thrills aplenty and so many other worthwhile features included. This picture ought to be a real harbinger of tolerance and friendliness towards the peoples of the world; and the beneficial influences of its inspirational value, patriotic feeling, educational gain, all ought to win over those who still condemn the motion pictures in general. There was something so uplifting and wonderful about this picture.

Talking Picture Epics Company of N. Y. is to be congratulated upon their offering of this tremendous world achievement through the Aladdin-like possibilities of the sound screen, Commander Rosendahl upon his splendid and clear elucidation in the talking version of the voyage, and the cameraman, whose unfailing skill recorded the whole so well.

I eagerly look forward to the next picture of this type.

Barbara Mueller

He Dares To Be Himself

(*Continued from page 90*)

know it and before very long they begin to expect it—and, *I* expect, being a woman, to take advantage of it—and right there Bill stops. He's nice to women so long as they don't expect it, and when they do—

He is said, in passing, to be that way about Dorothy Sebastian at the moment. She's painting portraits of him. I saw two of them lined up against the wall in Bill's bachelor beach cottage . . .

And honest, this is a true story. The truest ever written, and in the best of faith. Bill *is* himself. He does live alone in a little cabin on the beach, and he bathes under the starlight and with the rise of the sun. He doesn't like parties and many people. He reads by an open fire. He's not afraid to be himself—and never was—and never will be.

The Inside Story

(*Continued from page 69*)

these mechanical wizards long enough to hear, for just a second, how he attacks his problems. That one right over there is a thousand-dollar-a-week man. He's at the top of his profession and a glutton for labor. Listen to what he's saying:

"*—you mean to say you wasn't in Tia Juana last Sunday? Boy, I'da swore I seen you at the American Club tossin' off rickies. Ain't gotta brother, have yuh? No? Well, then, you sure gotta double because this guy looked exactly like yuh, an' I said to Earl, then, I said, 'Hey lookit, Earl, there's Hen an'*—"

Naturally there are many other departments, peopled with high-salaried, efficient workers, all striving unceasingly for the success of the picture. But the little you have seen and heard will give you an idea of what a veritable bee-hive of industry a modern studio is; of the truly spirit-breaking labor that goes on inside a movie lot; of just how studio workers work.

Now I might give you a smattering of how we who write about the studios do *our* work—of the continued drudgery and grind that make up our jobs.

I might, some day—but not right now.

Because—because—well, frankly, I'm off for Tia Juana.

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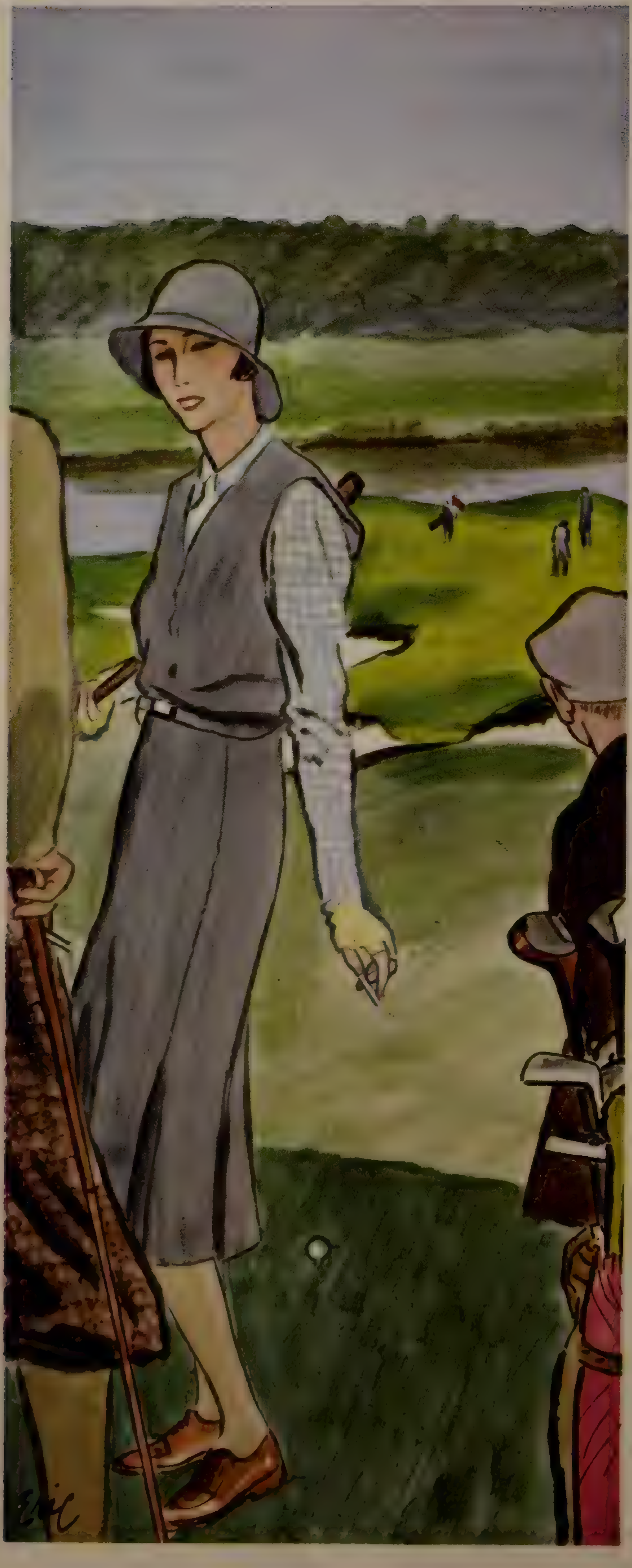

Threesome

Perhaps you'll never make a hole-in-one. Most golfers don't. (It's one of several things they have in common.) But there's another, more delightful tie that binds . . . the universal appreciation of what a good cigarette can add to the pleasure and enjoyment of the game. Camels are fragrant, refreshing, mellow . . . a welcome third to the most thrilling twosome.

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

UGUST
25¢

Jean Arthur

Who'll Own The Movies?

Chaplin Defends Silent Pictures

The Boys are Getting *IT*

The complete guide-book

IF YOU'VE been a tourist in foreign lands, you've probably come to have a high regard for one or another of the standard guide-books. Surrounded by strange scenes, strange names, and with your time limited, you have turned with relief to any volume which tells you on good authority where to go and what to do.

Consider your ordinary shopping tours in the same light. Without an up-to-date guide-book of merchandise appearing within the pages of this magazine, your most casual trip to the stores would be more or less like a ramble in foreign countries.

We're speaking of the advertisements, of course. If it weren't for the advertisements you would be a stranger in the market, surrounded by strange names, strange brands. Buying would be guessing, unless you tested every article you wanted before you bought it.

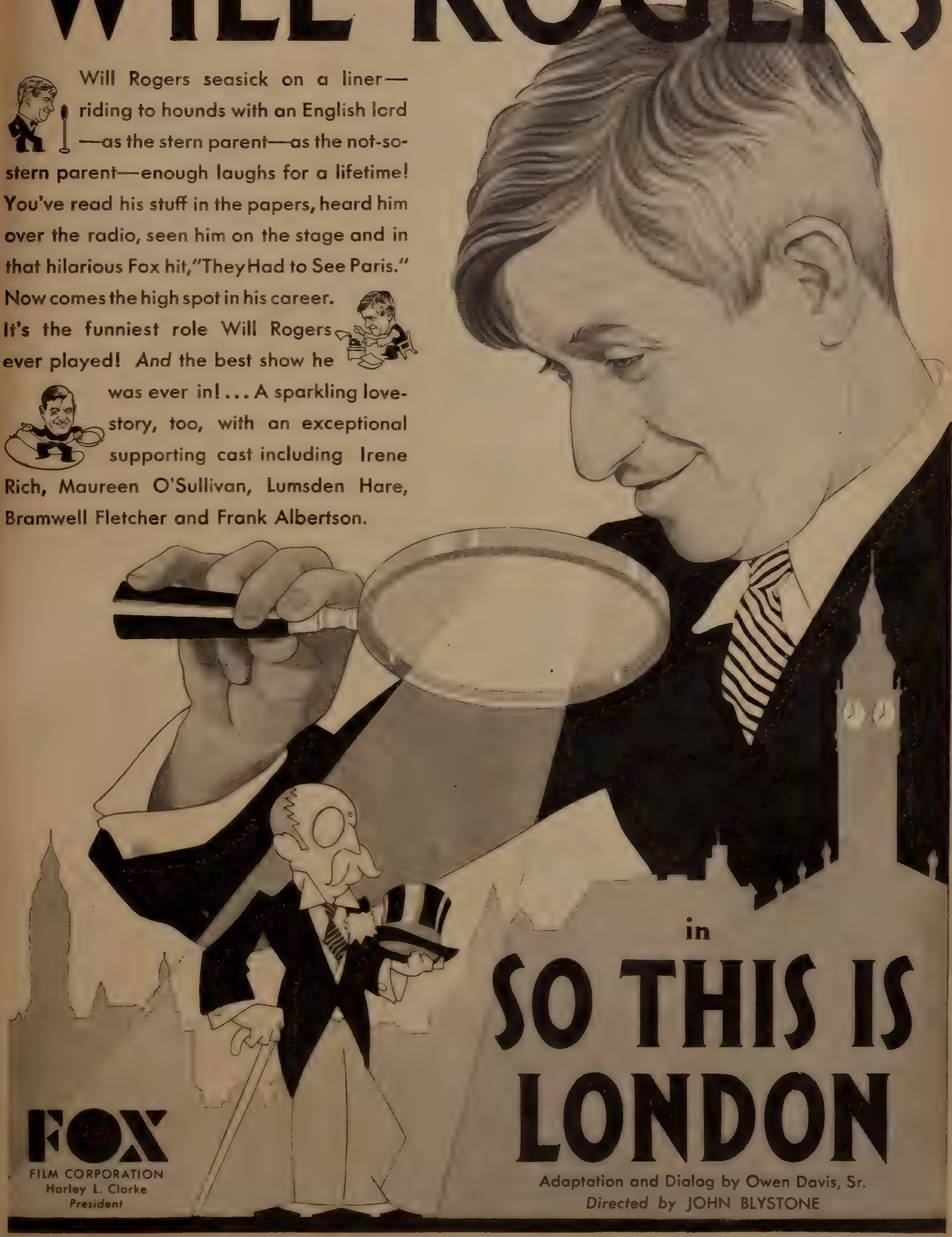
As it is, you can make up your shopping list in a few minutes, and buy with confidence instead of suspicion —knowing what you're getting—knowing that consistently advertised goods *must* maintain standard quality.

◆

Take full advantage of the great guide-book of this modern age . . . read the advertisements every day

WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers seasick on a liner—riding to hounds with an English lord—as the stern parent—as the not-so-stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime! You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him over the radio, seen him on the stage and in that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris." Now comes the high spot in his career. It's the funniest role Will Rogers ever played! *And* the best show he was ever in! . . . A sparkling love-story, too, with an exceptional supporting cast including Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan, Lumsden Hare, Bramwell Fletcher and Frank Albertson.



in

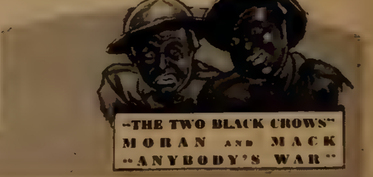
SO THIS IS LONDON

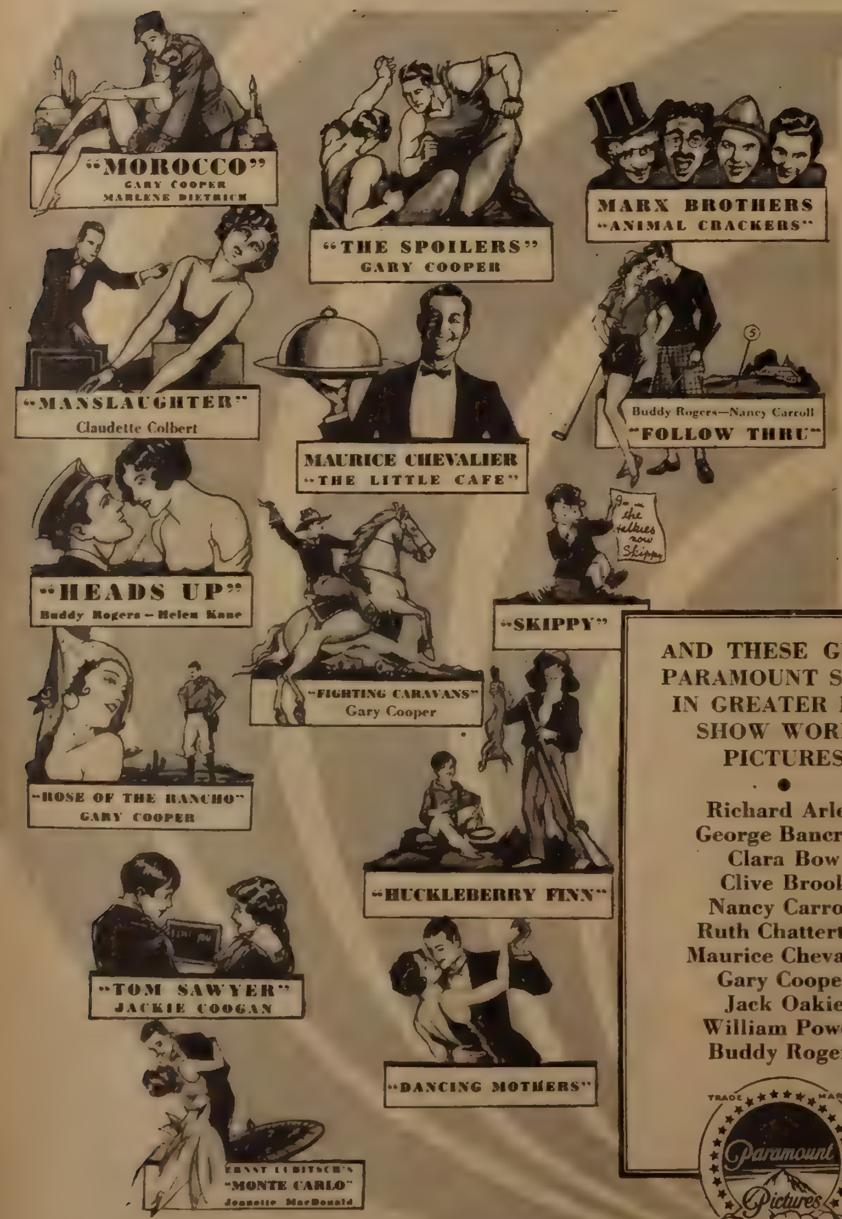
Adaptation and Dialog by Owen Davis, Sr.
Directed by JOHN BLYSTONE

FOX
FILM CORPORATION
Harley L. Clarke
President

GOOD TIMES NEWS FROM PARAMOUNT!

HAROLD LLOYD
"FEET FIRST"
(Harold Lloyd Prod.)


"THE TWO BLACK CROWS"
MORAN AND MACK
"ANYBODY'S WAR"


"MOROCCO"
GARY COOPER
MARLENE DIETRICH
"THE SPOILERS"
GARY COOPER
MARX BROTHERS
"ANIMAL CRACKERS"
"MANSLAUGHTER"
Claudette Colbert
MAURICE CHEVALIER
"THE LITTLE CAFE"
Buddy Rogers—Nancy Carroll
"FOLLOW THRU"
"HEADS UP"
Buddy Rogers – Helen Kane
I'm in the talkies now Skippy
"SKIPPY"
"FIGHTING CARAVANS"
Gary Cooper
"ROSE OF THE RANCHO"
GARY COOPER
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"
"TOM SAWYER"
JACKIE COOGAN
"DANCING MOTHERS"
ERNST LUBITSCH'S
"MONTE CARLO"
Jeanette MacDonald

ENTERTAINMENT news that will thrill millions! The GREATER New Show World is here! 70 Paramount Pictures strong! Attuned to these changing times. In key with this fast moving world. ¶ Under their spell you're lost to the world. Living the stories. Laughing at some plots. Thrilled to the bone with others. Charmed with the tunes in the musicals. *Delighted with everything!* ¶ It's a GREATER New Show World now. And Paramount is leading it. Paramount—with 18 years of supremacy. Paramount — with the biggest stars. Paramount —with the keenest showmanship minds. Paramount—with the greatest resources, organization, and man power in motion pictures. ¶ Tell your Theatre Manager now you want to see all these 70 GREATER New Show World Pictures!

AND THESE GREAT PARAMOUNT STARS IN GREATER NEW SHOW WORLD PICTURES

•

Richard Arlen
George Bancroft
Clara Bow
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Gary Cooper
Jack Oakie
William Powell
Buddy Rogers

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN"

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXI **AUGUST, 1930** **No. 6**

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Cover Drawing of Jean Arthur by Colin Cruickshank

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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George Kent Shuler, Pres. and Treas., Duncan A. Dobie, Jr., Vice Pres., Murray C. Bernays, Secy.

BLACK & WHITE
READ
&
WRITE
h.o.h.

Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER

Talkies Don't Know How to Love

Philadelphia, Pa.

It's sad but true. Too bad, too bad, the talkies have taken away the thrills we used to get out of watching love scenes in the silent days. The talkies are shamefully unromantic. Maybe they're too young to know much about love, but they had better learn the tricks fast. Love scenes no longer seem real and sincere. This is truly the one and only tragic feature of the talkies. They have not been found wanting in other respects, but they do lack the good old romance stuff.

In the silent days, the hero on bended knees would look soulfully in the eyes of his lady love, kiss her hand, put his arms around her waist or gently hug her and then they would both put a goofy look on their faces and sigh and we all thought this all beautiful and romantic. But those days are gone forever now that the hero has to put a lover's actions into words that sound like this: "I love you." "I'm mad about you." "Life wouldn't be worth living without you." "I love you, love you," etc., etc. It sounds ridiculous. It's awful. We just can't take it seriously. Everybody titters and giggles, and tee-hees, and laughs at the so-called hot love scenes and thinks it all very funny. And it *is* very, very funny.

The passionate love scenes not only sound foolish in the talkies, but if carried too far make us squirm in our seats with embarrassment, especially if we happen to be with a gent or if children are around.

No, we don't want the love scenes left out altogether, but they do need careful watching so they don't sound silly. Precautions should be taken with films that require romantic love scenes. A very little of that sort of stuff goes a long way in the talkies. *Booby J.*

$10.00 LETTER

Paging Jack London's Stuff

Charlotte, N. C.

I want adventure stories. I like pictures of freedom, written by the few who are free for the many who are not—stories of the beings who inhabit those spaces commonly referred to as wide open — where there are no desks, no jangling telephones, no trial balances.

The men who stride through the pictures I like best were never seen on land or sea; the women—delightful, lovely creatures—always being plucked out of snowdrifts or stranded upon desert islands. That's all right, but I'm sick of reality. Through adventure stories I can taste the joys, sorrows and thrills that might have been mine and I can be weary, whose shoulders have never sagged beneath the weight of heavy packs; whose arms have never swung a machete through tangled underbrush or balanced a canoe. I can climb a mountain in the glory of the morning, or ride a fleet horse through a night of black darkness and beating rain. I can stand on the prow of a lurching boat and feel the sting of salt spray on my face.

Those are the kinds of pictures we want more of. They make us forget our heartaches, our bills and our ills. Let up on the show world pictures a while and give us more adventure stories. *M. Harris*

$5.00 LETTER

Gone Are The Days

Jersey City, N. J.

Going to the movies nowadays has lost half the appeal that it used to have before the silent screen found its voice. No more can we go to the movies after a hard day's work, recline in one of those plush chairs, rest our jaded nerves and have the organ lull us to sleep. No more can we derive pleasure in reading sub-titles out loud, explaining what it meant to one another, and not being told to shut up, for practically everyone did it.

No more can the kids shout, clap, stamp their feet, whistle and otherwise tear the roof down when the hero on his trusty steed rides to the rescue; and cheer when their strong, silent son of the open spaces says, "Curses on you, Jack Dalton. Unhand that fair Damsel!" No more can they hiss and boo and otherwise give the Bronx raspberry when the villain twirls his waxed mustache and says, "Aha there my proud beauty, 'tis I, Jack Dalton."

No more can we laugh at Harold Lloyd's gags as long as we want to without fear of missing his others. No siree! No more. The talkies have changed all that. *Samuel Zerinsky*

$1.00 LETTERS

Grandma Censures The Press

Alda, Nebr.

I am a grandmother and a regular picture fan. I enjoy a good picture. I have seen very few pictures that I would call objectionable. However, I consider the advertising in the press and on the billboards very misleading and sometimes insulting. The press plays up all the immoral features of a play if there are any filthy features and invents immoral features when there are none as in the picture "They Had to See Paris." This picture was fine and clean in every respect and just what we expect from Will Rogers but the advertisements pictured him in a dirty scene that never occurred in the picture at all. The majority of movie fans are attracted by other things besides thrills and sex. What is the matter with the words—fun—courage—and humor —? Douglas Fairbanks and Mary, Will Rogers, Ronald Colman, Ann Harding and many others do not play in pictures in which there are objectionable features and the public should not be misled. I am for better and truer advertising. *Mrs. M. G.*

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S. E., you stand in line for one of three first prizes; $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S. E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.

How Times Have Changed

Cleveland, Ohio

I often think of the days of not very long ago and the way some of us used to sneak into the movies, afraid it would be known that we had such low tastes.

Well do I remember how shocked we were at one of our friends who went to one of these places three nights a week as pianist. We all felt that it was too bad that she should stoop to so low a calling to sell her talent in that manner, after all the money that had been spent on her musical education. Compare those days with today. Now we have some of the best of the operatic and theatrical stage actors to be seen and heard in the talkies.

It gives me a great thrill to remember that I have heard people like Lawrence Tibbett at prices that I could afford to pay and in seats that I could see and hear them with all the enjoyment in the world.

We owe the men who have brought the motion pictures to what they are today, a lasting debt of gratitude. They have worked untiringly to give us good entertainment and education, bringing to us pictures and news of places and people we never would have seen or heard but for the camera and screen. *Miss M. Stevenson*

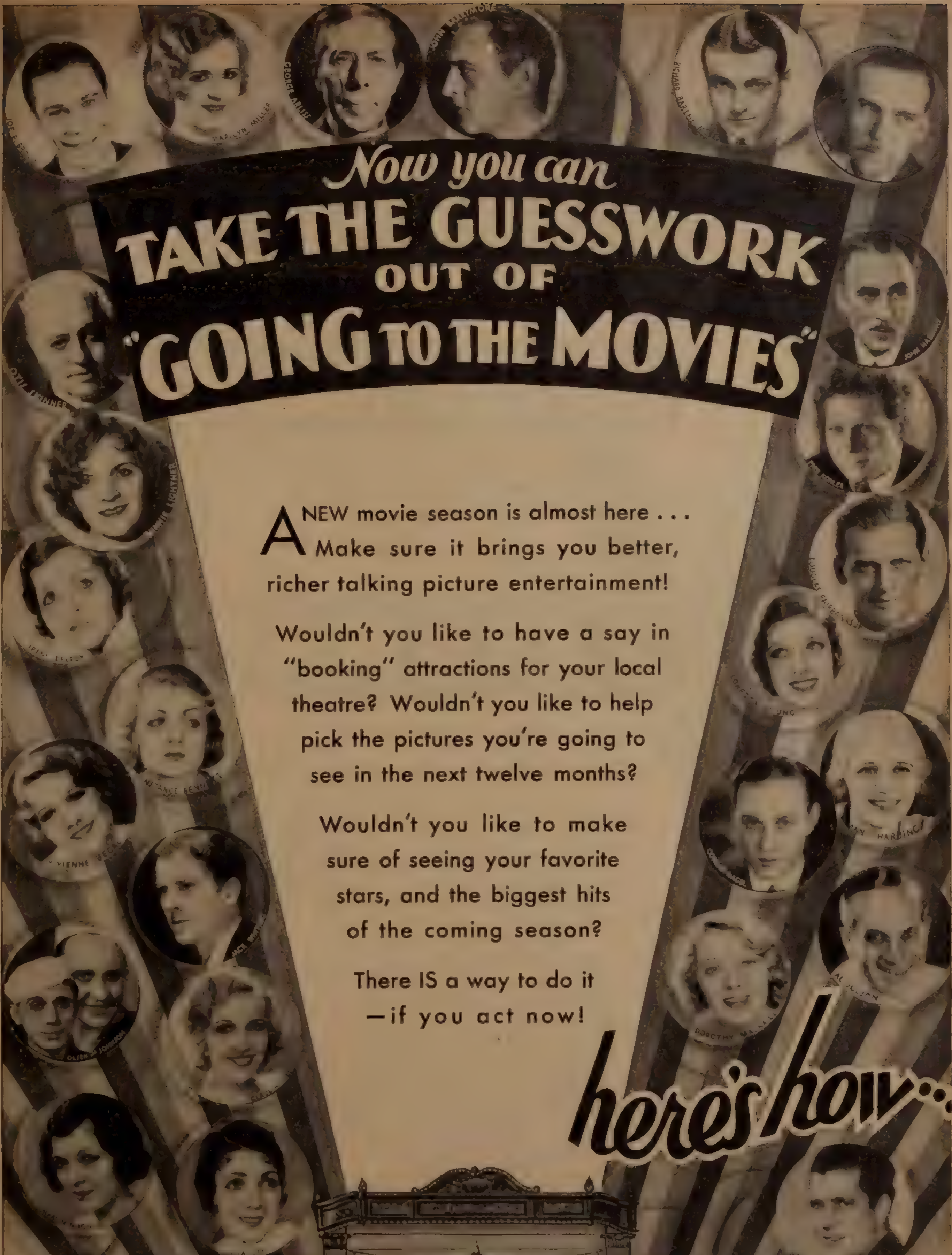
An Appeal For Varied Endings

San Antonio, Tex.

Monotony is awful! It is not confined to any special things. But this discussion is; it is about "monotonous screen stories"—adaptations of novels and other stories, every part of which we know before the picture begins, and the same "happy ending" stories. Few of them seem to be original and as we see it in real life.

One does not get nearly as much from the picture when the plot is known, in its entirety, in advance. There is nothing to look forward to. Sustained interest is almost

(*Continued on page 105*)


MARILYN MILLER
GEORGE ARLISS
JOHN BARRYMORE
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
OTIS SKINNER
WINNIE LIGHTNER
VIVIENNE SEGAL
OLSEN & JOHNSON
DOROTHY MACKAILL
AL JOLSON
here's how...

Now you can

TAKE THE GUESSWORK OUT OF "GOING TO THE MOVIES"

A NEW movie season is almost here . . . Make sure it brings you better, richer talking picture entertainment!

Wouldn't you like to have a say in "booking" attractions for your local theatre? Wouldn't you like to help pick the pictures you're going to see in the next twelve months?

Wouldn't you like to make sure of seeing your favorite stars, and the biggest hits of the coming season?

There IS a way to do it —if you act now!

Tell your theatre Manager you want to see

WARNER BROS.

FIRST NATIONAL

and

VITAPHONE

RIGHT now your theatre manager is selecting his attractions for the coming year. He's trying to choose the ones YOU'LL like best.

You can help him decide by telling him YOUR choice! He'll be GLAD to know your preference so that he can more closely accommodate your tastes.

To help you in your selection, WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL, exclusive Vitaphone producers, announce here in advance their amazing production programs for 1930-31.

Look over these lists . . . Notice the wealth of famous stars . . . the brilliant stories by favorite authors . . . the wonderful entertainment values these titles promise.

Compare them with any other group of pictures announced for the coming year . . . Then use the ballot on the second page following to indicate your choice.

(Titles and casts are subject to change in a few instances.)

WARNER BROS. PICTURES for 1930-1931

JOHN BARRYMORE in "MOBY DICK"
From the famous novel by Herman Melville. With Joan Bennett.

•

JOHN BARRYMORE
In a second spectacular production.

•

"VIENNESE NIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
Their first original romance. By Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd.

•

"CAPTAIN APPLEJACK"
From the long-run stage hit. With John Halliday, Mary Brian and other stars.

•

"MAYBE IT'S LOVE"
With the All-American Football Team
And Joe E. Brown, Joan Bennett.

GEORGE ARLISS in "OLD ENGLISH"
From the celebrated play by John Galsworthy. With a star cast.

•

"FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN"
The greatest musical comedy in years in New York, filmed entirely in Technicolor.

•

"THE OFFICE WIFE"
By Faith Baldwin.

•

"THE LIFE OF THE PARTY"
All in Technicolor
With Winnie Lightner, Irene Delroy and others.

•

"THE DANUBE LOVE SONG"
All in Technicolor
A lavish romance by famous Oscar Strauss.

AL JOLSON in "BIG BOY"
All Laughs!

•

"SIT TIGHT"
With Winnie Lightner, Joe E. Brown, Irene Delroy.

•

"RED HOT SINNERS"
With Winnie Lightner.

•

"NANCY FROM NAPLES"
Irene Delroy, Charles King and 10 other stars in a comedy by celebrated Elmer Rice.

•

"CHILDREN OF DREAMS"
Magnificent romance by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd and Sigmund Romberg.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

•

Also "VITAPHONE VARIETIES"
The finest of all "Short Subjects."

WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE TALKING & SINGING PICTURES

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES for 1930-1931

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "THE DAWN PATROL"
A vast production and a perfect Barthelmess story.

•

RICHARD BARTHELMESS in "ADIOS"
The brilliant star in the kind of part that made him famous.

•

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"
One of the greatest stage plays of all time, to be filmed with Ann Harding, James Rennie and 7 other stars.

•

OTIS SKINNER in "KISMET"
With Loretta Young
One of the stage's greatest stars in his most famous hit.

•

"THE TOAST OF THE LEGION"
All in Technicolor
From the glorious Victor Herbert hit, "Mlle. Modiste," with a tremendous cast.

•

"MOTHER'S CRY"
From the famous best-selling novel.

•

"TOP SPEED"
Joe E. Brown and Jack Whiting in a great Broadway success.

•

"THE BAD MAN"
Walter Huston and 5 other stars in a celebrated stage comedy.

MARILYN MILLER in "SUNNY"
By Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein 2nd. Music by Jerome Kern.

•

"WOMAN HUNGRY"
All in Technicolor
With Lila Lee, Sidney Blackmer, Fred Kohler and 5 other stars.

•

"BRIGHT LIGHTS"
All in Technicolor
With Dorothy Mackaill, Frank Fay and 8 more stars.

•

"RIGHT OF WAY"
From the famous novel by Sir Gilbert Parker, with Conrad Nagel, Loretta Young and others.

•

"THE CALL OF THE EAST"
First original screen production by the brilliant composer and author, Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach.

•

"CAPTAIN BLOOD"
Glorious sea adventure from the thrill-packed pages of Rafael Sabatini.

•

"THE HONOR OF THE FAMILY"
With Walter Huston.

•

AND MANY OTHERS

STARS and PICTURES

for 1930-1931

Cast your VOTE for WARNER BROS. FIRST NATIONAL and VITAPHONE STARS and PICTURES for 1930 1931

Vitaphone is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor process.

YOU have just read on the preceding page the most ambitious array of super-productions any company has ever *dared* to plan!

Entertainment values that would ordinarily be spread over two years or more, will be concentrated by these two famous producers in a single season!

Many of them will be radiant with the resplendent tints of Technicolor... and ALL will have the perfect tone of Vitaphone.

If you enjoyed "Disraeli", "Gold Diggers of Broadway", and the scores of other great Vitaphone successes released last year, you will want to be sure to see the stars and new productions of the companies that have proved their preeminence by turning out hits like these.

To help bring these exciting shows to your theatre, use the ballot below NOW! Sign it and mail it today to Warner Brothers Pictures, Inc.

Your choice will be brought to the attention of your theatre manager, and you will receive—FREE—a beautiful photograph of your favorite star.

***Also write or 'phone your theatre manager direct* to let him know that you wish to see these famous stars and important productions.**

WARNER BROS. PICTURES, INC. M.P.C.
321 West 44th St., N. Y. C.

I should like to see all of the Vitaphone pictures which Warner Bros. and First National plan to produce this coming year. Please send me a photograph of

....
(Insert name of any star mentioned in this announcement.)

(Signed)..

(Address)...

(City & State)..

LAST MINUTE NEWS

JUNE ROSES did their best for the bride out at the **Gibson** ranch when **Sally Eilers** said "I do" to **Hoot Gibson** on **June 27th.** There were more than rambler roses to arouse "ohs" and "ahs," for weren't **Carmen Pantages, Jeanette Loff, Marian Nixon, Marie Prevost** and **Mae Sunday** the bridesmaids? . . . **Jocelyn Lee** and **Luther Reed** are another couple who are keeping the marriage license bureau busy, filing intentions of their wedding . . . Soft summer breezes are doing things to other movie celebrities, too. **Colleen Moore** is going places and seeing things with **John Considine, Jr.,** who so recently was among those present wherever **Joan Bennett** was seen . . . **Constance Bennett's** ex-husband, **Phil Plant,** has been noticed round about **New York** with the lovely **Claire Windsor** . . . And there is also **Gloria Swanson** being seen, quite often enough to arouse comment, with one **Gene Markey.**

THAT ole debbil sea is calling again. **Billie Dove** is feeling that traveling urge and has packed several trunks for a summer's tour of **Europe,** along with **Lillian Akers,** who was with her in the old days of the **"Follies"** . . . **Doug Fairbanks** felt the pressing call of big business and hurried back home, cutting his **European** tour short . . . **Lily Damita** is already in that dear **Paris** . . . **Corinne Griffith** is busy getting settled in the **French** chateau . . . **Joe Schenck** has left the **West** coast for a bit of summer in the East . . . And among those who have crossed the desert for a peek at the **Pacific** is **Ricardo Cortez.** He started work on **"Her Man,"** as well . . . **Claire Luce,** just back from old **England,** will go west, for **Fox** . . . And just to be different, it looks as though **Al** and **Ruby Jolson** will have to give up a summer's vacation abroad. It does seem as though **Ruby's** voice test "took" for the **Irving Berlin** picture.

THE Irving Berlins, by the by, are nicely settled for the summer at **Great Neck, Long Island** . . . And **Walter Wanger,** too, is having his home there put in order for a part of the season.

JETTA GOUDAL is recuperating from a nervous breakdown at a **Los Angeles** sanitarium. What price temperament? . . . **"Why Marry"** will have to continue along without **Glenn Hunter,** who is out of the cast because of illness. . . **Jack Oakie,** too, is on the sick list and can work but four hours a day . . . **Lew Cody,** on the other hand never looked better and is all ready for new rôles, following **"Beyond Victory."**

BILL HART'S ambitions to return to the screen are so great that he is preparing to finance his own pictures, just as soon as he is fully recovered from his operation . . . **Owen Moore** has had another smile from Dame Fortune. After supporting Gloria Swanson in **"What A Widow,"** he plays opposite **Mary Nolan** in **"Outside the Law."** . . . **Ina Claire** may soon be **East** again, working in **"The Royal Family"** for **Paramount** . . . **Lois Moran** is tightly clutching the old rabbit's foot. Hasn't she just renewed the **Fox** contract at an increase in salary?

Dyar

What's in a name? Buddy Rogers' younger brother (right) hasn't had any for twenty years, being called simply "Bh." Now he's in the movies. Buddy and he get together for a good laugh

HOLLYWOOD is breaking into art circles in a big way. At the **Claridge Gallery** in **London** there are exhibited **Olive Snell's** portrait drawings of **Marion Davies, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Corinne Griffith, Gloria Swanson,** and other screen stars . . . That old lady Rumor has it that **Aileen Pringle** has joined the literati and will do a column of film chatter . . . **Edwin Carewe** had a bit of luck come his way when he won the Cord car auctioned off at the **Mayfair** party in **Hollywood.** He, in turn, presented **Mary Pickford** with a **$1,000** check for the **Motion Picture Relief Fund** to sort of even things up.

NANCY CARROLL had real thrills as well as a narrow escape when the yacht she was aboard off **Boston** all but foundered in a stiff gale. Finally, when they just about gave up hope, the entire party was rescued by the good old fishing schooner, **Jackson Arthur**—and thereby hangs a tale . . . **Marian Nixon,** too, was in a real-life thriller when she was robbed on the **Santa Fe's "Chief,"** bringing her **East** to make, strangely enough, **"The Romance of the Rails"!** . . . And, in search of thrills of a new nature, **Warden Lawes** of **Sing Sing** set foot for **Hollywood** to establish his little eight-year-old daughter, **Joan Marie,** on a movie career.

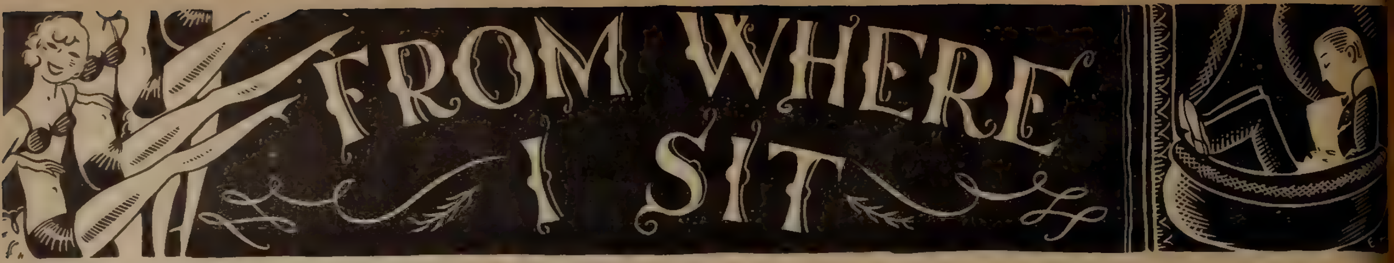
SALLY O'NEIL and **Molly O'Day** will have to try their luck in **Hollywood,** back to the films where they started, as their vaudeville career is over . . . **Nancy Carroll's** little sister, **Terry,** has gone to **Hollywood** to see if she can follow in sister's footsteps . . . **Buddy Rogers,** too, has an ambitious brother in **Paramount** pictures . . . As for **Lillian Roth,** well, she too, has a sister **Ann,** who would a-talkie go.

MARILYN MILLER is all ready to make **"Sunny"** instead of the original **Herbert Fields** story . . . **Betty Compton** is receiving true open-house hospitality out West where she went to make her first picture. . . **Adolphe Menjou,** it appears, will have to make films in **Paris** and that means just one more trip across the ocean . . . **Cyril Maude,** finished with **"Grumpy,"** sailed home to **England** for a short vacation . . . **Will Rogers** is all through his sight-seeing in pictures and will settle down to do **"Lightnin'"** for a change.

ANN HARDING is a busy lady, making the film version of **"Jane Eyre"** which is being called **"Take This Woman"**—and there's a title, friends . . . Not lagging far behind for an eye-brightener is **Elinor Glyn's "Just an Hour of Love"** . . . And of course there is **Warner's "Ex-Mistress"** to think of.

POLLY MORAN and **William Haines** are together again—in pictures. This time they will appear in the radio picture, **"Remote Control"** . . . **Elsie Ferguson** is getting ready to return to pictures in **"Scarlet Pages."** . . . **Richard Barthelmess** has been busy entertaining his mother at his home out West . . . **Lois Moran** and **Victor Fleming** both like to eat at the **Brown Derby,** in **Hollywood,** and go there quite often, together . . . **Harold Lloyd** lost several of his dogs, which were poisoned at the dog show . . . **Otis Skinner** will at last try a talkie—in **"Kismet,"** which he appeared in for so many years on the stage.

AN all-time **Hollywood** record has been established by **Charlie Chaplin** in making **"City Lights."** He is star, director, author, scenarist, title writer, cutting editor. Single-handedly, with a vengeance, is he fighting the talkies . . . **Bebe Daniels** and **Ben Lyon** also are credited with a **Hollywood** record—their marriage being one of the first, if not **the** first, among the élite of **Hollywood** consummated by a spinster and a bachelor . . . **Betty Compson** has her divorce from **James Cruze,** on mental cruelty grounds. **Jim** has too many friends, and he insisted on entertaining all of them every **Sunday** . . . The unemployment among movie extras is something scandalous.



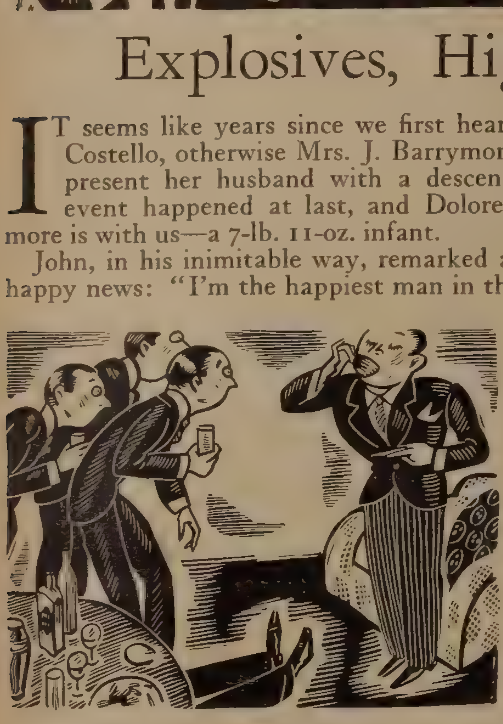
FROM WHERE I SIT

Explosives, High and Low

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

IT seems like years since we first heard that Dolores Costello, otherwise Mrs. J. Barrymore, was going to present her husband with a descendant. But the event happened at last, and Dolores Ethel Barrymore is with us—a 7-lb. 11-oz. infant.

John, in his inimitable way, remarked as he heard the happy news: "I'm the happiest man in the world!"



The event, happening when it did, was certainly a curious coincidence, or quirk of Fate, or something. For it was Dolores Costello, of course, who married Barrymore on the screen in the silent version of "Moby Dick"; and it was just as John was courting Joan Bennett, his heroine in the new talkie version, that little Dolores came on the scene.

Fate, to my mind, is just wonderful.

Hollywood Hilarity

EN passant, have you heard about the actor who religiously collects tinfoil off champagne bottles to send to the local orphanage?

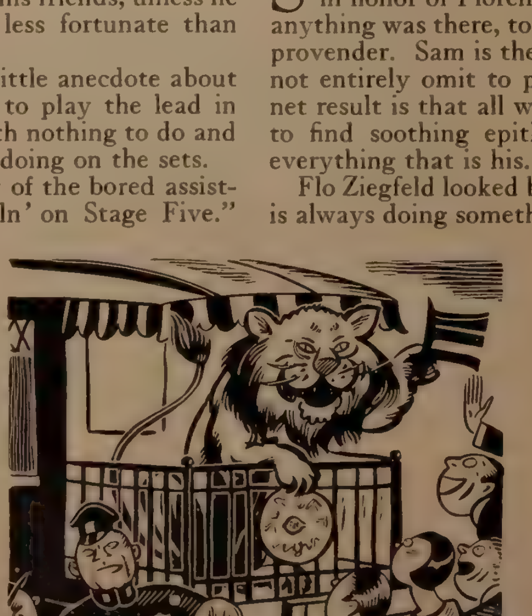
He just wouldn't be happy, he tells his friends, unless he was doing something to help those less fortunate than himself.

Then, too, there is that whimsical little anecdote about Eddie Cantor, who is in Hollywood to play the lead in "Whoopee." He had half an hour with nothing to do and asked an assistant director what was doing on the sets.

"Oh, nothing much," was the reply of the bored assistant. "They're only shooting 'Lincoln' on Stage Five."

"What, again?" cracked the irrepressible Eddie.

Oh, yes, of course, everyone roared.



Luther's a Card

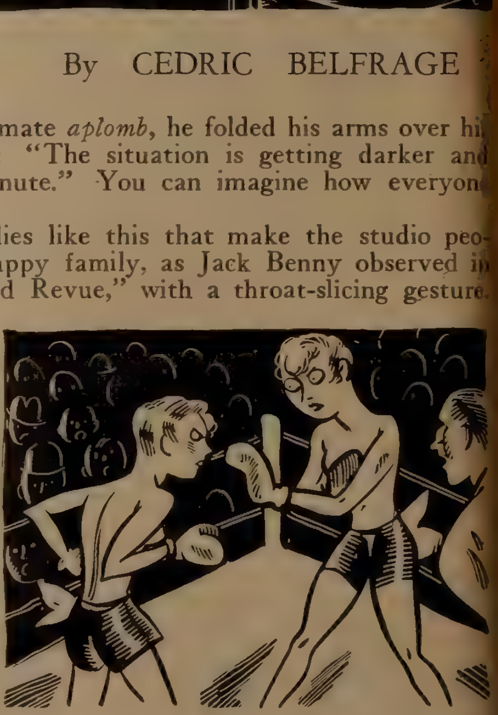
BUT the most hilarious Hollywood story of the month, without a doubt, is this one from RKO.

Luther Reed, the director, was rehearsing a Negro scene for "Dixiana," it seems. Several things went wrong and he began to lose his temper. After listening to the rehearsal of a chorus by forty-one Ethiopians, he looked as if he was going to say things he might later regret. But what do you suppose he did?

With consummate *aplomb*, he folded his arms over his chest and said: "The situation is getting darker and darker each minute." You can imagine how everyone roared.

It's little sallies like this that make the studio people one big, happy family, as Jack Benny observed in "The Hollywood Revue," with a throat-slicing gesture.

Apologia



ALL my digs in the matter of Lotti Loder's importation from far Budapest seem to have been quite uncalled-for.

Lotti is to play the leading part in a picture called "Come Easy," thereby coming into her Hollywood own.

So far as I know, this is the first time in history that one of these completely unknown and inexperienced "importations" has been given something worth while to do except pose for a few publicity pictures.

I grovel in abject humiliation at the feet of the brothers Warner, whom God prosper!

The Host Has Tea

SAM GOLDWYN threw another of his *de luxe* receptions in honor of Florenz Ziegfeld, and everyone who writes anything was there, to help demolish a sumptuous array of provender. Sam is the starving man's friend; and he does not entirely omit to provide for the thirsting man. The net result is that all we pen-wigglers vie with one another to find soothing epithets, for application to Sam, and everything that is his.

Flo Ziegfeld looked benignly on the scene; and Sam, who is always doing something unusual, drank a cup of tea, although it was a tea-party. This is a record.

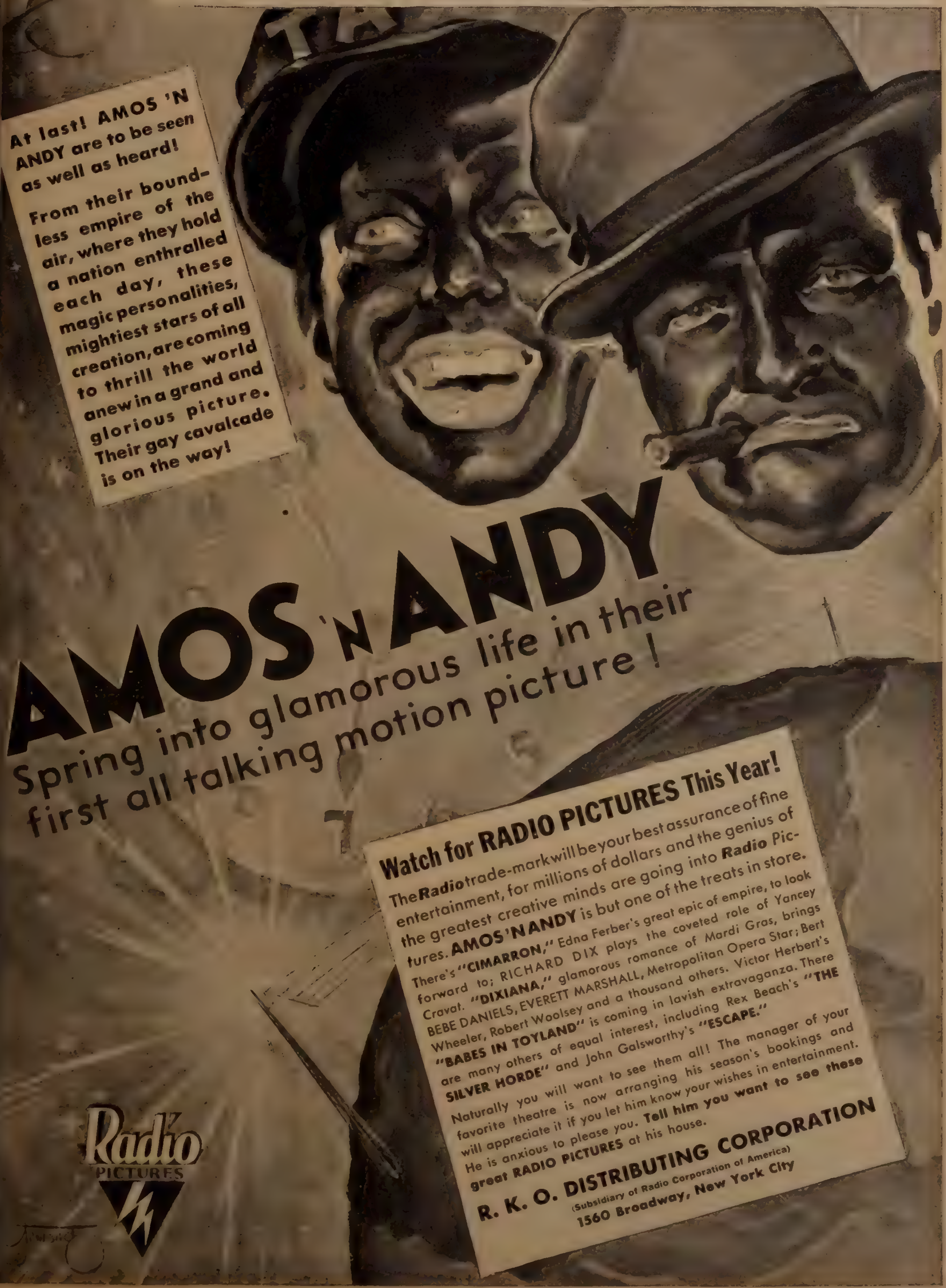
Thought for the Month

"THE American public is definitely trade-mark conscious," the Metro-Goldwyn chappies have concluded on the return of Leo, their pet lion, from his tour of the country.

Leo drew a crowd second only to that which turned out for Cal Coolidge. The Mayor of Los Angeles made a welcoming speech for the benefit, as the studio press gang put it, of "the street crowd and those craning from skyscrapers." There were loud cheers.

(*Continued on page 86*)

A Hundred Million Eager Hearts Await Their Coming To The Screen!



At last! AMOS 'N ANDY are to be seen as well as heard!

From their boundless empire of the air, where they hold a nation enthralled each day, these magic personalities, mightiest stars of all creation, are coming to thrill the world anew in a grand and glorious picture. Their gay cavalcade is on the way!

AMOS 'N ANDY

Spring into glamorous life in their first all talking motion picture!

Watch for RADIO PICTURES This Year!

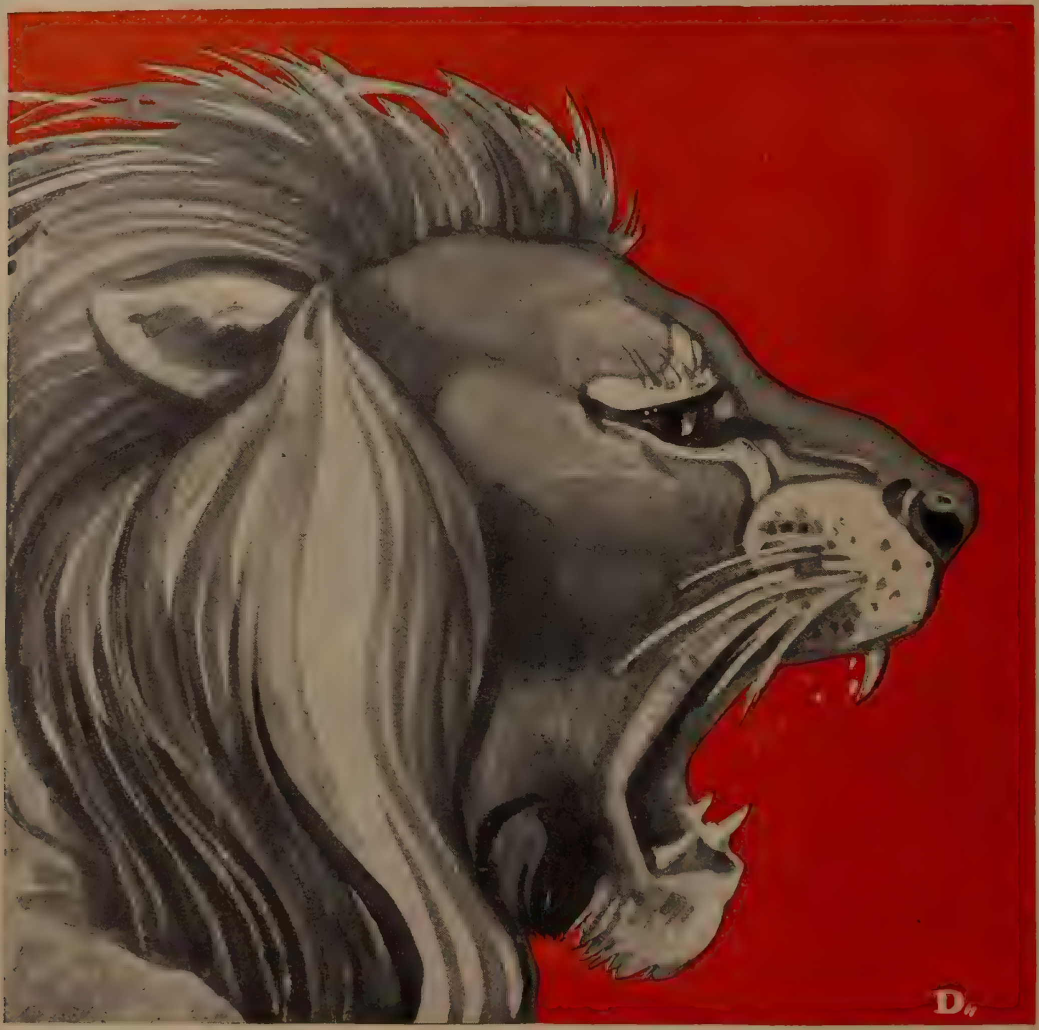
The ***Radio*** trade-mark will be your best assurance of fine entertainment, for millions of dollars and the genius of the greatest creative minds are going into ***Radio*** Pictures. **AMOS 'N ANDY** is but one of the treats in store. There's **"CIMARRON,"** Edna Ferber's great epic of empire, to look forward to; RICHARD DIX plays the coveted role of Yancey Cravat. **"DIXIANA,"** glamorous romance of Mardi Gras, brings BEBE DANIELS, EVERETT MARSHALL, Metropolitan Opera Star; Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and a thousand others. Victor Herbert's **"BABES IN TOYLAND"** is coming in lavish extravaganza. There are many others of equal interest, including Rex Beach's **"THE SILVER HORDE"** and John Galsworthy's **"ESCAPE."**

Naturally you will want to see them all! The manager of your favorite theatre is now arranging his season's bookings and will appreciate it if you let him know your wishes in entertainment. He is anxious to please you. **Tell him you want to see these great RADIO PICTURES** at his house.

R. K. O. DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corporation of America)
1560 Broadway, New York City

ROAR, LION, ROAR

ANNOUNCES THE GREATEST



Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will again demonstrate that it is the greatest producing organization in the industry. The company that has "more stars than there are in heaven"— the greatest directors — the most famous composers—the most marvelous creative and technical resources —pledges itself to continue producing pictures as wonderful as THE BIG PARADE, BEN HUR, THE BROADWAY MELODY, MADAME X, HOLLYWOOD REVUE, OUR DANCING DAUGHTERS, THE ROGUE SONG, ANNA CHRISTIE, THE DIVORCÉE—to mention only a few of the great M-G-M pictures that have taken their place in Filmdom's Hall of Fame. No wonder Leo roars his approval as he looks forward to the greatest year Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has ever had!

Greta Garbo
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
John Gilbert
Buster Keaton
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Marie Dressler

METRO-GOLD

"More Stars Than

[illegible]

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

PRODUCTION SCHEDULE IN ITS HISTORY

1930 ▼ 1931

Norma Shearer
Marion Davies
Ramon Novarro
Lawrence Tibbett
William Haines
Jack Buchanan
Duncan Sisters

FEATURED PLAYERS

Wallace Beery
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lenore Bushman
Harry Carey
Karl Dane
Mary Doran
Cliff Edwards
Julia Faye
Gavin Gordon
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
Hedda Hopper
Lottice Howell
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Charles King
Arnold Korff
Harriett Lake
Mary Lawlor
Gwen Lee
Barbara Leonard
Andre Luguet
George F. Marion
Dorothy McNulty
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Catherine Moylan
Conrad Nagel
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
J. C. Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Lucille Powers
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Gilbert Roland
Benny Rubin
Dorothy Sebastian
Gus Shy
Lewis Stone
Raquel Torres
Ernest Torrence
Roland Young

DIRECTORS

Lionel Barrymore
Harry Beaumont
Charles Brabin
Clarence Brown
Jack Conway
Cecil B. DeMille
William DeMille
Jacques Feyder
Sidney Franklin
Nick Grinde
George Hill
Sammy Lee
Robert Z. Leonard
Edgar J. McGregor
Fred Niblo
Harry Pollard
Charles Riesner
Arthur Robinson
Wesley Ruggles
Mal St. Clair
Victor Seastrom
Edward Sedgwick
W. S. VanDyke
King Vidor
Sam Wood

A few of the big pictures to come

Ramon NOVARRO
"The Singer of Seville"

Greta GARBO
"Red Dust"

Marion DAVIES
"Rosalie"

Joan CRAWFORD
"Great Day"

Lon CHANEY
"The Bugle Sounds"

John GILBERT
"Way for a Sailor"

Lawrence TIBBETT
"The New Moon"

William HAINES
"Remote Control"

"Good News"

"Trader Horn"

"Madame Satan"
(Directed by Cecil B. DeMille)

"Billy the Kid"
(Directed by King Vidor)

"The March of Time"
(With 'more stars than there are in heaven')

"Jenny Lind"
with
Grace Moore

"The World's Illusion"

"The Great Meadow"

"Naughty Marietta"

"Dance, Fool, Dance"

"War Nurse"

"The Merry Widow"
What Music!

and many, many more outstanding productions.

SONG WRITERS

Martin Broones
Dorothy Fields
Arthur Freed
Clifford Grey
Howard Johnson
Jimmy McHugh
Joseph Meyers
Reggie Montgomery
Herbert Stothart
Oscar Straus
George Ward
Harry Woods

WRITERS

Stuart Anthony
Beatrice Banyard
Alfred Block
Al Boasberg
A. Paul Mairker Branden
Neil Brandt
Frank Butler
John Colton
Mitzie Cummings
Ruth Cummings
Edith Ellis
Joseph Farnham
Edith Fitzgerald
Martin Flavin
Becky Gardiner
Willis Goldbeck
Robert Hopkins
Cyril Hume
William Hurlburt
John B. Hymer
Marion Jackson
Laurence E. Jackson
Earle C. Kenton
Hans Kraly
John Lawson
Philip J. Leddy
Charles MacArthur
Williard Mack
Frances Marion
Gene Markey
Sarah Y. Mason
Edwin J. Mayer
John Meehan
Bess Meredyth
James Montgomery
Jack Neville
Lucille Newmark
Fred Niblo, Jr.
J. C. Nugent
George O'Hara
Samuel Ornitz
Arthur Richman
W. L. River
Madeleine Ruthven
Don Ryan
Harry Sauber
Richard E. Schayer
Zelda Sears
Samuel Shipman
Lawrence Stallings
Sylvia Thalberg
Wanda Tuchock
Jim Tully
Dale Van Every
Claudine West
Crane Wilbur
P. G. Wodehouse
Miguel de Zarraba

WYN-MA R

There are in Heaven"

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION ★ THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN ★

My Neighbors in Hollywood

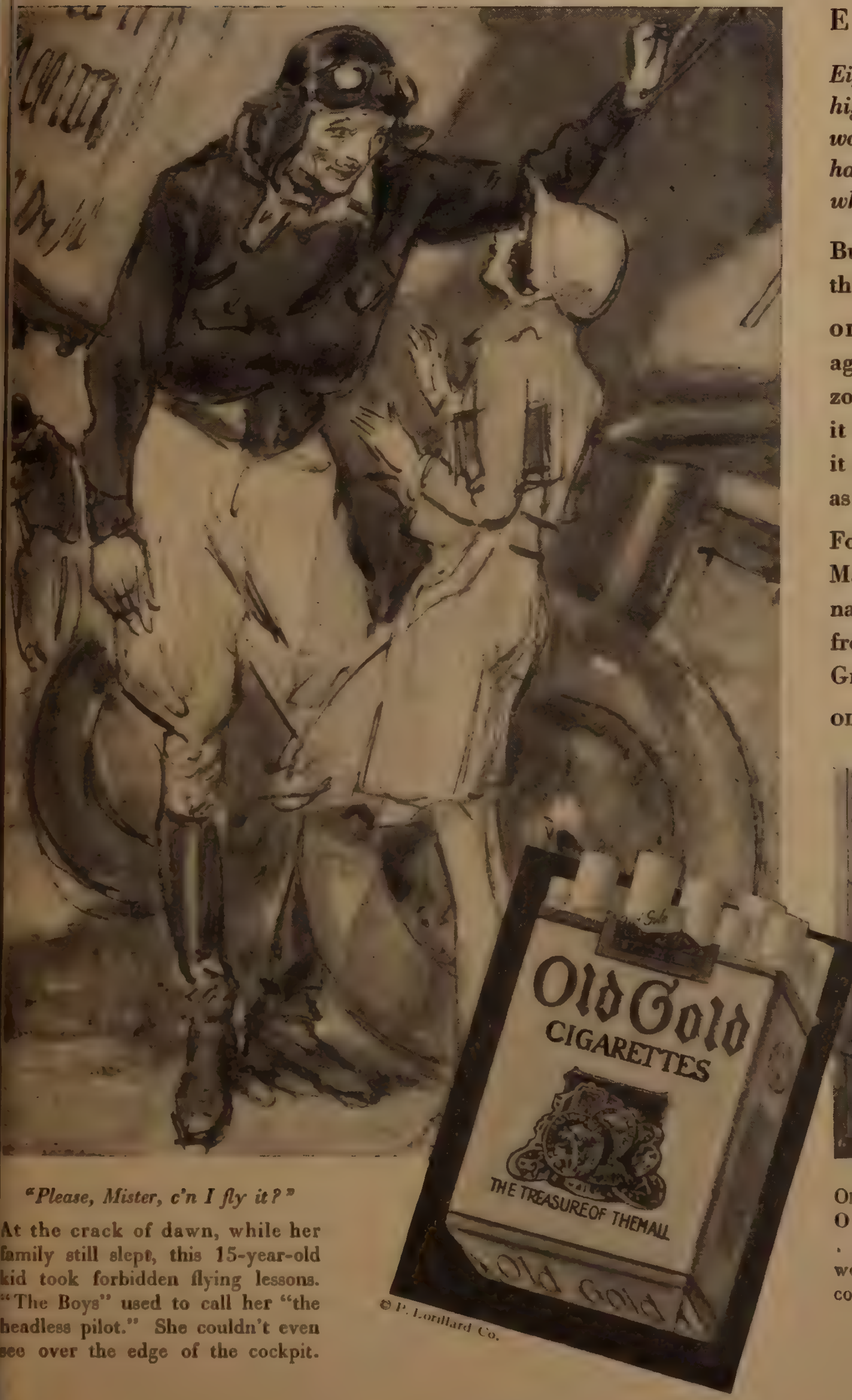
By

K.C.B

IF I didn't tell you.
YOU WOULDN'T know it.
AND I want you to know it.
AND WHAT it is.
I WANT you to know.
IS THAT when you're a neighbor.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
YOU'RE REALLY a neighbor.
AND TIMES may come.
AND YOU'LL go away.
NO MATTER where.
NO MATTER for what.
AND YOU'LL come back home.
AND JUST for instance.
THERE'S BERT Lytell.
AND HE'D been gone.
FOR A couple of years.
AND THEN word came.
HE WAS coming home.
TO PLAY in a piece.
FOR JERRY Duffy.
AND THEY let Bert's neighbors.
HAVE THE choice of seats.
AND LO and behold!
IF IT didn't turn out.
THERE WAS nobody there.
ON THE opening night.
BUT JUST Bert's neighbors.
A THEATER crowded.
WITH BERT'S old friends.
ALL COME to say.
HOW GLAD they were.
HE WAS home again.
AND THAT is the spirit..
OF HOLLYWOOD.
AND OFTENTIMES.
IT'S AN elfish thing.
AND PLAYING pranks.
AND THEN again.
IT JUST runs 'round.
AND ENJOYS itself.
AND THEN sometimes.
YOU'LL FIND it sitting.
IN SYMPATHY.
WHERE THERE is grief.
BUT ANYWAY.
IT'S ALWAYS there.
THIS NEIGHBORLY spirit.
OF HOLLYWOOD.
AND ONE of the joys.
OF KNOWING it.
IS THAT always.
IT'S SO very glad.
WHEN SOME old timer.
COMES TROUPING back.
WHETHER IT is.
THAT HE'S been gone.
FROM OUT its midst.
OR BEEN forgotten.
FOR A little while.
BUT ANYWAY.
THAT'S ENOUGH of that.
AND SOMEBODY tells me.
MY FRIEND Lon Chaney.
HAS BEEN to a surgeon.
AND HAD himself cut.
A PIECE of throat.
AND IT won't surprise me.
IF WHEN he is through.
WE'LL FIND that Lon.
HAS EQUIPPED himself.
THE SAME for sound.
AS FOR silent pictures.
AND IF somebody wants.
A CALLIOPE.
OR A mocking-bird.
OR BAYING hounds.
OR WHATEVER it is.
WHY, THERE'LL be Lon.
RIGHT ON the lot.
AND WHY go farther?
AND BILL Hart, too.
HE'S BEEN to the doctor.
AND HIS two old tonsils.
HAVE BEEN taken out.
THE SAME old tonsils.
HE'S BEEN dragging around.
OVER THE prairies.
AND SAGE-brush hills.
FOR YEARS and years.
AND IT looks to me.
LIKE THESE old timers.
HAVE FIGURED it out.
THAT LIFTING their voices.
IS GOING to help.
AND INCIDENTALLY.
I'M HERE to tell you.
THE HOLLYWOOD doctors.
WHO KNOW their throats.
ARE DOING more business.
PUTTING THEM back.
WHERE THEY used to be.
FOR ONCE in a while.
A SHOT of raw hootch.
PLAYED HOB with them.
THAN THEY ever did.
WITH THE falling faces.
IN THE silent days.
THE GOOD old days.
WHEN IT didn't matter.
IF YOU had a throat.
OR A solid neck.
BUT THAT'S no matter.
AND AT this writing.
WE ARE all of us well.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
LIVING IN peace.
EACH WITH the other.
AND JUST to prove it.
THERE'S JIM Tully.
PLAYING A part.
WITH JACK Gilbert.
I THANK you.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just three years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, **OLD GOLD**, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD
OLD GOLD
CIGARETTES
OLD GOLD

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of **OLD GOLDS** reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

This twelve-year-old girl will suffer through life because both her lower six-year molars were lost. Her teeth came in crooked and her lower jaw failed to develop. She will always have a "weak chin." This could have so easily been prevented by proper care of the teeth.

DON'T LET NEGLECT OF JUST ONE TOOTH MAR YOUR CHILD'S APPEARANCE

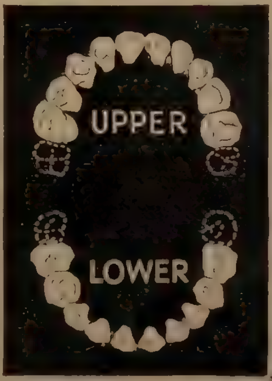
Did you know that around six years of age a child cuts the one most important tooth of his life—which directly affects the shape of his face?

THE chances are your parents didn't know the true importance of the six-year molar. And maybe, by good fortune, your appearance didn't suffer as a result. But take no such chances with your child.

Actually, there are four of the six-year molars. Two in the upper jaw and two in the lower. Nature sends them in advance of the rest of the permanent teeth—to hold the jaws in proper relationship and to guide the even placing of the permanent teeth.

So, if any of the six-year molars are lost, your child's permanent teeth may come in crooked, his jaws develop improperly and the appearance of the whole lower half of his face may suffer. The so-called "jimmy jaw" or protruding jaw is an example.

All too often the six-year molar is lost because it is thought to be one of the "decaying baby teeth"—and the child's face is affected. Is not that too great a price to pay for neglect of baby teeth? Indeed their condition directly affects the development and health of *all* the permanent teeth.



How to locate the six-year molars

There are ten lower baby teeth and ten upper. The six-year molars erupt just back of the baby teeth, one on each side of the jaws; they are shown by the dotted lines in the chart above. Count back from the middle of the child's teeth and if there is a sixth tooth, it will be the six-year molar.

Squibb's Dental Cream is a wonderful dentifrice fo children. It is mild and safe and its formula definitely recognizes the *cause* of decay and the best ways to *combat it.* Squibb's Dental Cream is made with 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia — plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate the crevices and fissures of the teeth and render harmless the destructive acids given off by germs *which cause tooth decay.* It penetrates where the tooth-brush fails to reach — where ordinary dentifrices are ineffectual.

In addition, Squibb's soothes irritation and so helps the gum tissues keep sound and firm. It safeguards The Danger Line, the vital gum edge. You'll find it greatly lessens the pain of shedding the baby teeth. See that your child uses Squibb's twice each day. And you can be sure that this dentifrice so good for children is also safe and effective for you — for all your family. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York.

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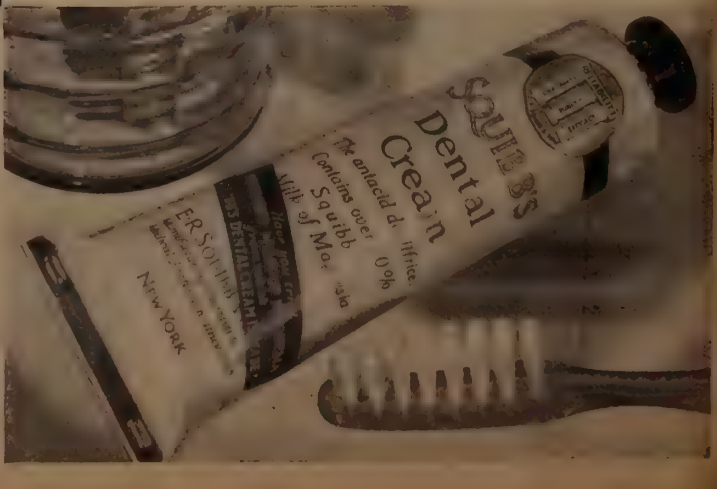


Otto Dyar

JEANETTE MacDONALD

Against such a fan background as she now has, how could Jeanette MacDonald help looking up—up to where the stars are? Luck being with her, she now is playing for high stakes in "Monte Carlo"

DOLORES DEL RIO

Taking a siesta from *Ramona* and *Evangeline* rôles, the classic-featured one is dreaming of doing new things, being a new person—beginning with "The Bad One"

Hurrell

MARION DAVIES

There's no use her pretending to be restfully serious. We know better. For we saw her in "The Floradora Girl," and know she is looking ahead to "Rosalie"

Russell Ball

JACK MULHALL

No doubt by black magic, the photographer has snapped Jack Mulhall standing still—which is one thing he is not doing these days, with opportunities like "The Fall Guy"

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*

THE greatest movie hoax, and the crassest, is "Ingagi," the "sensational African scientific thriller," strenuously advertised as a true pictorial record of jungle life. It is as honest as Ananias, as scientific as Mr. Voliva. It is as sensational as a vendor of prurient post-cards. Its Peeping Tom thrill is the sacrifice of white virgins to "ingagis" (gorillas)—known to science as timid animals. California pepper trees are to be seen in this dime-thriller Africa, as are also armadillos (found only in South America) and orang-utans (found only in the Dutch East Indies). "Pigmies" photographed are in reality Los Angeles pickaninnies. "Ingagi" himself is confessedly George Camora, well-known Hollywood "gorilla" actor. But Barnum must have been right. The public has been eating up the balderdash.

• • •

THEY call him "The Perfect Fool," and yet he won't go to Hollywood. And that, chortle the favored kids—both young and old—of New York and vicinity, is funny. Everything Ed Wynn does is funny. But this is ridiculous. He doesn't realize how badly we movie-goers need him—need his simple-simon-pure nonsense, his hilarity-provoking lisp, his goggle-eyed mad wagging. We want Ed Wynn. If we can't have him in feature-length comedies, we want him in shorts. As a short, his picnic lunch and love for the *woodth* in "Simple Simon" would split the laugh-organs of the nation. We want some good, clean fun.

• • •

THE movies have grown up, but children still remain children. And they don't have the simple fun in the caves of darkness that they used to have. But better times are coming. *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* are coming to life again. *Penrod* is to be thirteen once more. Even *Skippy* is to have his screen day.

LABELS for stars are seldom fortunate. They may pay for a time, but there invariably comes a time when they are things to be lived down. One of the most sorely afflicted in this respect is Clara Bow. She had the misfortune to come under the burdensome wing of Madame Glyn and to be tagged "The IT Girl." She has been living an artificial, frustrated screen life ever since. One of Hollywood's most vital personalities, with considerably more to recommend her than La Glyn perceived, she could do some real acting, given half a chance.

• • •

IN no place in the world is it so difficult to escape being a definite type as in Hollywood. A "heavy" once, a "heavy" always. A siren to-day, a lady of leisure to-morrow. A flapper once, a flapper forever. The exceptions are rare. There are few William Powells, Lilyan Tashmans, Nancy Carrolls.

• • •

THERE is a picture being produced in the UFA studios in Germany with the intriguing title, "The Shot in the Sound Studio." Perhaps one of those press-agented studio feuds really developed into something. Or perhaps a fan finally Saw Red.

• • •

THE title of the stage play "See Naples and Die " has changed in its cinema manifestation to "Nancy From Naples." The film boys (and this is the panic) were afraid "See Naples and Die" would lure wisecracks.

• • •

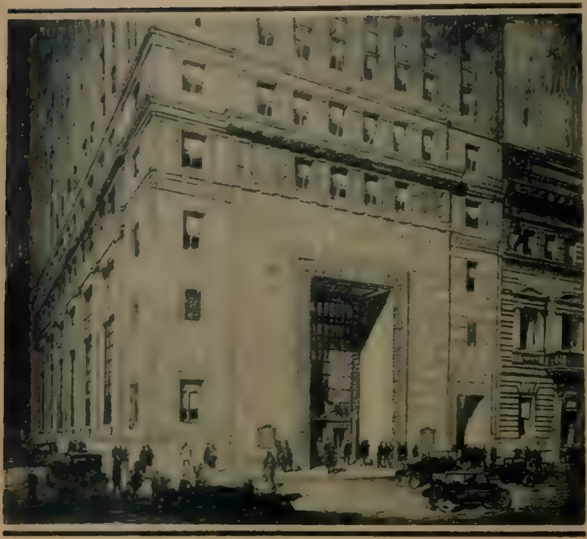
FOUR years have drifted by since Rudolph Valentino crossed The Great Divide. Literally millions still mourn him, still bow at his altar. Four years is a long time—an era, an eon—in movieland. But no one has come to take his place.

WHO'LL OWN

Wall Street And The

Playing The Old Game Of

By HENRY



Left, Chase National Bank, New York, largest American bank, new part-owner of the movies

You read of the weekly fortunes paid the film famous. You read of the fortunes they spend. You read of the cost of color-films and talkies, as compared with the old grey, silent films. You wonder where the money comes from. The Dear Old Public does not come across with millions at a time. This article supplies the answer, and the answer packs a wallop.—Editor's Note.

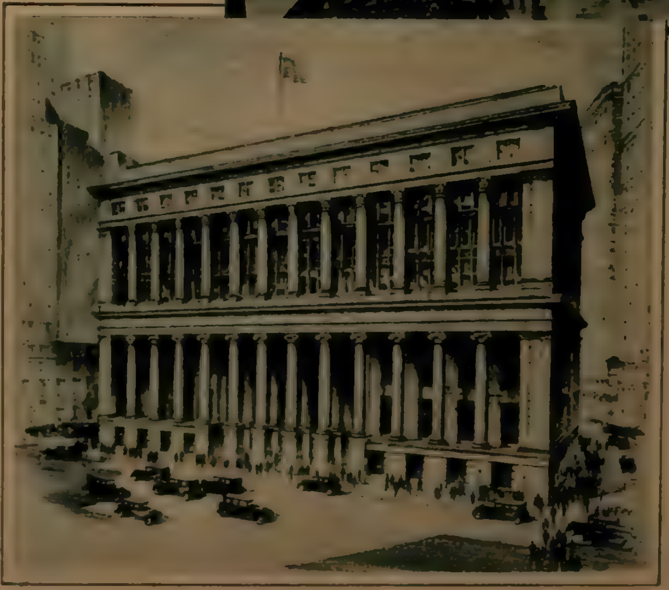
THERE is a big change coming over the motion picture business. To the impartial observer, there are all the earmarks of a racial struggle, in which the great New York money interests are quietly preparing to take control of the screen away from the gentlemen who have governed it for eighteen years.

The established picture barons, undoubtedly shrewd and capable men, who have labored industriously to build up a tremendous enterprise, are about to measure swords with the most resourceful group of financiers in the world. If they can retain the hilts of their weapons and their shirts, they will do very well, indeed, in the humble opinion of this writer, who speaks from no small Wall Street experience.

Of course, the big money interests passionately deny they have any such intention—and they have made many such denials before, nearly always with the result that a particular commercial canary has found repose inside an "interests" cat. Moreover, the recent battle in the Fox Film Corporation is altogether too recent and too emphatically confirmatory of our little opening paragraph to lend much weight to denials.

William Fox has long been credited with an obsession to keep one great American industry in the control of members of his own faith. In all other basic enterprises—railroads, oil, steel, motors, electricity, public utilities, and so on—they have been in the minority. Now, since pictures rank fourth, it has been, in the opinion of Mr. Fox, quite imperative that he and his blood-brethren guide its destinies. For quite a number of reasons: educational, financial and

Above, looking down Broad Street from Wall, the day the crash came. Pillared building is Stock Exchange



Left, National City Bank, second largest American bank, playing a large part in talkies

Shettsline

THE MOVIES?

Present Owners Are The Cat And The Canaries

BRADEN CLEWS

Right, the Wall Street home of J. P. Morgan & Co., experts in the production of money

P. & A.

International Newsreel

Above, the street where producers find ready—very ready—cash: Wall Street, looking west from Pine

Right, Harley L. Clarke, leader of the Wall Street forces, who is now at the helm of Fox Films

Walinger

social. Things were going very well, indeed, until Fate took a hand.

Lost: A Million a Day

BY the summer of 1925, it was uncomfortably apparent that something was very wrong with the motion picture business. Income was dropping alarmingly; production costs were rising rapidly; audiences were falling away to such an extent that by 1927 *a million dollars a day represented the losses from this source alone.*

Then the big telephone interests announced practical talking pictures. True, they had some difficulty in getting a company to listen; but the Warner Brothers did listen, rather tremulously put forth an experimental film, and saw the public promptly become hysterical. So hysterical in fact that all other picture producers had to follow in the Warner footsteps, and almost overnight millions of dollars were needed for talking picture equipment. Within a few hours from the presentation of "The Jazz Singer," the motion picture industry changed from an entertainment business to an engineering profession.

The needed millions were not in the coffers of the picture barons, nor could they raise it from their own resources. It had to come from outside. That meant the big banking interests. One might have supposed that they would have applied to the money kings racially sympathetic to them, but establishments like August Belmont & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Ladenburg, Thalman & Co. and Goldman Sachs & Co. do not always remain spiritually orthodox after long years in the money canyon, and not always do they retain their racial identities. In such matters, favors depend a good deal on where the most important affiliations lie. A peep into the Directory of Directors will illuminate this point. Besides, the telephone and electrical interests evinced a touching willingness to accept promissory notes—backed with proper collateral.

As in many industrial conflicts, the

(*Continued on page 88*)

The Boys Ar

Hollywood Now Have, Other Scents

By

DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THERE'S rosemary, that's for remembrance . . .

Oh, yeah?

And there are pansies, that's for thoughts. . .

Sez Shakespeare.

There's fennel for you, and columbines. There's rue for you. . . .

And daisies and violets. Ah, violets!

But, in Hollywood, it's all to the lilacs, with Nils Asther liking the citric odor of lemon toilette water.

What is the masculine world coming to?

We have strong silent men going to Gerly's to buy "Exquisite Hour" and "Le Mouchoir de Monsieur" to sprinkle on their ties, hankies and socks.

We have them fretting at Souchet-Shafer's, torn between Canary Island yellow cravats and poudre blue.

And rushing to William Stromberg's, the jeweler, for braided leather wrist watch bands like Jack Warner's.

We have them debating with Eddie Schmidt, or Otto, the Tailor, whether burgundy vicuna at thirty a yard is really any better than tan cashmere for sports wear.

And surreptitiously getting hair bleaches and permanents at this beauty shop and that.

Mutual Admiration Society

WHAT is the world coming to, with two-fisted virility swapping modiste's numbers? With Norman Kerry asking Larry Gray, at the Costello-Sherman wedding, where he got his white piqué waistcoat with matching tie? With George O'Brien ordering two-inch additions to his soft shirt collar points? With Victor McLaglen turning from admiration of Arthur Lake's suit to say, "But I simply can't wear tweeds. They make me look too big."

Are our brawn and muscle boys going mannequin? What is happening to masculinity? Here is a cologne billed as "a delicate deodorant," and there are heliotrope pajamas, Russian style, high-necked, with an embroidered double-eagle waiting to perch on some manly bosom.

I'm going out and buy a pipe.

Canary Island yellow and Rheingold blue, llama cloth and crystal cuff links, English slacks and French cravats, dyed eyebrows and mauve powder, pink bath salts and scented pomade, herringbone and sharkskin, chamois and pigskin, lilac

Stanley Fields, at the top, appears slightly nauseated by this new powder for men. He's an exception. Gilbert Roland, center, has a weakness for gloves and high trousers. And Grant Withers, right, is showing all the boys his braided leather wrist-watch band

Getting IT

In front of the model Hollywood hero, above, are a few of Max Factor's beauty aids for men

Above, Regis Toomey implores Phillips Holmes to get confidential and tell him who his tailor is. And that movie marine, sailor and gangster, Edmund Lowe, left, is Hollywood's most fastidious dresser

Heroes Among Things, Appeal scented toilette water.

I'm going out and spit a curve in the wind.

William Stromberg in the Warner Building, with persuasive manners and enameled wrist watches. Souchet-Shafer, with soft-voiced salesmen, black-mustached. Sidney, Ltd., with bright cravats and scarves. Garwood's, Garcia's, Schwab's. Otto, the Tailor, Schmidt, the ditto. Gerly's, Max Factor's, the Harper Beauty Method, Weaver-Jackson's, Sayde Nathan's, even Jim's, the femme's favorite barber—strongholds of women—going male, their sacred precincts invaded by beautying men.

It's enough to drive us women to snuff.

What is the masculine world coming to?

Clothes "Make" The Woman

"THE sexual revolution," commence Messrs. James Thruber and E. B. White, who wrote "Is Sex Necessary?" or "Why You Feel the Way You Do," clearing their throats, "began with Man's discovery that he was not attractive to Woman, as such. The lion had his mane, the peacock his gorgeous plumage, but Man found himself in a dark three-button sack suit."

Which might explain this wholesale hegira of Hollywood heroes into fashion lanes. Woman, we shall say, tittering, represents Audience. Audience represents Box Office. Box Office—and isn't this fun?—represents Success. Therefore the film boys have become microphone mannequins to please their feminine followers. They plume themselves in llama wool and poplin to agitate Woman. And Woman sits down, bites at a pencil, and prints out a fan letter.

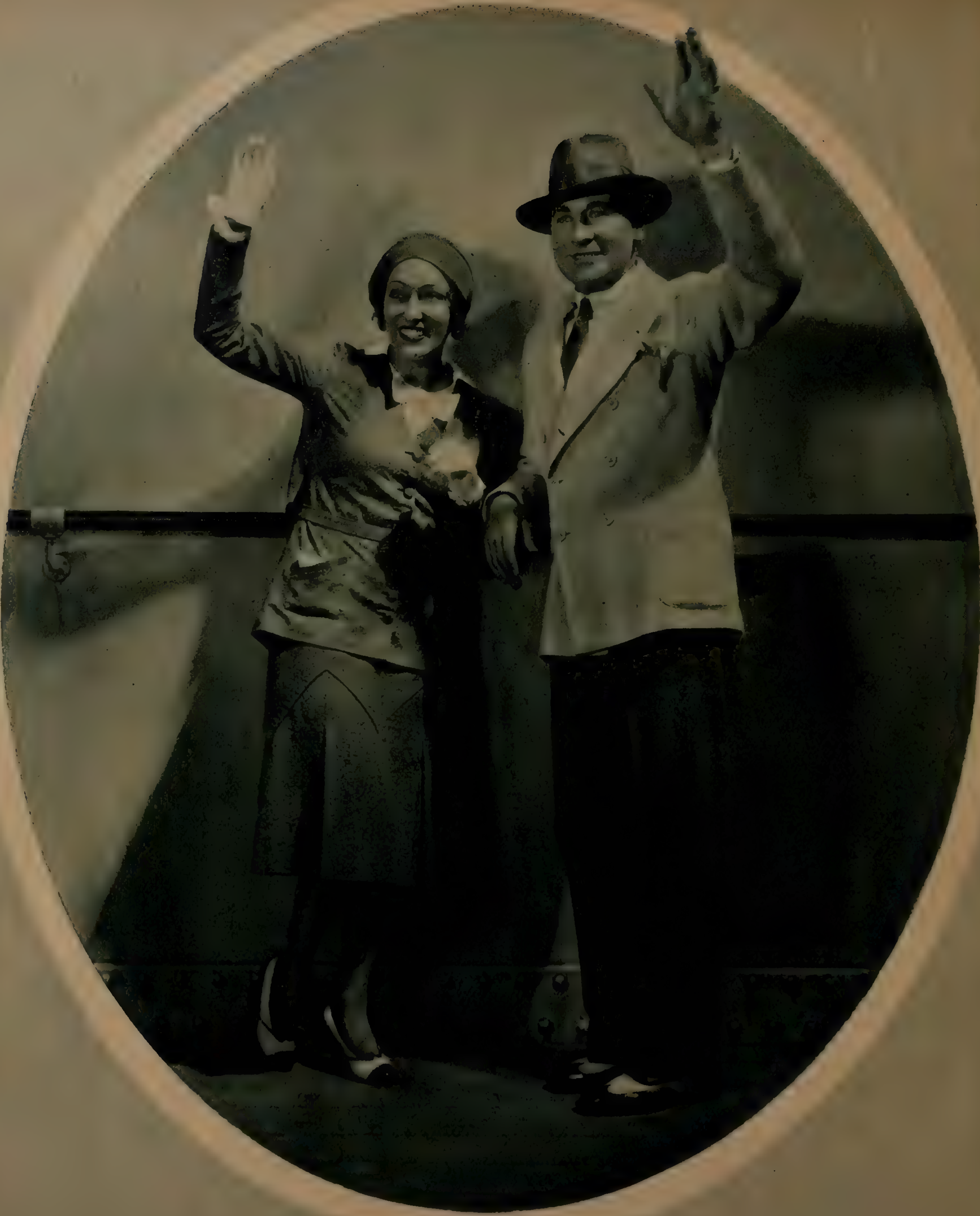
At least that's one alibi. And it's as good as another.

Fashion-conscious, that's what the cinema cavaliers are.

From Otto, the Tailor, comes the information that Conrad Nagel and Edmund Lowe are practically Hollywood's most fastidious dressers, with Eugene Pallette, the *Sergeant Heath* of S. S. Van Dine pictures, the most particular; that Rod LaRocque has thirty thousand dollars' worth of clothes; that the average actor should have not less than seven suits; that Eddie Sutherland and Victor Schertzinger are the best-dressed directors in town; that Bill Haines likes blue and white striped dressing-gowns; and that Richard Barthelmess is growing increasingly fastidious about clothes.

William Stromberg whispers that Ted Lewis started a run on collapsible watches and he couldn't keep any in stock with

(*Continued on page 98*)



The talkies put them in the same boat, and now Gloria Swanson and Owen Moore are on deep water in "What A Widow!" It's no secret that they are going far. But it is news that they are going together. Which brings up the question: Is the next stop Paris?

Russell Ball Photo.

HOLLYWOOD SOB-STORIES

Walter Pidgeon Thought "The Jig Was Up---And It Didn't Matter"

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

EIGHTEEN months ago, Walter Pidgeon was dying. Not only had an unfortunate jinx pursued the course of his career in silent pictures, but he was obsessed with the suspicion that he was victim to a dreadful and fatal disease incurable in the realm of medicine—cancer!

Specialist after specialist had examined him to no avail. He had made the long trek to the famous Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota to be met only with a shake of the head. They could not (he believed they *would* not) diagnose his case. Several years previous, a friend of his had met with the same reception at the hands of the same doctors. He was a victim of cancer, but they would not tell him. To the discouraged and pain-wracked movie actor it was little short of the handwriting on the wall. The world loomed with Nothingness!

In pictures, his chosen profession, he saw only mediocrity in his future. At best, he felt, he was just another leading man, casting a shadow here . . . there . . . doing nothing that fifty other handsome and mildly talented actors could not have done in his place.

In life there were few personal ties to bind him to this existence. His wife had died at the time of the birth of their daughter. "Frankly," admitted the six-foot hero of Marilyn Miller's new musical screen revue, "I thought the jig was up for me—and it didn't particularly matter.

He Made His Will

"I CAME back to Hollywood from Rochester, and made out my will, leaving everything in trust for my eight-year-old child. I was pretty reconciled to the idea of death, but there was one thing I could not do—and that was merely to quit and wait for death! Though innumerable X-ray plates showed no localized trouble that would warrant an operation, I went to the finest stomach specialist in town and insisted on one. I said, 'I'm going into a hospital to-morrow and I want you to do the operation. If you don't—some other man will. To save me from the hands of some quack, you'd better do it.

"He protested at first. He wanted to wait and take X-rays and make a diagnosis. But that didn't get anywhere with me. I had had too much of that kind of treatment. There was something seriously wrong with me. I wanted either to get at the trouble—or finish the job! Strangely enough, the most interesting offer I had for picture work that year came the morning I went into the hospital. Warner Brothers wanted me for a talking, singing picture, and I wanted tremendously to do it. But first, and more important, I wanted to know whether I was ever going to be a well man again."

(*Continued on page 92*)

I*s'nt* SHE ODD?

A Surprise Is In Store For You In The R*eal* Zasu Pitts

By

GLADYS HALL

Bredell

IF you have ever seen Zasu Pitts on the screen—and, of course, you have—you must have wondered what she is really like.

You must have thought that no one could *be* like that, actually.

You must have puzzled over what such a strange-appearing and strange-acting individual thinks and feels and does and *is*, off-screen. How the curious, slightly morbid and altogether plaintive "works" that are Zasu "go 'round."

She isn't like that inside. She is like that outside. A quaint, forlorn little figure in a nifty straight eight roadster.

An out-of-place little figure in festive, carnival Hollywood.

For Zasu was born in Parsons, Kansas, on January 3, 1900.

She *would* be born in Kansas and in a town by the name of Parsons. It fits. No other birthplace would be conceivable for Zasu. She couldn't come from cosmopolitan New York or intellectual Boston or diplomatic Washington.

And Zasu—from the outside—should be done by Dreiser, and was done by von Stroheim.

Zasu—from the outside—is an odd young person. She is like no one I have ever met. She is like no one you have ever met. She is assuredly like no one else on the screen either to-day or yesterday.

The Unreal Zasu

YOU would suppose that her interests would be dark and fungus-like growths. Books of morbid psychology. Musings in a muted room. Supernatural rites. Dark, secretive corners. Tears and terrors. The solitary life and the dim things of solitude. You might imagine that little children would cry at the sight of her, animals skulk away, flowers shrink and shrivel.

Not at all. We'll come to that later.

Zasu says of herself, as regards her picture career, "I am the Help." For she has, of late, played the rôles of servant girls. She has served the finest ladies and gents in filmdom, her latest mistress being the beautiful Jeanette MacDonald. She says her screen ladies are kind to her. She also says that she has to keep in a constant state of feeling put-upon and downtrodden. She dares not let a little burst of gaiety escape her. But she doesn't mind being the Help, if she can only give satisfaction.

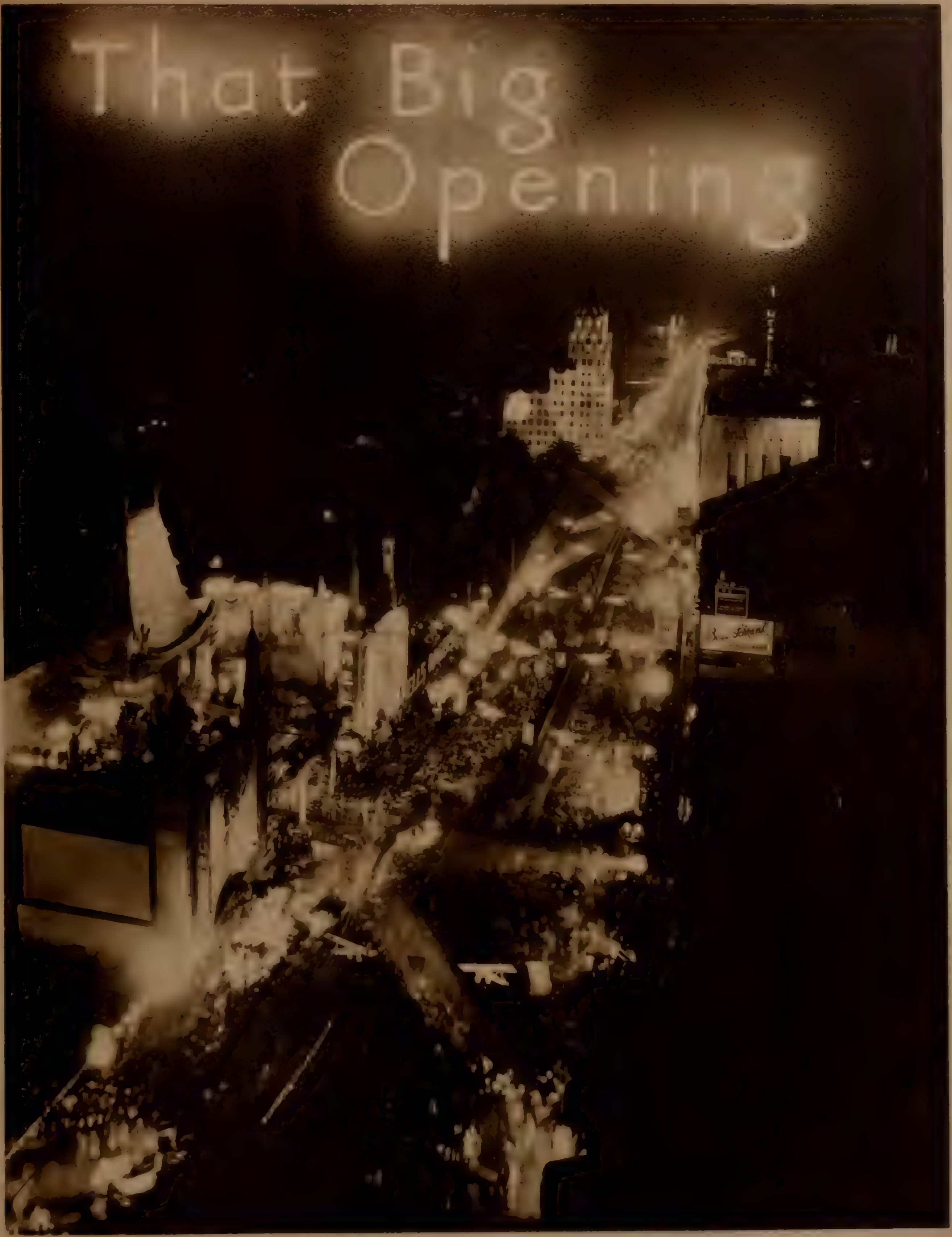
Zasu is the living embodiment of the truth that comedy and tragedy are akin. A tragic figure in "Greed," a tragic-appearing little figure in real life, she is called upon to do comedy in which there is, also, a curiously tragic content. She would prefer to do drama or tragedy, straight. But she is the Help, and if she is to expect good references, "I must do as I am told."

Below the Surface

BENEATH this elusive and somewhat pathetically morbid exterior, underneath the futile-seeming

(*Continued on page 80*)

That Big Opening

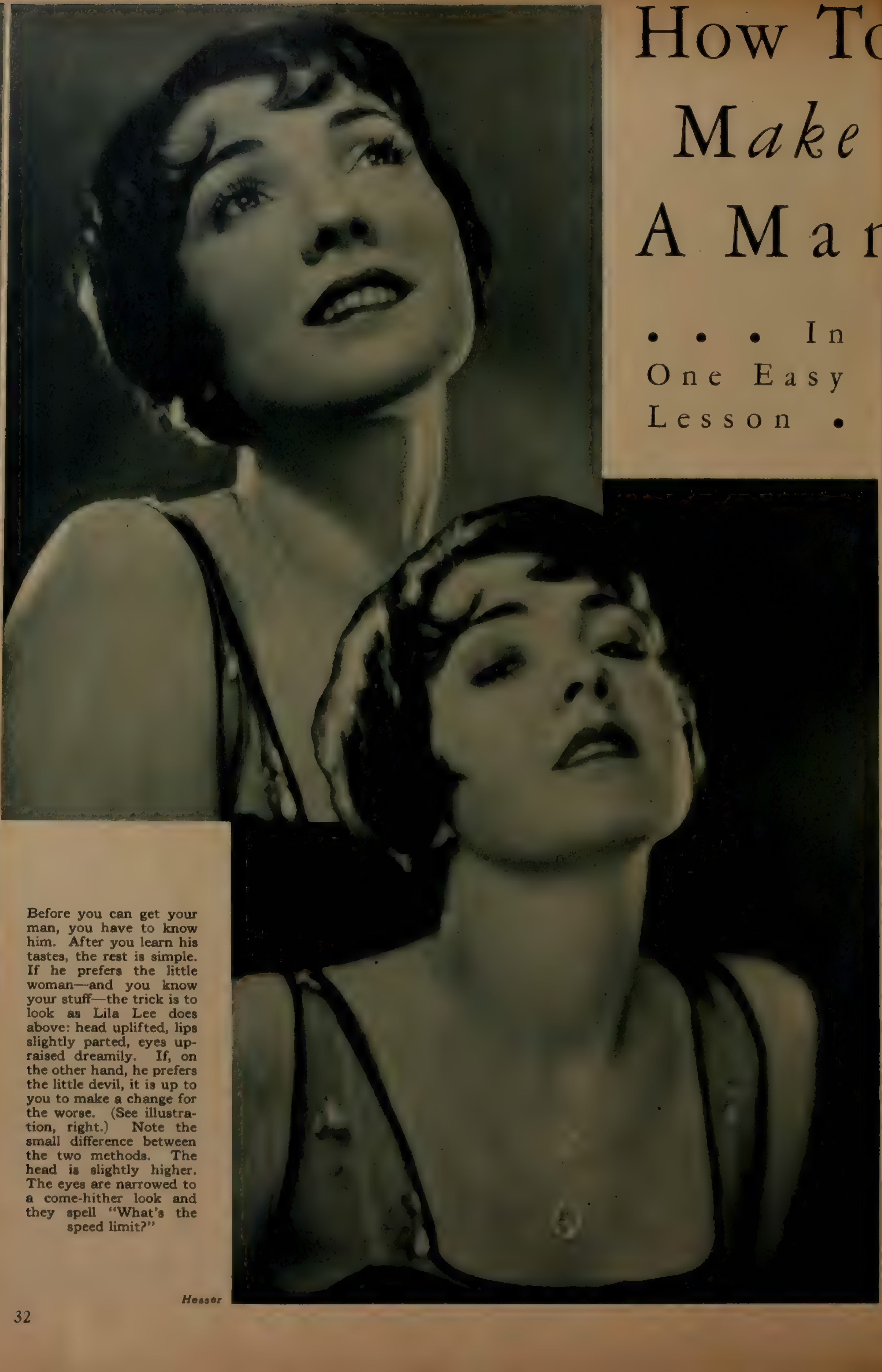


H. Harold Fisher

Here we have it—a bird's-eye-ful of Hollywood itself gone movie mad . . . Sid Grauman putting on two great shows at once . . . A four-million-dollar one inside, a sixty-thousand-dollar one outside . . . Searchlights burning the sky, planes roaring and looping above the dazed hordes . . . *Hell's Angels!*

How To Make A Man

. . . In One Easy Lesson .



Before you can get your man, you have to know him. After you learn his tastes, the rest is simple. If he prefers the little woman—and you know your stuff—the trick is to look as Lila Lee does above: head uplifted, lips slightly parted, eyes upraised dreamily. If, on the other hand, he prefers the little devil, it is up to you to make a change for the worse. (See illustration, right.) Note the small difference between the two methods. The head is slightly higher. The eyes are narrowed to a come-hither look and they spell "What's the speed limit?"

Hesser

Sports Of The Stars

VIII

As Told By Reginald Denny

To CHARLESON GRAY

Reginald Denny Keeps Young By Yachting

At top, left, Reginald Denny on the *Barbarene,* which makes him work and stay young; top right, three shipmates: John Mack Brown, a third friend, and Ben Hendricks; right, Cecil de Mille's luxury, the *Seaward*

JUST before his new steam yacht, the *Infanta,* slid off the ways at San Pedro, John Barrymore made a little speech to the effect that a launching resembled childbirth—one wouldn't know until later how successful the result would be.

A point of difference he might have pointed out is that the usual yacht is destined for a far more glamourous career than the usual person. For while most of us are chained to humdrum daily jobs, these aristocrats of the sailing world are sliding through pleasant waters, their equipment burnished to perfection, enjoying an atmosphere poised equally between health and fun.

At first thought, it might be difficult to understand how a man could spend a half-million dollars on a yacht (as Barrymore has on the *Infanta*), and expect to receive full value on his investment. But when it is pointed out that yachtsmen consider a boat capable of adding from ten to fifteen years to a man's life, it becomes apparent that they are cheap at the price. After all, none of us is growing any younger, alas!

Wealth Not Necessary

I SUPPOSE I should hasten to point out that it is far from necessary to lay out a sum anywhere in the neighborhood of a half-million in order to obtain yachting benefits. Barrymore's boat is large enough for an extended cruise, but those of the other yachtsmen in the picture colony are apt to be more on the order of my own *Barbarene.*

This is a sturdy thirty-five-foot affair, which is great sport sailing in all but the extremely rough weather which Ben Hendricks and I recently encountered off the coast of Lower California. For some time it looked as if the business was about to lose two ambitious young men; and I determined at that time that if I ever set foot on solid land again, my next boat would be much larger than the *Barbarene.*

Just at present I'm deliberating between a sixty-foot yawl and a cabin cruiser equipped with Diesel engines. What I should like, of course, would be both creations—but I'm afraid it

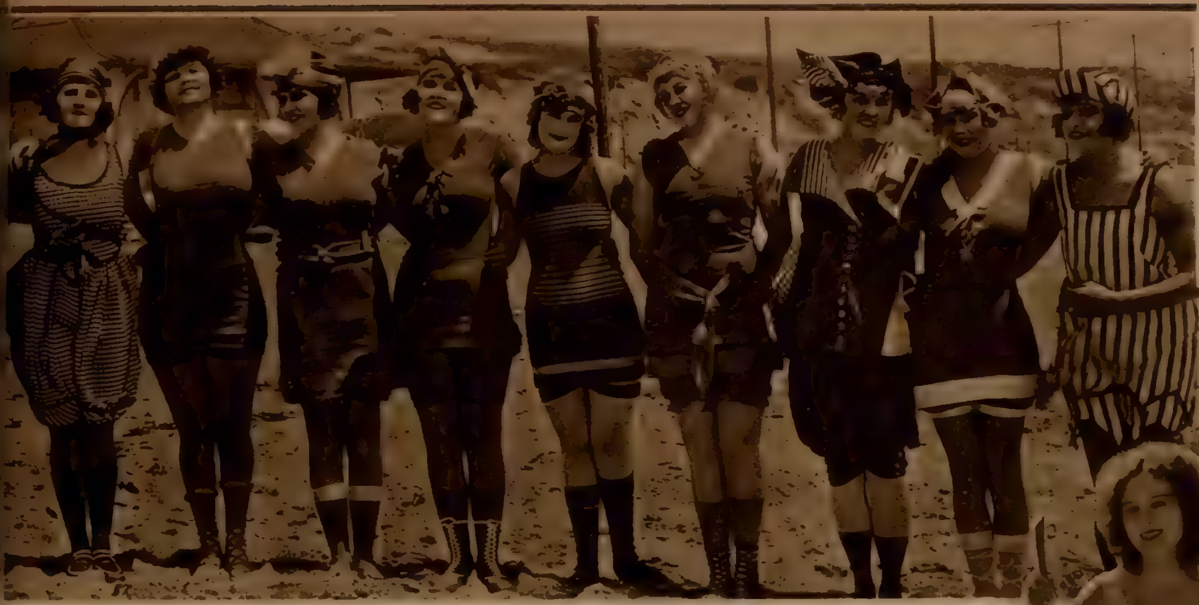
(*Continued on page 93*)

Salt Water

After the shifting sands of Hollywood, it seems good to Leila Hyams (left) to get her feet on solid rock at Santa Monica, and watch the sea turn green with envy

And two more baiting beauties who aren't building castles in the sand are Helen Kaiser and Sally Blane (right), who, like their suits, shrink from public view

Above, Merna Kennedy brings out the life guards in a suit which brought out the volunteer fire department in Atlantic City in 1842; left, our dancing daughter and blushing bride, Joan Crawford, cools her tootsies



DAFFY

It was a large day in Venice, Cal., in 1917 when the Mack Sennett girls across the top came out in their damage suits. Fifth and seventh from left, respectively, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver

Up in the air: not that she doesn't swim, but Dorothy Jordan (right) would rather swing than be seen in the water

Top left, Zelma O'Neal makes a false step high above the briny; top right, backsliding Merna Kennedy, Joan Marsh and Helen Wright are in for a ducking; above, Helen Wright keeps her head in the water; and Clara Bow, right, is among the beautiful and damp at Malibu

CLASSIC

CASE IV

COURT SCRIBE: CHARLESON GRAY

Editor's Note—Two years ago the Talkies were tried, and found good. And now Silent Pictures, once the pride of Hollywood, are on trial for their life. You have heard the arguments of the prosecution. And now, in CLASSIC's Open Court—where he is sure of getting a fair hearing—the silent, but none the less eloquent lone defender of Silent Pictures rises to present his side of the case. Listen closely to Mr. Chaplin's arguments, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury. For with you—and you only—rests the responsibility of deciding whether or not they are guilty of the charge: They Are Not Wanted.

LADIES and Gentlemen of the Jury: In the whole history of the theatrical court there have been few cases of more importance than the one now being tried before you—the Talkies versus the Silent Pictures. You have been listening to the opposition—in all its furious caterwauling—and now I ask that you heed quiet me. Nor will it be necessary for you to strain forward in your seats, fearful of missing my meaning. You don't have to hear me to know what I am talking about. That's acting.

In fact, in order that you may obtain the subtlest shades of my message, I prefer that you do not hear me speak. My silence is more eloquent than my voice. And by the same token, while I consider a good stage play far superior to a good talking picture, I consider a good silent film of the same play as superior to either.

This, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, is because it is easier to watch a performer than to listen to one. The sound-producers have insisted that the defect of the legitimate theater is the inability of everyone in the house to see and to understand what the players on the stage are saying. The motion picture remedies the defect as to sight, and certainly the talking devices allow the characters to be heard—but there is the almost ludicrous habit of these devices of producing sounds from unexpected places. For instance, in some theaters, during a tense love scene, the dialogue will appear to be proceeding from the characters' feet. In others, from the ceiling of the set—and in others from either to the players' right or left. Rarely do words ever seem to be coming from the lips of the speakers themselves.

The Barrier of Language

THE present fad of talking pictures has many of these grave defects; but none is more serious than the handicap which they have imposed upon the industry itself. The pantomime which forms the basis for the success of silent pictures is universally understood. The message is conveyed by actions and gestures which are as old and as recognizable as humanity. When, for the purpose of introducing or connecting a story, a sub-title is required, it is the simplest of matters to inject the printed word of any language.

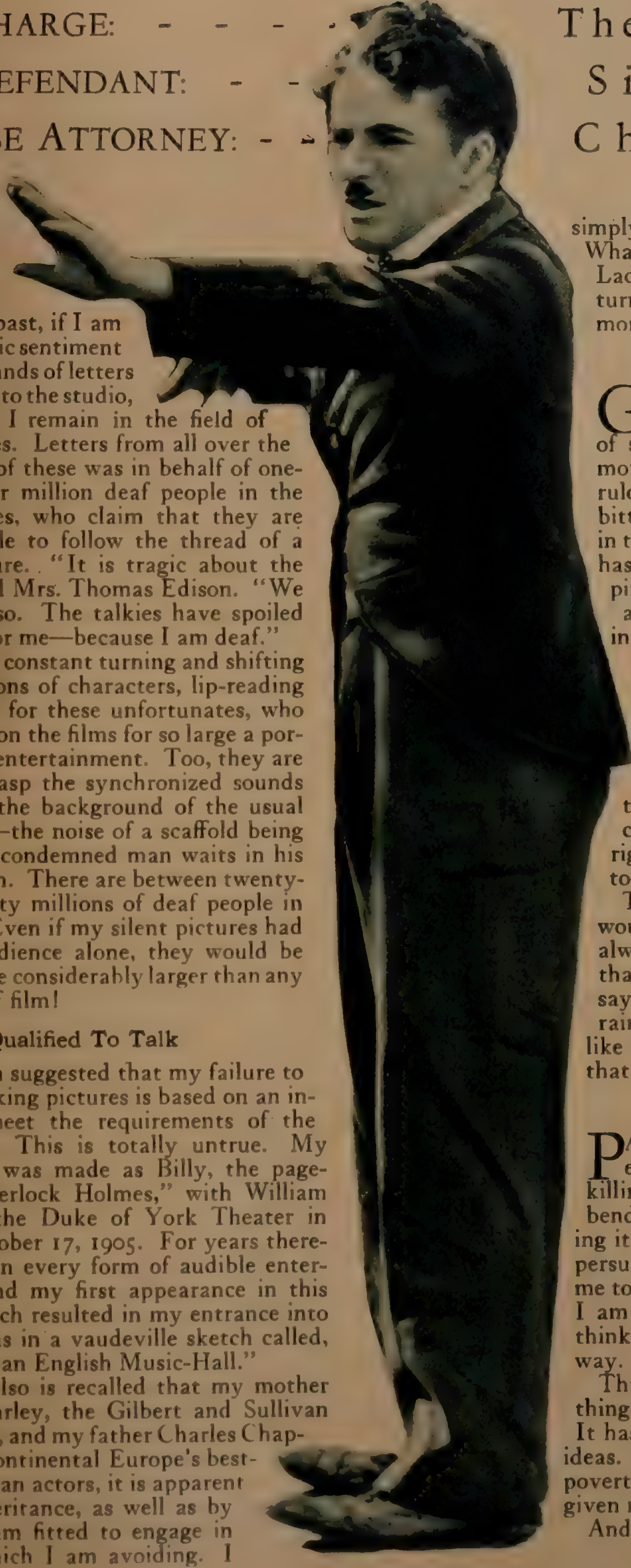
But, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, can the makers of talking pictures rely on any such simple procedure? The answer is No.

Mr. Goldwyn, for instance, makes a picture called "Bulldog Drummond." This effort may readily be released in England and America—but how about Italy, Japan, Sweden, France and Germany? It is necessary to remake the picture, if each of those countries is to have it, using players speaking the native language—a task requiring four or five years, if it is to be done properly. Even then there is no assurance that the language spoken will be correct. It is apt to be as garbled as some of the language that passes for English on our talking screens.

My future films are to have even more of a vogue than

Holds Open Court

THE CHARGE: - - - They Are Not Wanted
THE DEFENDANT: - - Silent Pictures
DEFENSE ATTORNEY: - - Charles Chaplin



those of the past, if I am to judge public sentiment by the thousands of letters which pour into the studio, begging that I remain in the field of silent pictures. Letters from all over the world. One of these was in behalf of one-and-a-quarter million deaf people in the United States, who claim that they are totally unable to follow the thread of a talking picture. "It is tragic about the movies," said Mrs. Thomas Edison. "We loved them so. The talkies have spoiled everything for me—because I am deaf."

Due to the constant turning and shifting of the positions of characters, lip-reading is impossible for these unfortunates, who depended upon the films for so large a portion of their entertainment. Too, they are unable to grasp the synchronized sounds which form the background of the usual talking film—the noise of a scaffold being erected as a condemned man waits in his cell, and so on. There are between twenty-five and thirty millions of deaf people in the world. Even if my silent pictures had only this audience alone, they would be playing to one considerably larger than any other type of film!

Qualified To Talk

IT has been suggested that my failure to make talking pictures is based on an inability to meet the requirements of the microphone. This is totally untrue. My stage début was made as Billy, the page-boy, in "Sherlock Holmes," with William Gillette at the Duke of York Theater in London, October 17, 1905. For years thereafter I was in every form of audible entertainment, and my first appearance in this country, which resulted in my entrance into the films, was in a vaudeville sketch called, "A Night in an English Music-Hall."

When it also is recalled that my mother was Lily Harley, the Gilbert and Sullivan prima donna, and my father Charles Chaplin, one of Continental Europe's best-known Protean actors, it is apparent that by inheritance, as well as by training, I am fitted to engage in this field which I am avoiding. I simply believe that the silent pictures are best. What would you have thought of Rembrandt, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, if he had turned sign-painter, merely because he could get more work?

Scarf-Pins In Portraits

GILBERT SELDES, the noted drama critic, made a shrewd statement upon the advent of synchronization. He said that "just as the movies were showing promise, they turned garrulous, started talking to themselves." This is bitterly true. The talkies are mechanical, limited in their field, and quite devoid of charm. Dialogue has no more place in the usual film than a scarf-pin has the right to be punched into the scarf of a portrait by Gainsborough, or a phonograph inserted in a bust by Michelangelo.

My opponents, the makers of talking pictures, have indulged in heavy advertising campaigns in order to foist their product upon the public which you men and women represent. But despite this fact, held back as they are by monetary considerations, the press of both England and America has come forth to declare that I am unquestionably right in the stand which I am taking before you to-day!

They also add that I am the only one who would dare take this position, in that my pictures always have depended upon pantomime, rather than words. One observer was kind enough to say that "you might as well try to fit words to a rainbow as to a Chaplin comedy." A reaction like that does something to ease my conviction that fame is exasperating.

The Lone Defender

PANTOMIME is one of the greatest forms of expression. It is cruel to see it given this killing blow. And, believing as I do, I intend to bend all my efforts toward doing my part in keeping it alive. I do not think there is any amount of persuasion of money or influence which could get me to make a talking motion picture. I realize that I am alone in my stand among producers, but I think I am right and I am going ahead in my own way.

This I am able to do. Success has meant one thing at least to me, for which I thank my destiny. It has allowed me to think. I used to be afraid of ideas. That fear goes with poverty. And I did know poverty in its most awful form. But money has given me faith in myself—and theories of my own.

And thus it is, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury,

(*Continued on page 87*)

My Most

As Told By

William Powell

To

WALTER RAMSEY

Richee

During the past year or so, I have become identified with a certain rôle on the screen—Philo Vance, the ultra connoisseur and crime detector. I have portrayed Vance in several of S. S. Van Dine's famous detective stories, and each time Vance has been able to deduce the reasons and motives behind the dastardly crimes which have been committed—and eventually point out the guilty party. When one has been so closely attached to a character as to be referred to AS that character, the great majority of fans begin to wonder if the actor actually has the character's attributes. That is the reason why CLASSIC has asked me to relate an incident from my life which closely parallels the situations on the screen. In the ensuing attempt you will be the judge as to whether I actually have the deductive powers of Philo Vance.—William Powell.

THE screen has recognized my prowess at deductive reasoning from the first picture work I ever tried. In fact, my first rôle was a part in a John Barrymore picture entitled "Sherlock Holmes." My ability along detective lines was what made the solution of that picture possible—for, if you remember, I was the one who suggested the essential clue to *Holmes*. From that initial attempt, I have gained a reputation that finally led me to the characterization of *Philo Vance*—which is the ultimate goal of all deducers.

But this story actually starts during the production of my second picture, "The Bright Shawl." I wasn't playing one of my famous detective parts in that opus, but was essaying the rôle of a lighter and less brainy individual. During the making of the film, Richard Barthelmess, the star and hero of the story, became my fast friend—and I his. We were working in New York at the time and I made my home at the Lambs' Club. Dick had a more permanent residence, so we saw little of each other, except at the studio.

One night about twelve o'clock, I was startled out of a sound sleep only to be

Deductive Moment

In True *Philo Vance* Style, William Powell Solved The Great Barthelmess Mystery

informed that Mr. Barthelmess was in the lobby and wished to speak with me. After we had been connected, he told me that he had stayed in town until too late to go home for the night and had dropped into the Lambs' for a room—the clerk had been sorry, but there were no rooms available. I sympathized with him, of course, and suggested that he come up and stay in my room—an idea which he readily accepted (and which I have always regretted).

Seventy Disappears

NO sooner had I hung up the receiver than he appeared and undressed for bed. We spoke a few words and then decided we would have to get some sleep for an early call the following morning. The fog had already begun rolling in at the open window as we bade each other "good night." Fog is a mysterious sort of vapor, isn't it? Especially fog on a dark night.

Both of us slept soundly, and awakened, quite refreshed, at seven in the morning. Our early-morning sallies were more or less cryptic, but aside from that, we were in the best of spirits. Dressing ourselves in bathrobes, we went to the general shower-room which was located at the other end of the hall. Returning within twenty minutes, we dressed with some degree of haste. While making ourselves ready for the day's work, Barthelmess happened to pull out his wallet and look into it. His face took on an uncanny mask as he turned to me with:

"What does this mean? I say, can't a fellow spend the night in your quarters without having himself robbed of almost every nickel he has on him? This is a serious thing. What have you to say?"

I informed him that I had no idea whatsoever what he was talking about, and begged to be enlightened.

"Don't tell me you don't know what's the matter. I've been robbed of seventy dollars—in cash—and I want it returned immediately. Come, this thing has gone far enough already."

Richee

As in this story, William Powell in his screen life first stands accused—then solves a mystery. But whether a gentleman of fashion (see opposite page), *Philo Vance* (left and below), or something else again, he is always studiously smooth (as above)

A Baffling Mystery

DURING the time we were going through the rest of his pockets, searching the room, and calling the manager on the 'phone, we kept up a steady series of banterings. Of course, he didn't believe that *I* had stolen his money, but the whole situation looked mighty bad on the surface. The manager assembled all the bellhops and servants who had been working in our wing during the time that Dick had been in the room but, aside from some very meager clues and suspicions, I was unable to cast any light on the missing money. After an hour or so of

(*Continued on page 82*)

Portraits exclusively posed by Russell Ball for Classic

H*ark*, H*ark*, The Bark

That eminent base singer, Harry Gribbon, can gargle any theme song—and howl. Whether singing in the bath-tub or the shower, he has absolutely no difficulty in finding the soap. Just mention the twelve-mile-limit if you want to see him on the high C's. And ask him if he knows "Carmen" and he'll want to know what you think he is—a conductor?

A Blonde Old Fashioned?

Jeanette as her great-grandma in ante-bellum days

Jeanette as her grandaunt of covered wagon days

If You Don't Think It's Possible, Look At Jeanette Loff

By

GLADYS HALL

JEANETTE LOFF is an old-fashioned girl.

I don't care what you say—she *is* an old-fashioned girl.

She brings to mind lavender and old lace, the scent of mignonette, the sense of a fair young thing playing the spinet, the harp or the melodeon at twilight in a dim room opening to a faint rising moon, the picture of a young mother handling talcum powder and rose-leaf skin and woolly shirts. There is something grave and quiet about her. A bit of Nordic sternness in the profile and the definite modeling of cheek and chin, in the sweep of the pale gold hair.

Jeanette thinks about souls and things. When she was a very little girl, up in Saskatchewan, she wanted to play the violin. Because, she says, she knew that the violin had a soul. Her father, Danish, and a violinist, refused her permission to play his instrument. She is left-handed, and it offended him to watch her handling of the bow.

What She Played Then

SHE thought of the piano, but the piano hasn't a soul. And then, the organ—the organ has a vasty, tumultuous, deep and velvet soul. She decided on the organ.

Everyone knows that she played the instrument at leading movie houses in Portland, Oregon. She improvised for everyone from Mary Pickford to Clara Bow. And she used to stay in the theater long after the fan-hungry crowds had streamed out. She would sit alone for long, dark and solitary hours, because she hated to leave the organ and the music she brought from it. Alone with her music and, probably, with her soul.

Her "crush" was Pola Negri, in those days. They say, wisely, no doubt, that opposites attract. I believe it must stop at attraction. I cannot picture Jeanette and Pola remaining long on any common ground.

She never dreamed of being a movie actress herself. She thought there were so many beautiful girls in Hollywood. She didn't see why she should have any particular chance. It took the concerted efforts of other people to give her the idea and the impetus to do something about it.

Fashioning Her Life

JEANETTE *is* an old-fashioned girl. The circumstances of her life notwithstanding. I know that she has been married and is married no longer. I know that she is a movie actress and, odsbodkins, a blonde one, to boot. I know that she lives in an apartment, alone, and doesn't take her mother to the studio with her.

People say that "she sacrificed her husband to her career." It may be that her husband sacrificed a wife to a career. Perhaps if he hadn't been eager for her to come to Hollywood to try her luck, perhaps if he had refused his "consent" to her trying for the screen—well, perhaps we should never have seen Jeanette in the exquisite Bridal Veil sequence of Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz."

All things work for the common good, say the professorial Pollyannas.

But I believe we should have seen Jeanette, or heard from her, in something, in some way. She was always used to women doing things. Her mother was a professional designer. Her sister studied something or other. Their household hummed with music and sketches and the creative impulse. Marriage, a small apartment, tea at the leading hotel, bridge and tennis and country clubs would never completely satisfy the girl who hadn't found the proper food for her capabilities, the proper setting for her beauty or (who knows?) the resting place for her heart.

(*Continued on page 89*)

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Kenneth Alexander

No raging Torrence: in Hollywood yes-men may be common (catch the double meaning), but chess men are rare, and one of the rarest is that canny Scot, *David* Torrence (above), who never gives a game away, and has a good time playing in "Raffles"

Chidnoff

No, *Alice* Joyce is not sitting on the disguised radiator (left) because she has been out in the cold. She hasn't been there since the talkies came in. She is merely warming up for some bigger and better opportunities

THE first shot of another Broadway-*vs.*-Hollywood battle was fired when Bert Lahr, comedian of the stage version of "Hold Everything," threatened to throw eggs at the Warner Brothers' screen version of the same play.

And he didn't make any secret of the fact that his particular target would be Joe E. Brown, who essays his rôle on the screen.

Bert says Joe copped his stuff. He further says that one comedian's copping another comedian's "line" is in the same class as "lifting" plots and melodies. He says Joe traveled to New York to see his show and deliberately made use of his personal brand of humor, which includes, "Some fun, some fun, eh, kid?" and other goof expressions.

Out in Hollywood, Joe says "phooey," or something to that effect, and calls attention to the fact that when a producer buys the rights to a stage play he is privileged to make use of the laugh lines.

This thoroughly reasonable explanation has in no way appeased the enraged Mr. Lahr. He's out gunning with eggs!

• • •

PAULINE *FREDERICK being waved in Jim's Beauty Parlor, while her new husband reads a stage play near-by.*

Sally *Eilers, delighted, but surprised at being chosen by Ziegfeld as the most beautiful girl in Hollywood.*

Bebe *Daniels, in brown and white, on the back seat of a gray Rolls-Royce.*

Norma *Shearer's "The Divorcée" breaking* Greta *Garbo's "Anna Christie" records at the Criterion Theatre.*

Greta *Garbo, driving her own car, fleeing from a newspaper reporter down Beverly Boulevard.*

Lilyan *Tashman deciding to go to New York with* Eddie *Lowe, her husband, two hours before train-time.*

Hays office barring four Broadway plays: "It's A Wise Child," "The Last Mile," "Lost Sheep," and "Lily White."

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Don English

He has been having a swell time again: to some, camera work gives inflated craniums, but not *Maurice* Chevalier. You can see above what "The Love Parade" and "The Big Pond" have done for him. And the more he works, the bigger hands he gets

She ponders her risibilities: *Sally* Eilers (right)—the girl Florenz Ziegfeld picked as the pick of Hollywood—is all set for some high flying, as Buster Keaton's leading lady in what they say will be a high comedy of war

Hurrell

THE cameraman on Richard Dix's picture receives daily letters and telegrams from a woman in the East, demanding that he keep an eye on Richard and report to her what he is doing. The lady contends that she and Rich are "soul-mates." One frantic air-mail, special-delivery letter wanted to know if he had seemed absent-minded and rather sad at the exact hour of 2:15 P.M. on the previous Wednesday. It seems that the lady herself had been weeping about that time, and she craved to know if Richard was equally affected.

Just another one of those things with which movie actors have to contend.

• • •

JOAN *CRAWFORD entertaining her family and young Doug's mother at a family-group dinner at the Roosevelt.*

Winnie *Lightner falling down the steps on a* Warner *Brothers set and tearing the skin off both knee-caps.*

Florenz *Ziegfeld and* Samuel *Goldwyn escorting the wealthy* Baron *de Rothschild about the United Artists lot.*

William *Haines snatching a hamburger between scenes and calling it lunch.*

Betty *Compson and* Glenn *Hunter suspected as our newest romance.*

• • •

SAID a perfectly strange young man, walking up to Irene Delroy, as she finished a scene:

"Pardon me, but are you the Irene Delroy who had an affair with my cousin back in Kansas City?"

"Good Heavens, no!" gasped Irene, nearly bowled over, and all agog.

"Well, I just wanted to be sure," politely explained the stranger. "He's looking for that girl. He wants to marry her and do right by her. I thought if you were the one, you might be interested."

And with that, he graciously walked away.

Honesty is the pest policy.

JOHN HOLLAND, who came up over the horizon in "Hell Harbor," has just inherited a fortune and wants to keep it a secret. So far as money goes, John need never work another day of his life. But the joke of it is—he wants to work.

Perhaps he is wise in advising his press-agent to go easy on "the rich young man" angle. The scions of the wealthy have never made any noticeable mark on the screen. Remember **Jerry Miley** and young **Michael Cudahy**?

• • •

MARIAN *NIXON and* Jeanette *Loff lunching at the new Dominoes Club.*

Lupe *Velez singing with a Spanish orchestra at a dinner party in her new home.*

Walter *Pidgeon inviting three other good bridge players to a game of stiff "contract."*

Alice *Lake, of old Metro stardom fame, lunching in the First National café.*

• • •

THE pre-nuptial showers for **Bebe Daniels** started six or eight weeks before the ceremony, which took place June 14 at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. All of her friends (and they comprise practically all of the Blue Book of Hollywood) tried to outdo each other in doing nice things for **Bebe**.

At a perfume and handkerchief shower given by **Mrs. William K. Howard**, and **Bebe's** girlhood chum, **Marie Mosquini**, the gifts were elaborate to the gasping point. **Betty Compson** brought a bottle of perfume, whose cost is up in the three-figure division, and two dozen imported handkerchiefs. **Mildred Davis Lloyd's** gift was an equally elaborate bottle of perfume and a costly atomizer.

The following day, **Constance Talmadge**, one of the bridal attendants, entertained at luncheon for thirty of **Bebe's** close girl-friends. Other parties included a din dance, a Mayfair supper, and five other showers.

In order to avoid a rush through the sidewalk crow **Bebe** arrived at the Hotel at an inconspicuous hour in afternoon, and thus the curious onlookers who love to t the bride's bouquet apart for a souvenir, were cheated even a glimpse of **Ben Lyon's** choice. One hundred gue attended the ceremony and two hundred were bidden the reception immediately following.

• • •

CONSTANCE *BENNETT dancing with* Lew *Ayres the Ambassador.*

John *Farrow and* Dolores *Del Rio equally occupied each other at the same party.*

Conrad *Nagel trying to find a quiet corner to study h lines for his new picture.*

Sue *Carol blending maroon and green color-schemes for h new living room.*

In 1924 Rudolph Valentino made a record in Spanish o a small self-recording device. The disc, just discovered, to have one million copies.

• • •

WHAT looks (on the surface) like the prize publicit gag of the month, is the announcement that **Jim Tully** has accepted a rôle in **John Gilbert's** new picture "Way For A Sailor." **Jim**, you may remember, is th promising pugilist who rocked **Jack** to sleep, following a little argument one evening in *The Brown Derby*.

Since, then, the boys have shaken hands and made up, and something tells me that some bright lad at **M-G-M** saw a swell chance to capitalize on the brawl and offered Mr. Tully a part in **John's** picture. Well, possibly there are some fans who would pay money to see the boy who said "No" to a Hollywood idol. I-dunno.

Richee

Looking for Tom, Dick and Harry rich men: temporarily deserting the Navy, *Clara* Bow is now keeping one eye open in "Love Among the Millionaires"

Don English

He'll write a theme song yet: *Gary* Cooper finds a new way to kill time—not to mention harmony—hunting for that key he got off several years ago

DOROTHY KNAPP *under strenuous reducing treatments for her "bareback" scene in "Whoopee."*

Madge *Bellamy dining alone in the Knickerbocker Tea* *oom.*

Madge *Kennedy in Hollywood for picture engagements.*

Lowell *Sherman* and Roscoe *Arbuckle lunching together* *the R. K. O. lot.*

• • •

POLLY MORAN in her customary "servant girl" togs, just off the set, was asked to pose for some pub-city pictures.

"Are you going to wear those clothes, or your own?" quired one of the boys.

"I might as well wear these," sighed **Polly**. "My own on't look any better."

• • •

MARCELITE BOLES, the little eight-year-old daughter of John Boles, was attending an afternoon erformance of "The Bishop Murder Case" with an qually youthful friend, **Rebecca**. As the action grew more nd more mysterious, the two began to whisper.

"Who do you think is the murderer?" asked **Marcelite**.

"I think it's **Alec Francis**," whispered her companion, eferring to the character being portrayed by that sterling ctor.

"Oh, no," gasped **Marcelite**, "it couldn't be Mr. rancis. Daddy introduced me to him at the studio, and e's such a charming man!"

• • •

CHESTER *MORRIS and his wife in the audience of* Bert *Lytell's "Brothers."*

Marian *Nixon being fitted in a flesh-colored lace gown.*

Jim *Tully lunching at the Embassy Club in shirt-sleeves.*

Lenore *Bushman, daughter of Francis X., on the set of "Madame Satan."*

Kay *Johnson on the verge of tears after a temperamental outburst from* Cecil *de Mille.*

• • •

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD is planning to return immediately to New York, where he will put a new stage show into immediate production. **"Ziggy"** isn't afraid of the talkies and soundies. "I think they are the best thing that ever happened," he smiled, "—to run people back into the theaters. The talkies will never be a serious menace to musical comedy so long as they continue to copy it. The only originally handled revue number I have see in any screen musical comedy is that melting-igloo number of the Eskimo girls in 'Sunny Side Up.'"

So far as the Hollywood beauties go, Ziegfeld feels that the producers overlook some of their best numbers.

His personal preference has already gone on record.

He also believes that **Lois Moran** has a splendid stage presence.

• • •

"HELL'S ANGELS" opened with a gigantic splurge at Grauman's Chinese, with all the trimmings and flipperies. So spotlighted and radio-announced was this première that it reminded natives of the good old days when everybody turned out for openings. The price of the première night tickets was eleven dollars per—which led a couple of the wags to believe that **Howard Hughes** must be bent on getting back that four million in one swoop.

The cost of this production has been a big feature in the advertising and publicity.

One Los Angeles billboard carries the simple legend, "$4,000,000." That's all, but it's enough.

(Continued on page 95)

Don English

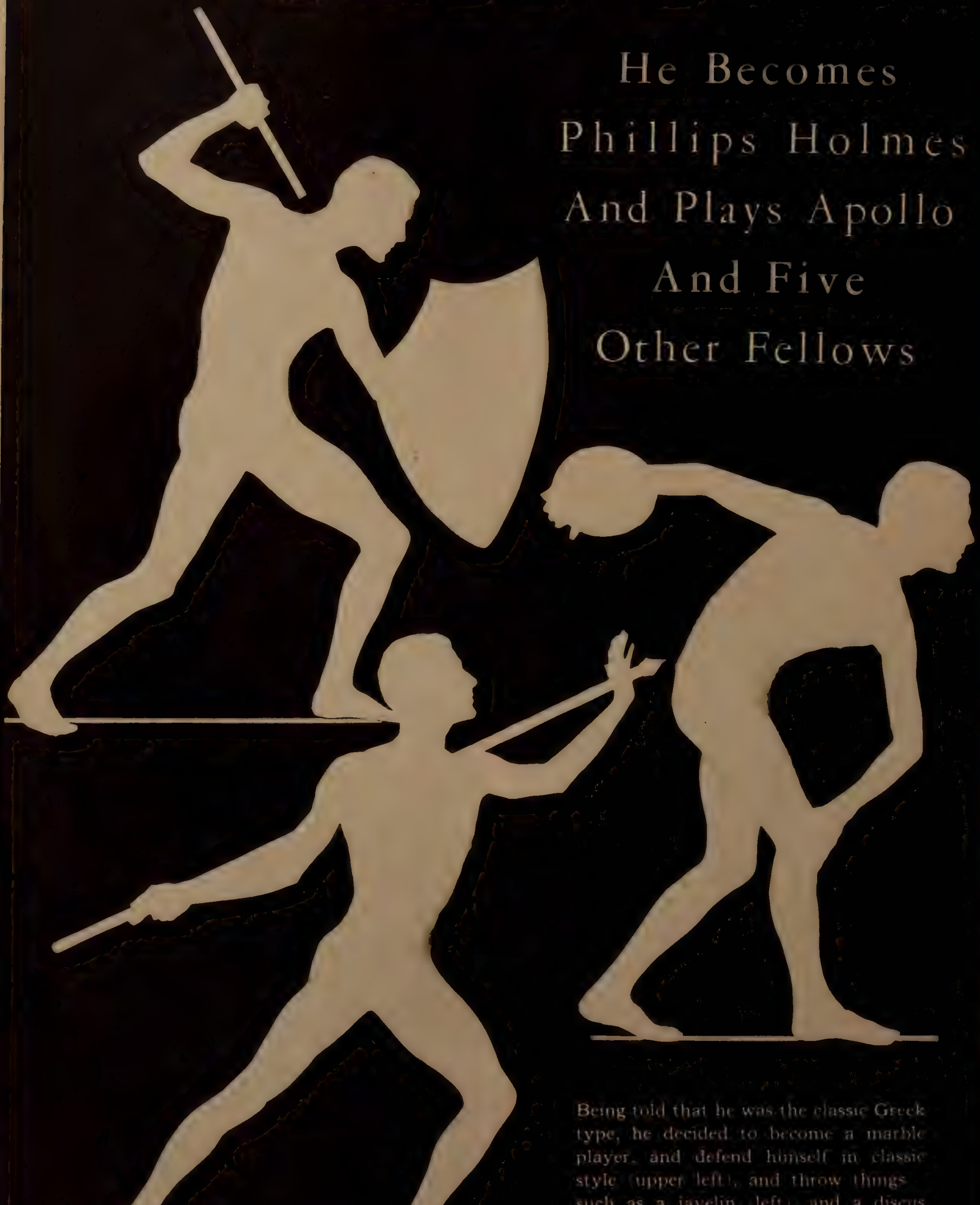
"It's child's play," says *Mitzi* Green, imitating a pianist, and rehearsing some musical comedy before she plays in "Love Among the Millionaires"

Hurrell

He keeps his grip: *Rod* La Rocque, still seated on Hollywood's Mt. Olympus, is in an even more comfortable position to-day than in the old silent days

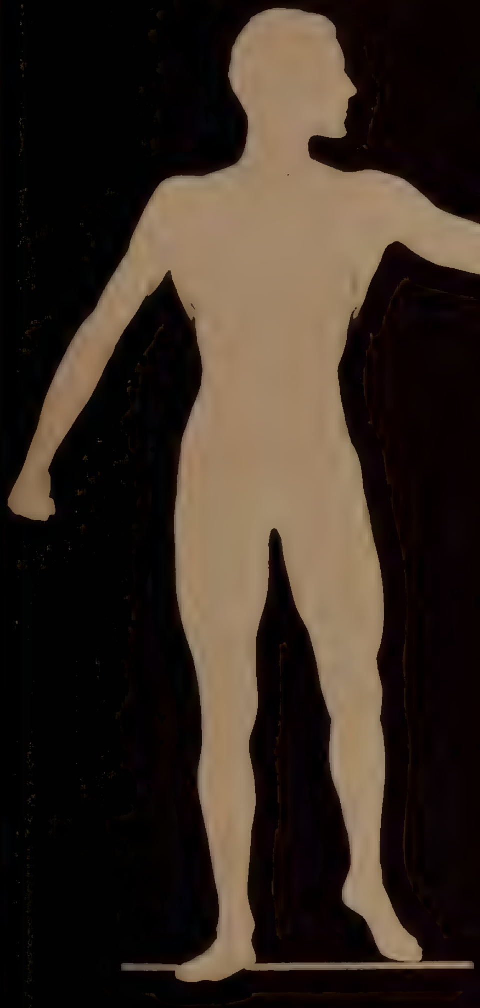
When Greek

He Becomes Phillips Holmes And Plays Apollo And Five Other Fellows



Being told that he was the classic Greek type, he decided to become a marble player, and defend himself in classic style (upper left), and throw things such as a javelin (left), and a discus (above)

Meets Sheik



And, shades of the Greeks, is that Apollo above? And that fist fighter at upper right an early Jack Dempsey? And that runner at the right a prehistoric Charlie Paddock? No, by Homer's beard. It may be Greek to some people, but to us it's Phillips Holmes

His Pace *Is His* Fortun

Eddie Cant
Moves Fas
Talks Fast
And Work
In The
Daytime

BY

ROBERT FENDER

Alexander

THERE is a temptation, in writing of Eddie Cantor, to make it sobby . . . a story to sniffle over. For Eddie, like so many of his tribe, fought long and hard and courageously for success. The fact that neither he nor his good wife lost faith in the no-cash-to-carry days would make possible a pretty little idyl of the *Courage* and *Will-to-Win* variety. But the first glance at Eddie puts to rout such an idea. One would rather write of him as he is to-day, very much alive and active, than delve into how he got that way.

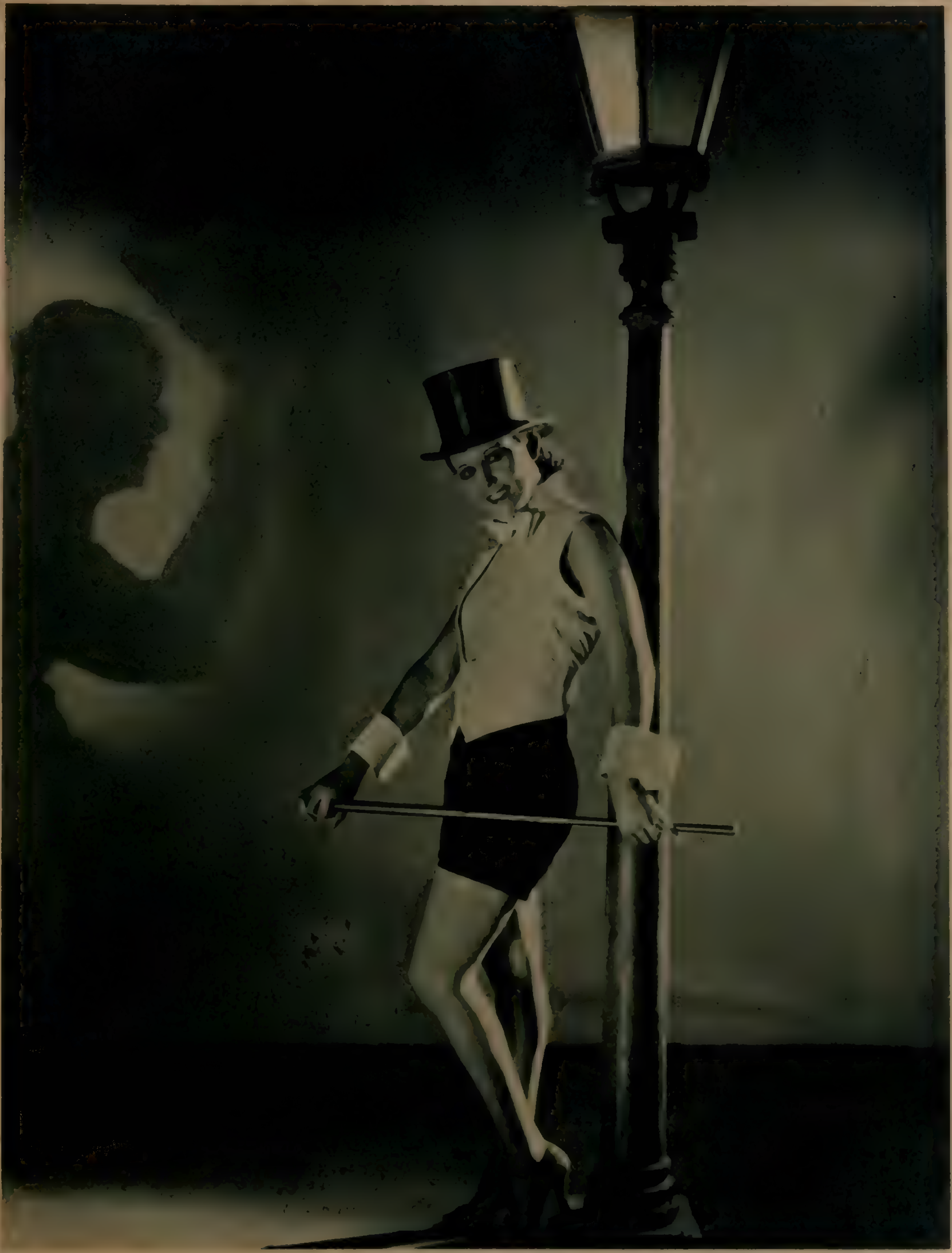
Eddie Cantor is downright electric. Maybe everyone is that way in the East, scurrying this way and that with pep messages all around. Perhaps we're a lazy tribe out here, doing just enough work to get by and retiring as quickly as possible for a snooze in the shade. At any rate, Eddie was the one person on the "Whoopee" set who looked as if he'd been out of bed for at least an hour. His very activity made him conspicuous. One isn't supposed to work out here, especially during working hours. It's only after cocktails and a good dinner that most of us open our eyes.

Insight Into Interviews

BUT if Eddie presented an alarming sight at work, he became doubly upsetting when it came time to interview him. And now is as good a time as any to let a little light in on this interviewing business. First of all, it's a downright snap. Going out on an interview means anything but going to work. You arrive at the victim's house, find out what he has on ice, make away with his better groceries, swap a few stories about the good old times and eventually get driven home in a lavender Rolls-Royce. If it's a hot day and he has a *loggia*, you're even apt to toss off a few hours' sleep. As for the interview, well—very few actors have anything to say. And even if they did, one is apt to doze off in the middle of it. It must be dat ol' devil Southern California sun.

Sympathize, then, with me when I learned that Eddie Cantor had an opinion on every subject imaginable and, what's more, he intended to see that I got it all down straight. Shed a tear, then, for one who was about to be forced to work . . . one who never never works until the proper incentive comes along, an incentive such as an eighteen-year-old blonde with blue eyes and things.

(*Continued on page 90*)

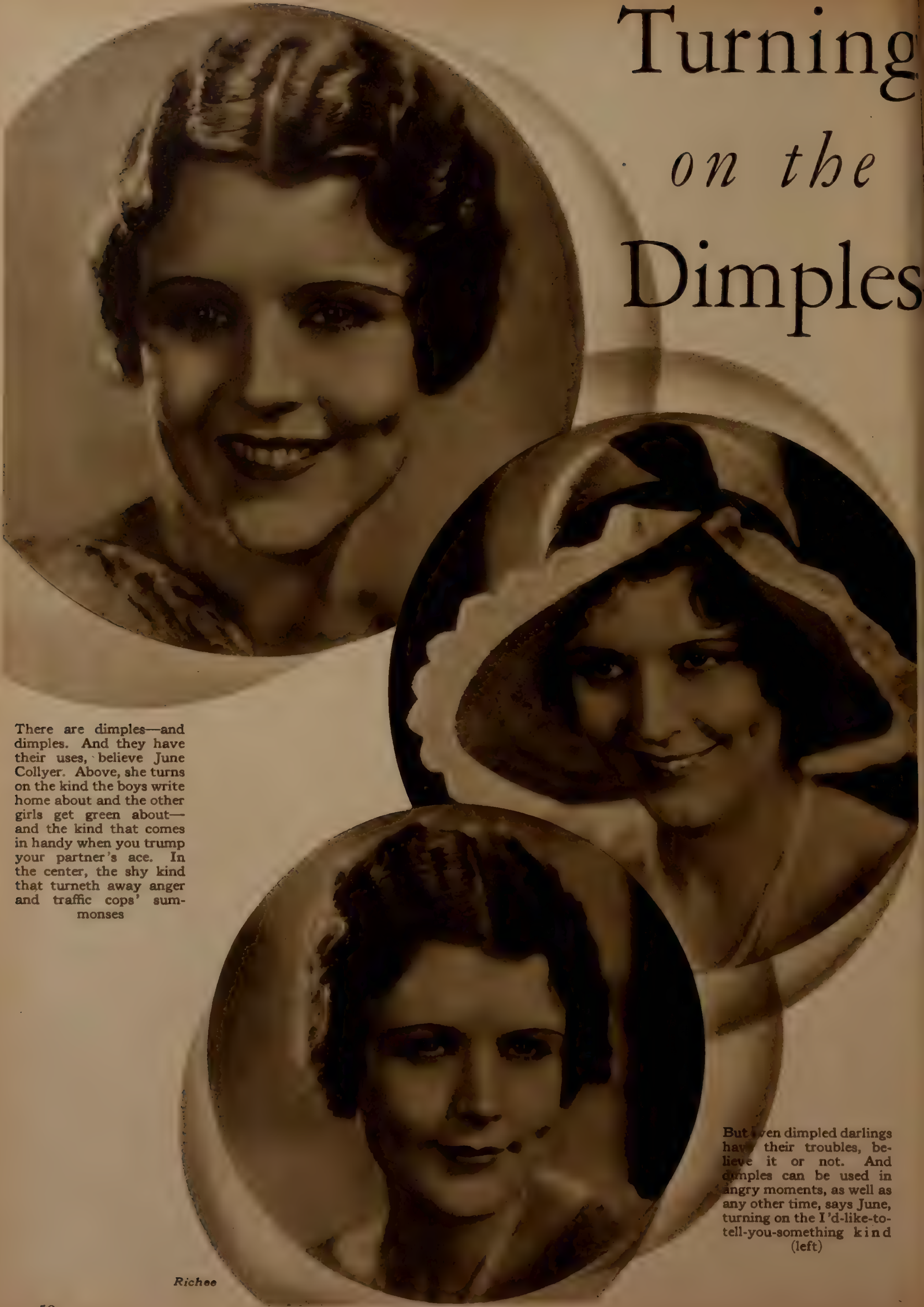


Rendezvous - Dee - O - Do

Stock markets are better left alone, but curb exchanges—now they're something else again. And Raquel Torres, a self-made man if there ever was one, isn't going to be left at the post. M-G-M's hat is off to her after "The Sea Bat," and now she is going to step, look and listen in "Never The Twain Shall Meet"

Hurrell

Turning *on the* Dimples



There are dimples—and dimples. And they have their uses, believe June Collyer. Above, she turns on the kind the boys write home about and the other girls get green about—and the kind that comes in handy when you trump your partner's ace. In the center, the shy kind that turneth away anger and traffic cops' summonses

But even dimpled darlings have their troubles, believe it or not. And dimples can be used in angry moments, as well as any other time, says June, turning on the I'd-like-to-tell-you-something kind (left)

Richee

A Young Man *of* Parts

Kenneth MacKenna, Tired Of Being A Leading Man, Wants Character Rôles

By

CEDRIC BELFRAGE

KENNETH MACKENNA is your de luxe model, super-heterodyne-performance talking picture hero. He has everyone else in the field outclassed. And there is nothing that can stop him in Hollywood.

The producers prayed to the God Broadway, when talkies hit them, to send young men and women who could really do things—not just wield a profile. And Kenneth was one-half of the answer to their prayers. He has so much on the ball, as the quaint saying is, that life in Hollywood opens out as just a path of primroses and buttercups for the term of his natural life. He has the prospect before him of garnering in the mazuma, week by week, so uninterruptedly that in the end he will be stifling a yawn at the sight of a thousand-dollar bill and lighting his cigarette with it. And eventually he will wave good-bye to enormous contracts and set sail, rather bored with it all, back to civilization, whence he came.

Hollywood has always been a place of queer happenings, of preposterous contrasts and ironical twists of fate. But never before has life been quite such a bed of roses for a few, and quite such a bed of brambles for the herd, as it is to-day, under the scepter of King Talkie. The studios need really sound talent desperately, in every branch of the work. How much really sound talent lies undiscovered in the herd, nobody is, or ever will be able to say. But for anybody who has had the "breaks"—the opportunity to display talent—and has displayed it, there need never be any such thing as worry so long as Hollywood stands.

He Speaks the Languages

THINGS broke right for Kenneth MacKenna. The arrival of talkies found him a leading man of several years' standing on Broadway. He had been blessed by a kindly Providence with a chance to display his talent in all its branches, and the number of those branches had increased with the passage of time, by reason of his hard work. He had fulfilled the office of leading man to a dozen stars and in about as many shades of dialect. English plays, Scotch plays, American plays, French plays, German plays—he had been in them all. And he had become a specialist in dialect and in all obscure stage uses of the voice. When talkies started, he was just a cinch for one of the fat contracts.

He is probably as versatile with his voice as Lon Chaney is with his face. And his various European dialects carry conviction; for Kenneth MacKenna spent his early years in Paris, and spoke French before he spoke his native language. Then he was educated in England. And now, to all outward appearances, he is an Englishman of the particularly well-traveled sort. Actually, though, it is the Stars and Stripes to which he pays homage.

It is his ability to switch on a genuine English or American accent at will that makes him the valuable acquisition he is to the talkies. His European dialects will stand him in good stead; but this business of English *vs.* American pronunciation of the language of Shakespeare and ex-Governor Smith is something more serious altogether. An

(*Continued on page 78*)

He Forgo He Was Ronal Colma

Found At Las A Place Where N One Cared Wh He Was

By ROBERT FENDE

I RECENTLY had the good lu to study Ronald Colman at clos but not too close, range. Now can feel with Mr. and Mr Martin Johnson, when they retur from the tropic fastnesses with a secre or two about the wild things. M eyes still shine with the wonder I hav witnessed. I am still impressed wit the honor unsuspectingly visited upo me. I continue to tremble, although i has been over these many days. Le me tell you about it.

There is a little inn on the Californi coast half-way between San Francisc and Los Angeles, which was mad especially for the world-weary. Celebrities go there to get away from thei celebrity, for in that country no on knows or cares whether you are ex-President Coolidge or the Great Horn Spoon. Besides these, others like myself, who like breakfast in bed, luncheon beside the Pacific, and dinner before open pine fires, also go there. We are not supposed to get excited when seated at the same table with the gods. But some of us do.

One morning—I think it was right after old Mr. Weeks had taken the only newspaper with him to his room, leaving the rest of us stranded—a dark young somebody, wearing a cap and trench coat, registered and was shown

(*Continued on page 85*)

Our Own News Camera

Richee

In his old rôle again: there is nothing like Hollywood for aging a man, and the effect on Cyril Maude may be seen above. The famous stage star's hair has turned white, and he is *Grumpy* again

The curl of the golden west: sixteen-year-young Joan Marsh, one of the fairest of Hollywood's wicker sex, sleeps (below) with one eye open, on the lookout for more chances like "Little Accident"

Ray Jones

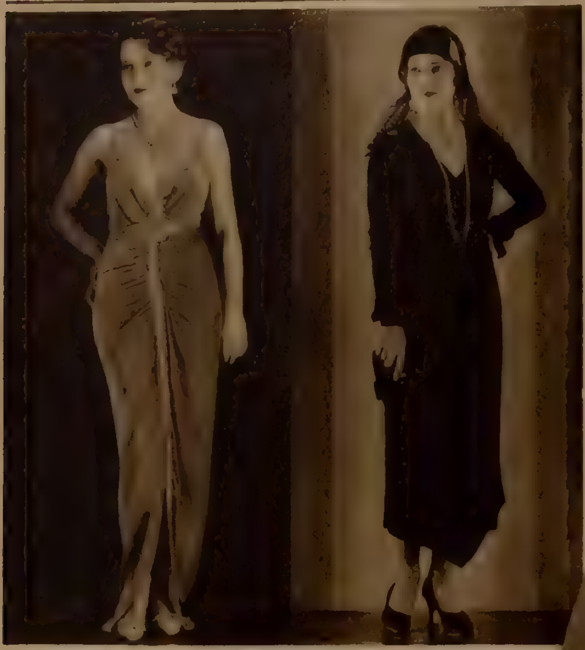
Ray Jones

She should smile: Janet Gaynor, for some as yet unexplained reason, took a vacation, and Rose Hobart (above) left Broadway to play opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" (title subject to change)

Tidal wave: Corinne Griffith, who has gone down to the seas again to park in her bungalow at Malibu Beach, calls a friend by the semaphore system. Telephones are as scarce as poor people

Where a man can be free and easy: William Boyd also is one of those who gets Away From It All by resorting to his hermitage at Malibu Beach, where he is his own cook and bottle-washer

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST T



Dyar

The lengths to which some stars go to be in style: Jean Arthur (above) went ransacking in the Paramount wardrobe, resurrected these two dresses, made in 1917, and was almost up to date

The girl said "Neigh": going Western in "Billy, The Kid," Lucille Powers (right) asserts that it's a turf life, but proves that when it comes to riding horses she can hold her own

When girls had yards and yards to play in: Dorothy Lee (right), all ruffled and ready to be a hoopee girl in "Dixiana," wonders what she would ever do if she had to sit out a cotillion

Autrey

High comedienne: some are low comediennes, but not Beatrice Lillie (right), who was up against a stone wall in the movies until she could be heard as well as seen, as she will be in "Are You There?"

Stax

This business of making comedies is sometimes child's play, but Thelma Todd (above) apparently slipped up (or, if you prefer, down) and landed where a comedy-maker seldom does—on her face

Bending backwards in their efforts to please the cameraman, ten tanned members of Pearl Eaton's chorus (right) give away a secret—revealing to a palpitant world how they get waves in their hair

International

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

International

Again they come together: John Gilbert and Jim Tully (left) get some more mutual publicity, this time by burying the hatchet, for Jim is to play a part in John's new picture, "Way For A Sailor"

Richee

Vaulting ambitions: that high-voltage, high-stepping blues singer, Lillian Roth (above), is in a position to go over again and get past the last bar which stands between her and stardom

Will pulls another one: Oklahoma's Senator-at-Large, Will Rogers (left) apologetically reckons as how he's a boy again, in his latest reason for American hysteria, "So This Is London"

Autrey

A better man than you are, Gunga Din: Fifi Dorsay (left) raises zee cane so well that they told her she could put on zee high hat, if she would be a tip-topper in "She Wears The Pants"

What's all the shooting for? Bill Hart has come down out of them thar hills and retirement, and allows as how John Mack Brown needs some two-gun teachin' for "Billy, The Kid"

Four and one to carry: parrots aren't popular these days, but Leila Hyams upholds a quartette that appear in "The Unholy Three" and proves that four out of five don't have it

Where Are They S

By

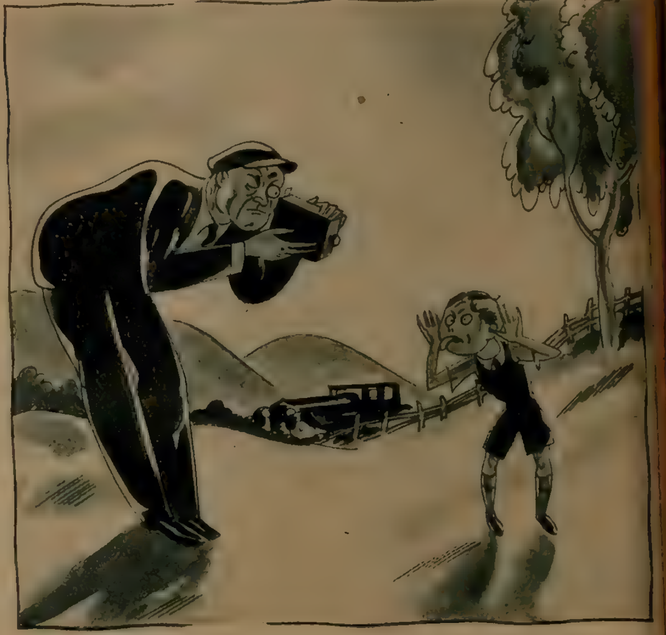
RUTH BIERY

WHEN you come to Hollywood, you will find Sunday a difficult day for star-gazing unless you heed these directions which we have so carefully prepared for you.

Did I hear someone murmur something about "Church"? Ah, it would be easy if we, who try so hard to guide you, free of charge, to the haunts of the famous and near-famous, could only draw a map showing the locations of our temples. But it would be just so much time wasted. The Hollywood stars do not spend the seventh day in temples.

It isn't that they are not religious or serious minded or don't believe in the Sunday morning appearance. My dears, if they were not reverent (which they are), they would still follow the instructions of their worthy grandparents and appear on each seventh morn at the House of Worship if there were possible time for it. To be seen walking down the main aisle between the crowded pews in their latest Greer creations, perhaps among those who never have the opportunity to see them at openings—would any woman in Hollywood miss such a platinum opportunity? Would her press-agent let her?

But it cannot be, no matter how much we crave the chance so innocently offered. It cannot be for those who sincerely covet the peace and quiet which Church would bring to



Lon Chaney goes in for Sunday movies, taking his own productions with one of the amateur devices. His small grandson is invariably starred

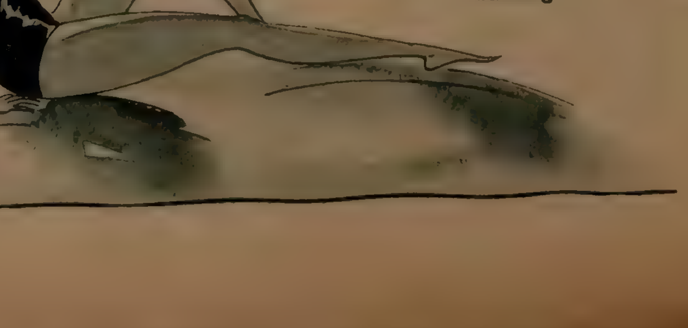
them. Even Conrad Nagel has been forced to forego hi Sunday morning ushering, they tell me.

Opportunity Day

YOU have read before that the demands of our Hollywood profession are more strenuous, more nerve racking, more unrelenting than those of other occupations. People in other worlds do have their nights and their Saturday afternoons and their lunch hours and early mornings and—well, they do have time for washing their hair and manicuring their nails and seeing their husbands and wives and aging mothers.

But here—do you know that it is an actual fact that sometimes Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., scarcely see each other from one Sunday to another? Also Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque, Sue Carol and Nick Stuart—but name over the happily married couples! ("Perhaps that's the reason they're happy?"—Shame on you!)

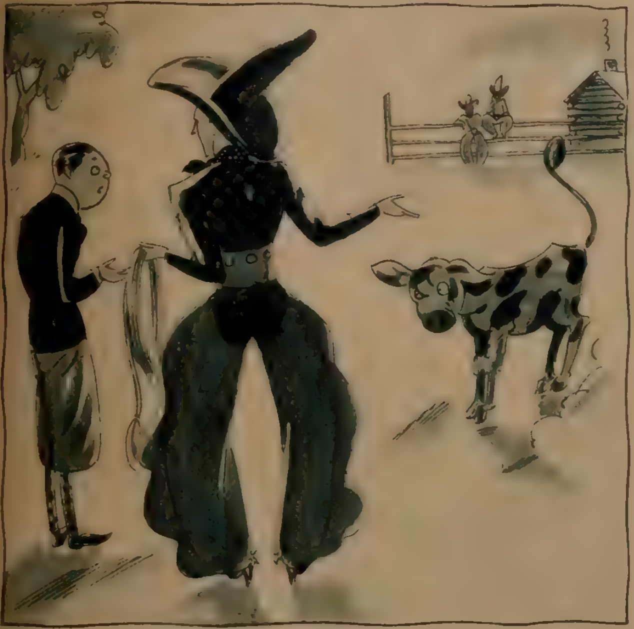
Just imagine for a moment that you are Joan Crawford. You are working days at M-G-M and Doug is working nights at First National. You leave at seven in the morning so you may have plenty of time for make-up and arrival on the set by nine. Your company finishes at six or seven or eight in the evening. *He* leaves at five in the afternoon so he may be on his set by seven. *He* works until seven in the morning. Your



To locate Greta Garbo: discover the hottest place under the sun in Hollywood, and seek the spot. There you will find the mysterious one, sun bathing

Sundays?

A Handy Guide To Where You Can Find Your Film Favorites



Ken Maynard doesn't get enough cowboy exercise week-days. He holds calf-roping contests Sundays, and will be glad to have you try your hand

cars must go in opposite directions, so you can't even pass each other to wave good morning!

Or, suppose you both work in the daytime. Hour after hour before the camera; hour after hour of repeating the same scene over and over. Hour after hour of grueling sun arcs, misunderstanding microphones, determined directors, exasperating supervisors. What would you do in the evenings? Sleep! And Sundays? Get acquainted with each other, spoon a little! And if one is working and the other is between pictures? Practically the same story. There's scarcely a time when neither is working. If it should happen—you'd find both out of the city.

They Go Places, Do Things

A GUIDE-BOOK of the churches wouldn't help a bit your Sunday search for Ramon Novarro, who places his Church above his profession. Or for Anthony Bushell, who trained to be a minister.

But we want you to spend your Sundays to advantage when you visit our city, so here are a few sign-post tips which should be of inestimable value.

To locate Greta Garbo, take out your binoculars and study the sun. Discover the hottest ray, locate where it strikes Hollywood and with the aid of your compass seek the spot. There you will find the mysterious one, sun bathing. She never misses, so you will not have wasted a minute.

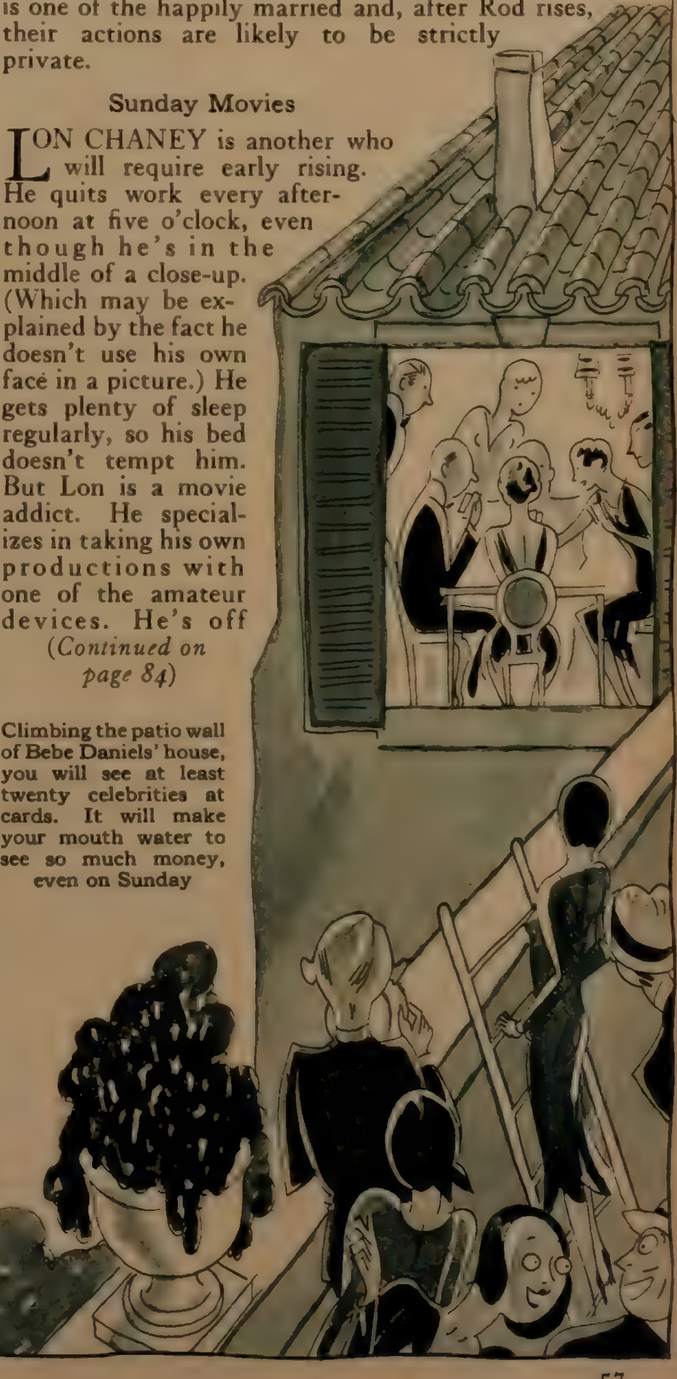
Rise early to catch up with Cecil de Mille. He has one of the largest Biblical libraries in the country, and reading it has taught him that one of the best agencies for getting close to your Maker is Nature. So he spends his Sundays in the great open spaces: the ocean (on his yacht) in the summer; the mountains (at his ranch) in the winters. He leaves early and stays late. He takes few people with him—only those who also enjoy communion with Nature. There are huge gates at the ranch which are all-exclusive. Don't try to climb the fence. It's wired!

Vilma Banky has hair which is famous for its highlights. They photograph, too. If this hair isn't kept clean, it's just another loss of film footage. She washes it herself, as a matter of protection. Sunday is the only time that she has for the ablution. If you'll drive down Lanewood in the morning (Lanewood is one block long and runs off La Brea), you may see a golden avalanche streaming from the second-story window of a white Colonial house. I shouldn't advise you to go in, as Vilma is one of the happily married and, after Rod rises, their actions are likely to be strictly private.

Sunday Movies

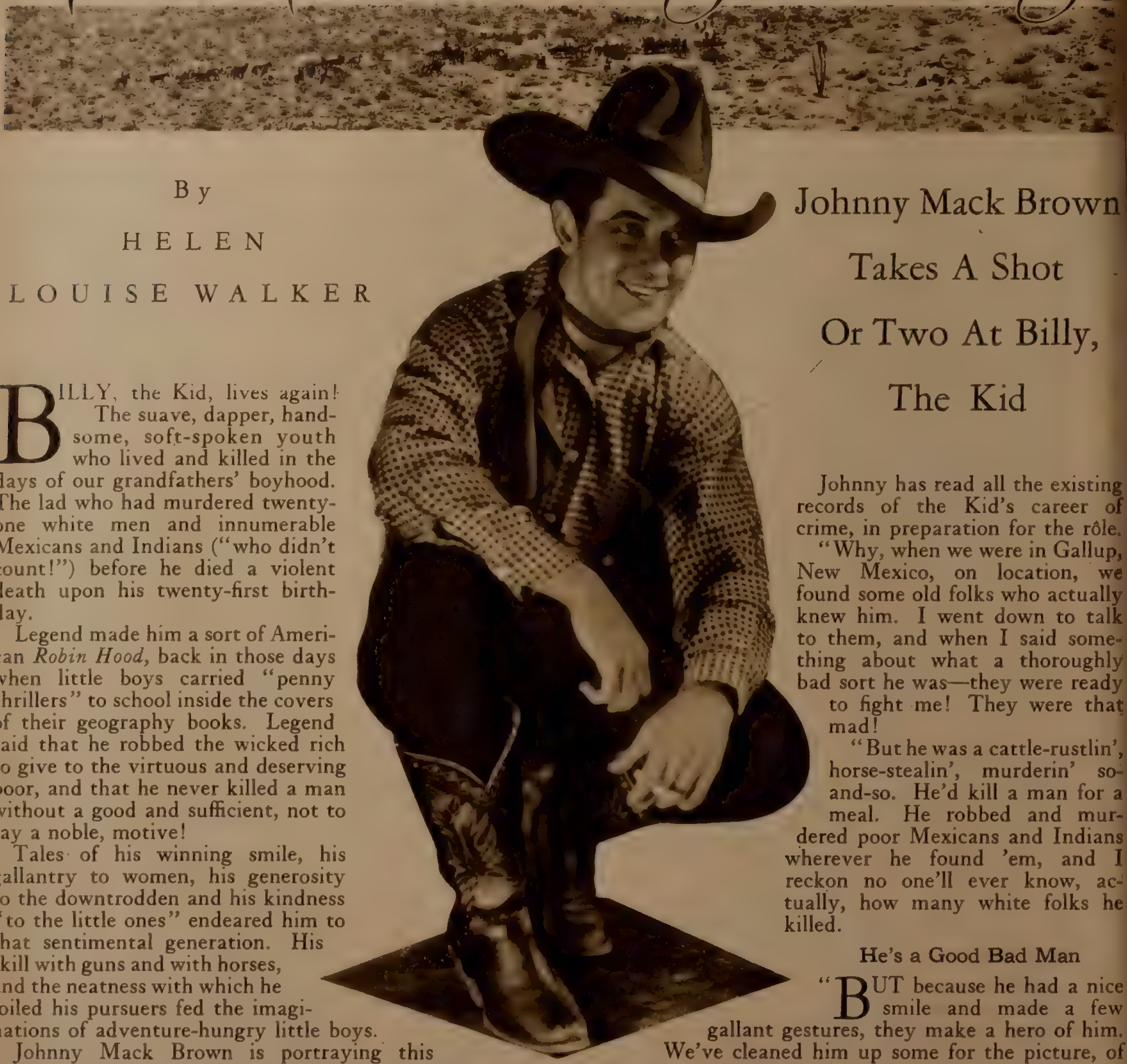
LON CHANEY is another who will require early rising. He quits work every afternoon at five o'clock, even though he's in the middle of a close-up. (Which may be explained by the fact he doesn't use his own face in a picture.) He gets plenty of sleep regularly, so his bed doesn't tempt him. But Lon is a movie addict. He specializes in taking his own productions with one of the amateur devices. He's off

(*Continued on page 84*)



Climbing the patio wall of Bebe Daniels' house, you will see at least twenty celebrities at cards. It will make your mouth water to see so much money, even on Sunday

A Murderin' So-and-So



Johnny Mack Brown Takes A Shot Or Two At Billy, The Kid

By

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

BILLY, the Kid, lives again! The suave, dapper, handsome, soft-spoken youth who lived and killed in the days of our grandfathers' boyhood. The lad who had murdered twenty-one white men and innumerable Mexicans and Indians ("who didn't count!") before he died a violent death upon his twenty-first birthday.

Legend made him a sort of American *Robin Hood,* back in those days when little boys carried "penny thrillers" to school inside the covers of their geography books. Legend said that he robbed the wicked rich to give to the virtuous and deserving poor, and that he never killed a man without a good and sufficient, not to say a noble, motive!

Tales of his winning smile, his gallantry to women, his generosity to the downtrodden and his kindness "to the little ones" endeared him to that sentimental generation. His skill with guns and with horses, and the neatness with which he foiled his pursuers fed the imaginations of adventure-hungry little boys.

Johnny Mack Brown is portraying this strange character in a big, "super-special" production for M-G-M. King Vidor is directing and months have already been spent in shooting "on location" in the very spots where Billy, the Kid, was wont to roam and steal and kill.

His Gun Barks Again

AND here is a thrill for the youngsters: Johnny is using the very same gun which Billy carried! Bill Hart lent it to him and Bill declares it was bequeathed to him by the sheriff who shot the Kid to death in that last, fatal fight!

"Even the officer who killed him liked him," Johnny says. "He regretted, all his life, that he had to be the one to do it.

"It was very, very strange—the charm that fellow had for the folks who knew him. Because, really, you know—he was a no-'count, murderin' villain! I don't care what they say. That's what he *was.*"

Johnny has read all the existing records of the Kid's career of crime, in preparation for the rôle.

"Why, when we were in Gallup, New Mexico, on location, we found some old folks who actually knew him. I went down to talk to them, and when I said something about what a thoroughly bad sort he was—they were ready to fight me! They were that mad!

"But he was a cattle-rustlin', horse-stealin', murderin' so-and-so. He'd kill a man for a meal. He robbed and murdered poor Mexicans and Indians wherever he found 'em, and I reckon no one'll ever know, actually, how many white folks he killed.

He's a Good Bad Man

"BUT because he had a nice smile and made a few gallant gestures, they make a hero of him. We've cleaned him up some for the picture, of course. We had to."

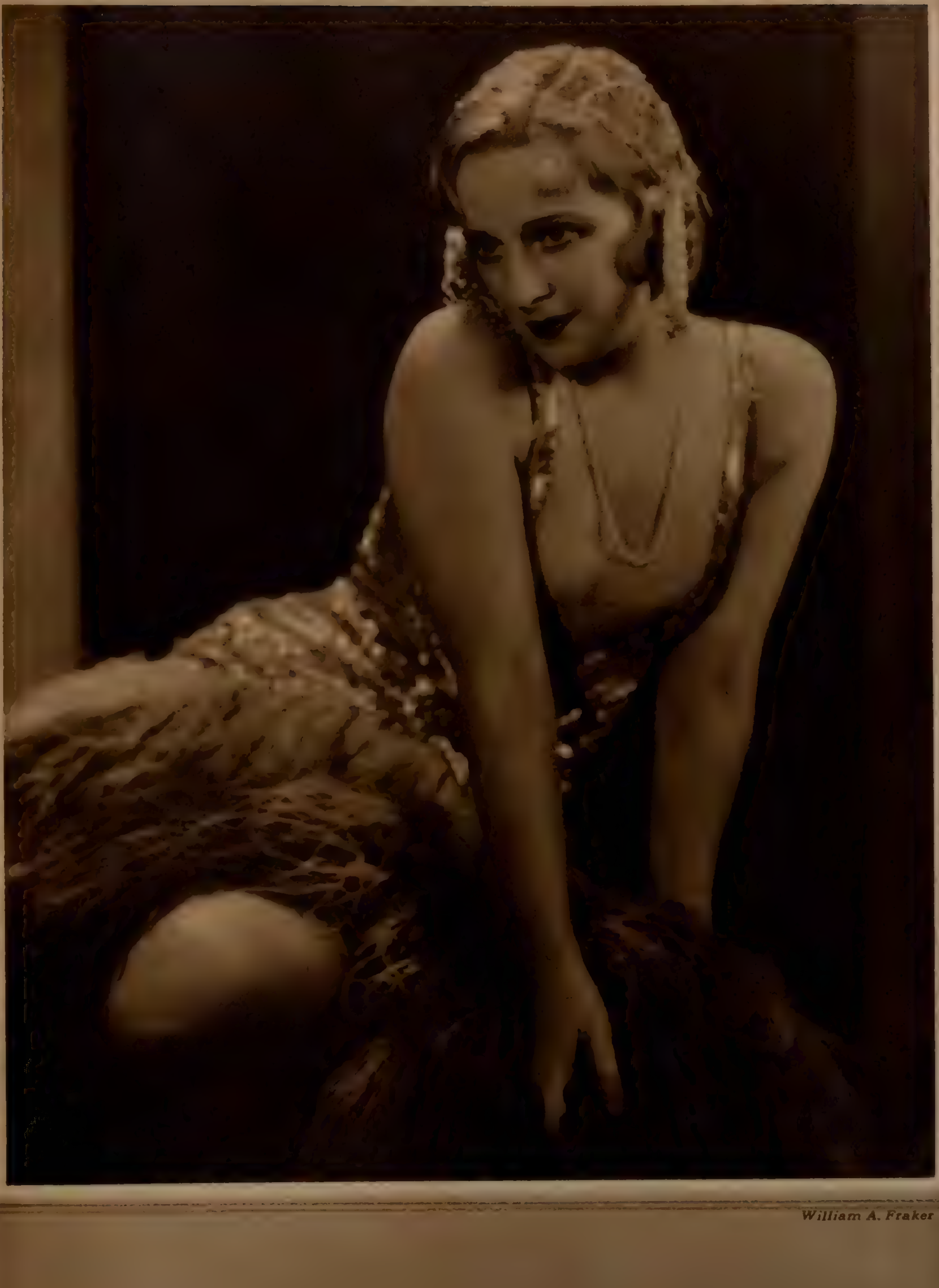
Johnny looked pretty dashing, himself, with his thick dark hair all tumbled, a heavy, dark make-up on and a blue flannel blouse, buttoned rakishly under his chin—the sleeve torn, as if in a recent battle.

"That bird just plumb had a screw loose somewhere," he went on, in a tone of pained protest. "I reckon there was a little excuse for him, though—his childhood being what it was.

"You know, he was born on the East Side in New York. His father died while he was still a little shaver and his mother took him out to some little town in Montana, where she started some sort of a boarding house or hotel.

"The Kid used to see two-gun men and gamblers around all the time and, like lots of small boys without much judgment, he thought it would be fine to be like that. Wild Bill Hickok—and birds of that feather, you know.

(*Continued on page 99*)



William A. Fraker

No snake in the grass is Dorothy Revier, but just a little blue grass girl faced with a clothes problem. For how could any man be good when she looks like that? And how could Walter Huston help being what he is in "The Bad Man"?

LAURENCE REID
REVIEWS
THE NEW
PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

Chevalier Chews Chicle

MAURICE, the Paris Personality Boy, is what the doctor ordered for the film fans, whether he portray prince or pauper. No matter what the vehicle, Chevalier and his old straw hat make an unbeatable team. In "The Big Pond" he forsakes the musicals to play almost straight in an amusing little comedy heavy laden with hokum.

Discovered as a "Frenchie," Maurice is brought to God's Country and put to work in a chewing-gum factory. It's all a conspiracy to show the girl that these here, now, foreigners can't hold a candle to our one or two-hundred-percent Amurricans. But Chevvy laughs last, winning the girl and the plaudits of the audience by inventing a rum-flavored cud that flaunts Volstead.

With all this delightful nonsense the star adds another feature to those ornamenting his bonnet of popularity. And Claudette Colbert, who has her own stellar rights, offers an agreeable foretaste of what may be expected of her in better rôles.

(1) Above, Maurice Chevalier contributes his Gallic talent with the aid of Claudette Colbert in "The Big Pond." At the right, Vivienne Segal and Allan Prior lend their voices toward making "Bride of the Regiment" appealing. Below, Clara Bow is back with part of the fleet in "True to the Navy"

Rendered Tunefully

WAR may be all wrong to some folks, but to "The Bride of the Regiment," it's just a chance to give in gracefully. The picture is a singing-cinema version of that operetta from which "The Lady in Ermine" was evolved for the silent screen. This time Vivienne Segal is the semi-nude descending a staircase. Walter Pidgeon is the amorous huzzar who sleeps so inopportunely, and Allan Prior, the bridegroom, who is on the outside looking in.

The music has been subordinated to the story, a decidedly risqué fragment which calls forth embarrassed laughter from the audience during its more intimate moments. The plot, you know, is about the girl who must make the supreme sacrifice in order to save her brand-new hubby from the villain's firing squad. And, gosh, how she hates to. But, war is war. Although if you believe in Santa Claus, maybe you'll agree that it was all a dream. The few songs are well done.

Neatly Nautical

"TRUE TO THE NAVY" is carefully cut to cling form fittingly to the figure of Clara Bow. It is a slimmer and better figure, if you must know. And in relegating pounds, Hollywood's hot-haired hoyden has regained pep. If not an outstanding achievement, this latest film is at least better than several recent predecessors. And Clara's obvious effort to please the customers is not unavailing.

Three guesses as to the fable! Yes, that's right the first time. Clara has a sweetheart on every ship, and when they all reach port together, Bow takes a reef in her stern sheets and flies before the storm. But there's a gunner who hits the bull's-eye of her heart. And true love triumphs. Not, however, until the star has her emotional moment. And not before there is a battle-royal between the Navy and a mob of Tia Juana landlubbers.

Critic

THIS MONTH

COURAGE THE BIG POND
THE DIVORCÉE
BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT
GOOD INTENTIONS
TRUE TO THE NAVY

A Movie That Moves

IT'S thorough entertainment, this "Good Intentions," which breezes across the screen with such refreshing sprightliness. It is that rarity—a movie that moves. It has verve, vitality and vivacity. It sounds a new note in relief of the routine of movie monotony.

The story is a debonair drama of dashing, high-hat highwaymen, and through its colorful sequences runs a vivid thread of romance. The dialogue is as crisp as the characters are convincing. And William K. Howard, credited with the creation of both, has contributed in addition a clean-cut cameo of directorial craftsmanship.

Edmund Lowe shares ample honors with Earle Foxe. And there are enough laurel leaves left to adorn the histrionic brows of Marguerite Churchill, Regis Toomey and Henry Kolker. By all means have "Good Intentions" among your movie "musts." It's one of those rare ones which you'll remember.

Sweet Sentiment

THEY'VE made the crux of "Courage" censor-proof by shrouding the illegitimacy of a child in a hazy explanatory dialogue dealing with dream babies and spiritual daddies. In the stage play the youngster was frankly the product of his mother's love for an old sweetheart. And much of the show's dramatic strength lay in that fact.

As it stands in the picture, "Courage" is a sob-sister story of mother-love, which perhaps deserves to rank as a lesser "Stella Dallas." Belle Bennett plays the persecuted mother with sincere enjoyment, and her conception of the character, while sugary, will be approved by sentimental movie-goers. Leon Janney, as the youngest of her brood of seven, proves an excellent player, devoid of the precociousness so objectionable in many sub-juveniles. Marian Nixon is pretty florid as the fault-finding daughter, and Blanche Frederici superb as the hatchet-faced aunt.

(2) Above, Edmund Lowe and Marguerite Churchill have their romantic moments in "Good Intentions." At the left, Belle Bennett has another appealing mother rôle in "Courage"—with Leon Janney as the youngest of the brood. Below, Norma Shearer and Chester Morris make "The Divorcée" worth seeing

First-Rate Talkie

HERE is our erstwhile girl-friend, "Ex-Wife," all cleaned up and called "The Divorcée." For the most part, the picture follows in the footsteps of the book with a very fair fidelity. Only in the final flashes has Hollywood weakened so that Norma Shearer finishes her picture in the embrace of Chester Morris. Meantime much footage is devoted to the extra-marital affairs of the heroine, whose initial error is credulity in believing her husband's credo of a single standard.

The picture adds to Miss Shearer's stature as an actress. She makes an alluring heroine, and her portrayal benefits through new confidence in her ability. Apparently she is being carefully groomed for new heights of stardom. After "The Divorcée" there seems no reason she shouldn't gain them. Chester Morris does well with a slender rôle, and in this different type part renews confidence in his talent. A succession of gangster portrayals very nearly put Chester on the spot.

Hal Phyfe

d'Ora

A **Follies** girl who became an actress, **Claire Luce** has the talkies conquered in three ways. She can dance. She can act. She has those certain things. Watch her step, both in and after **"The Sea Wolf"**

d'Ora

D-D-Doing . . . H-H-His S-S-Stuff

By
HERBERT
CRUIKSHANK

A Saga Of Joe Frisco, The Talkies' First Stutterer

IT was that eerie, weary, after-midnight hour when Broadway wipes out its glittering make-up in the darkness of before-dawn. That time of murk and mystery when the back-fire of a motor may be the chop-chop of a machine-gun. When Times Square roustabout-towns are taken for rides. Unless the bandits are Scotch. In which case the victims go for a walk, instead.

Scouting strange shadows, the hospitable lights of "Dave's Blue Room" finally glimmered through the gray gloom like a spot on a dark, deserted stage. Before the door, standing patiently at the curb, was one of those strange combinations of horse-and-wagon which rumble with muffled rattle through New York's night like some nocturnal creature of another age.

And before the horse stood a dapper figure, one eye darkened by a cocked derby—the other brightened by the reflected illumination of a huge cigar. It was Frisco. If you don't know him you will soon. He was feeding the horse crullers out of a paper bag. A cop paused on his speakeasy route and grinned:

"Hey, there, Joe, get away from that horse's head."

"J-j-just seein' how m-m-many cr-cr-crullers he'll eat b-b-before he wants a cup o' c-c-coffee," responded Frisco, from that corner of his mouth unoccupied by the cigar.

And perhaps this little incident serves as well as any as an introduction to Joe Frisco, the Broadway buffoon who has stuttered his way into a ten-grand-a-week movie contract with Warner Brothers. So, folks, meet Frisco. And Frisco, meet the folks.

Maybe you've seen his imitation of Helen Morgan's piano-sitting act in that two-reeler called "The Benefit." No? Well, well, well. You must come over. It had bankers and bootleggers rolling in the aisles. Helen herself went to Europe to keep from getting hysterical. These talkies are taking the talent right off Broadway and throwing it from Hollywood to the screens of Sauk Center.

Top-Piece and Mouthpiece

FRISCO has done more for the derby manufacturers than anyone except "Our Al." The old iron hat is standard equipment, on or off. He's saved his fellow men from tobacco heart by smoking all the world's worst cigars himself. And he's demonstrated that a tripping tongue has more commercial value than a hare-lip. Or even Ben Turpin's eyes.

For Frisco stutters like a Ford on a Hollywood hill.

"W-W-Warner Brothers s-s-sent for m-m-me," stammers Joe, "and offered t-t-to pay eight gr-gr-grand a w-w-week if I'd g-g-go to Hollywood. I t-t-tried to s-s-say 's-s-sure.' B-b-but they thought I was h-h-hesitating. And b-b-before I c-c-could s-s-say 'yes' they r-r-raised the ante to t-t-ten thousand!"

He was first heard of as the inventor of a dance called "Walking the Dog." With the iron hat and the Carnera Corona he featured it, one night about fifteen years back, at a Coney Island jernt called "College Inn." He may

(Continued on page 94)

It's *The Likes of You,* Joe Brown!

Tell us it isn't so, Joe! Tell your Great Unseen Audience your little pal isn't Joe E. Brownie! Tell us those aren't your toes that you're turning up! But don't try to tell us that faces are made, not born. We know better. We kiddies know a wise-crack when we see one

Miss Moran, To You, Sir!

BY
DOROTHY
SPENSLEY

And Another Calamity Threatens Harassed Hollywood

"I'M sick of this interview business," said Polly, a baleful gleam in her bright blue eyes. She hitched her skirt belt to a more comfortable position and continued:

"Nobody ever writes the truth. They talk to me and then go away and write what they want. They make me out a roughneck.

"I'm not going to have any more interviews. Let somebody else be the goat. Give them to— to — —

"Why, there was one story . . ." She paused, moistened her lips with her tongue, and a crafty look stole into her eyes. Two people hurriedly left the room.

"Sa-ay! You're the one who wrote it!"

Oh, sweet shades of Garbo, Moran of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is going lady-like. She's not going to be interviewed any more. She's going to retire like the Scandinavian into the citadel of silence. She's tired of being misquoted and misunderstood.

Bill Haines, half-mast the flag at the front of your new gold-and-white home! Your little pal is turning refined.

Marie Dressler, weep! and let the hot tears course down your mobile cheeks. Your philm playmate, the little gal who gives you lines and takes your cracks—sometimes; your drinking partner of the immortal "Callahans and Murphys;" your cinema sister of "Dangerous Females" and now of the one they're calling "Caught Short," is putting on the Ritz.

O tempora! O mores! What's happening to Hollywood?

Well Enough for Some

IT'S well enough for tempestuous, torrid, tantalizing Lupe to get genteel under the gentle guidance of gaunt Gary, but why does Polly have to do it?

It's all right for Love and Douglas, Junior, to work a refining influence on our dancing daughter, Joan; to slip a wide old-fashioned wedding ring on the correct finger and get her all worked up over *L'Aiglon* and other highbrow matters, but does that mean that Polly, our phunny phrolicksome Polly, has to go Emily Post?

It's all right, I suppose, for Alice White to get gentle and dovelike under the radiant administrations of Cy Bartlett, to modulate her voice and lengthen her skirts and drive about in a sleek car. But she's too good an example. Polly wants to follow suit.

Oh, Miss Moran, please say it's only a pose!

"Yeah, you were the one," said Polly, draping her beaded bag over her left knee and shifting her gray caracul coat a bit to the windward. "My mother read it and said 'I suppose it's all right, but couldn't she have given me five years in it?'"

Oh, what's going to happen if Polly goes Godey? Oh, Marion Davies, what's going to happen to your parties? Who's going to make you giggle and shriek? Oh, alack and alors! Oh, weal! Oh, woe!

Who is going to pose for gag pictures, grapefruit masked by a

(*Continued on page 97*)

I'm Tired of My

Eddie Quillan, Sally
Illustrate That Song

"The very girl I'm fondest of
Is good for nothin' when it's time to love.
I'm gettin' tired—tired of my tired girl.
When I just craves to have her fuss,
You'll find her in the arms of Morpheus.
I'm gettin' tired—tired of my tired girl."

*(*From the Pathé Production, "Night Work")*

Tired Man

Starr And Two Dummies
And Certain Feeling

"I must say
He's okay, in his way.
But *his* way *don't* go far.
Now he's through. I am too.
I want a *Lochinvar*.
The man for me will have to be
Equipped with oceans of vitality.
I'm gettin' tired—tired of my tired man."

My Love Life

Mickey Mouse
Moments With

As told by Mickey Mouse

TO CEDRIC BELFRAGE

YOU ask, can an animated cartoon have intimate moments? Naturally, I answer. Why not an animated cartoon just as well as any of the human cartoons who call themselves stars in Hollywood nowadays? Intimate is hardly the word for some of my moments—and, if you will excuse the vulgarism, how!

It is no earthly use for jackasses and prodnoses to yell at me: "But you're only a drawing!" Summoning all the dignity at my command, I would remind them of what happened to Alice, of the Wonderland Alices, when she was placed on trial for her life by the Ace, King, Queen, Jack, Ten and digits of Hearts and Clubs and Spades and Diamonds. "Why," she said, with great rudeness and impertinence, "you're nothing but a deck of cards!" As a matter of fact, she said "pack of cards," because she was English, but the insult was there just the same. All the cards fell on top of Alice and it was very nearly coffins for her. The moral is: Be polite to one and all, keep cool with Coolidge, be nonchalant and respect the eighteenth amendment.

Talking of the eighteenth amendment reminds me of the time I ran for cover from a sudden storm and found myself in a deserted house. Whether the place was really haunted or I was just seeing things, of course I can't say for sure. All I *can* say is that from that day to this I haven't touched a drop of that Hollywood bootlegger's stuff. No, sir; I changed my source of supply *pronto*, and since then I'm happy to say there have been no repeats on the incident.

Be Intimate, But Careful

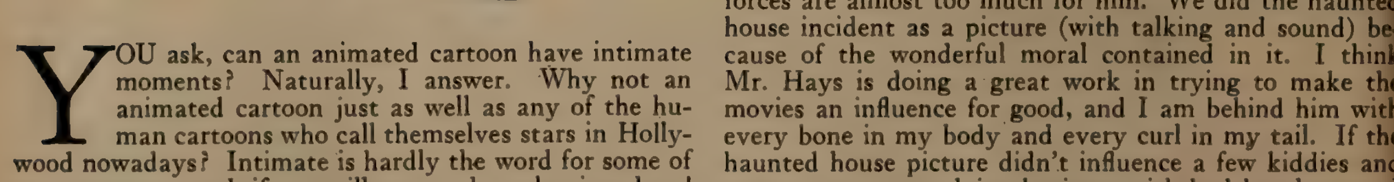
I WOULDN'T have mentioned the matter in an interview on my intimate moments, had I not felt the necessity of warning my friends in movieland, especially the kiddies, that you can get intimate with the wrong kind of bottle, just as you can with the wrong kind of girl. My theory of life has always been: Be intimate, but mind with whom or what! Virtue may be its own reward, but an intimate moment properly chosen is what gives life its flavor, its bouquet.

My pictures try to bring this point out, of course. My character is that of an unfortunate mouse who, through lack of foresight, stumbles into situations where malignant forces are almost too much for him. We did the haunted house incident as a picture (with talking and sound) because of the wonderful moral contained in it. I think Mr. Hays is doing a great work in trying to make the movies an influence for good, and I am behind him with every bone in my body and every curl in my tail. If the haunted house picture didn't influence a few kiddies and grown-ups to stop doing business with bad bootleggers, I miss my guess. And so it is with my other pictures.

But I must ask your pardon; I am digressing. After all, Mr. Hays has no place in an interview on my intimate moments, or, for that matter, on anybody else's. Much as I admire the man, I would not try to make it appear that I was ever really intimate with him. He is more of a god to me—you know the feeling.

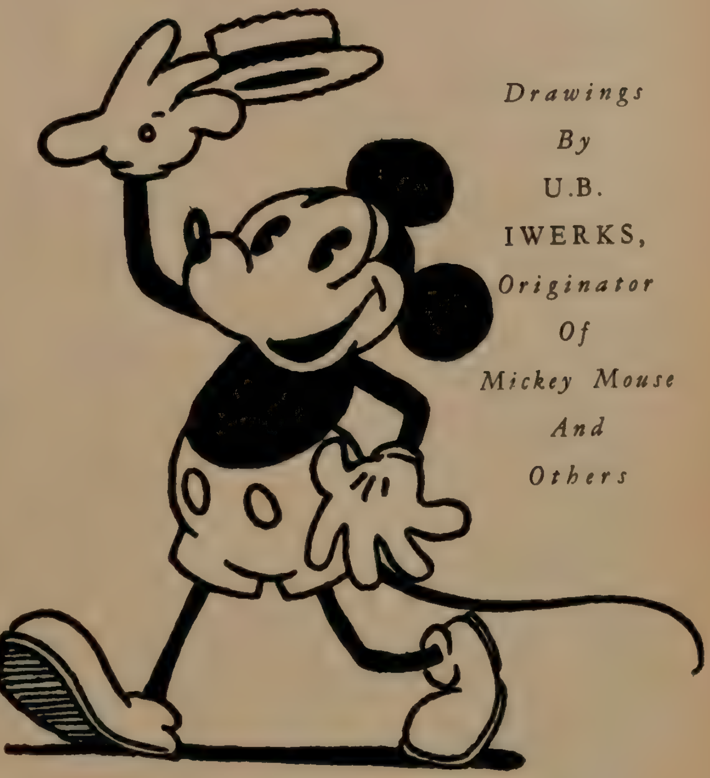
We Can't Keep a Secret

FIRST and foremost, of course, in an interview such as this, I have to mention the real love of my life—Minnie Mouse. Minnie, as my vast public knows, works as my leading lady; at least, she says I work as her leading man, but that of course is simply a young girl's idle prattle. I may as well confess—for we stars of the screen can keep nothing, not even the holiest things, secret—that ever since the first time Minnie kissed me and blew heart-shaped



and Other Things

Talks About Intimate Clara Bow And Others



Drawings
By
U.B.
IWERKS,
Originator
Of
Mickey Mouse
And
Others

ubbles into the air as she did so, my heart has not been y own.

I gave it then into her keeping, and she still has it. I ad been kissed before—what mouse-of-the-world has ot? But this, I knew, was something different. Minnie an take my heart and make it dance a jig in thin air as e kiss, or make it stand to attention and then fade from ght just as if she were Houdini. We have tried to show is little trick of Minnie's in my pictures. I have never ound anyone else who can kiss like Minnie, and all the ost thrillingly intimate moments of my whole life have een with her.

As for the fantastic stories that have been circulated oupling my name with that of Clarabelle Cow, I can nly strive to maintain my composure and state in an ven voice that they are false. Not that Clarabelle is ot an attractive enough animal, as cows go. But Hollywood is like that; if you are seen twice in public with a cow, everybody at once thinks the worst and tarts spreading scandalous gossip. What if I did give Clarabelle the lavaliere cowbell which she wears around er dainty neck? And what if I did, on perhaps two or hree occasions, take her to lunch at the Brown Derby nd to dance at the Roosevelt?

Good, Clean Fun Spoiled

IT was only what common kindness necessitated; and if Horse-Collar Horace, that dreadful wet blanket, to whom Clarabelle has the misfortune to be married in rivate life, had not ambled into the Derby in the wee ma' hours one night, just as I had sliced a spare-rib into Clarabelle's lap, none of the absurd gossip would ever ave started. Horse-Collar is fanatically opposed to any ort of clean fun, and simply could not see the joke. The mprint of his hoof is still with me, and as I slip into my pajamas each night it starts me to pondering on the impossibility of making anyone in Hollywood see the clean ide of an intimate moment.

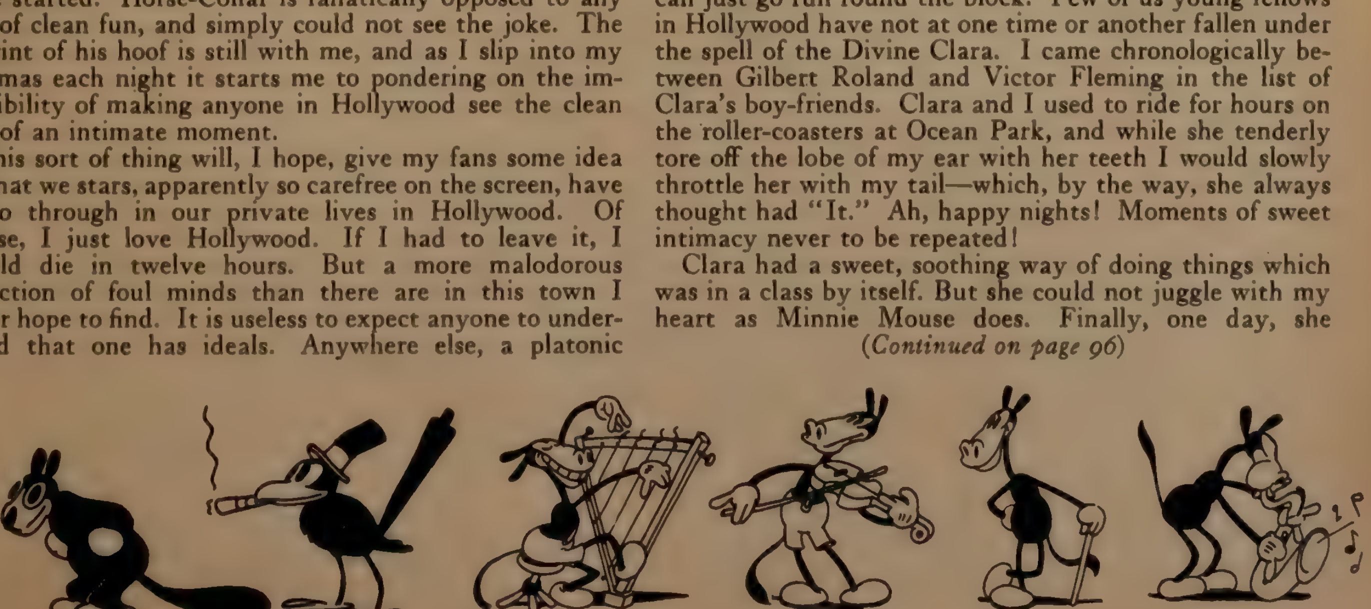
This sort of thing will, I hope, give my fans some idea of what we stars, apparently so carefree on the screen, have o go through in our private lives in Hollywood. Of ourse, I just love Hollywood. If I had to leave it, I hould die in twelve hours. But a more malodorous ollection of foul minds than there are in this town I ever hope to find. It is useless to expect anyone to understand that one has ideals. Anywhere else, a platonic affection for a cow would be accepted as a natural and a delightful thing. In Hollywood, all the beauty and poetry of a friendship like that is dragged in the mud. That is the price you have to pay for being a star of the movies. No wonder we get that *Pagliacci* feeling, something chronic!

My Clara Bow Moments

IT has been said of me, too, that moments I have spent in Clara Bow's company have been of an intimate character. That is true, and I am proud of it; and anybody who thinks that means what they think it means, can just go run round the block. Few of us young fellows in Hollywood have not at one time or another fallen under the spell of the Divine Clara. I came chronologically between Gilbert Roland and Victor Fleming in the list of Clara's boy-friends. Clara and I used to ride for hours on the roller-coasters at Ocean Park, and while she tenderly tore off the lobe of my ear with her teeth I would slowly throttle her with my tail—which, by the way, she always thought had "It." Ah, happy nights! Moments of sweet intimacy never to be repeated!

Clara had a sweet, soothing way of doing things which was in a class by itself. But she could not juggle with my heart as Minnie Mouse does. Finally, one day, she

(*Continued on page 96*)



It Was Hollywood or Else

And Now Mary Lawlor Has No Time For The Stage

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Hurrell

BY way of proving that all nice-girl ingénues are not corralled among the Mary Brians, Fay Wrays, Jobyna Ralstons, Janet Gaynors and Sally Blanes of Hollywood, Miss Mary Lawlor has come out of the East. With a genteel background of home and mother, a well-modulated speaking voice and a taste for simple, tailored clothes, she could as well be Miss Mary Lawlor from ol' Virginny or other points South. The Broadway note is slightly incongruous, Broadway being Broad Way to so many of us.

Just a nice girl, Mary. In turn, she reminds you of Mary Brian, Lois Moran and Marilyn Miller. The Miller resemblance is purely facial; but she thinks and talks right up the same street with Mary and Lois. Incidentally, Paramount's baby Brian is her favorite screen personality. Which makes it nice.

That the new Miss Lawlor should be playing a minister's daughter in her second sound picture opposite Richard Dix, "Square Dice," is altogether fitting and proper. Not that she's prudish—I don't know where people get such ideas about ministers' daughters, anyway. She has a good throaty laugh and a very workable sense of humor. But on the other hand you wouldn't tell her that one about the night-clerk.

She Had No Choice

BACK on Broadway she danced and sang and smiled her way through various musical comedies—"Good News," "Queen High," and "Follow Thru." She loves the stage—she might have been there yet, if there were anything left of it. But when the talkies moved right up Forty-Second Street to the tune of two dollars per ticket and frightened the Messrs. Dillingham, Shubert and Ziegfeld out of a year's growth of musical comedies, Hollywood was forced on Mary. It was Hollywood or else.

She views our little town from under a rather skeptical eyebrow that is just a little higher than its mate. Hollywood is nice, but—"I'm a little suspicious of it," she explains, tucking in a wisp of nearly-but-not-quite-blonde hair under a gray felt hat. She pauses, then decides to end our suspense.

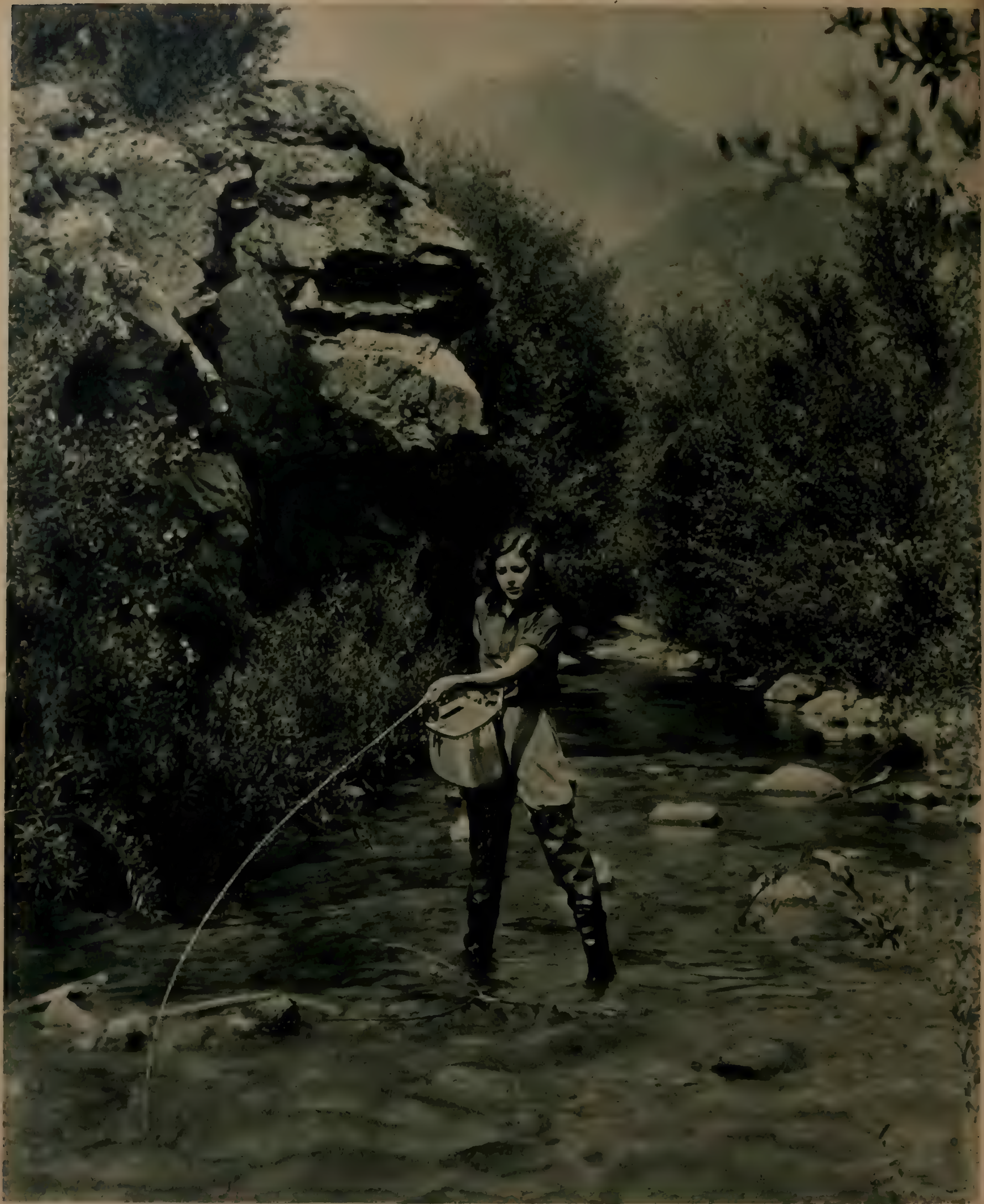
"It is such a strange place. I hardly know how to explain; it rather swoops you up in the most personal sort of intimacy, and yet there is little real friendliness here. I've been here eight months and I have many what you might call 'gusty' acquaintances; but I feel that only one or two are real friends.

"Not long ago I was invited into a Hollywood club of young professional people. I was awfully flattered, but

(*Continued on page 100*)

Out where men are bigger and badder and women love 'em, there's a tougher-than-usual hombre you'll want to watch out for, stranger. He's quick on the trigger and he keeps what he knows under his sombrero. Huston's his name—Walter Huston. And he's makin' a reputation for himself as "The Bad Man"

Longworth



Bert Longworth

Camera Angling

Another reel unwinds and reveals Loretta Young having a bite between meals. What's that you said? "There's something fishy here?" You're right. Thar's fish in them thar rills, and there's bound to be a catch with a camera clicking

"When women use the wrong soap my work is doubly difficult

. . . *I certainly recommend Palmolive*"

says

Dr. N. G. Payot

Parisian Beauty Expert

Graduate of the University of Lausanne

"Beware of soaps that harm the skin. Beware of free alkali, caustic soda, harmful irritants in soap. Ordinary soaps may irritate your skin. You can use Palmolive without risk because it is an absolutely pure soap."

Dr N. G. Payot

12 Rue Richepanse, Paris

PRODUITS DE BEAUTÉ
DOCTEUR N G PAYOT

Dr. Payot's booklet, "Physical Culture of the Face," tells how to use her Cream No. 1, Lotion No. 1 and Lotion No. 2 in the special Payot exercises for which she is so famous.

The best way to safeguard the beauty of the skin is the regular use of this soap made of olive and palm oils

"WHEN women use the wrong kind of soap, my work as a beauty expert is doubly difficult. The woman who wants to help her beautician must use a soap which offers every guarantee of purity. I can certainly recommend Palmolive Soap because it is one of the purest," says Dr. N. G. Payot, graduate of the University of Lausanne.

"Vegetable oils have a most delightful effect on the skin. It is the palm and olive oils in Palmolive Soap which, blended artfully, give a smooth, rich lather, which is most beneficial."

You have probably heard of Mme. Payot

Certainly, if you have been to Paris, you know the smart salon of Mme. Payot. And in this country you no doubt have heard of her reputation as a beauty expert.

Many of our own specialists have studied with her abroad and they, too, recommend Palmolive Soap to combat the countless dangers that threaten complexion beauty. There are more than 23,720 specialists who advise daily treatments with this vegetable oil soap.

This is the twice-a-day home treatment advised by thousands of celebrated beauty shops: make an abundant lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. Massage this gently into the skin of face and throat. As you rinse it off you can feel the impurities being carried away. Finish with an ice-cold rinse in the morning. Get into the habit of using Palmolive for the bath, too. Millions already do, on expert advice.

No dye, no heavily perfumed soap

Palmolive is a pure soap . . . made of vegetable oils. Its color is the natural color of palm and olive oils. Its natural odor requires the addition of no heavy perfumes.

A soap that touches your face *must be pure*. Use Palmolive, on experts' advice, and feel safe, feel sure you are using the best protection against skin irritation.

Retail Price
10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

5236A

How t

As told to KATHERINE ALBERT *by*

Evelyn Brent

"A GIRL may be appealing for ever so many reasons," says Evelyn Brent, the star whose own magnetism has proved so irresistible on the screen. "But the most compelling charm of all is smooth, soft skin.

"An exquisite complexion, somehow, is *always* alluring. It attracts and holds attention as nothing else will.

"Long ago the directors in Hollywood found out that no girl could hope to win out on the screen unless she has the kind of skin that makes you fairly gasp with admiration. The close-ups, you know, are taken under glaring lights that would show up mercilessly even a tiny blemish.

"And now that the talkies are here, there are more close-ups to face than ever, so you may be sure we all take mighty good care of our skin!

"I can't remember who began it," this charming star goes on, "but now almost every girl in Hollywood uses the same method I do—regular cleansing with Lux Toilet Soap. We find it most refreshing. Indeed it is Hollywood's favorite soap.

"So naturally when girls write to ask me the secret of being attractive, I'd like to say to every one: *Keep your skin really lovely—smooth and flawless. You can do it just the way we screen stars do.*"

Hollywood—Broadway—Europe
9 out of 10 lovely stars use Lux Toilet Soap

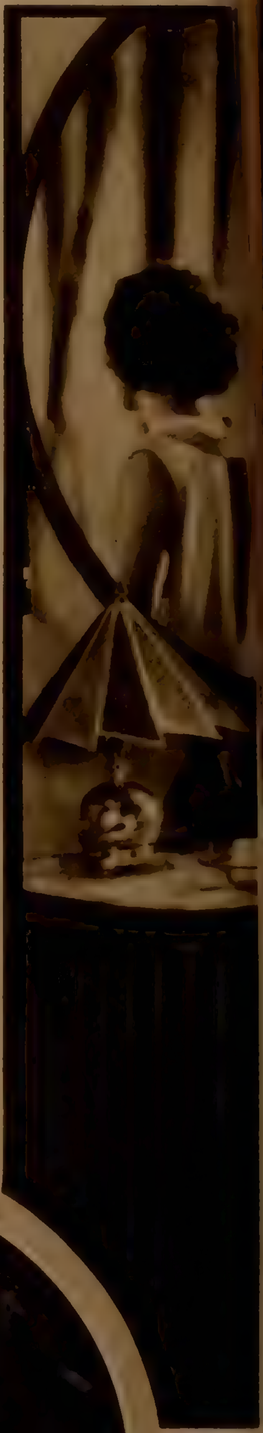
Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. On Broadway the stage stars are equally enthusiastic. And even in the European capitals the screen stars are now using this fragrant white soap.

You will be delighted with the fresh smoothness it gives *your* skin!

(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(*Above*) MARY BRIAN, exquisite Paramount star, in the bathroom designed by a well-known New York artist and built for her in Hollywood. She says: "A star just must have a smooth skin if she is to face those cruel close-up lights successfully. I find Lux Toilet Soap so very pleasing and soothing. I wouldn't be without it!"

Ravishingly lovely in the close-up is EVELYN BRENT!



ATTRACT

(Photo by Otto Dyar, Hollywood)

(*Above*) **Evelyn Brent**, irresistibly lovely star, has a skin so exquisite she faces the glaring close-up lights with the utmost confidence. Not only in her own luxurious bathroom, but on location as well, she uses Lux Toilet Soap, for this daintily fragrant soap is *official* in all the great film studios. "The most compelling charm of all," she says, "is smooth, soft skin. You can keep your skin lovely just as we screen stars do, by using Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Agnes Ayres is one of the 511 charming Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap for smooth skin. "It's so soothing and refreshing to the skin," she says. "I am certainly delighted with it."

(*Below*) **Lois Moran**, adorable young Fox star, has the exquisite, creamy skin which is so necessary to stardom. Like hundreds of other lovely stars, she cares for her complexion regularly with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "Nice skin is really *essential* to a star's success. Lux Toilet Soap is really a lovely soap. I depend on it to keep my skin smooth and clear."

(Photo by Clarence Hewitt, Hollywood)

Lux Toilet Soap

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway—
and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man will gladly answer your questions about pictures and players, in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Casts and addresses given by mail only. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

HARRIET.—Getting towed across the continent in a glider was a record stunt, but some Scotchman will probably break that record. **Leila Hyams** was born in **New York City**, May 1, 1905. **Miss Hyams'** first appearance on the stage was in *The Girl of My Dreams*, vaudeville four seasons, **Orpheum** circuit, starring Mother and Father. First picture was *Dancing Mothers*, starring **Alice Joyce, Clara Bow** and **Conway Tearle.** Hobbies are swimming and riding, reads fiction and poetry. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, blonde hair and gray eyes.

BETTY LOU.—**David Rollins** is from **Kansas City, Mo., David** after graduating from **Glendale High School,** secured a clerical position in the **Bank of America.** Finally when his first vacation came he decided to become a movie actor. He played as an extra until **David Butler** discovered he was the chap to appear in *The High School Hero.* He is five feet ten, weighs 135 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Latest picture *The Big Trail,* **Fox Studios.**

JOAN C.—Hope at this time you have recovered from your illness? Yes, it looks as though **Greta Garbo** has a permanent wave. Send along a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of pictures I can supply. **William Haines** and **Leila Hyams** have the leads in *Way Out West.* **John Mack Brown** and **Lucille Powers** in *Billy the Kid.*

CLUB FANS. — Irene Rich Club, Gordon Wilson, 5020 Tennessee Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Jean Arthur, Nancy Carroll Clubs, William F. O'Brien, 706 12th St., Franklin, Pa. The All Star Club, Mrs. Bruce Evans, Box 274, Beverly, Mass. The Valentino Assoc. Phyllis Reader, 12 Wolsley Ave., London, Ont., Canada. Dolores Del Rio Club, Rose Badali, 4446 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

H. G.—**Ramon Novarro** was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. He is five feet eight, weighs 155 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Before going into pictures, **Novarro** was on the stage for a year, dancing in vaudeville pantomime with the **Marion Morgan** Troupe. Today besides singing a delightful baritone and playing the piano, he also plays the violin and strums a guitar. **Ramon** has a miniature theater in his Hollywood home where he gives recitals for his friends. His real name is **Samaniegos.**

BEAUTIFUL BUT DUMB.—Well! I guess it's all right as long as you call yourself that. Bet I would never get away with it? **Jeanette Loff** was born in Idaho, Feb. 9, 1906. **Miss Loff** at the age of 11 had the title rôle in *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarfs.* At 16, she had a satisfying lyric soprano voice and sang the leading role in *Treasure Hunters*, a local operetta. Hobbies are ice-skating, skiing, snowshoeing, and ice-boating. She is of Norwegian and Danish descent. She is five feet two, weighs 105 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Appearing in *Gypsy Love Song*, Universal Studios.

Ruth Chatterton's life is due for a complete change as far as the titles of her pictures are concerned. First she was "The Laughing Lady" and then "The Lady of Scandal." But in her new picture she becomes "The Better Wife"

MINNEAPOLIS MINNIE.—Glad to hear you are one of our new readers, and that you are enjoying our radio broadcast. **Rudy Vallee** is not going to appear in any new picture at this time. **Jack Oakie** was born in Sedalia, Mo., Nov. 14, 1903. He is five feet ten, weighs 152 pounds, has bro hair and blue eyes. Latest picture T *Sap from Syracuse*, Paramount Studi **Nils Asther's** latest production is T *Sea Bat.* **Greta Garbo** in *Romance.* Gl to hear you like her voice, everybody do **Alexander and Lawrence Gray** are n related.

NEW ORLEANS FAN.—Cli **Brook** is appearing in *The B ter Wife,* Paramount Studic **John Gilbert** in *Way for Sailor.* **Jack Holt** has been pla ing right along, some of his mo recent pictures were; *Fligh Vengeance, The Border Legic* and *Hell's Island.* Your lett will reach him at the Columb Studios. **Lawrence Tibbett** an **Grace Moore** are playing i *New Moon* Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios.

LE PETIT CHIEX CHIP.— Yes, there are more telephones i the Equitable Building in Ne York than there are in all Greec **Harry Richman** was born i Newark, N. J., Oct. 10, 1895. H is about five feet nine and weigh about 160 pounds, has black hai and eyes. Real name is **Henry Reichman, Jr.** Sorry, but **Edward Crandall** is free-lancing **Colin Clive,** who appears i *Journey's End* is married t **Jeanne de Casalas. Leon Janney** was born in Ogden, Utah April 1, 1916.

TED SANDERS.—**Bob Steele's** latest pictures are *Th Cowboy and the Outlaw* and *Hunted Men* Syndicate Pictures. **Marie Prevost** in *Sweethearts on Parade* Columbia Studios. **Allene Ray** and **Tim McCoy** in *The Indians Are Coming*, Universal Studios. **Barbara Stanwyck** was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes, married to **Frank Fay.** Latest picture *The Miracle Woman*, Columbia Studios.

BOB ANDIANE.—The Warner theater was the Piccadilly until 1924, when the **Warner** Brothers bought it and called it after themselves. The Paramount theater opened on November 1, 1926. And consider the personal appearance of **Buddy Rogers** the week of February 21, 1930, an outstanding feature. **Maurice Chevalier** was born in France, about thirty-two years ago. He is five feet ten, weighs 165 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Those are **Maurice's** and **Robert Frazer's** real names.

(*Continued on page 102*)

It Gives Your Teeth A *Double* Cleansing!

Colgate's penetrating foam sweeps into tiny crevices, washing out decaying particles as well as polishing the surfaces...thus cleansing teeth completely.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

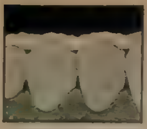
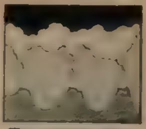


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high Surface-Tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

IT is easy to fool yourself that you have really cleaned your teeth, after vigorously scrubbing the outer surfaces until they sparkle.

But unless you use a dentifrice like Colgate's, whose active foam penetrates the spaces between teeth, and the tiny fissures where food particles collect, and *washes* out these hard-to-clean places, you haven't done a complete job of cleansing. Your teeth, though pearly white, are only *half* clean!

Not all dentifrices are able to clean these crevices equally well. Scientific tests prove that Colgate's has the highest penetrating power of any leading toothpaste . . . hence, Colgate's cleans best. Its lively, bubbling foam creates a remarkable property which enables it to penetrate into tiny spaces, softening the impurities and literally flooding them away in a wave of cleanliness.

Thus Colgate's cleanses the teeth completely . . . *washing* out the crevices as well as polishing the surfaces brilliantly. Why not give your teeth this *double* protection?

Colgate's is the largest selling toothpaste in the world today. More dentists recommend it than any other.

If you prefer powder, ask for Colgate's Dental Powder . . . it has the same high cleansing ability as Ribbon Dental Cream.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S
RIBBON
DENTAL
25¢

FREE COLGATE, Dept. M-634 P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, New York City. Please send me a free tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name..

Address..

A Young Man Of Parts

(*Continued from page 51*)

enormous number of English plays are being done as talkies. Then there are stories of New York or Boston society mixed up on every studio schedule with stories of Oklahoma. Few, if any, of our most prominent screen actors are able to ring the changes necessary for these various localities, and carry any sort of conviction. The best they can do is change back and forth between broad and nasal "a's."

Young and Ninety

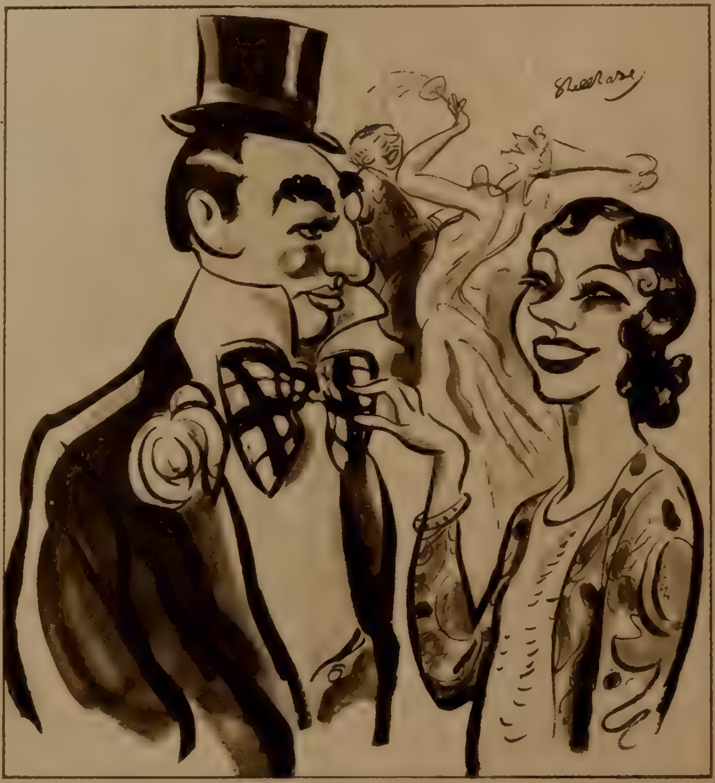
MacKENNA'S latest job is the highly-coveted one of leading man to Mary Pickford, in "Forever Yours." They needed a good-looking young chap who could make up to look ninety and talk like a man of that age. Who was there in Hollywood to do it? Nobody but MacKenna. He was vacationing at Lake Arrowhead at the time, but a hurry call was sent to bring him in. One day he was signed, the next he started rehearsing. And when I ran into him coming off the set for lunch, the second day of rehearsal, he was very nonchalant about it. Very pleased, of course, to get not only a part with character work to do, but also the lead opposite Pickford. And perfectly confident of his ability to do all that was required of him, and do it well.

He smoked a pipe during a wait between scenes, and we strolled up and down the sunny studio street, every now and again dodging a speeding Rolls-Royce or some other plutocratic limousine which purred in, carrying a United Artist to work. MacKenna is the pipe-smoking kind of man. I would put him down as a super-Colman. He has a serious, thoughtful mind, which runs to books where the mind of an average movie hero would run to skirts and their contents. He is modest without being blatant about it. He is highly intelligent, and is not in the least interested in superficial things or superficial remarks. About his work and the industry in which he is employed, he seems to have his own thoughts, which are probably not entirely complimentary; but he is not going to give them up without a struggle.

He Knows What He Wants

ABOUT the talkies, he says: "I like them, honestly. It is tremendously interesting work. I wouldn't say that I want to stay in them for good—I'll always want to go back to the stage at intervals. But as long as I get the right sort of parts I'm happy in a studio just as I am on the stage. This part in 'Forever Yours' is the sort of thing I like very much—it calls for character work.

"Straight leading-man rôles bore me. I had several in a row when Fox first started me in talkies, and I was very discouraged; then 'Men Without Women' came along—they had someone else picked for my part, but they couldn't get him, so I was put in at the last moment. After that picture one of the Fox executives came to me and said, quite seriously: 'Now you're learning to act. Up to now you were doing ordinary work, but you've picked the idea up very quickly.' But I don't think there is any credit due the talkies for teaching me whatever I can do in the way of acting. It was simply that before 'Men Without Women' I had never had a part I could get my teeth into. If it hadn't been for that assignment I think I would have asked for a release and gone back to New York. But since then I've been given credit for ability to do something besides straight leading-man stuff."



She Knew Him When

The girl (one of several) he left behind him: "I see you're wearing the hat you had before becoming a movie star!"

Uncivilized Hollywood

HERE'S what he thinks of life in Hollywood:

"Oh, it was certainly hard at first to adjust myself to the different waking hours. In New York, every night after the show, I would always get together with friends and we would talk or play cards or something till at least three or four in the morning. Here, everyone goes to bed at ten or eleven. To go to bed at twelve is considered late indeed. But I wasn't surprised to find it this way. You could hardly expect anything else in a place where they have to go to work so early. One just has to accustom oneself to it—to living by day instead of half by day and half by night. I'm acclimatized now.

"It's ridiculous to say that Hollywood is changing, that the New York people coming out here have made it more cosmopolitan and less rural. Bob Benchley said the last word on that, when they told him that all New York's men-about-town were in Hollywood and the place was at last waking up. He said that was impossible, because men-about-town have got to have a town to about.

"Hollywood is just a good place to wor it doesn't know much about civilized li After all, most of the really civilized thin of life belong to the evening and the nigh and a place like this, where there cann possibly be any sort of nigh life, cannot be very civilized The principal thing abo Hollywood that he likes that there are lots of wonde ful buys to be had in the boo shops, because so many pe ple come out to Hollywoo and then go broke and have t sell their libraries to kee alive.

Up from Wall Street

ABOUT himself and his suc cess MacKenna has thi to say:

"I have been ridiculousl lucky. In the first place, never intended to be an acto at all. I was in a bankin house on Wall Street, an getting along well. Then I played in an amateur show and someone came to ask me if I would like to take a professional stage job. It was a leading part, and they had to get somebody at once. I decided to try it. That was nearly ten years ago, and I've never played anything but leads since then. Most of the time I've been under contract.

"It does require hard work to get ahead on the stage, of course. You have to keep learning everything you possibly can about your business. But there are undoubtedly hundreds of actors, just as good as, or better than I, who never got a break and are still walking on or starving to death, or both. It is almost impossible to work up from the bottom. If you have the luck to start in something good, like myself, you can easily keep at the top as long as you work at it. There really is no sense to it at all, but that's the way it actually works out.

"The same is true of all the big talkie contracts. It is almost impossible to work your way into them. But if you've had a break and the chance to show you can play leads, you get offers from almost every company.

"I'm sure there are numbers of clever people in Hollywood who can't get a job. Yet anybody who is actually doing something in New York is pestered to death to join the talkie throng. And when anyone refuses an offer, they won't believe he sincerely doesn't want to come out here. I have a brother, for instance, who is an art director on Broadway. He was pestered for so long that finally he went to see the representative of the company that wanted him. They made him an exceptionally wonderful offer, but he held out for an astounding large amount of money; and when they wanted to compromise he just walked out of the office, saying he was perfectly happy where he was and didn't want to go to Hollywood, anyway. They can't believe it to the present day, and are still making him offers."

"We have
our secrets . . .
my perfume and I"

says JOAN BENNETT

"At first you think it's so naive . . . so dryad-shy . . . discreet . . . my new perfume, Seventeen.

"But what that perfume knows of life! It tells me the strangest things . . . hints at magic . . . sings of Youth and its own allure . . . invites me, dares me, lures me . . . on and on . . . to lighter moods, to gayer talk, to thrilling living!

"My perfume asks so much of me! I just can't disappoint it . . . I MUST be young . . . and gay . . . forever!"

Seventeen

Seventeen . . . a fragrance so close to you . . . so matched to your own quick tempo . . . so *right* with your daringest costumes . . . you'll never quite know if it's perfume upon you . . . or a fragrance that's actually part of you!

Eight glorious toiletries to keep you radiant as Seventeen

The Perfume . . . of course! Inspiration for all the rest . . . setting the rhythm . . . guiding your mood. *Powder* . . . to leave upon your skin . . . the tinted sheen . . . the delicate texture . . . of youth. *Dusting Powder* . . . clean, fresh, elusive as a bath powder should be. *Toilet Water* . . . like the perfume as its shadow. *Sachet* . . . to breathe into every garment the characteristic fragrance of you. *Compact* . . . stunningly beautiful . . . in black and gold. *Talcum Powder* . . . soothing and refreshing for sensitive skins. *Brilliantines* . . . to leave a shimmer and the faintest possible scent upon your hair.

Isn't She Odd?

(Continued from page 30)

gestures of the screen Zasu, there lives the real Zasu—a very wholesome, domestic and maternal person. *This is the real Zasu Pitts. So* real that against it the screen rôles fade into the shadows they are, and the wistful exterior is but a very thin mask, hiding a good capacious heart, a strong, reliant spirit.

There is nothing *macabre* about the real Zasu Pitts. There is nothing morbid or subterranean about the interests and pursuits of the off-screen Zasu. There is nothing downtrodden or submerged about her. She *is* different. She is self-depreciatory. She laughed in her funny little, side-of-the-mouth way about being interviewed at all. "It seems so silly," she said, "for you to be asking and for me to be telling you what *I* think . . ."

But in her personal life, which is her real life, Zasu is teeming with life and energies. Abounding with those interests popularly supposed to be contained in "a woman's sphere." As they are.

And the interests of Zasu are gardens and the growing of flowers. Kitchens and cookies, and recipes and diets. "Doing over" the bedroom in baby-blue. Buying drapes and new linoleum. Going to food-shows—she took me to one—and comparing the relative merits of wheat and bran flours. Buying big glacéd apples on long white sticks for the little kiddies.

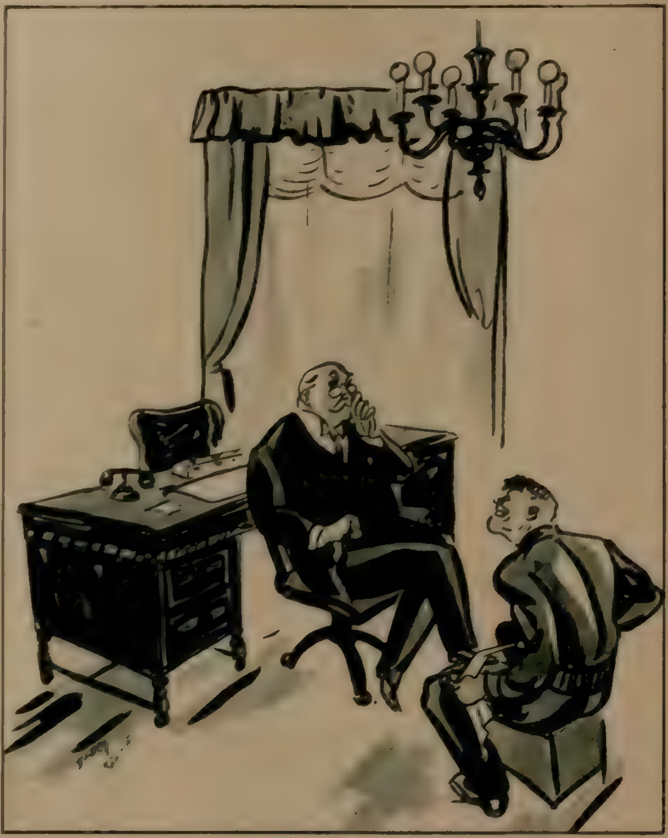
Zasu is domestic in the good old fashion of the Mauve Decade. What she doesn't do herself she pleasantly supervises. She runs her house with the capable help of two women who are her close friends as well as her servants. She discusses with them the baking of cakes, the values of cuts of beef, the most exact stewing of chickens. She doesn't entertain people with whom she has to "put on high airs." She seldom goes to parties. She is an exile from some prim New England shore, dwelling in Hollywood.

Her Reasons for Being

AND Zasu is, most of all, maternal. She proved that when she had her own little girl and loved having her. She proved it beyond any shadow of a doubt when she adopted Barbara La Marr's little adopted boy. And Barbara *did* adopt him, tabloid twitterings to the contrary. For Zasu has talked to the matron of the asylum from which he came, in Texas. He is the legitimate son of a postman, aged fifty-odd, and a trained nurse in her twenties. Both dead, I believe.

Zasu's heart is the real, the capacious mother-heart, to which all children are dear because they are children. She loves her little adopted boy equally as well as her own little daughter. She feels no difference toward them. And she intends to have other children to love and care for. Her older sister died a few months back, leaving four young ones to her care. Zasu wants them to come to her! She wants to tend them and love them.

"I can't imagine," she said, in that halting, drifting voice of hers, "anything better for anyone to do with their life than take care of babies. For every baby born there should be someone to love it. I can't imagine having anything more worth while to work for. There must be something worth while to work for or there would be no reason for it. I would feel so silly acting parts on the screen if I didn't have an object in view. I'd like to work until I have just enough money to be able to stay at home and take care of things. I'd like to adopt a lot more children. I'd like to have a nursery home, where a lot of little babies could have sunshine and fresh air and food and lots of toys and loving. To make them happy—that is the most important thing."



"Do you share my enthusiasm for The IT Girl?"
"No, boss, you can keep Clara Bow. But I'd take Greta Garbo any time!"

Not Guided by the Stars

ZASU has a house down Santa Monica way. Asked what type of house it is, she says, "Oh, just a house . . ." And in that house, which is also a home, Zasu is the personally presiding spirit. She is, literally, up with the sun. There is nothing remotely resembling a movie star's régime in the schedule followed by Zasu. No breakfast trays brought to a daised bed. No hours spent in massages and facials and manicures. No silken seclusion of self. No artificial padding is put between herself and life. Zasu is the mother of her family, Tom Gallery's wife, and the mistress of her home before she ever gets around to being a movie actress.

The children are in Zasu's room as soon as they wake, at six in the morning. Tumbling over her, laughing, sublimely sure of a welcome. Zasu can be seen in the morning only through a riotous tangle of small arms and legs, heard only through the gleeful shouts of the little, beloved tyrants. A more permanent and lasting frame, I should say, than perfumed French rosebuds and tinted laces.

This alone, in itself, should tell you what manner of person Zasu Pitts really is. It is her valedictory. It is self-explanatory. It needs no words, no rhetorical eulogies.

An Accidental Actress

ZASU didn't have a particularly happy young girlhood. Her childhood was normal enough. There was the older sister, and there were two or three young brothers, and there were the garden and flowers to tend.

"I always loved to tend things," said Zasu, striking her own major chord. "I guess I was born being just the Help, in one way or another."

She lived in Santa Cruz during most of her childhood and went to school there. She didn't care much for school or for books. There was the living world, lying all about her. She never dreamed of becoming an actress, least of all a screen actress. She used to appear in most of the school plays, but then, so did most of the other girls of her acquaintance.

When she grew into adolescence, it was constantly held before her that she must work, must earn her own living in the world. And to the domestically inclined child this pressure became a dark shadow, ominous. There was no money to be had in tending flowers, especially if you only tend them because they are fragile and helpless and you love them. Zasu came to Los Angeles. There might, it occurred to her, be money in that play-acting she used to do at school. They photographed you play-acting now. And Mary Pickford was the star at which to hitch so frail, so tentative a little bark. Zasu "hitched" and her first picture experience was with Mary Pickford in "The Little Princess."

As a consequence of having to work and hating it, Zasu doesn't want her little girl to be on the screen or anything but she wants her to be just a normal girl "having a good time."

Zasu says her one great ambition is "just to get along."

She doesn't care for luxuries. Her one extravagance is her smart Straight Eight. She doesn't care for jewels or for lavish entertainment or an extensive estate. Most of her money goes into gardens and babies, sunshine and young laughter, good milk and roses and kiddie kars . . . *This is the real Zasu Pitts.* There is no other.

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My Most Deductive Moment

(*Continued from page 39*)

bickering and searchings, we were forced to abandon the idea of finding the lost lucre in the room and decided that we should go to the studio and forget it.

That original incident isn't of any note except that it lays the foundation for a startling series of events that were to occur in the future. There was really very little allusion to the missing bills after the first shock had been weathered. Other pictures followed and months passed. Dick and I became even better friends as our relationship progressed—the only bone of contention being the robbery.

Then we were both ordered to Hollywood. Four years had passed since the first event and nothing had ever been done by way of solving the mystery, although I must admit that I spent many waking hours and a good many sleepless nights pondering over the crime and its few baffling clues. Having become friends while working in the East, and since we were both without many acquaintances in Hollywood, our close association was continued in the new environment. Much of our time, in fact, was spent at each other's apartments and it was during one of these sojourns that the second mysterious event took place.

Mystery Number Two

WE had decided to meet at Dick's apartment (which was located only a block from mine) after work and have a highball before dinner. We met about six o'clock and mixed up a few tall ones. About six-thirty, or possibly it was six-thirty-five, I told him that I would have to run down and change before going to eat. This, he agreed, would be an excellent idea, and so, at six-forty, I left the Barthelmess apartment and hurried to my own.

Scarcely had I closed the door of my own rooms than there came a terrific beating on the hall door. It was Dick. As I opened the entrance way, he rushed into the room and started a tirade of accusations. However, I closed the door and crossed the living-room before I attempted to listen to his raging voice.

"Say, listen," he stormed, "joke's off! What's the idea, anyway? This is the second time you've pulled this same trick on me and I won't stand for it any longer. Here I think I have a friend in my apartment for a little sociability—and what do I get? Robbed! Seventy dollars again, too! Let's have it."

It really took all the powers that lay at my command to keep him from springing at my throat. Carefully, I took the bereaved man by the two shoulders and forced him into a chair. Then, I myself sat down in order that I might concentrate on the mystery. After a deal of deliberation, I arose and approached Dick, at the same time holding out my hand.

At Last, a Real Clue

"HAND me your wallet," I said. "I'd like to give it the general once-over. How much money did you have in your possession when the crime took place?"

"I had just cashed a check for a hundred and fifty dollars at the bank before I met you. I saw the clerk count the money right before my own eyes—then, after I had re-counted it (just to make sure that he had made no mistake), I placed it carefully in my wallet. That is all I know about the whole terrible mess," he concluded.

"Why, bless my soul," I said in astonishment as I extracted the remaining roll of bills from the wallet, "there are but eighty dollars left of the hundred and fifty. What does *that* mean? Eighty dollars exactly.

"I said a few minutes ago that I had ju been robbed of seventy dollars. How muc does that ordinarily leave out of a hundre and fifty?"

Of course, he had caught me off my guar with such a sudden query, and it was quit some time before I regained my composur sufficiently to figure the problem out However, I was soon my old deducti self, and quickly figured out the answer.

"Yes," I countered with my characteristi thoroughness, "the robber left you the exact change—eighty dollars. Now, the only thing to do is to find the ill-fate seventy. Why," I said (suddenly deducing the situation), "that is the second time you have parted with the same identical amount. Seventy! Seventy! What in heaven's name can it mean? The fact that the same amount is missing each time must reveal some essential clue for me to work on. Let me think this thing out."

A Disappearance Deduced

FOR the next hour, Dick left me to my own devices, and I am frank to admit that I was no nearer the solution at the end of that time than I had been at the beginning. I did, however, decide that I should take Barthelmess to a psychoanalyst at once—and, possibly, to a numerologist; we must get at the bottom of the unfathomable mystery at once. Strange as it may seem, and in spite of our repeated trips to the above-mentioned specialists, I was unable to deduce anything further except that seventy dollars had disappeared twice under the same circumstances. *That made one hundred and forty in all.*

I worked, sweated and studied during the next few days—all to no avail. Would this mystery never be solved? It began to look that way. But with the singular faith that I had in my own powers of deduction, combined with the fact that I *never* give up the hunt, I at last hit upon a plan that would either show up the culprit or solve the mystery of the missing money, once and for all time.

The whole thing came to a head one evening while I was aboard Dick's new yacht. There was quite a party of friends on the boat and we were having the time of our lives.

I must digress a moment, however, and tell you of some of the important events that occurred before I hit upon my plan. Inasmuch as this is to be a complete report, I must give you all the details. As soon as dinner had been served, and we were all gathered in the forward-deck saloon, Dick asked for quiet and commenced to talk.

A Delusion of Grandeur

"FRIENDS," he began, "I am sorry that I must tell you of a certain bit of knowledge I have in my possession, but in fairness to all aboard I must give you this bit of advice. Walking among you—at this very moment—is a man who has a penchant for money in seventy-dollar lots. His name is Powell. I hereby warn you of the state of affairs as they exist and plead with you that if you have such an amount on your person at this moment, that you add a dollar to the sum (making seventy-one) or that you give some friend a dollar to hold (making sixty-nine). If you follow this advice, you will be spared the embarrassment of having your money disappear."

Of course, such an outbreak forced me to defend myself on the spot. What I said will prove to you that my mind is working at top speed at all times. Raising my hand in passionate pleading, I began to orate.

"Friends, please use your common sense about this whole affair. Standing before you is a man who has always had a fine reputation for his inimitable work in the field of deductive reasoning. True, I was present, in an astounding degree, in each instance when Barthelmess missed the fatal seventy dollars—but I beg of you to look upon that as a mere coincidence. Let me tell you something of the owner of this boat. In the first place, he never has lost seventy dollars even *once*. It is a total delusion (as we say in court). His claims to have lost this same amount on two different occasions amounts to what we term *a delusion of grandeur*. I doubt if he *ever* had seventy dollars. He is in a sad condition, according to the specialists we have visited. Seventy is the one number that will throw him off his regular balance. Believe him not!!"

The Last "Seventy" Vanishes

AND I am glad to relate to my audience that the guests sided with me on the whole thing, and that very little was said with reference to the missing money during the remainder of the evening.

It was later, while most of the others were busily engaged in dancing that Dick told me of his plans to buy a special sort of motor for his outboard "put-put" and gave me the name. It was the mention of the price ($140.00) that almost froze the blood in my veins. Here was my great opportunity to show my prowess. It was with much happiness that I bade the others adieu and made my way home. The next morning I was to meet Dick at the boat.

Is it necesssary to say that I came bearing a motor which had cost exactly the sum and total of the money he had missed? Twice seventy dollars—$140.00. *Now* we would see what would happen to the curse of seventy!

After we had affixed the motor to the rear end of the little craft, Dick got aboard and started the thing humming. Quite a crowd had gathered as we were working, and so about thirty people saw Dick shove off alone in the boat. I stayed behind to watch the results of my plan. Now the mystery would be solved—or the curse would be destroyed forever!

As the boat gained mid-stream, the motor suddenly spit a jet of livid flame and the entire craft sank slowly out of sight. It was only the horrible screams of the onlookers that covered my slight laugh as the boat sank beneath the waves. The curse of the "Seventy" was drowned for all time. *Philo Vance* and his deductive powers had triumphed again! Oh, what do you make of it, *Watson?*

Another mystery: where are Clara Bow's flowers coming from now?

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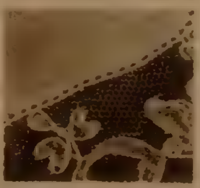

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Where Are They Sundays?

(Continued from page 57)

early for some remote, picnic-location with his small grandson as the star of each production.

George Arliss is almost a fanatic on this Sunday business. He believes that all shows should be closed to the public, as well as the actor. "I do on Sunday the things I had intended to do on other days, but could not find the time." I should suggest you hire an aeroplane to locate him.

Pauline Frederick has a beach house—sixteen miles from a telephone and forty miles from Warner Brothers' studio—which was especially erected for Sundays. Here she repairs each Saturday night to indulge in her hobby—cooking. "It is the way I let off steam," she tells me. "Cooking is my play, cakes my sermon and preparing Sunday night suppers my vacation." I'd try Malibu if I were you. Ditto, all the way through, for Louise Fazenda.

Just try and find Al Jolson! His is a restless energy that seeks new scenery each Sunday. There's only one time when you can be certain. If there's a horse-race at Tia Juana or Agua Caliente, your search is over.

He Knows the Ropes

KEN MAYNARD stays true to cowboy form and holds calf-roping contests. The young bucks from the entire countryside flock to his ranch to compete with him. One Sunday, not long ago, Tommy Bay won the championship; Ken's first home-plate defeat. Ken will be glad to have you try your hand against Tommy's.

You'll have to keep your eye on two places for Grant Withers. The interior of Mexico and the interior of his and Loretta Young's home. If Loretta and Grant aren't working (a rare case), take a chance upon Mexico, especially Ensenada. But if they haven't had time to indulge in lovers' pastimes during the week, it won't be necessary to leave the native hills.

Marion Davies is gregarious. She likes swarms of people around her. But Sunday is the only time she can gather them together. So Sunday afternoon is open house at Marion's. At that, she often has so many other week-day left-overs that all she can do is to greet her guests with, "Hello everybody. Make yourselves at home. Swim, play tennis, do as you please. There's eats in this room and beverages in that—" and disappear until it is time for leave-taking. You won't have any trouble in finding Marion's place. It's a white house on the beach in Santa Monica and bigger than the one in Washington, D. C. You can't mistake a beach club for it, Marion's is so much more hotelish. Just perch on the high fence with your binoculars and you'll see half the celebrities in town frisking around like school kids on their first day of vacation.

Two Suppers to Attend

I SUGGEST that you arrive at Marion's about four P. M. and stay until twilight, then walk south on the beach three or four houses to see Bebe Daniels. Don't take the road in the rear. These houses face the sands and the street fence is so high you won't be able to see anything but the entrance and a palm tree rising from the patio. From the beach, however, you can climb the patio wall, jump over, sneak to the front windows and peep through the curtains. You'll see at least twenty celebrities eating supper (probably buffet). About half of them will remain on the first floor to play bridge, while the balance go to the playroom on the second floor for ping-pong and other varieties of card entertainment. (Bring your rope ladder; palm trees are no good for climbing.) There'll be Bebe and her mother, Ben Lyon, Norma Talmadge, Gilbert R land, Constance Talmadge and husban it's almost certain. The stakes will be hig But it will make your mouth water just look at so much money, even on Sunday.

There's another good patio wall for tw light climbing, back in Beverly. The Jimn Gleasons'. Jimmy and Lucille will be han ing out their famous hash, baked beans an combination salad, with a possible additio of waffles and grated maple sugar. If yo make a spectacular climb, they'll probab let you "drop in" and join them. I'd tal in both of these suppers, because you'll se all the old-line screen people at Bebe's an the Broadway newcomers at Jimmy's.

Sunday Drivers

THE golf clubs—Lakeside, Rancho, B Air, etc.—are other certain meccas fo the famous. Bob Armstrong, Ford Sterlin Robert Ames, Joseph Cawthorn, Richar Arlen. You'll find at least the other thre of a foursome with Dick and if you follo them closely, you'll land at his house whe the game is over for supper with Mrs. Dic Jobyna Ralston.

If you're interested in real estate, pac up your overnight case Saturday, han around the Paramount doors until Charle E. Mack (of Moran and Mack) comes out Follow him to a sub-division near Newhal which he is developing. His own home i completed, and six others nearly so. Sunday is his day for personal supervision and promotion. His acreage is next door to Bil Hart's ranch. Just run over and call on Bill He'll be a gentleman, even though you are stranger.

To locate Ronald Colman, climb the hill north of Hollywood until you come to high, a very high wall with an English hom snuggled far behind it. Blow out a hole in the concrete with dynamite, rush to th tennis courts and watch Ronny and Bil Powell in their weekly championship bouts. Linger until tea time, then trail them to Clive Brook's for eats. There you will join Clive and Mrs. Clive, John Loder, Phillip Strange and other celebrities who went to kindergartens across the water.

Away from It All

IF it's Gary Cooper you are seeking, you'll have a hard day. Up before six and away to rodeos or ranch or cool, unfrequented retreats in the mountains. Gary, believe one, can't carry on without these away-from-Hollywood and back-to-nature diversions. Lupe Velez must agree, because you'll certainly be forced to share Gary with her.

Naturally, I could go on for pages and pages. Richard Dix is at his ranch in the San Fernando Valley, where he plays with his setters and looks over his financial papers. While Rudy Vallée was here, he divided his time between his mother and father at home and Mary Brian at hers. Sally Blane washes her own beneath-the-dress dainties. Yes sir, the laundries spoiled so many soft silks that they forced her to become a Sabbath-Day washlady. Ivan Lebedeff writes Russian letters in the daytime and is very quiet about his Sunday evenings. Natalie Moorhead never fails to write mother or pay bills. (Lucky creditors.) Vivienne Segal plays bridge and takes a vocal lesson. (Follow the sound of her voice to locate her.) Myrna Loy forgets she is a slinking vamp the other six days of the week and becomes a girl athlete. Try the Swimming Club; it's pretty certain. Dorothy Mackaill—fly to Agua Caliente. Ditto for Clara Bow.

Sunday, for the week-day-laborers of Hollywood, is a day of rest with a vengeance.

He Forgot He Was Ronald Colman

(*Continued from page 52*)

o a room. "That was Ronald Colman," nnounced the clerk, more to save himself game of questions-and-answers than to ive information

The Great Unknown

"WHO'S he?" asked the woman who has done missionary work and will ell you all about it, if you don't watch out.

"Movie actor," replied the rheumatic entleman, who suffers with insomnia and vill tell you about *that*, if you don't watch ut.

The missionary lady made derogatory naal noises and returned to her article on the reat work being done by Dr. Beamish n West Afro-China. The rheumatic genleman tried straightening out one leg, said 'ouch!", and let the matter drop. It was, am willing to bet, the slimmest reception Ronald Colman was ever accorded. And it lso was, according to Mr. Colman, by far his best reception, Lord-mayored and goldraided ones notwithstanding.

Colman had come to that town and that nn at the urgent request of Mr. Charles ane, his retired actor friend. But not ntil he had actually arrived and seen the lace did he, for whom other quiet little vaations had invariably been quiet little mobings, actually credit his friend's extravaant claims.

He left his room and tried a walk before inner. Nothing happened. He tried diner in the small crowded dining-room. Still othing happened. He tried (and now look ut) the lobby, with its many, many pitalls. And still nothing happened. He miled. He laughed. He bellowed! There *vas* a Santa Claus.

"That Man in Room 53"

HERE he could be free and natural. Here he could be just "that man in Room 53." And for the next two weeks he *was* just "that man in Room 53" and othing more. For two solid weeks he vallowed in the earthly joys (unknown to im in Hollywood) of being contradicted nd summarily dismissed as conversationlly unimportant. For fourteen solid days e said what he pleased, went where he leased, or lay abed if he pleased, without eing hawked by wild-eyed publicists. His pinions, for the first time, were no better han, probably not as good as, the next erson's. If old man Little, floor leader at he nightly fire-place Senate, thought Colnan's judgment to be sadly erring, he told im so at once and without the least hint of apology. What if he *was* Ronald Colman? Who the h——, old man Little wanted to know, was Ronald Colman?

So, with the very firm conviction that he had at last struck Heaven, Mr. Colman tore nto the conversation—good homely Amercan conversation—until all that could possibly be said about the younger generaion; Mussolini (what does he think he's up to, anyhow?); the new Ford versus the ld; crime in Chicago; the New Woman; the stock market crash; women who smoke igarettes; who won the war; what's wrong with the movies (Mrs. Cupper wanted to know when they are going to cut out all that love-making mush); and the younger generation again had been said—and said and said. If a certain instinct, latent in all the celluloidally prominent, caused Colman to beware of being himself, that caution soon left him. An hour after dinner he was breathing deeply and laughing normally. He had successfully ditched Ronald Colman, actor, for Ronald Colman in person,

(*Continued on page 101*)

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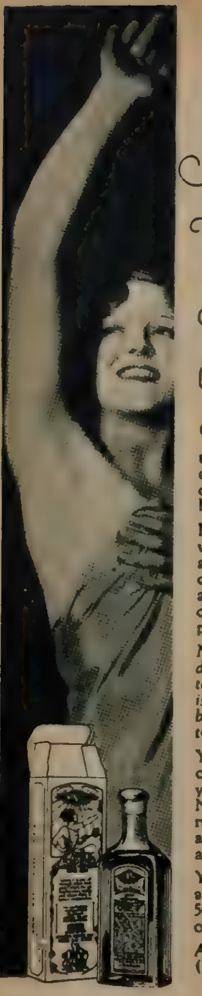

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Who'll Own The Movies?

(*Continued from page 25*)

longest purse has an advantage. Two years ago the motion picture wallets were wrinkled and flat. Even to-day, with color and wide-film sitting on the doorstep, more outside capital is needed, and money for commercial expansion can come from but two directions. The picture companies may go direct to the public with their securities, as Fox did last autumn with such negative results, or they may invite the investment bankers to underwrite stocks and bonds, or to make loans.

In either case, "terms" will be exacted, and—since the Fox experience—backed with adequate guarantees. If those terms are agreed to, one may wonder where the present group of picture executives will be five years hence, for Wall Street does not willingly let outsiders run its enterprises, and particularly unsympathetic outsiders.

Three years ago, such a possibility as the present one would have been unthinkable. But to-day the Wall Street interests have control of patents without which it is almost impossible to make a talking picture, or, having made it, to project it upon a screen. These patents fundamentally are radio and telephone inventions, among the most important of which are the "C Battery" patents, and they are held in the names of the General Electric, Westinghouse, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, and Radio Corporation of America. The gross capitilization of this group of interests runs into the billions, and they have pipelines leading direct to the treasuries of Wall Street.

Unheard Of Until 1890

IT is comparatively recently that gentlemen of similar nomenclature to the present picture barons broke into the amusement business. Can you recall one in the circus enterprises among the Barnums, Baileys, Ringlings, Forepaughs, Sellses and Robinsons? And what were the great theater names of three or more decades ago? Were they not Daly, Palmer, Hoyt, Sinn, Macauley, Abbey, Niblo, Stetson, Pope, Hamlin, Henderson, Hooley, and so on? And in vaudeville did we not have Keith, Proctor, Albee, Pastor, Murdock, Castle, Considine, Sullivan and Sun?

Not until the 'Nineties did there arrive on soft shoes the Frohmans, Haymans, Erlangers, Klaws, Shuberts, Meyerfeldts and Becks. But by the turn of the century they were in full control of the American theater —big and little!

In the very middle of those same 'Nineties, there appeared an interesting toy, showing pictures in motion. Wall Street probably heard of it—since the first exhibition occurred on Nassau Street near Maiden Lane, and later in the building where the Guaranty Trust Company now holds forth —but dismissed it to lie with the baby's rattle or the latest block puzzle. But a reporter on a New York newspaper, a fire chief from Kansas City, a planter from the South, together with a few other visionaries for the moment at a loose end, began to pioneer the new contraption.

Anglo-Saxon Pioneers

SOON, others joined the Messrs. Blackton, Hale and Latham. These newcomers had names like Long, Dickson, Koopman, Marvin, Kennedy, Smith, Rock, Aitken, Meek, McKinley, Jefferson, White and Spoor. The clothing, glove and fur industries had not yet been drawn upon.

The gentlemen just mentioned organized little picture companies with odd names, such as Biograph, Kalem, Solax, Essanay, Polyscope, Majestic, Reliance, Eclair, Bison, Vitagraph, Keystone, Rex, Imp and so on. Their business grew amazingly, and about 1910 these Saxon entrepreneurs suddenly discovered a number of strange names in their midst. A clothing store manager from Wisconsin, Laemmle by name, and an eyeglass maker from Philadelphia, yclept Lubin, demanded to be counted.

Next, quietly arrived the Messrs. Lasky, Zukor, Goldfish, Fox, Loew, Abrams, Kessel, Warner, Bauman, Selznick, Dintenfass, etc., and most unobtrusively, but effectively, took charge of the new picture business, and have continued since to govern it. This is not a history of the motion picture, so suffice it to say that for one reason or another Latham, Long, Smith, Rock, Dickson, Kennedy, Hale, Marvin and the rest have dropped out. Only one of them discovered Wall Street. Harry E. Aitken organized Mutual Film Corporation in 1913 and got his money down there, enticing a member of the House of Kahn aboard with him. Perhaps no one was more astonished than he to obtain a million. Seven figures had never before been used in the picture business—save in dreams.

Wall Street Steps In

BY 1914, the company names were Famous Players, Lasky, Universal, Fox, World, Selznick, etc. Of the old group Biograph, Mutual, Edison and Vitagraph were all that were left and they were dying. By now Wall Street had discovered the picture business. J. P. Morgan & Co., Kuhn, Loeb & Co., Knauth, Nachod & Kuehne, and E. S. Smithers & Co. had made loans and underwritten securities. An occasional bank lent against negatives or contracts, and picture stocks began to appear on the exchanges.

In 1915, the public was invited into Triangle and went with a rush—temporarily. Fox had found a new vein of capital over in New Jersey and had become a five-million-dollar concern. Famous Players and Lasky merged. Edison and Biograph quit, Lubin failed, Kalem dissolved and Vitagraph was getting into shoal water. With them went the old names, and by 1920 none was left. About this time, Wall Street discovered that the annual picture income needed nine figures for its expression. It had topped a billion dollars a year, and ranked fifth or sixth in the industrial list!

Radio's Effect

THE next year, radio was born and with it came the principles that made talking pictures a possibility, though they did not appear for a half-dozen years more. The big electrical companies quietly gathered up the patents expressing these principles and eventually worked out the precision apparatus that gave a voice to the films. Forthwith they were launched into the picture business.

It may be said that the picture industry is an important link in the gradual erection of the electrical vertical trust. The vertical trust is an industrial plan which begins with the control of certain industries intimately related and starting with raw materials. For example, copper mine, wire mill, rubber plantation and factory, electrical machine works, electrical railways, telephone and telegraph companies, radio stations, railroad block signals, power companies, radio tube and lamp factories, all work harmoniously together, passing a finished product straight on up from one to the other. In this way markets are stabilized and profits virtually guaranteed. The motion picture business, almost entirely electrical, fitted in like a block in a puzzle. You see, television already had been provided for, so the thing

(*Continued on page 103*)

A Blonde Old-Fashioned?

(*Continued from page 41*)

Hollywood Not to Blame

"I JUST wasn't happy," Jeanette says. "Hollywood had nothing to do with our separating. It would have happened anywhere else, some time . . ."

Jeanette is old-fashioned. She hopes to marry again. It looks very much as though she will. She wants a home and babies. She believes in the virtue of women and in the chivalry of men. She has never had an unpleasant experience with the much-advertised hunters of Hollywood damosels. She doesn't believe unpleasant experiences are necessary. She believes that a girl can get along in Hollywood and remain "a good girl," too. She thinks that men are nice to girls, if girls are nice *with* them. She ought to know. For she was a married woman when she came here. No one knew that she was married. She had to turn down invitations and plead work and tiredness. It didn't debar her from a contract with Universal.

Because Jeanette, once married, independent, in and of Hollywood, still strongly suggested to us the old-fashioned girl, it was also suggested to us that we do an old-fashioned interview.

We thought it would be piquant to discover what is Jeanette's favorite candy, color, flower, actor and actress.

By a person's tastes shall he be known.

Well, these are Jeanette's tastes. You have her background. Her future stretches ahead, luminously, to the pot of gold at the rainbow's end.

Now, go ahead and fill in the blanks . . .

Furnishing Her Preferences

I SAID, "What is your favorite flower?"

Jeanette: "Yellow roses. They make me dream."

G. H.: "Your favorite color?"

Jeanette: "Orchid. It's soft and sad and beautiful. I feel different when I wear it than I do in any other shade."

G. H.: "Your favorite animal?"

Jeanette: "English sheep dogs. I always think of little children when I see them. They are so rompy and so jolly and, somehow, so *Peter-Pannish.*"

G. H.: "Your favorite book?"

Jeanette: "Donn Byrne's 'Marco Polo.' I have a thirst for adventure, for sailing the Seven Seas, for touching at foreign ports."

G. H.: "Your favorite sport?"

Jeanette: "Horse-racing. Perhaps there is the gambler hidden somewhere in my heart. What revelations a person's tastes can be!"

G. H.: "Hobby?"

Jeanette: "Ice-skating. It seems to bring me nearer to the land of my forefathers. The ring of steel on blue ice. Some day I want to go there. I have a feeling that I belong . . ."

"Sad" and "Expensive"

G. H.: "Your favorite bird?"

Jeanette: "The blue love-birds. They are so tender and so gentle and so sad. I think I must care about sad things."

G. H.: "Your favorite jewel?"

Jeanette: "Now I begin to get expensive. The diamond. It is the only jewel that means anything to me. Engagements. Promises."

G. H.: "Your favorite city?"

Jeanette: "Berlin, so far. It gives me more than Paris or London or New York."

G. H.: "Your favorite season?"

Jeanette (smiling): "I think I am still young enough and still hopeful enough to

(*Continued on page 91*)

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His Pace Is His Fortune

(Continued from page 48)

Eddie lost no time getting started. I borrowed a pencil somewhere and caught some of it.

The Movies Not to Blame

"IF the theater," he began, "feels that the movies have crowded it out, it has only itself to blame. For the theater didn't keep faith with the public. Half-way good shows have been shoved off on the public for the last time. Not only that, the theater doesn't know how to treat the public.

"How in the world could they expect to draw movie-sized crowds when they presented their offerings in theaters that often were no more than barns? And the way in which they handled audiences nearly amounted to 'the public be damned.' Programs were shoved at incoming patrons and they were herded to their seats like so many cattle. Perhaps the seats were uncomfortable and the theater itself overly warm or cold. Producers acted as if they were doing the public a favor to let them into their theaters. It couldn't last. It was only natural that the movie crowd should come along and, by making the customers feel at home, inevitably capture a good share of the business."

I thanked him and rose to go. Certainly I had enough information here for an article. And, besides, I knew where there was a poker game going on . . .

"Where you going?" asked Mr. Cantor.

"I'm going home and transcribe my notes," I answered. "It's been a wonderful interview and . . . "

He Insists

"OH, no, you're not," he spouted. "I haven't even got started yet. Now you just sit down like a good boy while I get warmed up. Here (and he shoved a chair under me), you're not leaving yet, are you?" I sat down. Evidently I wasn't.

"Now the theater," continued Mr. Cantor, "is far from dead." (I borrowed the pencil again.) "Far from dead. Do you know," and he wagged a finger at me, "that in sixty weeks we did some two millions of dollars' worth of business with 'Whoopee'?"

I didn't, and I was getting sleepy.

"And did you know," he continued (there was really no stopping the man), "that in one year alone we drew (I forget how many) thousands and that road shows annually draw (I forget these thousands, too) more?"

"Jed Harris was right when he told a reporter the other day, 'There was only one thing wrong with the theaters, and that was the managers. They have proved themselves to be as imbecile a group of business men as ever got together. They tell us the theater business is in a bad way. They produce bad plays and then wonder why they have failures. Any time you give the public its money's worth, it will flock to the theater. Here are some figures to illustrate: It cost me eleven thousand dollars to produce "Broadway"; it netted me one million, three hundred thousand. "Coquette" cost me ten thousand and netted a half-million. It is a marvelous business when the managers are not hopelessly incompetent.' "

Saving a Half-Day

"EXCUSE me a moment," snapped Eddie. "I've got to make a scene."

He shot from his seat and rushed to his place before the cameras. Instantly he got into character. Speedily he rehearsed the act, supervised the adjustment of microphones, rehearsed the act again and stood ready for the take.

Then a cry rang out from the back of t set. One of the gals in the show, perched a high seat to represent the spirit of som thing or other, had slipped and landed on Eddie ran around back and got her. The he was a sympathetic soother. With a fathe ly arm around her, he cooed soft comfor ing coos. "Did it hurt awfully much? Whe did she land; where her brains are? Woul she please take a deep breath and sa 'Ah!'" Soon he had her snickering; laugh ing. Soon the interruption in the work wa over and they were back to business.

Now, this incident is interesting only a additional evidence of Eddie's amazin energy. A company, always ready to loaf would normally take off a half-day becaus of such an occurrence. But the effect o Eddie and his all-consuming vitality literally spurred the others to work, in spite of them selves. The picture will probably be finished by schedule and dozens of efficiency experts go quite mad.

He Crackles

TWICE or three times they took the scene. It looked good to everyone. But Eddie asked for another take; and another. Eddie isn't interested in good scenes. He wants them all to be swell. There is a thrill in watching this man work. Somewhere he picked up a craftsmanship that is just a little new out here. The efficiency of Eddie Cantor before the camera has something of big business about it. His sure, staccato movements fairly crackle. He seems to click. I'd say that he is electric if I hadn't already said it. A man can't go on repeating all his life—

Presently he was back beside me on the bench. "The theater," he took up, as if there had been no interruption, "needs fresh blood in its production department. No one back there (meaning the East) will take a chance. They go ahead, year after year, with the same formulas, afraid of risking a new idea. That's where the movies have 'em. What's more, the movies take tremendous Broadway spectacles, as well as masterpieces of acting, right into the country. Consider what the brilliance and gayety of an 'On with the Show' mean to small-town people. Realize that if it were not for the movies, countless thousands of rural folk would never see the art of a George Arliss.

He Knows His Business

"I," HE continued, "have always been interested in the producing end of the theater. I've made it my business to know every branch of the industry and could tell you, up to a few dollars, the cost of transporting a company from . . . "

But just then he was wanted on the set for another shot.

"Excuse me," he said, "I'll be right back."

And maybe he was right back. As for me, I didn't wait around to find out. If these live wires from the East think they can work us poor writing guys like that, they're crazy. Eddie Cantor or no Eddie Cantor, a guy's got to consider his health.

As I left, the last words I heard were Eddie's. He was addressing the troupe. "Now," he was saying, "let's do it again. And this time let's make it good. Let's *work* at it!"

It would be strange to see a sign on a studio gate reading: *Closed Indefinitely for a Good Long Rest.* But that's the one they may have made for United Artists when "Whoopee" is finished.

A Blonde Old-Fashioned?

(*Continued from page 89*)

say Spring. I like all the beginnings of things. Perhaps because they are sad, too . . ."

G. H.: "Your favorite food?"

Jeanette: "Caviar on toast. A dangerous admission, coupled with the preference for diamonds. It might make a man afraid of me at meal times and at Christmas time."

Chevalier Preferred

G. H.: "Your favorite actor?"

Jeanette: "Maurice Chevalier." (There was no hesitation to that answer. It required neither thought nor weighing.)

G. H.: "Your favorite actress?"

Jeanette: "Greta Garbo. Pola used to be. But now it seems to me that Greta symbolizes all of the feminine allure, the strangeness in the world."

G. H.: "Your favorite screen character?"

Jeanette: **"Mickey Mouse."**

G. H.: "Your favorite orchestra?"

Jeanette: "Yes—it's Paul Whiteman's. I prefer jazz symphonic."

G. H.: "Your favorite song?"

Jeanette: "McDowell's 'To a Wild Rose.'"

G. H.: "Your favorite salad?"

Jeanette: "Avocado."

G. H. (consideringly): "Your favorite—fish?"

Jeanette: "Sand-dabs."

G. H.: "Your favorite color in hose?"

Jeanette: "Nude."

G. H.: "Your favorite candy?"

Jeanette: "Peppermint sticks."

There, didn't we tell you she is an old-fashioned girl? For only an old-fashioned girl would care for Spring and diamonds and tea-roses and English sheep dogs—and *peppermint sticks.*

If she ever finds time to lounge about, Claudia Dell would prefer to do it in a pajama outfit like this one. The printed silk blouse is trimmed with the solid color silk while the trousers of the solid color are trimmed with the print

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Hollywood Sob-Stories

(*Continued from page 29*)

And so it was that out of the shadow of death, Walter Pidgeon staged his comeback in talking pictures. Not only was he granted a new life professionally, but he came out of that operation forever rid of the idea that he was a victim of cancer.

Not The Usual Type

AN interesting and strange man, this Walter Pidgeon. Very direct in his speech. Very given to skirting non-essentials in everything he does and says. He might be a successful young surgeon, or lawyer. Certainly his own profession has not noticeably marked him. Anything from contract bridge to Einstein he finds more conversationally interesting than any resumé he might give of his picture activities—past or present.

He knows many people outside of professional Hollywood. Premières, he believes, are capable of struggling along without his patronage. Often he misses his own pictures in preference to a quiet evening at contract bridge at his own, or a friend's home. He enjoys dinner parties, providing there are not too many people, and once or twice a week he dines out at a popular café on an "off" night. He frankly admits that he loves beautiful women, in the abstract; but prefers the society of men friends, in the concrete. For that reason he is not looked on as good engagement bait by the local husband-hunters.

His musical activities, singing and piano, date back to the time of his childhood in Canada. Of the four sons of Charles and Fronie Pidgeon, Walter was the musical one. Instead of following medicine or law, as did his brothers, he evinced a talent for amateur dramatics as early as his high school and military days. His rich voice made him outstanding in East St. John's glee club activities, and he would have immediately branched into the study of music abroad, if the war had not sent him there on a little private business for Canada.

What He Missed, He Heard

IN 1915, he enlisted in the Canadian army as a private in the artillery. After a year at the front he was wounded and spent the remainder of his nineteen months in France in a base hospital within bombing distance of the Heinies. What Mr. Pidgeon didn't see of the war—he heard. He also heard Elsie Janis, "toast of the A. E. F.," on one of her tours through the front hospitals and aided her in staging an entertainment for the boys. Incidentally, Elsie also heard Walter, and made him promise to get in touch with her if he ever contemplated a theatrical career.

But it was not until several years after the Armistice that he reminded her of that promise.

In the meantime, he had returned home, broken in health, confined to crutches for two years. The war had not embittered him, so much as it had robbed him of interest. He dabbled about in various things. In a desultory manner he traveled to Ita and studied singing. It was there that h met his wife, a non-professional. Tiring Europe, he came back to the United Stat and affiliated himself with a Boston broke age house. It was not until this enterpris failed, sweeping away a great deal of h inheritance in the crash, and after the deat of his wife, that he turned seriously to th stage for a livelihood.

Elsie Remembered

WITH the implicit confidence of novice, he wired Elsie Janis of hi decision. Anyone else might have forgotte that promise made years ago to a sick boy in a French hospital—but not the one and only Elsie. She wired him to join her for a concert engagement at Aeolian Hall in New York. It was the beginning of a long and successful tour with Elsie through the United States and England in "At Home." In his spare time he made records for the Victor people.

It was Joseph Schenck who brought him to Hollywood as a leading man. Silent pictures were in exclusive reign at the time of his début and, like John Boles, the equally personable Mr. Pidgeon found a great deal of his personality wasted before the voiceless camera. He drifted hither and thither in support of very beautiful ladies, rating "satisfactorily—but hardly more than that," he puts it.

"I got to the point where I actually envied the character men and the heavies. They at least had something to do, besides wear a dinner coat and rush in at the nick of time to defend a lady's honor.

The Untangled Web

"ON top of what I believed to be my indifferent showing on the silent screen, I was a sick man almost from the start. My health, which had been miserable since the war, was not improving even in what the boosters call 'God's climate.' Lord, there were times when Hollywood, with all her attractions, looked ghastly to me!

"Funny, how Fate can straighten out all our tangles for us with one gesture, isn't it? When I went into the hospital I had little to live for. Six weeks later, not only was I a well man, mentally and physically, but that miracle of talking pictures had taken hold of my profession and given me a new chance.

"I've been lucky—awfully lucky. I feel that my real work in Hollywood has just begun, since signing this new First National contract. I don't care if people forget there was ever a Walter Pidgeon of silent pictures. So far as I am concerned, my career really started with the last six pictures I have done: 'A Most Immoral Lady, 'Her Private Life,' 'The Bride of the Regiment,' 'Mademoiselle Modiste,' 'Sweet Kitty Bellairs,' and now this picture with Miss Miller. Not a bad break," he chuckled, "for coming back from the grave."

When you stop to think of it—not bad at all!

Books are seldom censored. Likewise stage plays. But the movies? Ah, the movies are pure.

Or, if they aren't, it isn't the reformers' fault.

That is the sob-story of Hollywood.

But talkies have remade the movies. Are they likely to remake censorship also?

Don't miss "How Free Is Speech?" in the September

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Sports Of The Stars

(Continued from page 33)

would look as if I were entering the rum-running business. That, or a run on my bank account!

Yachting California

IT generally happens that a man who once owns a boat is a sailor for life; and such is the hold which the sport has gained on Southern Californians, that at present there is considerable agitation under way for the establishment of a yacht harbor, with facilities for five hundred boats, just inside the breakwater of Los Angeles Harbor. With close to twenty-five million dollars invested in pleasure craft on the Pacific Coast, it is felt that we should have a proper anchorage. Yachting and motor-boating are no longer the sports of a limited number of people; they have won themselves a place wherever there is sunshine and favorable water. And where will you find more of those qualities than here?

Dr. Albert Soiland, senior admiral of the Pacific Coast Yachting Association, calls this "the logical national center for boat-building activity." As soon as proper facilities are arranged, that happy day may arrive; but until then we are using a number of scattered moorings. It is significant of the manner in which picture people pursue the sporting life that wherever these moorings are, you will find the craft of various of its members.

Cinema Sailors

CONRAD NAGEL and Corinne Griffith have beautiful boats; whereby they differ from Lewis Stone, whose craft is as funny-looking on the outside as it is comfortable below decks. Jack Gilbert recently disposed of his boat; but Hal Roach, farther down the street in Culver City, evened things up by building a new one. This *Gypsy* is a marvelous affair, and there isn't a yachtsman in the colony who isn't envious of Hal.

And when I say "yachtsmen in the colony," I mean just that. There are any number who take their sailoring with a thoroughly proper seriousness. Neil Hamilton matriculated at the University of Southern California for the spring semester to study navigation and nautical astronomy. He is intent upon becoming an expert pilot, and with the same determination behind him which has taken him so far in pictures, I'm thinking it won't be long before he is outsailing us all.

Of course, he will have to do some fancy handling of the wheel to best Larry Kent, one of the best navigators among us. Larry spends a great deal of time and money on his two boats. A lover of solitude, he likes nothing more than to use his between-picture periods for extended cruises. Just before his last jaunt, he made an arrangement with Webster Daly, physician for a large number of film people and an ardent yachtsman. They got together evenings, and Larry brushed Doc up on navigation while Daly gave Kent lessons in first aid.

Where Charlie Can Be Found

WHENEVER Fox can't find Charlie Farrell, they send down to his anchorage. Not long ago the studio was the cause of a heart-breaking incident with Charlie. He was competing in one of the local races, and it seemed that he was about to win his first cup, when on the breakwater he saw a boy from the studio signaling frantically to him. He knew they wouldn't be calling unless it was something important, so he sailed sadly in—and read about some-one else's victory in the morning paper.

Farrell has a good-looking boat—in fact, it is so good-looking that that canny Cape

(Continued on page 95)

CLEANSING TISSUES
E SANITARY WAY TO
KLEENEX
25¢
REMOVE FACE CREAMS

You'll enjoy
the Kleenex way to
remove cold cream

KLEENEX makes it so pleasant to care for your skin the proper way! With this smart box filled with exquisite tissues on your dressing table, you'll never be tempted to use a towel to wipe away cold cream! You'll never think of rubbing your delicate skin with a germ-laden "cold cream cloth."

And do you know how dangerous these wrong methods can be? An unabsorbent cloth or towel leaves part of the cold cream in the pores, and with it tiny bits of dirt and cosmetics. That's what starts pimples and blackheads!

Even hard rubbing can't remove all the impurities, when you use an unabsorbent cloth. And this hard rubbing is injurious. Stretches the skin. Relaxes it. And so induces large pores and premature wrinkles.

Kleenex just can't irritate in any way. It's so soft, so readily absorbent. It *blots* up every bit of surplus cream, and lifts impurities from the pores.

More and more people are using Kleenex for handkerchiefs. It's especially valuable for colds, to avoid reinfection. Kleenex comes in pure, lovely tints and white, at drug and department stores.

"I USE KLEENEX for removing cold cream because the tissues are so very absorbent that rubbing is unnecessary."

Eleanor Boardman

Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Ill. MPC-8
Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

Name ________________
City ________________
Address ________________

Beautifiers of fragrant distinction

The delicate fragrance of Duska toiletries is the very odor of beauty itself. Beautiful women everywhere choose the clinging, silken-smoothness of Duska Face Powder ...the elusive, captivating Duska perfume. And Duska brings beauty... giving the skin the fragrant bloom of youth. You'll be proud of the distinguished Duska containers on your dressing table. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

D-D-Doing H-H-His S-S-Stuff

(*Continued from page 63*)

have the hat still. But it's a different cigar.

Before he walked the dog along the George White Way to the Double-Cross Roads of the World, the kid's square monicker was Louis Josephs. The name of Frisco he picked from the freight car that carried him from nowhere in particular to a spot where he can draw ten thousand dollars for six days' work. He cut his last name in half and put it before instead of behind—hence, Joe Frisco, a name that means dough when it appears in lights above the Palace Theater. And will soon mean S.R.O. to the movies.

He Won't Rehearse

WITH the derby and the cabbage for props, he'll step on at a moment's notice and stop the show. All they have to say is: "Get out there, kid, and be comical." Give him the key and he'll sing in any flat. He *ad libs* his stuff and won't rehearse. When he works in pictures, he stays up all night to be at the studio on time. When on the stage, he catches an hour's rest after the last show. Then he rounds the Square until the appearance of those early birds that get worms for their trouble. He's kind to show-girls and other dumb animals—as witness the business with the horse and the doughnuts.

He hasn't much faith in the sincerity of women. One time he asked a girl to marry him.

"I d-d-don't t-t-talk very f-f-fast," he says, "and it t-t-took me a l-l-long time t-t-to tell her that I l-l-loved her. When I f-f-finally proposed, she s-s-said to m-m-me, 'Oh, J-J-Joe, this is s-s-so s-s-sudden.' I knew d-d-different!"

Some say Frisco started life as a train announcer. But by the time he got through calling the track number of the departing choo-choo, the passengers arrived at the gate just in time to be too late. Then they transferred him to the Information Desk.

One day a woman with a little boy approached him and inquired the time of departure of the two-twenty-two to Toledo. Joe responded:

"Th-th-that t-t-train, the t-t-two-t-t-twenty-t-t-two t-t-to T-T-Toledo l-l-leaves f-f-from t-t-track t-t-two at t-t-two t-t-twenty t-t-two."

It was quite a task. But when the prospective passenger returned to ask again, he courteously repeated the information. The third time, however, he chided:

"M-m-madam, I've t-t-told you three t-t-times about that t-t-train."

"I know," she replied, "but my little boy likes to hear you talk."

How He Lost the Job

THE way Frisco is said to have lost the railroad job is that he ran after the president of the road with a package the Big One had forgotten in the waiting-room.

"H-h-here's your p-p-package, S-s-sir," stammered Frisco.

And the Chief of the Works spluttered back:

"S-s-say, w-w-who in h-h-hell d-d-do you think you're k-k-kidding!"

Frisco's pockets are invariably filled with rock candy, of which he nibbles and knoshes a couple of pounds daily. If Dave, of "Blue Room" fame, hasn't the particular dish Joe wants, he'll insist that the restaurant send out and buy it from a competitor. More than once Frisco has seated himself at a table during the midnight rush hour, produced a piece of pie from his pocket and demanded plenty of service while he ate it. Dave is glad that Frisco's favorite dish is a concoction of mushrooms, red peppers and noodles. He can't carry this in his pocket.

Once Joe won an argument with a movie producer who was known as the Cackling Kid because of his fast patter. The movie man talked with his hands as well as his tongue, and there was every reason to believe he'd out-talk Joe. But——

"You s-s-see," reminisces Frisco, "I g-g-got him j-j-just after a s-s-strenuous g-g-golf game. His arms w-w-were t-t-too t-t-tired to w-w-wave, so he c-c-couldn't t-t-talk so f-f-fast."

At times Joe kind o' brags of the fact that he can't write. Not even his name. A close observer may notice that he introduces this subject into the conversation when the waiter presents the dinner check for signature. Or when he is asked to indorse one of those rubber checks that the holder may have for keeps after it bounces back three times.

His Money Is Elsewhere

NOT exactly careless, Frisco carries two wallets. "One f-f-for the t-t-thieves," he explains. And that one is put in a spot where its presence is obvious to the leather workers. But why he goes in for such rank deception—one that has made him unpopular in certain Broadway circles—is a mystery to the mob. For neither pocketbook contains anything but membership cards to Main Stem Anti-Volstead Associations. The real jack is secreted in another place. All of which may lead you to believe that Frisco is a member of the Caledonian Society. But he's not a Scotch spendthrift. Rather is he known as a liberal spender.

Frisco goes in for all the superstitions. And wherever he runs across a deck of crackers he reads his own fortune in the cards. He declares they told him of a dark man who would send him on a long trip with plenty of jack. Warner—Hollywood—pictures. He's partial to purple robes *de nuit*, which is safe to print, because Joe won't know what it means.

In Chicago, recently, Frisco sat around until dawn and bedtime before returning to his hotel. Finally sun-up came and he made ready to turn in, having reached that stage of *dishabille* calling for the removal of the trousers. Suddenly a voice barked:

"Put your hands over your head!"

Frisco dropped the trousers and held the hands toward Heaven. Tremblingly, he awaited the bandit's next move. In telling of it he says:

"H-h-how did I k-k-know the hotel had a r-r-radio in every r-r-room, and that s-s-some ch-ch-chump would be b-b-broadcasting s-s-setting-up exercises j-j-just at my b-b-bedtime?"

Personally, there are some doubts as to whether Frisco's stuttering is an affliction or an accomplishment. He was overheard in a telephone booth one night, and there was no trace of a stammer in his tones. The boys demanded an explanation.

"W-w-well, it w-w-was this w-w-way," said Joe. "Th-th-that was a l-l-long distance c-c-call, and I w-w-was p-p-paying f-f-for it!"

And that's Joe Frisco, folks. You're g-g-going to l-l-like him in the m-m-movies.

Some of the feminine stars of the silent drama lost out in the TALKIES because they were evidently too beautiful for words.

Sports of the Stars

(*Continued from page 93*)

odder keeps it covered with a tarpaulin ost of the time. But few of the actors are le to support boats on the order of those aintained by producers such as Joseph henck, Mack Sennett, the Christie broth- s, Cecil de Mille or Hal Roach.

But these floating palaces to me defeat the rincipal advantages of yachting. They are large that they demand heavy crews al- ays aboard; it is next to impossible for a an to get any exercise on one of them. I ould far rather sail a smaller craft (weather ermitting!) than to lounge under the wnings of any one of those creations upon hich it isn't necessary to lift a hand.

Work Is Pleasure

THIS matter of size in relation to exercise is far more important than the usual erson considers. For instance, Del Lord, e director, is a motor-boat enthusiast and nnually cleans up the prizes at Lake lsinore, the headquarters for that sport. ou may well imagine how much more hysical effort is required of Lord, piloting e little boats himself, than of, say, de Mille n his *Seaward*. With its engines to run the oat, and an efficient crew to run the en- ines, Mr. de Mille might as well be sitting n the front porch of a seaside hotel.

Too, another disadvantage of large boats r for that matter, of small ones), is that hey appeal to a large class of people as xcellent locales for parties. At sea there are o neighbors to complain about noise, and o minions of the law to pounce down upon ne for being seen with a bottle in his hand. he result is, that some yachtsmen return om week-ends on the water considerably nore frazzled than when they sailed away.

And there you have the great problem of wning a boat. A small craft is apt to offer ou more exercise than you can handle, articularly if a squall blows up; and a large ne, either no exercise at all or too much of he kind that consists of lifting glasses.

The dashing young man-about-town just about to step out is Frank Albertson. We hope it is for a stroll along Hollywood Boulevard and not with "Wild Company" which is the name of his latest picture

The
"Idol Rich"

Few wealthy people
Are sincerely loved
By other members of
This sometimes human race.

And most of them
Abide in Hollywood.

Strange, isn't it,
What a difference
Money makes
If it comes
After fame,
And not before?

A strange place,
Hollywood,
All around.

Filled with unusual people,
Leading unusual lives.

Filled with unusual stories,
True and fictional.

The fictional ones
Are to be found
In any movie theater.

But the true unusual ones
Are to be found
In only one place:

When you want the stories
Never told before—
Of love, adventure,
Tragedy, comedy—

Of the inner life
Of the old stars
And the new—

The one place to find them
Is in

MOTION PICTURE
The Oldest—The Newest—The Best

New—
easy way
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long silken
lashes . .

IF nature has not endowed your eyes with the beauteous setting they deserve, you need no longer despair. Just get a tube of LUR'EYE, apply at night before retiring, and in a month or less you'll be amazed and delighted with the results. For over a year this remarkable medication has been employed by beauty specialists with extraordinary success.

LUR'EYE not only promotes the rapid growth of eyelashes, but is wonderfully efficacious in relieving strained, inflamed and bloodshot eyes as well as granulated lids. Try LUR'EYE at our risk. If after a month's trial you are not fully satisfied, your money cheerfully refunded.

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Something new under the Hollywood sun: playing on the roof and playing badminton. Even Richard Dix is trying his hand at the game.

My Love Life And Other Things

(*Continued from page 69*)

missed my ear as we rounded a bend on the roller-coaster, and merely tore out a mouthful of hair. I accused her of having become cool in her ardor, and she could not deny it. I jumped out and quickly disappeared into the crowd, since when I haven't seen Clara again. I tell this story in detail to discount the absurd and libelous rumors which have been circulated about our friendship—another beautiful thing in my life which slanderers have done their best to show in an evil light.

Polly Moran Won My Heart

MY seven engagements to prominent movie actresses have all taught me something. Gradually, developing from the unsophisticated creature I was when I first came to Hollywood, I have come to realize what real love is, and just where and when it pays to snatch an intimate moment. Looking back, I think I can say that my greatest attachment out of the seven was for Polly Moran. Polly was real, and, sweetly intimate as she could be when occasion demanded, she was that much more solid thing in a mouse's life—a pal. "We're pals, aren't we?" I used to say to her, just like that. And she would nod her dimpled little head and smile at me with that big, friendly mouth of hers.

Then, too, I have none but the pleasantest recollections of my engagement to Mae Busch, in spite of the fact that some Dutchman came along and took her from me just when the marriage bells were about to ring out. Mary Nolan, of course, I knew and loved dearly. We were not engaged, but one day when we were having a bite of breakfast together, a reporter burst in and said, "Aha!" For a moment we didn't know what to think of this, as he made no further remark for some time. Finally, though, he told us we had better let him announce our engagement "or else." I hadn't the slightest idea what he meant, nor, I should imagine, had Mary; but we laughingly consented to his proposal and called it a morning.

No Linen to Wash

SOME of my other engagements were likewise misunderstandings on some reporter's part, but as they never ended in matrimony there is no need to bring them up. If you start washing your linen in public, I've always found that everybody at once assumes it is dirty linen. In my case, it is perfectly clean and I have nothing whatever to hide, but the minds of these Hollywood cats are exactly like cesspools.

Mind you, I adore Hollywood. Don't misunderstand me on that score. A couple of hours away from the place and I am crying for *sal volatile*. Hollywood stands for all that is best in life: art, beauty, love and culture. I admit the gin you get is pretty ghastly—but you can't have everything, can one?

Taking them all in all, the movie stars are the nicest bunch you could possibly find anywhere. We have plenty of fun in a perfectly clean and healthy way, which is more than you can say for any other group of artistic folk. To my mind, there are no more refined people in the world than the movie colony in Hollywood. You seldom hear a coarse word at a party, and if you do, the delightfully thoughtful hostesses keep supplies of those nonchalant cigarets handy at all times. Rough horseplay of any kind is simply not done, and, really, if it weren't for the fact that the whole colony have minds like garbage-cans, it wouldn't be too much to say they were quite perfect, of course within essential human limitations.

Sue and I Agree

IF you ask my advice to the public, my considered advice based on the experience I have had, I say with Sue Carol (another intimate moment of mine—but let that pass): "Dare to be old-fashioned!" For my part, I have never wandered from the old-fashioned path, as it has always been my contention that the morality that was good enough for my father and mother is good enough for me. As Sue Carol says, the old-fashioned way is the only true way to win real love. The history of my romances with Clara Bow, Mary Nolan, Clarabelle Cow and the others shows that I have always acted from the highest motives. I think Minnie Mouse is conscious of this and that her affection for me is deep and lasting, based as it is on the solid foundation of mutual ideals.

Please tell my public "hello" for me. I am tired. We artists, you know! The claims on us are unceasing. My pictures have only grossed five hundred thousand dollars so far, but who am I to be selfish when the world clamors for more of me? Let me pour you a glass of this excellent gin. I have it specially shipped from Canada. You couldn't get such quality in this town.

not for ladies only

The ladies like it,
The records say.

Feminine instinct
For the best, no doubt.

For style, and class,
And cleverness—
The ability
To do new things
In a new way—
And set a glamourous pace
That others
Cannot follow.

But—
Men also know
A good thing
When they see one.

For men appreciate
Honesty, thoroughness,
Sophistication—
And know when
They are getting
Their money's worth.

They prefer good red meat
To hasty pudding.

And both are satisfied
When they read

Motion Picture CLASSIC

"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

Fat Learn how to control fat by rehabilitation of the digestive organs. No starving. No injury. Write for free information on why obesity is a weakness and not a disease. Dr. E. L. Holt, 512 Haas Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

STOP FOOT PAINS

You cannot be healthy and happy unless your feet are. Foot pains disappear, feet become youthful, strong, happy, when foot muscles are built up by the Rollaway Foot Exercise. No supports, cushions, or braces, nothing to wear. Small device, invention of noted foot specialist. Sent post-paid on receipt of $1.00 cash or money-order. Money back if not fully satisfied.

ROLLAWAY CO. Dept. M, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Miss Moran, To You, Sir!

(*Continued from page 65*)

miniature windshield for optical protection, et cetera?

Who is going to come in with two black eyes and say, "Yeah! I got 'em skipping rope without a bras— . . ."? And isn't the climate full of weather for this time of year?

Who is going to get down on her hands and knees and play marbles with the kids?

Pagliacci Polly

MEMORIES . . . Oh, I could go on forever. Poignant memories. Stop me. If you can.

There is something pitiful about Polly. Laugh, Clown, Laugh business. *Pagliacci*, the show must go on. Laugh, though it hurts. She says, sadly, "Gee, it's tough to think of getting old!" And everyone bellows. But she means it. Not getting sympathy, she lapses into the easy rut of her old buffoonery. Always funny, always the cut-up, the crowd will not let her be serious, be morose, be melancholy, be herself, even if her feet hurt and she has a stiff neck.

Probably the one who understands her best, and loves her, is her side-kick, Marie Dressler, with Bill Haines a close second. They, too, know the world's attitude toward professional humorists.

But, oh, Polly! can their love transcend this? Can it transcend all things, including this business of going genteel?

Sitting with her feet apart in maternal posture, Polly looked every inch the lady. She waggled an accusing north-northeasterly finger, and said:

"Sure! You're the one that wrote it! What you didn't call me!"

"Oh, heaven look down upon me! No. A thousand noes! My story wasn't printed."

Truth struggled with doubt in her bright blue eyes, and then she spoke, this gentle creature who has renounced publicity:

"Yeah? Well, why not?"

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

NILS *Asther, in an enormous coat, boarding a train for San Francisco.*

William *Haines, in tennis togs, supervising a new paint job on his house.*

Karl *Dane installing a built-in swimming pool for his dogs.*

Mary *Astor in a vivid blue roadster, with a motor-cycle cop disturbingly near.*

Lon *Chaney in St. Vincent's Hospital for a rest cure.*

• • •

IN A curtain-call speech to the Hollywood audience at a performance of "Brothers," **Bert** Lytell told this one:

"During the New York run of this show, the manager of the theater kept the lobby well-plastered with slogans such as 'See "Brothers,"' 'Don't Miss "Brothers."' And right across the street was an automobile company, advertising in bright lights a foot high, '*Dodge* Brothers.'"

• • •

UNIVERSAL has rounded up feature players from almost every lot for the cast of "Little Accident." There are **Douglas** Fairbanks, Jr., from First National; **Anita** Page from M-G-M; Sally Blane from R. K. O., and **Zasu** Pitts, a free-lance.

Freckles

or a clear skin?

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white—the complexion fresh, clear and natural. For 37 years thousands of users have endorsed it. So easy to use. The first jar proves its magic worth. If you use Bleach Cream you need no other product than Stillman's Freckle Cream. The most wonderful Bleach science can produce. At all drug stores.

Only **50¢** *for* FULL OZ. JAR **Stillman's Freckle Cream** REMOVES FRECKLES | WHITENS THE SKIN

STILLMAN COMPANY, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.
3 Beauty Dept. Send free booklet—Tells why you have freckles—how to remove them.

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··30 DAY HOME TRIAL··

Dr. Josephs Nose Correctors produce amazing improvements by painlessly moulding the flesh and cartilage. Can be worn night or day in complete comfort. Quick and lasting results. Write for FREE BOOKLET.

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Dept. H-31, Irvington, N. J.

JUST WIPE OFF Superfluous Hair

Banish unsightly hair instantly. [illegible]

**Try This New Way
SPECIAL OFFER NOW**

Mystic Stone is the [illegible] way to rid yourself of unsightly hair growths. Send [illegible] Mailed in plain wrapper. Write NOW. **COLEE Dept. K-8 853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.**

why not render your body free from perspiration and the offensive odor associated with it by the use of the scientifically formulated preparations of NO-BO used by the women and men who are most particular about their personal toilette. Use the cream, the liquid and the powder artistically put up with detailed instructions for $1.00 each or $2.00 for the three. Send cash with order to us now. Money back cheerfully if not as represented.

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BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you nervous, embarrassed in company of the other sex? Stop being shy of strangers. Conquer the terrible fear of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE B-838 FLATIRON BLDG. N. Y. C.

"I never have FLEAS," says "PETE"
"Neither do I," says "FLASH"
"Nor I," says "LIGHTNING"

THESE famous screen dogs are all protected from fleas with Pulvex. Their owners, and leading dog breeders the country over, have selected it after testing many brands because they have found Pulvex is the one flea powder that actually kills fleas instead of merely stupefying them.

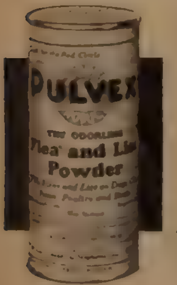
PULVEX

Actually KILLS *Fleas instead of stupefying them*

Pulvex alone contains what U. S. Bulletin No. 897 says is the only powder substance that actually kills fleas. When Pulvex is used, the fleas cannot revive to reinfest the dog.

One application of Pulvex not only kills all fleas, lice, mites, ticks, but prevents reinfestation for two weeks afterwards.

Pulvex is absolutely harmless, even if swallowed by the animal. Odorless, stainless, non-irritating. Pleasant to use, certain in results.



Keep fleas out of your home, away from your children, by Pulvex-ing your dog every two weeks. Your dog deserves the same protection that famous dog stars enjoy—you, the peace of mind that comes from using a flea powder on your dog that actually kills fleas. *Ask for Pulvex today!*

At all drug stores and pet shops, 50c; or direct.

William Cooper *and* Nephews
Dept 8-126, 1925 Clifton Ave. Chicago, Ill.

The kind he likes: James Hall, dodging into a beauty shop, picks up a bottle of "Songe de Merna," named for friend Merna Kennedy

The Boys Are Getting *It*

(*Continued from page 27*)

the film heroes rushing in for folding timepieces, and that Jack Warner's braided leather wrist-watch band, brought from Vienna, forced him to import a supply because everyone, from Grant Withers to Frank Fay, wanted one. And crystal cuff links and small-linked rings.

Soon we *femmes* will have to start hooking them up the back and loaning our powder puffs.

As it is, Max Factor has a tidy line of sun-tan and orchid powders that the men sneak in and purchase, and three kinds of pomades for unruly locks and bristling mustaches. He has bath salts, and ten wigmakers whose partial duty it is to make toupées, copying faithfully oldtime photographs of the ultimate wearers. He has honeysuckle cream (to keep the face from shining—hey hey! so they say), lilac toilette water and lemon, both favorites with the alleged stronger sex. He has mustache and eyebrow dye, a surprisingly good seller. And one lad, recently, wanted a compact of dark powder to carry at night. It seems that loose powder is messy, sifting all over one's dark formal suit, as it does, for hevvin's sake.

And where's my lipstick? I'll bet that big marine took it.

Drawing the Color Line

SAM GOLDWYN, producer, according to Tailor Eddie Schmidt, wears clothes as well as any star. And that includes Ronald Colman, Bill Powell, Clive Brook, William Haines, Adolphe Menjou, Douglas Fairbanks, Sam Hardy, George Fitzmaurice, Lew Ayres, Victor Fleming, Charles Farrell, Sid Grauman, Joe Schenck, Claude Allister, Cedric Gibbons.

"Menjou is quick in decisions," says Schmidt, from behind a brusque mustache. "He knows just what he wants. So does Colman. No dallying or choosing long between colors. Colman's always conservative. Just bought two brown suits, one pencil-striped and single-breasted; the other plain and double-breasted. He, William Powell and Clive Brook dress with discretion. They're genteel in their selection of colors. Wear clothes with ease, too. So does Victor Fleming, the director.

"Lew Cody is having a top-coat of this," he continued, picking up a vivid green tweed, "and for Cedric Gibbons, M-G-M's art director, we're making a suit of this brown herringbone linen. He can wear the color well, being a brunette. We wouldn't, of course, think of putting a brown suit on a blue-eyed and light-haired man."

Oh, mercy. We shudder at the thought.

"But they can wear the new burgundy shade," hastily and helpfully added Jimmy, Mr. Schmidt's assistant. "And brunettes with dark eyes can wear browns, tans and light grays."

Fashions and Fads

BUT who's going to wear Rheingold blue and Canary Island yellow? That's what is fretting me.

"Everyone," answered the Souchet-Shafer gentleman, allaying my fears. "Last year it was blue. This year it is yellow. They're buying it in underwear, hosiery, handkerchiefs, ties and pajamas.

"Eddie Lowe, for instance, goes in for cashmere in suits. He just bought a poudre blue Shetland sweater, a double-breasted blue jacket, white English slacks, a blue muffler to tie in a French knot. But he goes in for yellow, too.

"Gilbert Roland has a weakness for gloves. Every time he comes in, he buys another pair, pigskin, chamois, any kind. He likes extreme French models, and trousers that are high, with belts up almost under the arms. And scarves. . . blue, canary, red. He has dozens of them."

And at Sidney's, Ltd., El Brendel refused a white linen hat, demanding flannel, on the grounds that the former was too effeminate.

Gerly, the Parfumeur, anticipates the yearning of the males with a perfume for them, exclusively: "Celui Que J'Aime"—He Whom I Love. And Jimmy Hall's Merna Kennedy wanted to have her perfume blend named "James" in his honor, compromised by calling it "Songe de Merna," which he enjoys, nevertheless. One beauty accessory manufacturer decided to make a powder puff for men and ask Jack Dempsey to indorse it, but somehow, he never got around to doing it.

Finger waves, hair bleaches, eyebrow and hair dyeing, permanents, scalp massages are frequent male habits, with Percy Marmont and Paul Nicholson regular clients of Jim, the sculptural barber who hews beauty out of hair, and whose following is largely women.

Hand me some of that Star Plug!

A new way to score in Hollywood: those two hard-working comedy-makers, Marjorie Beebe and George Barraud, try out the latest—a game called "Pitch and Putt"

A Murderin' So-and-So

(*Continued from page 58*)

"SO, while he was still a little chap, he used to hang around the barrooms and listen to their tales, and he took to practisin' his shooting and his riding with the idea of growing up to be a dashing, reckless sort of fellow like the men he knew.

"Then his mother married again and the Kid didn't like his stepfather and he got so he didn't stay home any more'n he had to.

A Killer at Twelve

"BUT the first real step came when he was twelve. He killed his first man while he was still that young!

"It happened that he was walkin' along the street with his mother one day, when a blacksmith, standing in his shop, called out some insultin' remark to her. The twelve-year-old Kid went after him to fight him and the big, burly smith knocked him down and was beatin' him when a cowboy came along and put a stop to it.

"Later on, the cowboy got into a barroom brawl with this same blacksmith. (I suppose the first fight had started some sort of feud between them.) Anyhow, the cowboy was getting the worst of it when the Kid saw them and sprang at the smith from behind and knifed him in the back. Savin' his friend. See?

"Well—they probably wouldn't have done anything to him for it, but he thought they would, so he ran away, thinkin' he was a fugitive murderer. That's a terrible thing for a little boy to think about himself. He thought they would have hung him for sure. And he thought, moreover, that he was a desperate character.

"And, thinking about himself like that—well, he just became one!

A Nice Chap to Have Around

"HE was smart—no doubt about that! And he was good-lookin' and had a nice way with him. But he got so he'd kill a man as soon as take a look at him.

"He could be kind and generous to people he knew and liked or strangers who took his fancy. But if anyone got in his way or had anything he wanted, he'd just drill him without a qualm.

"It is surely authentic that he was deeply in love with a girl from England, although whether the story went just the way it is in the picture, I don't know. Women were attracted to him but, apparently, he cared only for this one—really, you know.

"But I think a fellow like that, who kills people in cold blood, just for the little bit of money they have or to save himself, has something lacking in his mental make-up. Imagination, probably.

"You know, none of us gets very worked up about the death of a total stranger. Anyone we've never seen or known. You can hear about folks dying off by the thousands in China without getting very excited about it. But let one person next-door to you die, and you feel pretty bad.

"It gets close to you and you can think, 'What if it were my brother or father—or myself?'

He Hated to Live

"WELL, men like Billy, the Kid, can't think that way. Everybody in the world, except one or two folks, was a stranger to him. He couldn't put himself in their places, and he didn't try. He just took it for granted everybody was against him and that he had to fight to live. After a little while, it was true. He *did* have to fight to live!

"Folks have asked me if I think a picture like this—that makes a hero, or at least a sympathetic character, out of a man who was just a plain, murderin' thief—will have any bad effect on the minds of small boys who go to see it.

"I don't think it will. They can't think of imitating him because conditions are so different. That was in the days when the country was new and wild—when men could roam around the prairies and the deserts like wild beasts. There *couldn't* be such a character now. There isn't any place for him to be *in!*"

"Have you died yet?" I asked him, when he paused for breath. He beamed at me.

"Oh, yes! I died the other day. It was grand! I think we all like to die in a picture, don't you? This is a great picture for that. Nearly everyone gets a good death scene!"

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Tee for two: Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll prove that not only acorns, but pairs, are found under oak trees—and further complicate matters by singing "A Peach of a Pair" in "Follow Thru"

It Was Hollywood Or Else

(*Continued from page 70*)

somehow or other, after attending a meeting or two, I just couldn't see myself joining. You see, the people of my own profession frighten me just a little."

There's a strange wrinkle for you.

Away From It All

"WHEN I was back in New York on the stage, I was never a part of the professional life. I worked in New York, but my home was in Rye. My people were not of the theater—in fact, they are the most untheatrical people you can imagine. Most of my close friends were boys and girls who had never set foot backstage. I don't think they ever looked on me as an actress. Once in a while, when we ran across a movie star or a stage celebrity at some hotel or night-club, I would gawk and admire as much as they.

"I did not live, think and sleep show gossip. Because they didn't know my work, I seldom talked it. It made so little difference to them that So-and-So had a great 'spot' in a new revue. Or that a certain dance number had been trimmed. Or that Somebody-or-Other was leaving her husband for Somebody Else.

"But Hollywood actually breathes nothing but Hollywood.

Dix, the Sinned Against !

"WHEN I first started work with Mr. Dix in this picture, I was awfully amused at the gasps and gurgles of several Hollywood girls over the idea that I was working with Richard Dix! What did I think of him? Was he really a great heart-breaker???? Didn't I know that he fell in love with all his leading ladies?????? Heavens, there was a dreadful hubbub. Naturally, I was awfully thrilled at working with Richard Dix, the star. I've always admired him so much. Personally, I think he is quite the dearest and nicest person imaginable. But so far as anything else—it is to laugh!

"After we had been on the picture a couple of days I told him what I had heard about his romantic reputation. 'Sure,' he laughed, 'don't you know I'm very dangerous, Mary? You want to watch out for me!' Really, he treats me like a kid sister."

In spite of Hollywood's oddities, Mary is settled here for some time to come.

No Time for the Stage Now

"I LOVE the stage so much that at first I tried alternating it with studio work. I played 'Follow Thru' at a local theater for two months. But it seems that from now on my picture engagements will follow so closely together that I won't have much opportunity for the stage."

As you will find in all nice-girl biographies, Mary's non-professional family seriously objected, at first, to the idea of her following the giddy spotlight as a career. Her mother was proud of her daughter's talents in the line of dancing and singing, but not so intrigued by the idea of the stage. "Why don't you teach, instead?" she suggested. Teaching is a much more genteel form of expressing one's talents than exhibiting them. But the suburb of Rye is dangerously close to the boardwalks of New York—and in the long run Mary won out. After an appropriate apprenticeship in small and smaller parts, Mary made her way to featured billing in musical comedy, her most successful engagement on Broadway being "Good News," a peppy show of collegiate background that ran well over two years.

Incidentally, "Good News" served as her début into talking pictures, in her original Broadway rôle.

"I don't believe it is quite as good," she said frankly. "Somehow, for all the devices of sound and color, the screen has not yet successfully caught the mood of musical comedy. It does not drift as easily into changes of music and scene. What I am trying to say is that it isn't as flexible. For that reason I'm rather glad my next two pictures for R.K.O. will be just straight dramatic leads. I should like to do the same things that Mary Brian does."

Don English

No, Richard Arlen is not writing a fan letter, nor is he signing a twenty-year contract. Nor is he writing his memoirs. The smile is worn even at home

He Forgot He Was Ronald Colman

(Continued from page 85)

not a motion picture. He was, I found out, the happiest he has ever been.

Ronald in Person

THIS is all very pretty, you say. And now, if it's not too much trouble, would you mind telling us something about Ronald Colman—what he's really like? Ah yes—what he's really like. I'd almost forgotten. You want to know, then, what he's really like? That is, *really* like? Well—

Did you see him in "Bulldog Drummond"? Yes? He's like that. You didn't? Well—he's rather tall, but not too tall; rather English, but not too English; rather good-looking—quite darned good-looking in fact—but not a pretty (Charles "Buddy" Rogers) boy. When not in use, his voice, I think, is kept in one of Mr. Tiffany's jewel-boxes. He has the advantages of a Graham McNamee voice without the disadvantages of a Graham McNamee. He once studied to be an engineer. He gave it up, I think, because he's too much of a gentleman to give rough estimates. (Which relieves me considerably because, lawdy massy Tom, but I thought I'd never get a chance to use that one.)

He has a smile that makes women want to sit-down-for-just-a-second-if-you-don't mind-don't-bother-I'll-be-all-right-in-a-moment, and sends men to grimace before their mirrors. When interested, he combines this smile and voice and a dimple and a slight crook of the head, with chin tucked in, pug fashion—all unwittingly I think; but devastatingly, I'm positive—with blasting effect on those who allow themselves to be affected by such things, and with the same effect on those who do not. When conversing, he tags more than he propounds. He hands down no ultimatums; makes no flat-footed statements. He uses precise English to give his precise meaning. He is as nice a grammarian as a pink-tea pastor or an English professor whose job is beginning to slip.

The Opposite of Others

"YES, yes, yes," you say. "Still very pretty. But what's he like—*really?*" And now you've gone and made me sore. You just had to make me sore, didn't you? How can I say what he's really like unless—

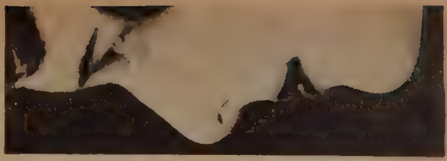
I'll tell you. Recall those gentlemen of Hollywood whom you have seen. Then I'll have the easier job of telling you what he's *not* like. Finished recalling? All set.

Ronald Colman does not make personal appearances with his films. He does not say, "And how!" He does not call you "brother." He does not call you by your first name after the first five minutes. His tie does not match his socks. He does not wear a monogrammed shirt or hat or sweater. He does not wear his shirt open at the throat.

He does not kid. He does not call a bell boy "son." He is neither loud nor obscene. He does not neigh. He does not wear silk shirts. He does not have more than one horn nor two headlamps on his (not red) roadster. He does not smoke cork-tipped cigarettes nor use a cigarette tube. He does not play golf and so does not wear golf knickers. He does not boom out with how drunk he was last night. He does not try to meet the waitress. He does not wear a wool-and-silk-mixed sleeveless sweater.

He does not "I says" and "he says" and then "I says." He does not call it "the pitcher racket" or "the pitcher game" or "pitchers." He does not tell about that time he was in Bombay (it seems like yesterday). He does not tell you about his war experiences—he who's actually had some. He does not tell Pat and Mike jokes in dialect. He does not "Look here what it says in the paper—." He does not say "O.K." or "Okay" or "Oke." He does not wear a lavender béret. He does not wear a mauve béret. Except for picture purposes, he does not wear a béret at all. He does not—

But why bother? Ronald Colman's *right!*



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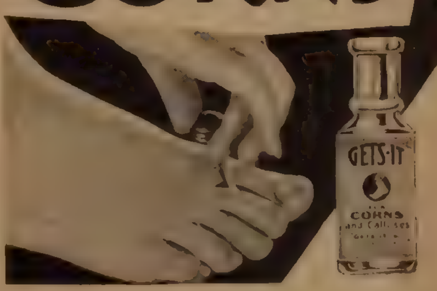

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

A REEL FAN.—If you are having trouble with your garden, consider the plight of one man in the flood district whose radishes and lettuce were scratched up by trout. **Glenn Hunter** was born in Highland Mills, N. Y., in 1897. He is five feet ten, weighs about 140 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. Appearing in *The Straw*. **Herbert Rawlinson**, Brighton, England, on Nov. 15, 1885. He is six feet tall, weighs about 175 pounds, has brown hair and eyes, and is appearing on the stage. **Caryl Lincoln** is married to **George Barr Brown,** publicity man.

A SMILING SMILE.—Gosh! but you're happy. **George Katsonaros, George Rigas** and **Elena Aristi** are some of the Greek players. **Greta Garbo, Anna Q. Nilsson, Nils Asther, Lars Hanson,** and **Sigrid Holmquist** are Swedish. **Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio, Gilbert Roland, Lupe Velez** and **Raquel Torres,** Mexican. **Nick Stuart** is a Roumanian, real name is **Nicholas Pratza.**

SWEETER THAN SWEET.—**Nancy Carroll** is married to **Jack Kirkland,** a scenario writer, they have a daughter, **Patricia,** about five years old. The pictures **Mary Brian** and **Charles Rogers** have appeared in, together, are: *More Pay, Less Work, Varsity, Someone to Love, River of Romance*. **Mary** was born in Corsican, Texas, Feb. 17, 1908. **Frank Fay** was born in San Francisco, Cal., He is six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has coppery red hair and blue eyes. Latest picture *Bright Lights*.

JOHN BOLES FAN.—**John** is playing in *Gypsy Love Song,* **Jeanette Loff** plays opposite. Receives his fan mail at the Universal Studios. **David Manners,** whose real name by the way, is **Acklon,** was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada, April 30, 1902, but lived most of his life in New York City. **Manners** was educated in Canadian public schools and the University of Toronto, where he majored in mathematics with the idea of fulfilling his parent's ambition for him of achievements in civil engineering. His own ambition was to be a sea captain. Has appeared on the stage in *Dancing Mothers*. He is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has light brown hair and gray eyes. Married to **Suzanne Bushnell.**

NORMA SHEARER FAN.—**Norma** is married to **Irving Thalberg,** a film executive. She has been appearing in pictures since 1922. **Corinne Griffith** was born Nov. 25, 1897. **Joan** and **Kathryn Crawford** are not related. **Vivienne Segal** was born in Philadelphia, Pa. She was educated there and went directly from Philly to Broadway and stardom. She is five feet, two inches tall, with blonde hair and brown eyes. Her hobbies are bridge and motoring.

PEGGY AND LESTA.—You're both wrong. **Bessie Love** and **William Haines** appeared in *Lovey Mary,* Yes, **Ronald Colman** was married to **Thelma Raye,** the English stage actress. **Neil Hamilton, Shirley Mason, Robert Frazer** and **William Powell** had the leads in *Desert Gold*. **Jack Oakie** is twenty-seven years old. **Maurice Chevalier** playing in *The Little Café,* Paramount Studios.

DADEDEEN'S GIRL.—Glad to hear from you again. **William Russell, Virginia Valli, Nancy Drexel** and **George Meeker** had the leads in *The Escape*. **Crane Wilbur,** last I heard of him was appearing on the stage. **Marion Shilling** was born in Denver, Colo., Dec. 3, 1910. She is five feet three and a half, weighs 110 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Appearing in *On Your Back* Fox Studios.

KEN MAYNARD FAN.—**Ken** was born July 21, 1895. Six feet tall, married to **Mary Leeper.** That's his real name. **Molly O'Day,** Oct. 10, 1910. You refer to **Virginia Bruce** who played the rôle of Flo in *Young Eagles*. Latest production *Safety in Numbers*. **Lily Damita's** name means *Little Lady*. She was born in Paris, France, July 10, 1906. Real name is **Liliane Carre** and she speaks French, German, English, Spanish and Portuguese.

A SUBSCRIBER.—**Ina Claire** was born in Washington, D. C. Educated at Holy Cross Academy. She made her stage début in 1907 impersonating **Harry Lauder.** Some of her most recent stage productions were *The Gold Diggers, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, The Awful Truth, Grounds For Divorce, The Last of Mrs. Cheyney* and *Neglige*. The only picture she appeared in was *The Awful Truth*. Sorry I haven't her home address.

TRUDIE.—And then there was the Freshman who tried to book passage to Europe on the S. S. Van Dine. **William Powell** is appearing in *For the Defense*. **John Mack Brown** was born at Dotham, Ala., Sept. 1, 1904. Married to **Cornelia Foster,** they have one daughter, **Harriet Jane. Lupe Velez** was born July 18, 1909. **Gary Cooper,** May 7, 1901. **Ruth Mix** was married to **Douglas Gilmore,** June 9, 1930. **Bert Lytell** is appearing in *Brothers,* Columbia Studios.

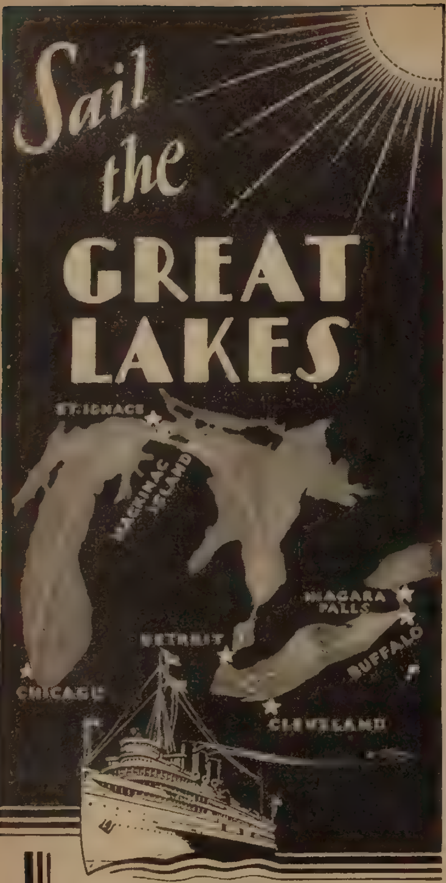
DAYTONA TONY.—A fan club is merely a group of admirers of a certain star, who get together through correspondence. *Hell's Angels* has been released only on the Coast, at this writing. That was **Richard Barthelmess's** own voice you heard in *Son of the Gods*. **Marilyn Miller's** latest picture *Sweethearts*. *The Big Parade* was released in Nov. 1925. **Belle Bennett** is about thirty-nine years old. Appearing in *Recaptured Love*. **Joan Crawford** has brown hair and blue eyes. **Johnny Hines,** last I heard, was appearing in vaudeville. **Norma Talmadge's** latest picture is *Du Barry, Woman of Passion*.

ANGIE AND CUPIE.—Those who mourn the passing of the "Old-Fashioned Fourth" should be comforted. A backfire is as loud as a giant fire-cracker and an accelerator as dangerous. You refer to **David Durand** who appeared in *The Song of Love*. **Lois Wilson** has never been married to my knowledge. She was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., June 28, 1899. **Laura La Plante,** Nov. 1, 1904. **Miss La Plante** is not under contract at this time. Let's hear from you again.

A CONSTANT READER.—Glad to hear that. Keep up the good work. **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** was married to **Joan Crawford** June 3, 1929. He is playing in *The Dawn Patrol,* First National Studios. **Robert Montgomery** was born in Beacon, N. Y., May 21, 1904. Have only recently heard he is married to **Elizabeth Allen. Loretta Young** was the girl in *Loose Ankles*.

ETHEL.—**Buster Keaton** is very much alive, where did you receive your information

(*Continued on page 104*)



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Who'll Own The Movies?

(*Continued from page 88*)

was complete. Wall Street seldom acts hastily, but plans ahead. So it is not strange that a Boston banker should appear in New York and buy up the tottering FBO organization. Almost immediately came the talking pictures, and Mr. Kennedy willingly sold his new acquisition to the Radio Corporation—which having acquired all the vaudeville interests in sight to get a string of theaters, now moved into the front production ranks.

Where Is The $500,000,000?

NEXT Pathé fell into Mr. Kennedy's hands. Then Fox bought out Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and an English theater chain, but he had to borrow close to a hundred million to do it. Suddenly the stock market crashed, Fox couldn't meet his obligations and the screws were very quietly, but inevitably applied. So now we find RKO, Fox and Pathé in the Wall street column. Still in the old-line camp are Paramount-Publix, Warner Brothers-First National, and Universal. United Artists is more or less of a puzzle, though Joseph M. Schenck seems to have a tight hold, in spite of his efforts to merge with other concerns. Tiffany has Wall Street affiliations, while Columbia is of the old régime. Educational, Roach, Christie and Sennett are headed by Messrs. Hammels, Roach, Christie and Sennett in person, and will likely travel where the financial pavement leads.

The Wall Street line-up has J. P. Morgan & Co., National City Bank, Guaranty Trust Co., Halsey Stuart & Co., Dillon, Read & Co. with the new Chase combination and Blair & Co. and the powerful Bank of Italy group on one side; while Goldman Sachs, Ladenburg, Thalman and Lehman Brothers may racially belong in the other camp—but actually are seldom found in opposition to the first-named collection, and never in violent opposition to the electrical line-up.

To sum up, within the next two years at least five hundred million will be needed for picture betterments. If found, Wall Street will find it. Then we are likely to see a lot of new names at the top of the motion picture business. By that time, any one with an eye to see will realize that a change has taken place. The cat will once more have the canary where it will do the most good to the cat's digestive apparatus.

Looking ahead: and Lucille Browne, though a newcomer, knows that the smile with the voice wins

Unchanging Beauty for your Fingertips

GLAZO POLISHES, *which never vary their tones, are the smartest colors you can wear*

IN a less active generation, lovely nails and fingertips signified a woman with very little to do. Today, thank goodness, women are busy—at sports and at work. Hands are exposed to this and that. And Glazo, with its unique virtue of looking as well in evening as in day, helps the busy woman to guard her beauty and her time.

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. . . never vary with a change of light. The beauty it brings is constant, and lasts for a week or more.

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Be sure to see Glazo's Lipstick Reds—Flame, Geranium and Crimson—three new nail polishes that harmonize with the popular lipstick shades. With a "light" lipstick, use Glazo Flame. Use Geranium with a "medium." And with a "dark" lipstick, use Glazo Crimson.

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Don English

Getting there may be uphill work for the big Man from Montana, but once at home Gary Cooper isn't molested. This is a picture of his Hollywood street on a busy day

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 102*)

that he was not? **Buster** was born Nov. 4, 1895. Married to **Natalie Talmadge** since May 31, 1921, has two children, **Joseph** and **Robert**. Latest picture is *Forward March*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. **Robert Frazer,** Worcester, Mass., June 29, 1891. Six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Married to **Mildred Bright**.

BRONX FAN.—Dolores Del Rio was born in Durango, Mexico, Aug. 3, 1905. Educated in Paris and has taken dancing lessons from Europe's famous masters. **Edwin Carewe,** who saw **Dolores** in Mexico City, signed her for a long term contract. First picture *Joanna*, in which **Dorothy Mackaill** and **Jack Mulhall** starred. Later in *Pals First*, featuring **Lloyd Hughes.** *The Whole Town's Talking, What Price Glory, Resurrection, Jungle Fever* and numerous others. She is five feet four, weighs 118 pounds, has black hair and eyes. Real name, **Dolores Asunsolo de Martinez del Rio,** now just whistle that over your tongue.

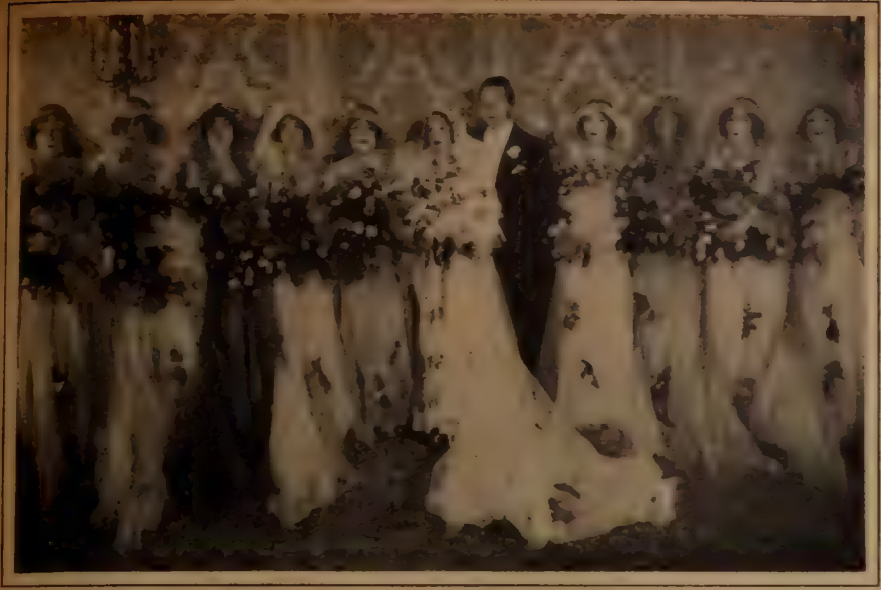
MARGARET O.—The violinist was not given credit on the cast of *The Racketeer*. **Fred Kohler** was born Kansas City, Mo., six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Received his stage training with a stock company. Some of his most recent pictures are: *Underworld, The Dragnet, Forgotten Faces, Roadhouse Nights, Slightly Scarlet, Ladies Love Brutes, Light of Western Stars* and *Under Western Skies*. Married and his hobbies are hunting, riding, fishing, golf and dogs. Write him at the Paramount Studios.

VIOLET.—Well! here are your answers in just the issue you requested, how's that for service? **Joyce Compton** was *Eva* in *The Wild Party*. **William Collier, Jr.** is appearing in *Rain or Shine*, starring **Joe Cook,** Tiffany Productions. He did not sing in *The Melody Man*. **Cliff Edwards**' latest picture is *Good News*, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

LOUISE.—Maurice Chevalier's next picture is *The Little Café*. **James B. Lowe, Margarite Fischer, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Mona Ray** and **John Roche** had the leading rôles in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. **Joyce Coad, Margaret Morris, Philippe de Lacy** and **Raymond Keane** in *The Magic Garden*. **Mrs. Wallace Reid** and **Percy Marmont** *The Broken Law*. **Charles Byer** and **Patsy Ruth Miller** *Red Riders of Canada*. **Cullen Landis** and **Barbara Bedford** *The Broken Mask*. Haven't the other two casts you mentioned.

YPSILANTI FAN.—Charles Morton was born Jan. 28, 1908. Has dark hair and grey eyes and is not married. Appeared in vaudeville and musical comedies before entering pictures. First flicker was *Rich But Honest*, which was released in May 1927. He is six feet one inch tall, weighs 170 pounds. Appearing in *Caught Short*. **Hugh Trevor**, Boston, Mass., about twenty-seven years ago. No record of him being married. **Helene** and **Dolores Costello** are sisters. Gosh! I thought everyone knew that. **Maurice** is their father.

BILLIE.—Laura La Plante's husband is **William A. Seiter. Clive Brook** was born in London, England, June 1, 1891, has brown hair and grey eyes, married to **Mildred Evelyn**, has a daughter **Faith** and a son **Clive, Jr.** Latest picture *The Better Wife*, starring **Ruth Chatterton. Kay Johnson, Roland Young, Reginald Denny, Lillian Roth** and **Mary McAllister** have the leading rôles in **Madam Satan.**



The wedding group at Hollywood's latest largest wedding: left to right, Mae Sunday, Adela Hyland, Lila Lee, Diane Maunse, Louella Parsons, the bride—Bebe Daniels, the groom—Ben Lyon, Rita Kaufman, Constance Talmadge, Marie Mosquini and Betty Compson

Black and White, Read and Write

(Continued from page 6)

impossible. Radical changes from the original story do not help, they usually make it worse.

Endings are not always happy in our everyday life stories—and it is often better that they are not, so why make them all that way in the movies? And parts of the story do not affect us much when we know it will be fixed up all right—in the end.

R. G. Muse

Too Doggone Clever

St. Louis, Mo.

I like dogs, love them. I enjoy seeing them in the movies—those clever trained dogs. I do not like them, however, in such impossible rôles. I want them as I have always known them, jolly companions and trusting friends. In our dog melodramas, the dogs do everything but fly airplanes—they foil master minds—far surpass the human hero in deeds of bravery and cunning—or, in other words, simply insult our intelligences.

I want to ask you, fellow fans, if you would not rather see your canine friends as you know dogs ought to be. If you would not like to see them about a happy fireside, as a companion for a child, or a friend, but not the superior of the hero. Do you like to see dogs as you know they could never be, anywhere but in the movies? A good show is a show that is real, that is like life.

We're all dog lovers. We've all had one or more of them. Let's get together and see them on the screen, as they really are.

Edward Mead, Jr.

Encore, Encore

Birmingham, Alabama

With admirable finesse and Continental subtlety, Ernst Lubitsch guides that irresistible Frenchman, Maurice Chevalier, through a piquant plot set to music, and just racy enough to please sophisticated movie-goers. Maurice Chevalier's acting is conspicuous for its spontaneity, grace, and sustained perfection of artistic balance. The most captious critic could hardly fail to respond to this charming and ingenuous artist. He enchants with his gay humor, baffles by his candor, and packs into this whole single characterization enough "IT" to supply a whole army. In other words, "ENCORE," if you please, Messieurs Lubitsch and Chevalier!

Florence Cobb

Why Not A Vestibule Or A Hallway?

Berlin, Germany

Lovers are often too sweetish. When a loving couple falls in love and kisses for the first time, why are there always blooming trees, falling flowers in the flowering season, twittering birds and mostly the full moon in the heaven? For instance, in "Sally" we saw such scenes of exaggerated sweetness, so that this picture has not had the success expected in Germany. Why is love in other seasons than Spring and at other places than at the bottom of blooming trees impossible on the screen?

Otto Behrens

What's in a name?

A person in a library choosing a book is guided by what? The name, of course. The same holds true to a very great extent when one is selecting the motion picture which is going to furnish the evening's entertainment.

What I cannot comprehend is why movie producers will spend a lot of time, talent and money, turn out a really fine, intelligent production, and then tie a title on to it which has absolutely nothing in common with the picture.

Right now, I have in mind "Ladies Love Brutes" with George Bancroft. A superb actor, a brilliant cast, a picture interesting and entertaining from beginning to end. But what a title! It gives one the impression that they are going to see a silly comedy drama, whereas it is as far from that as the north pole is from the south.

Come on, you movie pictures! Thanks to science, you can talk now. Protest against these silly names they are calling you, and demand titles that will give you your rightful place in cinema history.

S.E. Woof

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A new discovery
that not only removes hair instantly
but utterly avoids fostering coarsened re-growth

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

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It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors, in both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

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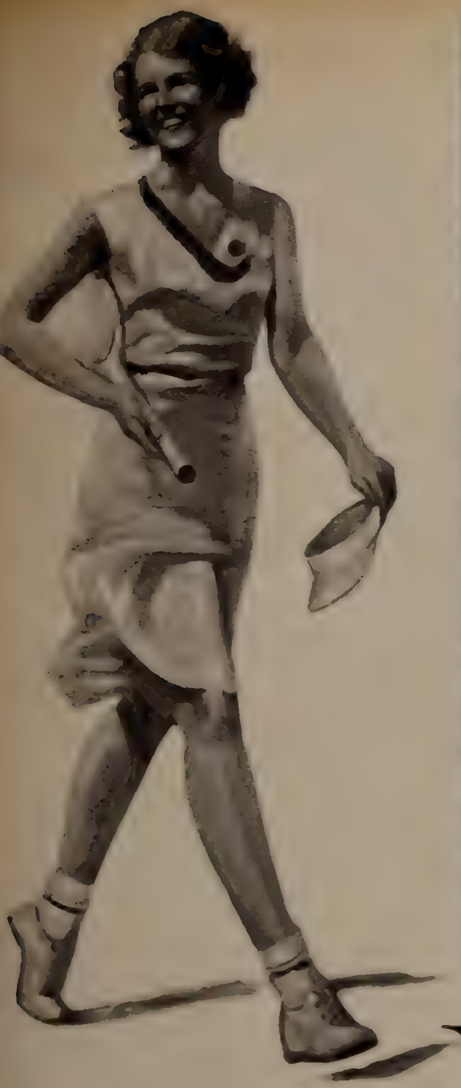
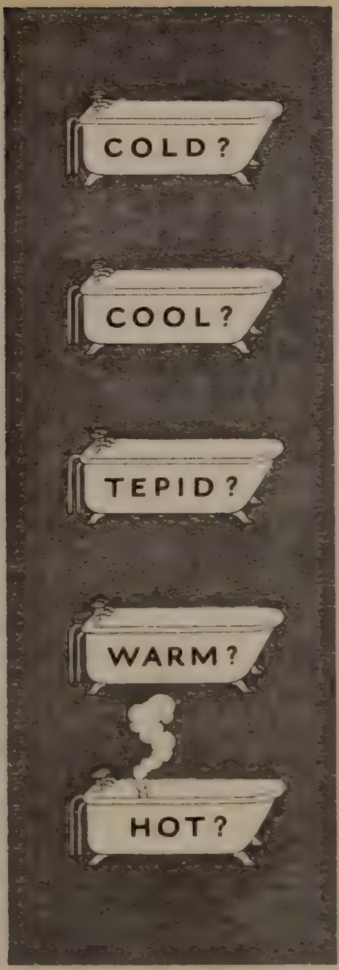
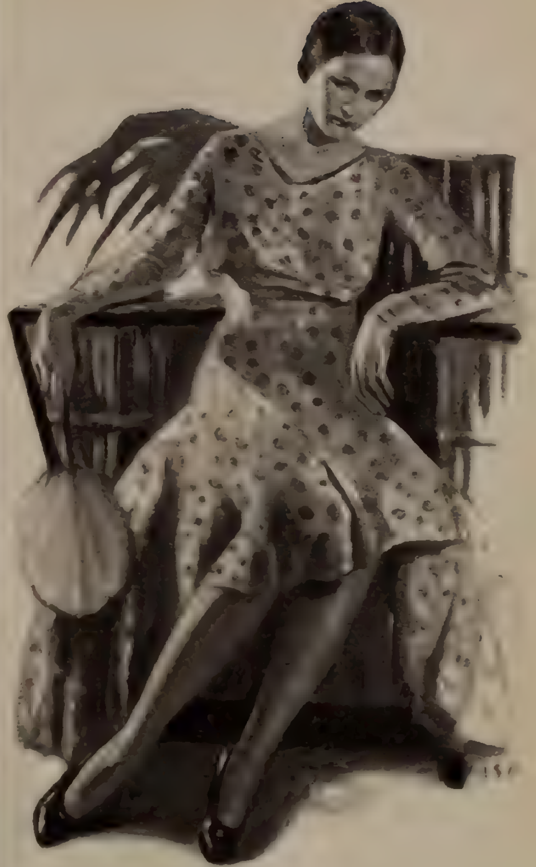



COLD?
COOL?
TEPID?
WARM?
HOT?



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"Cleanliness, of course, is something that everyone must have. Who, in this close-crowded and strenuous world, can deny it? But it's nice to know, and *why*, daily baths at the same time can do so much for us in the way of health, efficiency, comfort, and good looks.

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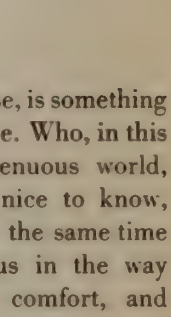

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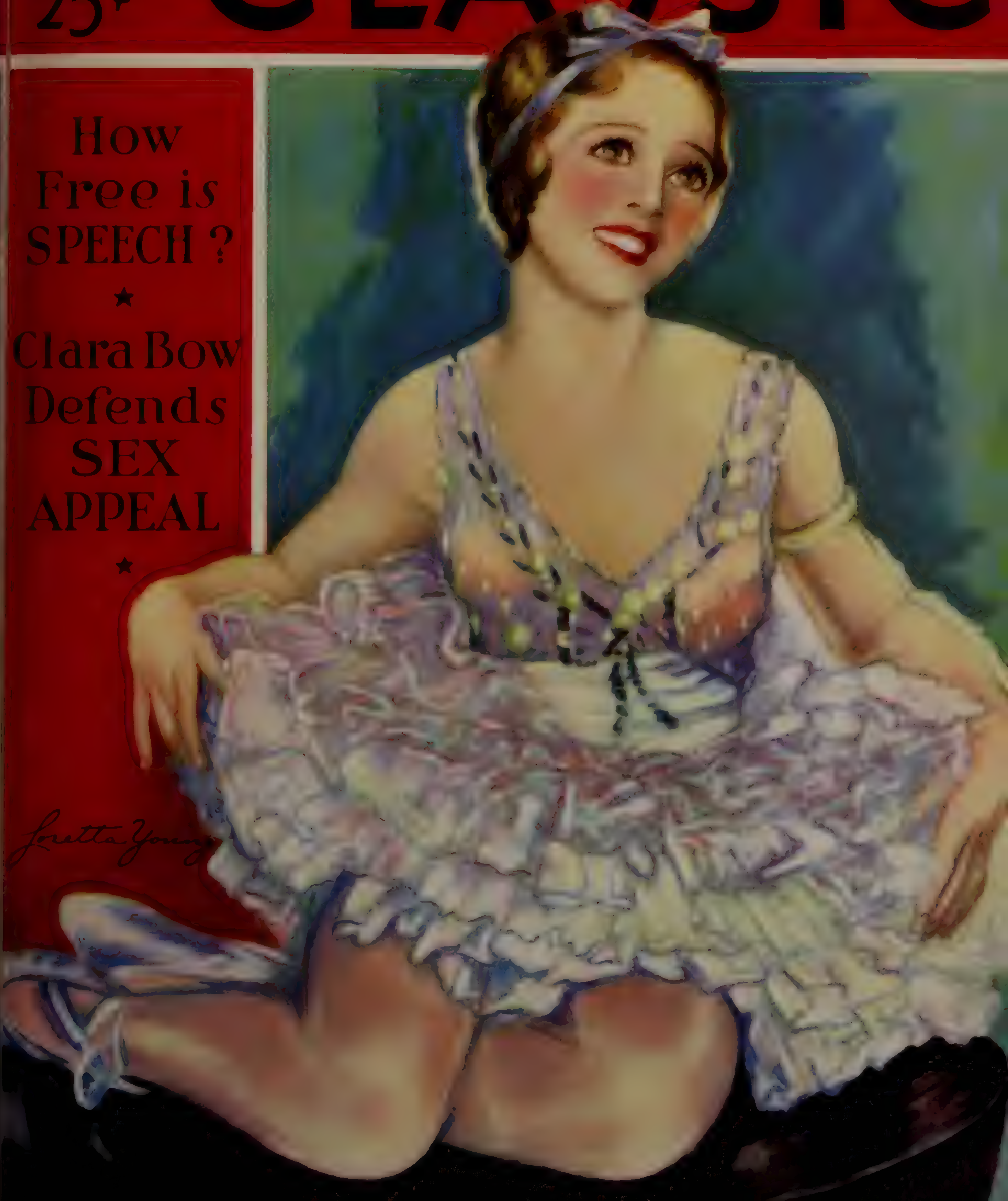
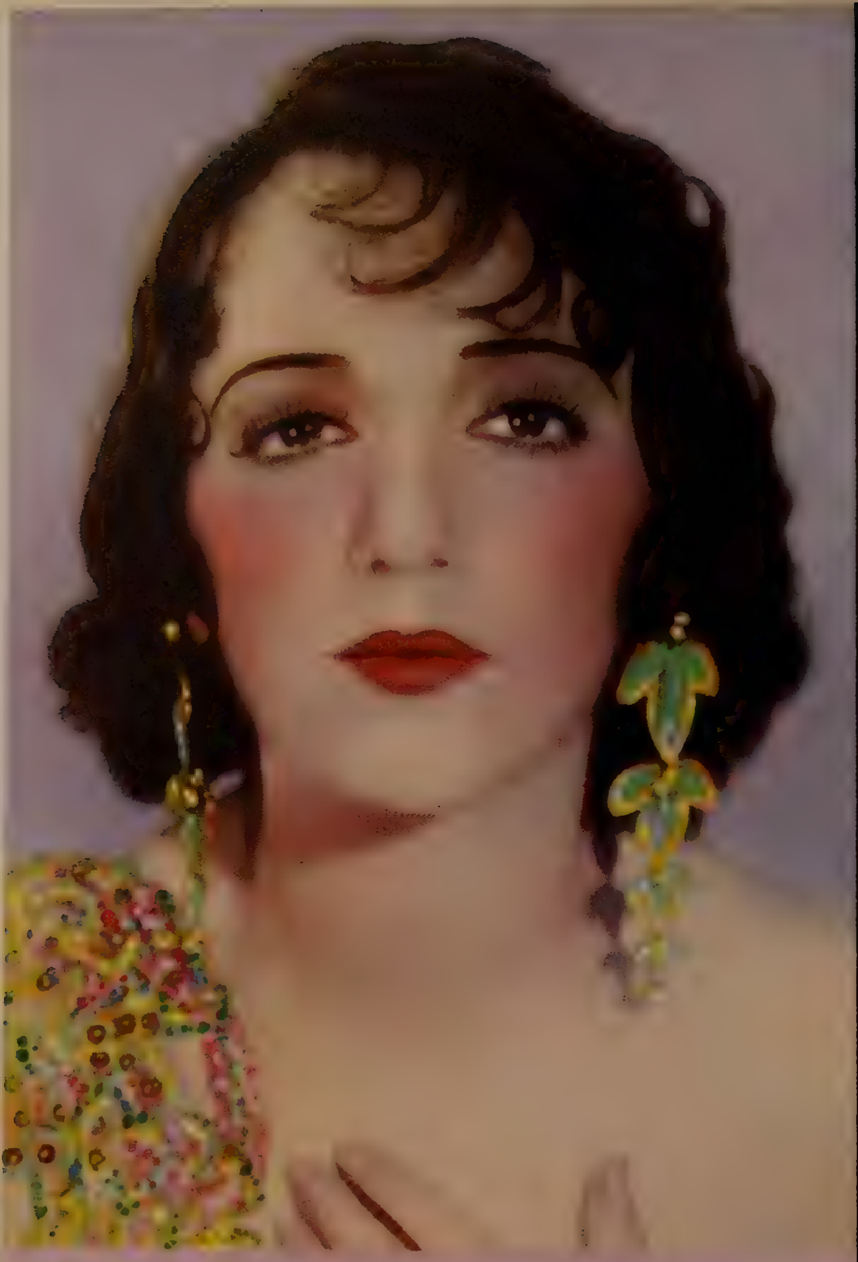

Loretta Young



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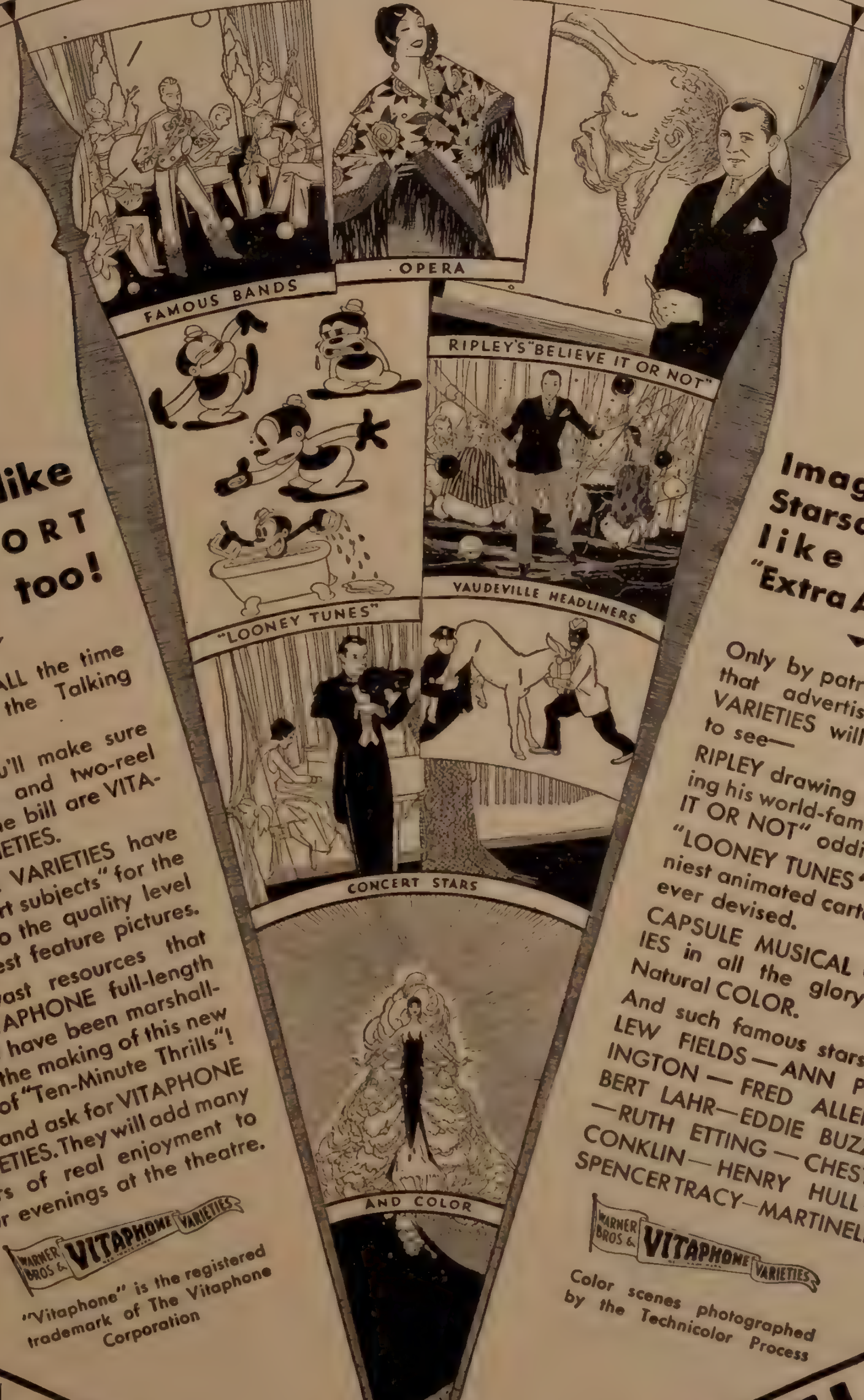

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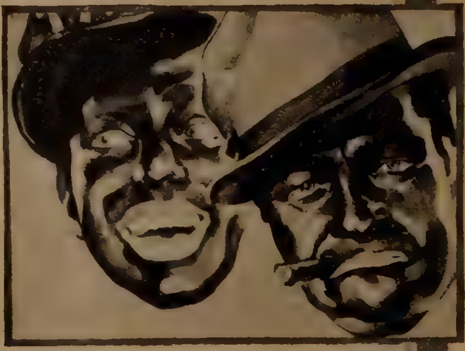

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New York City

Your local theatre manager is now arranging his season's program. He is always interested in knowing your wishes and is guided by your desires in entertainment. **Tell him you want to see these outstanding Radio Pictures** *at his theatre. He will appreciate your interest.*

Radio PICTURES

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII SEPTEMBER, 1930 No. 1

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Cover Drawing of Loretta Young by Colin Cruickshank

LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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[redacted]

MOVIES
TICKETS

Who made SUNNY SIDE UP the most popular motion picture of the past year? .... YOU did—with the tickets you bought at the box offices all over the country.... Who made THE COCKEYED WORLD the runner-up? .... YOU again—with your spontaneous approval, registered by cash paid for tickets at the box office, of the rough and ready wit and humor of McLaglen and Lowe. .... Who were the year's favorite actor and actress? .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell, overwhelmingly voted the most popular in polls conducted by both the Chicago Tribune and the New York Daily News, the two largest newspapers in their respective cities.... Who won the coveted Photoplay Gold Medal for the past two years?... FOX—last year with John Ford's FOUR SONS—year before last with Frank Borzage's 7th HEAVEN. .... Who cast the winning ballots for Gaynor and Farrell? .... Nobody but YOU.... Who has already decided what kind of pictures we will produce and leading houses everywhere will feature during the coming year? ....YOU, of course—because you have, in terms that can't be mistaken, placed your approval on what FOX has done in the past and told us what you like.... Will you get it? .... Look at this line-up of new productions now on their way to you! .... Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in OH, FOR A MAN!—another sure-fire hit, produced under the masterly direction of the man who made SUNNY SIDE UP, David Butler.... McLaglen and Lowe chasing WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS—in the further rollicking adventures of Flagg and Quirt—from the story by Laurence Stallings and Maxwell Anderson, authors of WHAT PRICE GLORY. Direction by Raoul Walsh What a line-up!.... Charlie Farrell in his greatest part of all, as Liliom,

[redacted]

You

[redacted]

SIXTY

[redacted]

OTHERS

[redacted]

BE

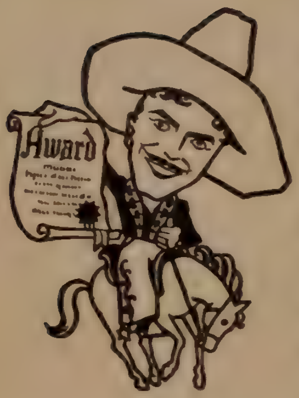
[redacted]

AND

MILLION

CAN'T

WRONG



in DEVIL WITH WOMEN, from Franz Molnar's international stage success.... And Charlie will also entertain you in three other great pictures during the year — THE MAN WHO CAME BACK, with Louise Huntington; THE PRINCESS AND THE PLUMBER, with Maureen O'Sullivan, the find of the year; and SHE'S MY GIRL, with Joyce Compton....In UP THE RIVER, a new kind of prison story, John Ford is striving to surpass his own Photoplay Gold Medal winner, FOUR SONS. In this picture appears Cherie, daughter of Warden Lawes, and a great cast of established screen favorites.... Frank Borzage, Gold Medal winner of the previous year, will give you four great pictures — SONG O' MY HEART, introducing to the screen the golden voice and vibrant personality of the great Irish tenor, John McCormack — two of Charlie Farrell's new pictures, THE MAN WHO CAME BACK and DEVIL WITH WOMEN—and ALONE WITH YOU, in which Janet Gaynor will insinuate herself still more deeply into your affections....The honor most coveted by the motion picture actor is the annual award of the Academy of Motion Pictures. Warner Baxter is the latest recipient of this honor—won by his magnificent characterization of the Cisco Kid in IN OLD ARIZONA. Warner, lovable bandit and idol of the feminine heart, will give you four big pictures.... If you saw Will Rogers in THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS, or SO THIS IS LONDON, you will cheer the announcement of two more pictures by America's incomparable comic: A CONNECTICUT YANKEE, perhaps Mark Twain's funniest story, and SEE AMERICA FIRST.... DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the Gilbert and Sullivan of our day—will follow their smash success, SUNNY SIDE UP with JUST IMAGINE, clever, gay, tuneful and funny. The cast will be headed by Maureen O'Sullivan and El Brendel.... We made the pictures—but YOU asked for them—and you and sixty million others can't be wrong!

FOX

BLACK & WHITE
READ & WRITE
h.o.h.

Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER

"Mickey Mouse" Chases The Blues

Everett, Mass.

Say listen, feller, have you got the blues? Did you have a scrap with your best gal? Is there a rubbery taste in your mouth and do you feel as if the whole world and everything in it wasn't worth while? If you have any of these or any other ailments, I know a sure cure for them all. And it won't cost a dollar a bottle or fifty cents or even a dime. Here's a free prescription for you all.

Go to a theater showing a Mickey Mouse comedy and you'll forget you ever felt down in the dumps. These animated cartoons which talk, sing and dance are world-beaters when it comes to chasing the blues away. There's no fault you can find with them unless you feel like I do and that is that they're much too short. A feature picture means nothing when "Mickey" is on the program.

More power and success to the producers of Mickey Mouse Comedies and may I suggest that they compel theaters showing these novelty films to say so on their billboards. *Mary Ev.*

$10.00 LETTER

Those Awful "Shorts"

Nyack, N. Y.

I'm not going to pan or praise a star and I'm not going to pan or praise a picture, but I'm going after the "short subjects" with a vengeance.

When we go to see a picture, why must we be bored to death with all these shorts? First we have to sit through a newsreel, but that's easy enough because news is always interesting, but since the talkies we have had every vaudeville team served to us in a short. It seems to me that all the troupers who have been forced off good circuits are now handed to us in picture form. Why dig up these old-timers who are passé? Can't they let them stay buried? If we want vaudeville we'll go to a theater that specializes in that type of entertainment. They're cheap vaudeville acts and if they can't do better than that, then omit them altogether.

A good idea is to give us the feature pictures first and then run the news and other short subjects so that those of us who are not interested may be spared the ordeal of sitting through a performance which is, to say the least, boring. *Jay Kay*

$5.00 LETTER

Put A Stop To Films That Defame America

Melbourne, Australia

Now that the novelty of "talkies" has worn off, the Australian picture public has become critical. There has been severe criticism of the slang, bad manners and offensive noises used in American talkies. It is remarkable that the American film censors allow some talkies to be shown in America, without sending them abroad to defame American standards of living. Most of the talkies shown in Australia during the past year have pictured the American people as a drunken, dissolute crowd of morons. It is bad advertising for the U.S.A. and the sooner attention is drawn to it by your journal, the better it will be for the U.S.A.

The talkies featuring back-stage settings, ballet girls undressing, and wealthy morons tempting them with diamonds and dinners that end in shameless orgies, are not good for the theatrical business and certainly not fit subjects for the younger generation.

Another objectionable feature is the making of offensive noises with the mouth by some actors such as "The Raspberry" which originated in Tasmania among the convicts in 1820. Apparently, America has just heard of this awful means of annoying warders that was used by the scum of early convict settlements.

In "Untamed," featuring Joan Crawford, the young actress is seen to strip a young man to the buff, and urge him to fight another young society man in the drawing-room of her wealthy uncle's mansion. The men don gloves and fight it out to a finish.

Now, I ask you, is that sort of thing done in decent society? Of course not. Yet America allows such films to go abroad to damage her reputation. *Joseph L. Cartmel*

$1.00 LETTERS

The Great Garbo

Los Angeles, Cal.

I have just seen Greta Garbo's latest, and may I say, I think, Garbo's greatest picture, "Anna Christie." What a wonderful production.

Need the glamourous Garbo be afraid of the wicked "mike"? I think not. Her voice? It is in keeping with her personality, if it may be termed as "personality." No one can ever define Greta Garbo's appeal. It certainly isn't physical beauty, and in view of the type of pictures in which she is starred, it can't be attributed to beauty of the soul. Perhaps it is fascination alone. As for me, the matter can rest there.

What a "break" for Miss Garbo that her first talkie demanded that she be Swedish. During the first part of the picture I sat breathless, waiting for Miss Garbo to appear and speak. And when she did, I wasn't disappointed. I was surprised. Her voice is as different as she herself. The monotone in which she speaks is just typical of her every move.

What a mysterious person this actress is whom so many fans hail as the greatest actress of all time. She slouches around in a disreputable looking sweater and skirt, and above all, black tennis shoes, and doesn't care if her hair looks as though it hasn't been combed in a week. That is the way she looks in "Anna Christie." Who but Garbo could get away with it? Who, but Garbo would dare try?

I am praying that they never train Garbo's voice. I am hoping that she may say "ahn't" for "aint" and "Mott" for "Matt" until the end of time. *Gladys E. McWhorter*

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S.E., you stand in line for one of three first prizes; $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S.E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.

The Dancing Chorus Shamefully Neglected

Hollywood, Cal.

The star gets a hand, the song bird who once helped light Broadway's night life gets a hand, the toiling director gets a hand, and the scenario writer gets a hand. But what about the dozens of little Pollyannas without whom "Broadway Melody," "Roadshow," "Sally," and the other pitter pattering reels of celluloid would never, could never bring $2.00 worth of satisfaction for fifty cents.

Row after row of tap dancers, fringe garbed, always smiling, always peppy, each one cuter than her girl friend. Who could imagine that these kids work harder than anyone in the cast? Hour after hour bobbing up and down, stretching, fighting soft sagging muscles and the faintness that dancing all day and all night brings, yet here they are in the morning, bright as their lipstick. All ready for a day of working "to eat," or perhaps for that opportunity.

I've been one, and I know. Each "dancing pony" is fighting a fight of her own, and beneath gold net each one has a heart full of klieg lights, grinding cameras, and the dream that never comes true. *Helen Marie Jelliffe*

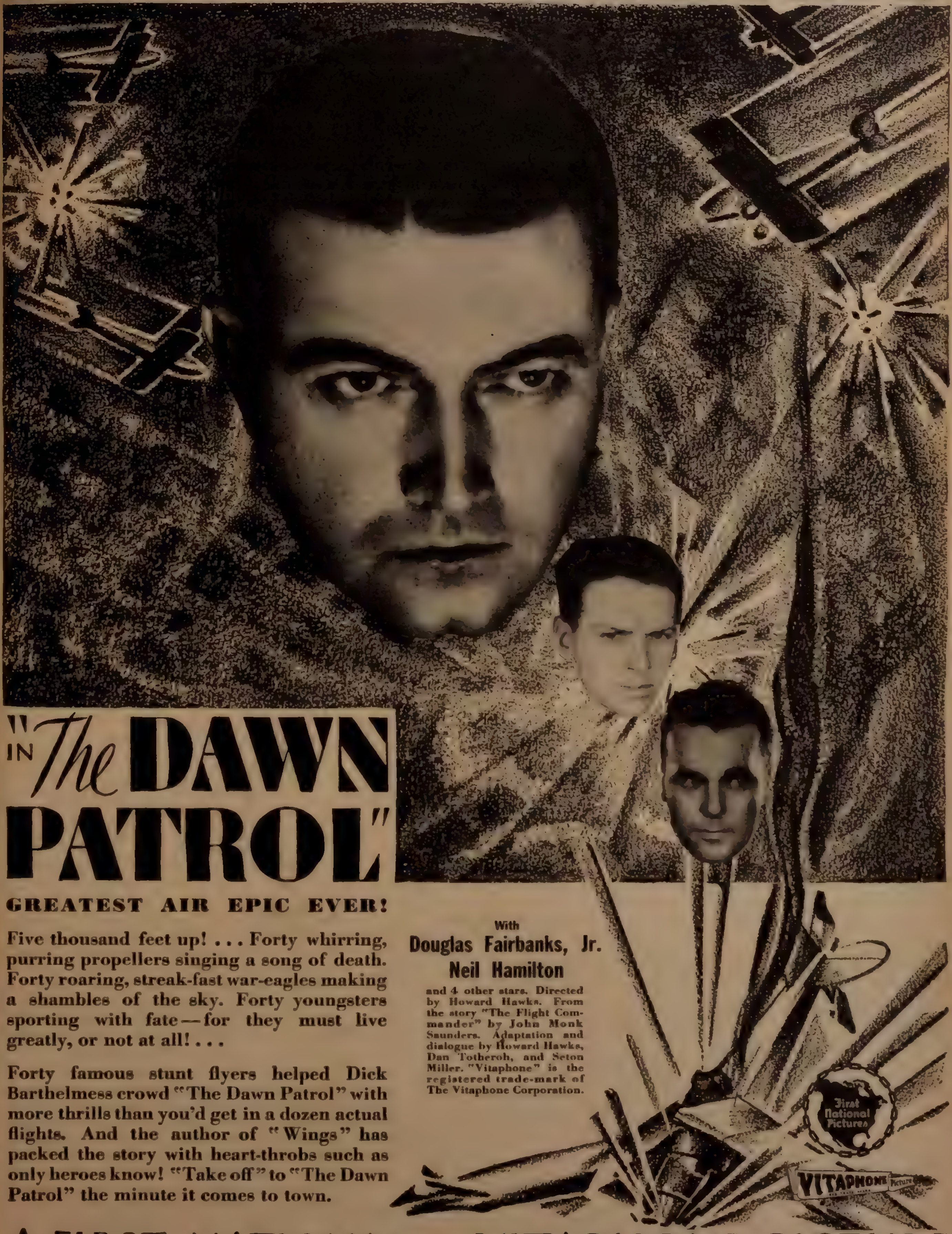
What's Happened to the Scenics?

Hancock, Mich.

While I am a firm admirer of the spoken motion picture I must confess that it has dealt the final card to our "scenics." To me, there was nothing more wonderful than to sit in the neighborhood theater during the

(*Continued on page 105*)

RICHARD BARTHELMESS



IN "The DAWN PATROL"

GREATEST AIR EPIC EVER!

Five thousand feet up! . . . Forty whirring, purring propellers singing a song of death. Forty roaring, streak-fast war-eagles making a shambles of the sky. Forty youngsters sporting with fate — for they must live greatly, or not at all! . . .

Forty famous stunt flyers helped Dick Barthelmess crowd "The Dawn Patrol" with more thrills than you'd get in a dozen actual flights. And the author of "Wings" has packed the story with heart-throbs such as only heroes know! "Take off" to "The Dawn Patrol" the minute it comes to town.

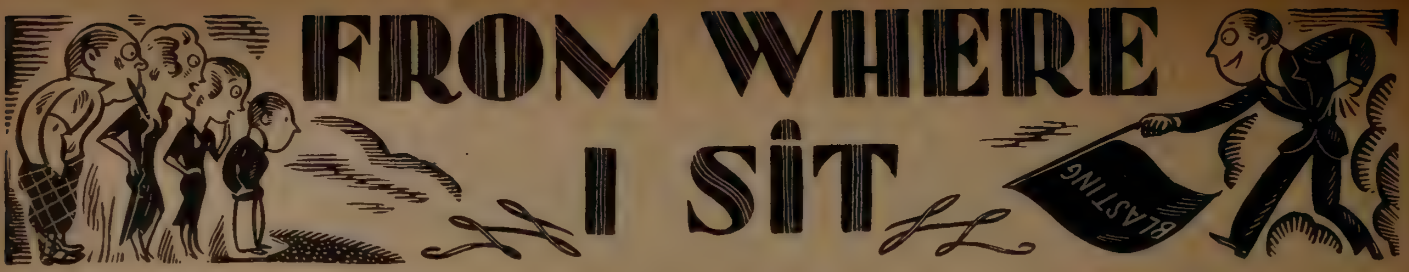
With
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Neil Hamilton

and 4 other stars. Directed by Howard Hawks. From the story "The Flight Commander" by John Monk Saunders. Adaptation and dialogue by Howard Hawks, Dan Totheroh, and Seton Miller. "Vitaphone" is the registered trade-mark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

First National Pictures

VITAPHONE Picture

A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



FROM WHERE I SIT

Explosives, High And Low

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

HERE is an etiquette problem taken direct from our feathered friends of movieland.

What should A do if, some weeks after divorcing his wife, B, he should receive from her a wire as follows:

"HAVE WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY TO BUY ROLLS-ROYCE STOP PLEASE WIRE THOUSAND POUNDS"? A modest sum for a modest car!

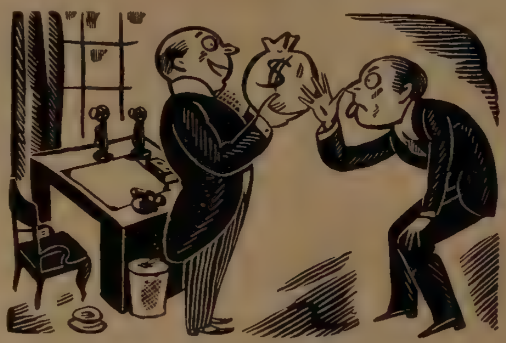
This is just what happened recently: A, being Alexander Korda, the director, and B being the flamingly temperamental Maria, his ex-wife, who is sojourning in England.

The Words He Found

ALEXANDER, a mild soul, had not heard from Maria for quite a time since she divorced him on grounds of extreme cruelty. He was, as you can imagine, temporarily nonplussed by this odd telegram.

Finally, he pulled himself together and sent the following reply: we hope it was collect.

"YOU ARE EVIDENTLY MAD BUT IT'S NOT MY BUSINESS."

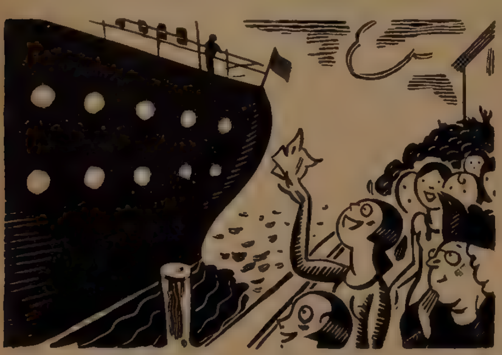


An early Edwardian whatnot is offered as a prize to any reader thinking up a better answer than Alexander's.

Clara Confesses All

I SPENT an evening at Clara Bow's not long ago and Clara poured out her soul to me about the Harry Richman business. I like Clara more every time I meet her. She is the only genuinely modest movie star in skirts, excepting Garbo. She has no illusions about herself.

She told me the whole story of *l'affaire* Richman, and took all the blame for the bust-up. It was an unfortunate episode, to say the least. To start with, Clara was accused of vulgarity because she frankly answered all the reporters' questions. Then they said she was high-hat when she refused interviews. It was a case of heads-you-win, tails-I-lose as far as Clara was concerned. Nothing she could have done would have been right in the eyes of reporters and public.



She Isn't the Type

THE plain fact is, of course, that Clara simply isn't the type of person who was intended to run a thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week life. She is almost entirely lacking in the subtle social arts, in prudence and in general *savoir-faire.* She obeys her impulses, which are one hundred per cent. good-hearted impulses, whatever else they may be. Certainly she would never do anything to hurt anybody, if she could help it; and the result is that she spends most of her time hurting herself.

The Richman business has hurt her prestige with the public plenty. But I think it has left Clara an ever so slightly sadder and wiser girl. In appearance she has improved several hundred per cent. following her mysterious sojourn in the hospital, where she left twelve pounds of herself behind. Her new close haircut makes her look more youthful, and her figure is *ne plus ultra.*

I don't care if Clara gets herself photographed with Madame Glyn; I shall still think she is quite the grandest person in Hollywood without exception.

They Who Seek Peace

CLARA, Greta Garbo and Ronald Colman are three of a kind. Their one desire above all others is to be let alone—to be treated as ordinary human beings and not as if they were monkeys on view at the Zoo. And because scores of their fellow-stars, who really love to be constantly in the limelight, spend their time groaning about it with obvious insincerity, nobody will believe that the plaints of Clara, Greta and Ronald are on the level.

Ronald, I note, has slipped back from England without telling a soul, in an effort to get a peaceful vacation. But they ran him to earth on the boat and there were at least fifteen thousand women armed with umbrellas, waiting on the dock to seize a piece of him as a souvenir. He had to lie low in his stateroom for hours before it was safe to land. Whom did I hear saying they envied the life of a movie star? Put your hand up. Don't be bashful.

It seems as if everybody's hand is up. I don't know what you're all thinking about, unless perhaps it's the idea of getting four thousand dollars a week. Funny how we get to thinking that dollars will heal up the worst wounds. But money, as the girl said to the soldier, isn't everything.

One Way to Get Along

ARTHUR CAESAR'S salary goes steadily up and up as he makes ruder and ruder remarks about the film producers who employ him. It must be a gift.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Blonde, Brunette, Redhead, *or Brownette!*

Do You Know Your Color Harmony *in* Make-Up *as all Hollywood Screen Stars Do?*

Jeanette Loff
Universal Star—Blonde

Sally O'Neill
R-K-O Star
Brunette

Myrna Loy
Warner Bros. Star
Redhead

Sue Carol
Fox Film Star
Brownette

Permit Filmland's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, to Reveal to You Hollywood's Make-Up Secret . . . the One Way to Double Your Beauty and Vividly Emphasize Your Personality.

IN HOLLYWOOD, to please the screen stars, a new kind of make-up has been perfected for day and evening use. A new magic to emphasize beauty, allure and personality.

And now it is offered to you.

A Society make-up...powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials, created in varied color harmonies to blend perfectly with every variation of complexion coloring.

Now, like the screen stars, you may emphasize your own personality and individuality by having your own color harmony in make-up . . . and Max Factor, Hollywood's King of Make-Up, will analyze your complexion and chart your make-up color harmony . . . free.

An Amazing Discovery

In his Studio work, under the blazing "Kleig" lights, Max Factor discovered the secret of perfect make-up. Cosmetics must be in perfect color harmony, otherwise odd, grotesque effects result . . . and beauty is marred. So today, in all the motion picture productions, faultless beauty is insured by Max Factor's Make-Up.

Based on this same principle of cosmetic color harmony, Max Factor produced Society Make-Up for day and evening wear. Powders, rouges, lipsticks and other essentials in correct color harmonies for every variation of type in blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette. Society Make-Up created a sensation in Hollywood. Almost instantaneously leading stars and thousands of other beautiful women adopted it.

Learn Hollywood's Make-Up Secret

Now you may learn what Hollywood knows about make-up. Max Factor will reveal to you this new secret of beauty. He will analyze your complexion and suggest the one color harmony in make-up that will magically emphasize your beauty, charm and personality. To gain the greatest beauty, you must individualize your make-up. Even similar types . . . for example, Dorothy Mackaill and Phyllis Haver, both blondes, require slight changes in make-up color harmony.

What a wonderful opportunity! . . . to secure personally from Filmland's genius of make-up, a beauty secret prized by stars of the screen. Now it is yours. Free . . . and you will also receive a complimentary copy of Max Factor's book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up". Fill in coupon, mail today.

Joan Bennett, United Artists star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King approving the correct color harmony tone in Max Factor's lipstick.

Not Every Blonde . . . should use the same color harmony in make-up.

Not Every Brunette . . . should use the same colors in rouge, powder and lipstick.

Not Every Redhead . . . should risk beauty to hap-hazard selection of colors in cosmetics.

Not Every Brownette . . . should dare to use the rouge and powder of her blonde sister.

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 2-7-24

Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name ____________________

City ____________________

Address ____________________

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

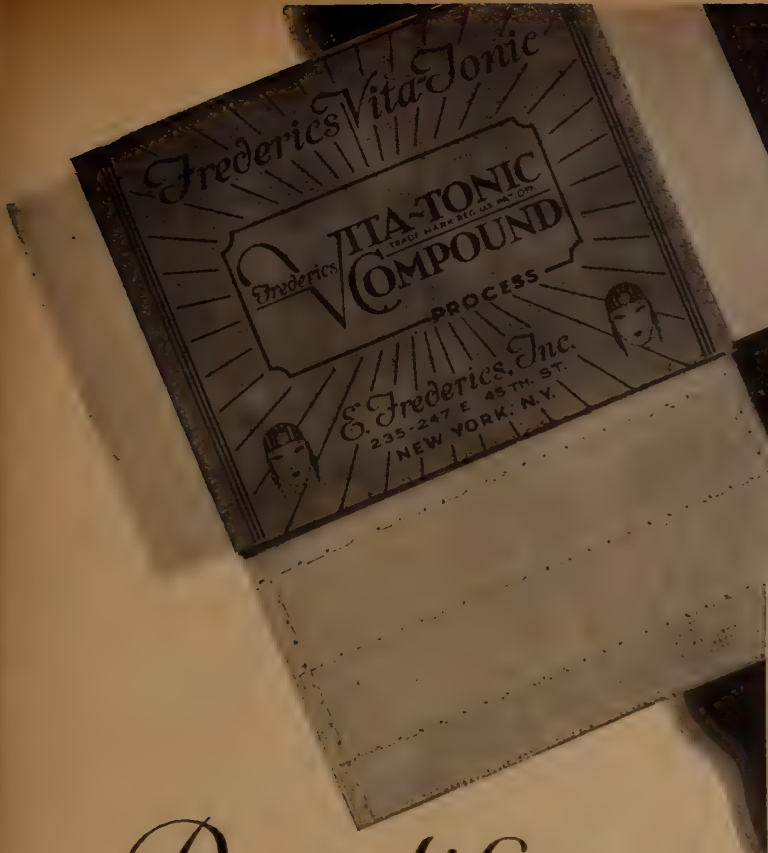
*"Cosmetics of the Stars"**. . . HOLLYWOOD

*96% of all make-up used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

THERE ARE those who like it. . . .
AND THOSE who don't. . . .
AND ONE who doesn't. . . .
IS RONALD Colman. . . .
AND WHAT I mean. . . .
IS HE doesn't like crowds. . . .
HE LIKES Bill Powell. . . .
AND ERNEST Torrance. . . .
AND DAVID Torrance. . . .
AND ONE or two others. . . .
AND A while ago. . . .
WHEN HE disappeared. . . .
NOBODY KNEW. . . .
WHERE HE had gone. . . .
OR WHEN he had gone. . . .
OR ANYTHING. . . .
EXCEPTING BILL. . . .
AND ERNEST and Dave. . . .
AND ONE or two others. . . .
AND WHEN one works. . . .
IN SUCCEEDING pictures. . . .
AS REGULARLY. . . .
AS RONNIE does. . . .
IT'S A matter of moment. . . .
WHEN ONE disappears. . . .
WITHOUT A band. . . .
AND A crowd of workers. . . .
FROM THE studio. . . .
TO SAY good-bye. . . .
AT THE Santa Fé. . . .
AND ANYWAY. . . .
RONNIE DISAPPEARED. . . .
AND A little while later. . . .
ERNEST TORRANCE. . . .
GOT UP and left. . . .
AND THEN Bill Powell. . . .
HE PACKED his bags. . . .
AND A little later. . . .
THERE CAME a day. . . .
AND SOMEWHERE in London. . . .
AND BACK at home. . . .
THE TWO of them. . . .
WHO ARE Englishmen. . . .
AND ONE of them. . . .
OF THE Torrance clan. . . .
WHO IS Scot. . . .
SAT DOWN and planned. . . .
AND WENT away. . . .
TO THE Continent. . . .
AND AT this writing. . . .
THEY ARE still there. . . .
TRAMPING ABOUT. . . .
FROM PLACE to place. . . .
AND WHY it is. . . .
IT INTERESTS me. . . .
IS THAT it's a dream. . . .
THAT HAS come true. . . .
AND THAT couldn't have been. . . .
EXCEPT THAT it came. . . .
FROM HOLLYWOOD. . . .
FOR HERE it was. . . .
THAT THE dream was dreamed. . . .
BACK IN the days. . . .
OF LEANER picking. . . .
FOR THE three of them. . . .
DAYS OF waiting. . . .
AND WONDERING. . . .
AND A stretch of work. . . .
AND A longer stretch. . . .
OF IDLENESS. . . .
BUT EVEN then. . . .
THEY WERE good days. . . .
FOR IT isn't far. . . .
FROM HOLLYWOOD. . . .
TO MOUNTAIN trails. . . .
AND MOUNTAIN camps. . . .
AND RONNIE and Bill. . . .
OR RONNIE and Ernest. . . .
OR THE three of them. . . .
WOULD DISAPPEAR. . . .
AND NO one would know. . . .
WHERE THEY had gone. . . .
BUT UP in the hills. . . .
THREE UNSHAVEN men. . . .
WOULD BE hiking about. . . .
FROM PLACE to place. . . .
SLEEPING HERE. . . .
AND SLEEPING there. . . .
CONTENT AND happy. . . .
IN COMPANIONSHIP. . . .
WITH KINDRED souls. . . .
AND THE great outdoors. . . .
AND THERE it was. . . .
WHEN NIGHT would come. . . .
THEY'D SIT and talk. . . .
OF WHAT they'd do. . . .
IF THEY had a million. . . .
TO DO it with. . . .
AND MAYBE it is. . . .
THAT NONE of them. . . .
HAS THE million yet. . . .
BUT NEVERTHELESS. . . .
THEY HAVE enough. . . .
AND THE dream they had. . . .
HAS COME to pass. . . .
AND I'M wondering. . . .
IF WHEN it happens. . . .
THEY COME back again. . . .
TO HOLLYWOOD. . . .
AND TO their work. . . .
IF PERHAPS sometime. . . .
THEY WON'T sit down. . . .
AND MAKE admission. . . .
EACH TO the other. . . .
THAT THERE was something. . . .
IN THOSE other days. . . .
THAT THEY have lost. . . .
IN THEIR affluence. . . .
I THANK you. . . .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LAST MINUTE NEWS

THE doves of peace and contentment have perched happily, if not permanently, upon the rooftops of several Hollywood homes lately. Honeymoons have been very much the fashion. **Alice Day**—sister of **Marceline**—set off for a few blissful weeks with her new husband, **Jack Cohn**. . . . **Zelma O'Neal** and **Anthony Bushell** finished a honeymoon abroad that should have been started two years ago when they were first married. However, now that that's been attended to, they are both back in the Hollywood swing continuing their respective careers . . . **Evelyn Brent** managed a few happy hours with her husband. He arrived from London and she hastened into traveling togs for Alaska with the "The Silver Horde" company. . . . And they do say that wedding bells are getting ready to chime for **Claire Windsor** and **Philip Plant**. They are noticed together most of the time out on Long Island . . . And now, what of **Constance Bennett** and her divorce? Will she find someone else, as it's rumored, to fill the place once held by one **M. Plant**?

JUST to sort of even up the Hollywood score, divorces continue to roll up big pluralities. **Billie Dove** is the latest to receive a full-fledged decree from **Irvin Willat** . . . **Lina Basquette** and **Peverell Marley** no longer give Sunday night suppers in the same household and their separation may be final, even though it is still friendly . . . **Clara** and **Charles Ray**, too, appear to have reached the parting of the ways and seem to be enjoying single blessedness again. . . . **Ona Munson** and **Eddie Buzzell** are another couple who are trying out the "absence makes the heart grow fonder" cure before definitely dissolving partnership.

THE ocean liners are getting their full quota from Hollywood. East and west bound steamers are docking with decks fairly full of picture celebrities . . . **Conway Tearle** sailed for England—visiting home as well as attempting to persuade brother **Godfrey** to try American shores for luck and parts in talkies . . . **Ronald Colman** blew into town from a long trip in Londontown. There he sort of visited around with **Evelyn Laye**, who, by the way, is mighty popular in Hollywood where she is making her talkie début . . . **Emil Jannings** is another who will come over across the seas with an improved English accent.

P. & A.

Lohengrin was their theme-song: Hoot Gibson and Sally Eilers, just after Ziegfeld's choice as Hollywood's prettiest girl became, in private life, the Gibson girl

YOUTH, so long able to demand everything for itself out where pictures were pictures, is sort of taking second place to Experience. **George Arliss**, for instance, well past sixty, is one of the outstanding figures on the gold coast in talking pictures . . . **Marie Dressler**, too, has blossomed like a June rose and is forever stealing pictures from beautiful blondes . . . **Cyril Maude**, cheered on by his contemporaries, will try his luck with "Grumpy" . . . **Otis Skinner**, in the grandfather period of life, is stepping briskly as a boy, preparing for "Kismet" . . . **Beryl Mercer** is trying her luck at screen laurels . . . **George M. Cohan** is lending a willing ear to screen-siren salaries . . . And, they do say, that if the price comes right, **Harry Lauder** himself will try a little Scotch yarn for benefit of the millions who turn into talkie theaters.

LON CHANEY'S visit to New York has been for medical treatment as well as diversion from picture making. He has been seriously ill with throat trouble and received treatment twice daily . . . Little **Lila Lee** is another screen player who has been forced to abandon screen rôles temporarily and has left Hollywood for a six months' rest . . . **Lila Lee's** misfortune, however, is **Glenda Farrell'** gain. She will be substituted in the feminine leading rôle of "Littl Cæsar" with **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.** . . . Young **Doug**, by the by is stepping right along up the ladder with bigger and better part in every picture . . . And the same thing can be said for **Mrs. Doug** This thing called love seems to be working wonders for **Joan Crawford** . . . **Sue Carol** has reason to dance merrily 'o nights with he fairly new husband, **Nick Stuart**. For haven't **Amos 'n' Andy** taken her inside the magic circle for their leading lady in "Check and Double Check"?

ANOTHER glorified girl, **Claire Luce**, is in Hollywood with a nice fat Fox contract tucked away for a rainy day. She will make her screen début in "Up the River" . . . And it's "happy days are here again" for **Marguerite De La Motte**, who will try her luck in her first talking picture, "Shadow Ranch," in which **Buck Jones** is the hero. . .A trip south, back to the cotton fields, will give **Bebe Daniels** a chance to show what Southern belles are wearing in her latest picture, called "Dixianna." Yes, that good old Dixie tune has been corralled by the movies . . . **Lois Moran** is stepping right along. Now she is getting ready to show her talents in "The Play Called Life."

BARBARA BENNETT and **Morton Downey** are on their way to London. **Morton** will sing and **Barbara** will dance there at the Kit Kat Club—and that takes care of the summertime. They plan to return to Hollywood in September . . . **Constance Bennett**, on the other hand, has given up all ideas of going abroad and will start to work on "In Deep" instead . . . **Lupe Velez** has again caused a raising of eyebrows with her expenditures. She can't help spending generously. But then, didn't she just sign a contract at $20,000 per picture? . . . **George Abbott** has chosen New York as his vacation town. . . . **Hope Hampton** has again registered "success" in her operatic career. Her Belgium début was called triumphant . . . **Clara Bow** hopped into town and ducked the highly curious by going places with the **Richman** man . . . **Sally Blane**, who looks so much like sister **Loretta Young** that it's hard to tell 'em apart, is all ready for the leading rôle in "The Leather Pushers." . . . That film, just to mention novelties, will introduce to the screen **Richard Barker** for its star. He was formerly a film salesman.

BATHING costumes are more or less the topic of conversation wherever film luminaries gather. **Dorothy Mackaill** is appearing most often in linen bathing suits . . . **Irene Rich** prefers jersey, **Zelma O'Neal** likes pongee—and there you are. **Bebe Daniels** doesn't much care what she wears as long as she can get some use of the baker's dozen she bought . . . Malibu Beach is the place for week-ends nowadays. **Marilyn Miller** motors down frequently . . . **Constance Talmadge** and her rather recent husband are also among those present at parties . . . As for **Corinne Griffith**, she is spending all her time there before the European trip is started.

ESTELLE TAYLOR has landed the biggest part of her career as the glorified feminist of **Edna Ferber's** saga of Oklahoma, "Cimarron"—opposite **Richard Dix** as the colorful *Yancey Cravat* . . . Husband **Jack Dempsey** is putting on the gloves again, to bring back, perhaps, that title that went to **Max Schmeling**.

Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion*, that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Facts *and* Figures

Intimate Items About Pictures, Past, Present And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

AS a nation, we'll swallow any quantity or description of exaggeration or sensationalism, if the figures about it are big enough. There's "Hell's Angels," for example. The publicity has it that it cost $3,750,000, assertedly the highest picture cost ever, and that it bridged across three successive calendar years. But it isn't the most expensive picture, nor is it the only one that spanned three years. "Ben Hur" cost $4,500,000 and was in production in 1924, 1925, and 1926.

FOUR years ago, the Western Electric Company tried to sell their talking picture mechanism to several large picture concerns, who merely sniffed. The then-unenvied Warners did not sniff, but they were not too eager. So they came out of the business conference with a contract that obligated them to use the talkie apparatus. In consideration for their efforts, they would participate in the royalties other producers might pay, to the tune of 15 per cent. Then the deluge, and after two years the contract was readjusted to an 8 per cent. participation. And the royalty, by the way, is $500 a reel for every picture filmed on Western Electric apparatus.

MENTIONING "Hell's Angels" just above reminds me that Howard Hughes, its producer, did spend dollars stoically. At Oakland Airport, about eighteen months ago, I saw a fleet of forty planes and fifty pilots. "That's Hughes's air fleet for his picture," an official told me. "This is his fourth week here, and he has been able to get into the air just three days. For the other twenty-five he has stood around in the rain and watched $10,000 a day go in overhead. But he hasn't whined."

YEARS ago (in 1908) somebody told Mayor McClellan of New York that the movies were inciting children to crime. So McClellan up and closed down all the picture houses in town the night before Christmas. Of course, they opened again, but the child-menace bug has persisted ever since; which is why we have censors. And also ever since, the producers have regarded the child business as their biggest and most important clientele. Like other accepted fallacies, it isn't. Children up to fourteen represent but 7.75 per cent. of the total audiences. Adolescents from fourteen to eighteen are but 11 per cent. more.

EVER since the row over the authenticity of "Ingagi," there has been a leaning toward proof by producers. One company has gone off to the Malay Peninsula to shoot hunting stuff and has taken along a college professor t guarantee—as an eye-witness—the truth of the story. It does not seem to have occurred to the sponsors of th expedition that someone might decline to believe the professor. In that event, who will guarantee him? Th Maharajah of Bhurimpoor—or whatever his name is

THE rest of America loves to believe Hollywood a sink of iniquity. Well, just to confound them I dug these figures out of the Los Angeles police statistics: Hollywood is fourth in population among the sixteen police divisions, with 150,000 residents, so it is about 12 per cent. of the city's total. If the carpers are right, it should furnish about 50 per cent. of the municipal crime, and it doesn't. It turns out a weak and piffling 9.25 per cent., delivering but 1,558 violations of the penal code—made up of 416 burglaries, 59 robberies, 41 grand larcenies, 623 motor-car thefts, 12 hold-ups, 34 cases of fraud, 4 homicides and 399 traffic accidents.

ONE is tempted to wonder what the producers would do without the co-operation of the Federal Government. Old Uncle Samuel really is generous. He furnished an army motor-truck train for "The Big Parade" and rolled it for days across the Texas plains. Both the Army and Navy contributed to the making of "The Rough Riders." Annapolis was helpful in making "The Midshipman" and "Salute," while West Point put forth its resources for "West Point" and "Dress Parade." The Marines were useful in the making of "Tell it to the Marines" and a few more, while the Coast Guard has helped out in several pictures. Altogether, the list is too long to set down, but a rough calculation is that in ten years the Government has contributed about $5,000,000 in production values.

RECENTLY, I ran across some figures of production under the old Triangle banner fourteen years ago, when Thomas H. Ince was active at Culver City. Then, a top-notch five-reeler cost about $50,000 and needed a production crew of 49. In 1928, the cost had risen to an average of $215,000 for the picture, and the production crew had gone up to 268. Both are averaging more now. Which gives us some faint idea of why the studios are planning to spend $125,000,000 this coming year.

AND speaking of production costs, D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation," made in 1914, cost $115,000. Yes, the whole twelve reels of it! On the present-day basis,

(*Continued on page 107*)

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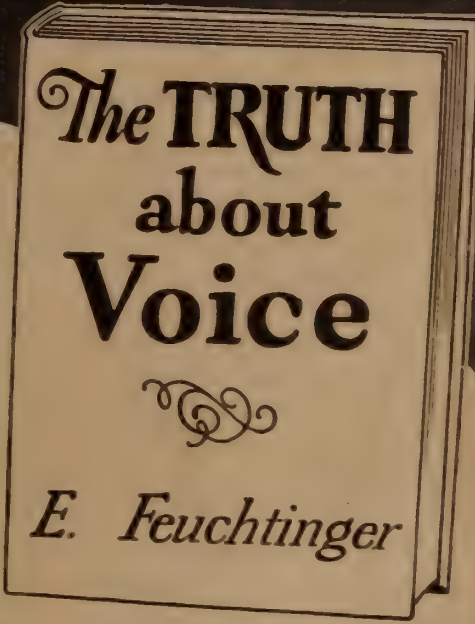

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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. . . Yet for every one girl who possesses a naturally fashionable figure there are hundreds who diet and worry to control their weight—often unwisely.

The main danger with most reducing diets is that they are unbalanced. In the desire to reduce, important food elements are frequently omitted.

Nearly all reducing diets lack roughage. When the amount of food is cut down, there is often insufficient bulk to assure proper elimination.

As a result poisons are formed. These may sweep through the system, causing headaches, listlessness, dizziness, sallow complexions and, sometimes, serious disease.

Add two tablespoons of Kellogg's All-Bran daily to any reducing diet and you can be sure of getting enough bulk or roughage to guarantee proper elimination.

Kellogg's All-Bran is not fattening. But it does contain iron, which helps prevent dietary anemia. Iron is the natural source of beautiful red color for the lips and complexion.

Add it to any reducing diet—in fruit juices; sprinkled over cereals or salads—in clear soups—in bran muffins or bread. Eat it as a cereal with milk. Kellogg's All-Bran is delightfully flavored—a delicious food that helps to build health every time you eat it. Improved in texture and taste. It is a food that prevents the dangers of pills and drugs. Eat it regularly—to promote beauty and to help control your weight safely. Recommended by dietitians. In the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

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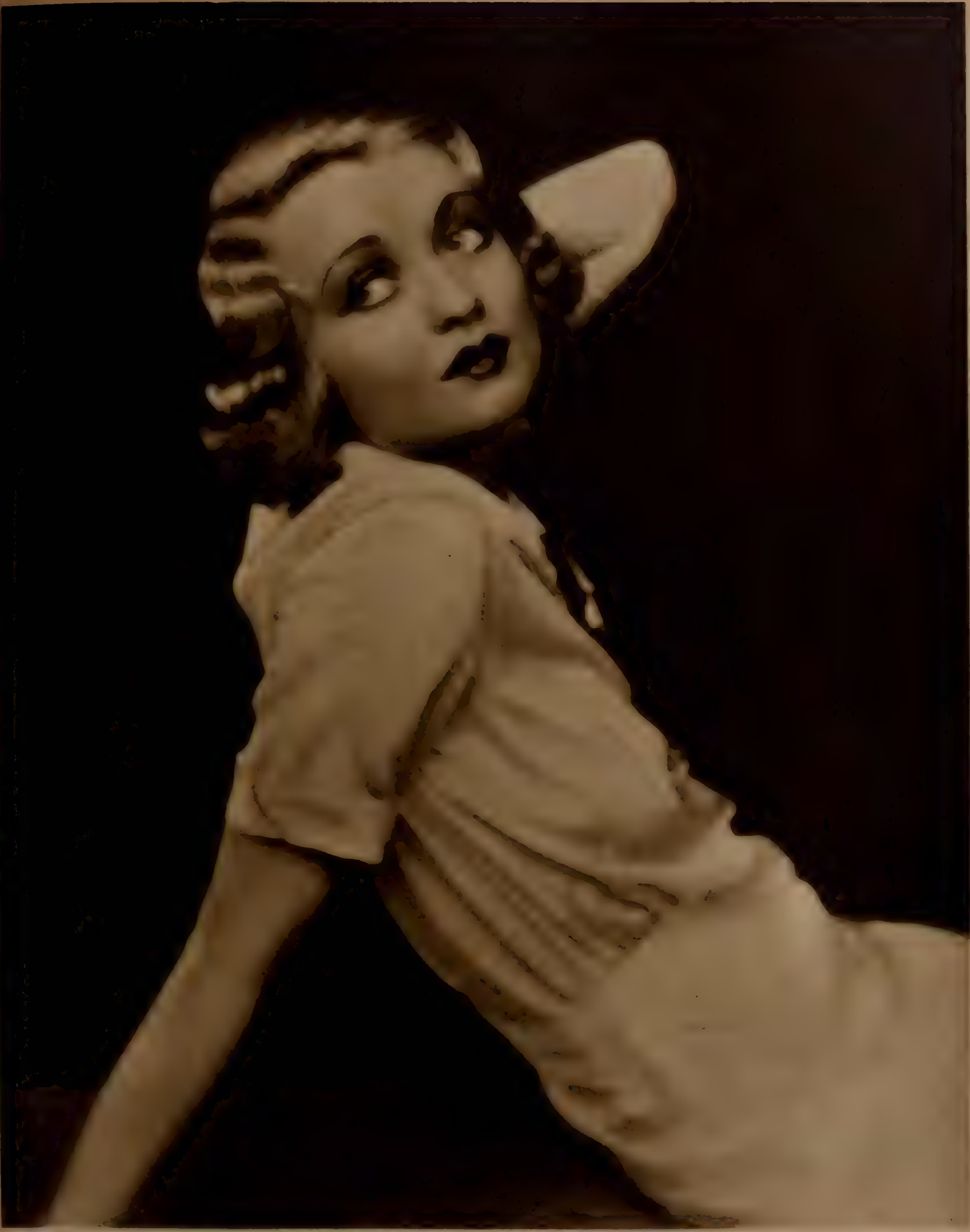


Russell Ball

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Hollywood said she was an attractress, but hardly an actress. That was before "Son of the Gods" and "Common Clay." Now she is in Eden, being *Eve* in Erskine's "Adam and Eve"

Hurrell

ANITA PAGE

Nineteen-year-old Anita is growing older dramatically. Featured with Joan Crawford in "Our Blushing Brides," she now is blushing opposite Doug, Jr. in "Little Accident"

Fred R. Archer

CLAUDIA DELL

Ding, dong, Dell. *Kitty* dances well. Who will hold her back? Not I, said Warner (Jack). So, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" being finished, she now is The Girl in Al Jolson's "Big Boy"

Don English

CLIVE BROOK

He introduced grass tennis courts to Hollywood, and English literature. What will he do next? Just act his usual best, opposite Ruth Chatterton in "The Better Wife"

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*

FOUND at last: a place where a squawk about censorship has done some good. Montreal was the happy battleground. It seems that the local Puritans banned "Joan of Arc," a French film. Prominent citizens promptly rioted, raising such a commotion that the censors reconsidered, and allowed the show to go on, with only minor cuts. Other self-respecting towns please copy.

• • •

FROM Hollywood, well-known suburb of our fifth largest city, where natives ask a stranger if he is working before they tell him they are glad to see him, the Better Business has been circulating warnings to film hopefuls to stay away or starve. Now the Great Unknowns are saving their ducats and arriving with enough to last at least six months, figuring that while there's food there's hope.

• • •

HOLLYWOOD, never noted for experimenting (even talkies were forced on all but one studio), is not on the look-out for budding talent; Hollywood wants full-blown dramatic roses. Helpful hint: go to New York, if you have screen yearnings, get on the stage, and wait to be discovered. It's not easy, but it's easier than crashing the pearly gates of talkieland without a reputation.

• • •

ANN HARDING has revealed that she acquired her famous enunciation when working in an office a few years ago. She had to use a dictophone, and, the best stenogs scrapping for the best dictophone records, she had to be good to make her letters look fit to send out. She is probably the only star who ever became a star by talking to herself.

• • •

THE latest news about the strongest and silentest of them all—William S. Hart—is that certain producers are sounding out exhibitors on the possible drawing power of a talkie co-starring him and Davey Lee, also absent from the screen these many moons. The picture to be titled, perhaps, "Gunny Boys."

• • •

A NEW producer, announcing his entry into the crowded cinema field, states in an open letter to Will Hays, noted law-giver of Hollywood, that the latter's prayers have at last been answered—for the former's picture program is "the Code of Ethics wrapped up in a bundle of showmanship." To end the suspense: he is going to film the works of Gene Stratton-Porter. Now that they are assured that Mr. Hays's prayer has received due consideration, the rest of the producers can even more blithely go on picturing Life In The Raw.

• • •

MOVIES a few of us would like to see:

A comedy of mother love.

A tragedy of college life.

A cannibal's adventures in civilization.

The millionaire's son turning out better than the hard-working lad.

A silent starring Rudy Vallée.

• • •

MACK SENNETT, inventor of the pastry-pasting comedy, recently relieved himself of this sentiment: "Sometimes now, when I see some of my former actresses playing their great starring rôles, I feel the need of having someone step forward with a luscious, well-proportioned pie and delivering it in the way and manner in which it would do the most good, saying, 'Come on down from that pedestal and act.'" The pie, we take it, would be humble pie.

• • •

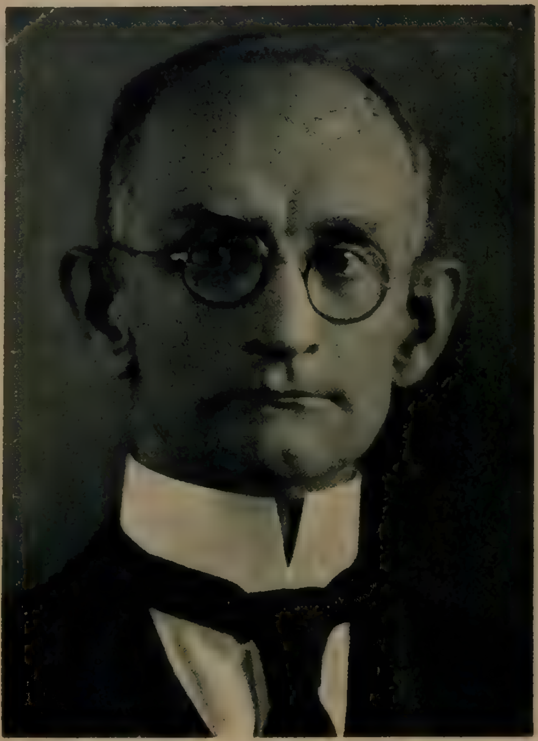
TOM MARSHALL, (the best wise-cracking Vice-President we've ever had) was mistaken. What America needs is a good five cent movie.

HOW FREE

On The Screen.

As Dirt, And

By CAMPBELL



Seeing that girls do not "indecently kick:" Evan Chesterman, chairman of the Virginia Board of Censors, that spares not even newsreels

"EVERY citizen may freely speak, write and publish his sentiments on all subjects." This declaration of popular independence, found in the Ohio State Constitution, is repeated . . . either in these exact words or in some variation of them—in every State Constitution in this country. The provision is supposed to reiterate the sacred first article of our Federal Bill of Rights, which guarantees us all sorts of delightful privileges—if we can get them. However, six of our sovereign States have grinned cheerfully at the constitutional guarantee, and chirruped:

"Sure. Except if he tries to do it on a motion picture screen!"

Which means that more than thirty million people, living in the six States of Kansas, Maryland, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Virginia, have their motion picture entertainment carefully denatured for them before they have a chance to look at it. However, there is nothing very new about that —or wasn't, until the talkies came along and proceeded to put an entirely different complexion on the matter.

A very rigid control of the screen was submitted to by the inhabitants of the States mentioned and by all the motion picture producers, and while many people growled, nobody did much of anything about it. Then came the talking screen, and now there is as neat a fight brewing as you'd want to witness, even in Donegal. And it all hinges on that lucky group of thirteen words at the beginning of this tale—or at least on the sentiment embodied in them.

Censorious Mr. Kipling

IT was Rudyard Kipling who said that as a nation we would be all right, if only we had a sense of humor. As he had lived among us for a number of years, he felt that he knew what he was talking about; but most of us have been frothing at the mouth ever since.

"Still," adds Mr. Kipling, "you have moving picture censors, you know."

Of course, it is true that here in Hollywood have been gathered the best available talents, solely for the purpose of turning out good entertainment for all the world. And it is equally true that this entertainment is both difficult and expensive to make, and most of it is real entertainment—when it leaves the studios. But you inhabitants of the six States mentioned stand a mighty slim chance of seeing—or hearing—exactly what Hollywood has sweated to make for you. You get a more or less emasculated version, carefully edited by perhaps twenty-five State censors—genial, broad-minded souls, to whom you pay many thousands of dollars to decide whether you shall or shall not see *Armand* kiss *Claudia* on the neck; whether perchance you may hear *Harold* say to *Gussie:* "Gee, kid! I'm goofy about you! Gimme a long, hard kiss!"

Also, before I forget, there are a number of cities in the

The Movie Audience

Total weekly attendance in the U. S.	115,000,000
Children (up to 12 years)—8 per cent.	9,200,000
Adolescents (12 to 16 years)—20 per cent.	23,000,000
Adults—72 per cent.	82,800,000

Number of Censors and Approximate Cost

KANSAS		
3 at $2,500 per year Expenses: $8,000 per year		$15,500
MARYLAND		
3 at $2,400 per year Expenses (est.): $23,800		$31,000
NEW YORK		
One director with four assistants, operating expenses $60,000		$60,000
OHIO		
2 at $2,400 per year Expenses: $23,000		$27,800
PENNSYLVANIA		
1 at $4,800 per year 2 at $4,500 per year	$13,800	$26,100
Expenses (est.):	$12,300	
VIRGINIA		
3 at $2,500 per year Expenses: $17,500		$25,000
		$185,400

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It Is As Cheap

Treated As Such

MacCULLOCH

land—cities outside the six States mentioned which have censors. For example, the tightest censorship in the United States is maintained by the city of Chicago, where it has been effectively functioning for fifteen years. The utmost care has been exercised to keep off the screen all reference to crime, misdemeanors, moral turpitude or law violation of any kind. They won't even permit reference to a gangster or a crooked politician. The result speaks eloquently for itself. As everyone knows, Chicago is probably the most law-abiding, quiet, orderly, peaceable, honest and solvent community in the world. Yeah!

Censorship really began back in 1908 in New York City, when Mayor George B. McClellan issued an order closing every one of the five hundred picture houses in the city on December 24, of that year, on the ground that they were unclean and immoral. Three days later a court order reopened them. Then a volunteer organization, The People's Institute, offered to examine all films intended for exhibition, and approve or disapprove them. The producers agreed, and there began the argument. No one had tried to censor the press; books and paintings that at least hinted at immodesty were published in reasonably generous quantities; but the pictures looked like a wholesale assault on the morals of the nation. And the pastime of pictorial inhibition grew. Gosh, yes!

Anna Became a Lady

AND, now that the movies have found a voice, are they on the same status as the stage? Now that they are using the same lines that have been spoken thousands of times from behind the footlights, are they exempt from censorship at last? Those who have seen both the stage and the screen version of "Anna Christie" realize that, so far as the talkies are concerned, they still are merely movies to the censor. Instead of the mouth-filling waterfront phrases of the O'Neil drama, *Anna* murmurs, petulantly, "Oh, darn!" No doubt the censors felt they were straining their consciences to permit even that mild oath. The lines throughout were weakened to the point sometimes of absurdity, when the film was made, for fear of what the censors would do to "Anna" unless she talked like a lady. The producers have had experience with talking censorship. They have seen whole sentences, entire conversations ruthlessly cut out of a film and the jagged gap in the action covered with a written title by the guardians of public morals.

In its stage form, "Anna Christie" was probably not seen by more than *seven hundred thousand* people in all. In its movie form, it will in all likelihood be seen by *five or six million* people. The reason for carrying the censor's rule into the field of the spoken word is vaguely based upon these figures.

I don't know who first remembered that ancient Bill of Rights article, but I think he was a Pennsylvania theater-

(*Continued on page 90*)

He allows baby shirts: but Director James Wingate of the New York State Board of Censors is not approving any political slams

He doesn't allow baby shirts: Harry L. Knapp is chairman of the Pennsylvania Board, that frowns on mention of The Expected Event

Who's Glorified

BY

DOROTHY

MANNERS

Hurrell

THE latest standards for the up-to-the-minute beauty of to-day, according to the man who picks them, Florenz Ziegfeld, run about as follows:

Height: Five feet five inches.
Weight: 125 pounds.
Coloring: Medium-light or medium-dark.
Age: 25 years.
Attributes: Common sense in large doses, and a workable sense of humor.

Read it, girls, and get a new slant on that age-old question!

This presents something different and unique in the line of beauty. The master connoisseur of them all is making beauty practical!

In the first place, notice that such items as "classic features," "thin forms," and "youth at any cost" are conspicuously missing. Notice, too, that the definitely-colored type is no longer outstanding. Peroxide, henna and black dye have gone out of date in favor of old Mother Nature.

Coming, as it does, from the greatest judge of present-day femininity, the style-setter in pretty girls, who has been glorifying beauty for over thirty years, this dictum carries a potent punch other than its novelty.

He Thinks What He Says

IN setting forth his new beauty requirements, Ziegfeld doesn't mince his words. You get the idea that this man doesn't mince his words about anything. Next to Eric von Stroheim, he is the most ruthlessly frank person I've ever encountered. What he says isn't always diplomatic, but he has a nice little way of saying it, with a twinkle in his eye. I only wish you could have heard him tearing some of our foremost beauties apart, without bothering to put them back together again.

He doesn't particularly look like a beauty expert. Nothing noticeably "artistic" in his make-up. He might be the head of a great railroad company, or an insurance house, as well. There is something decidedly Big Business in the elegant, but inconspicuous cut of his clothes, in the slight patches of gray hair that show on his temples under the hat rim. In Hollywood, in the capacity of advisory director on Samuel Goldwyn's production of "Whoopee," he casts on the business of making talkies a gentle and unexcited eye. Movies which present theatrical producers as loud-

Proofs of the Ziegfeld eyesight: Catherine Moylan, at top; Claire Dodd, in circle; Christine Maple, left; and Murrel Finley, right—all ex-Ziegfeld girls now in the movies

Richee

Now?

Ziegfeld Describes The Ideal Beauty of 1931

P. & A.

Bull

d'Ora

Famous Ziegfeld choices: above, Louise Brooks, once a Follies girl, now film-famous; lower left, Claire Luce, ex-Ziegfeld star, now a talkie star; center, Sally Eilers, his idea of the 1931 girl

mouthed gentlemen, who yell out of the corner of the mouth, did not get their model from Ziegfeld, the greatest revue artist of them all.

It was over in a quiet corner of the "Whoopee" set that he told me of these new beauty standards, which will be utilized in the casting of the new "Follies," and will set the pace for feminine charm the world over—because Ziegfeld thinks so!

Beauty and the Beast

"BEAUTY," he began on his favorite and most quoted subject, "is as subject to change without notice as fashions in clothes. Each day and age brings its own requirements. Since I have been in the show business, I have seen various types come and go. First, the buxom lasses of the 'Florodora' period — the Lillian Russell type of beauty. Next, the tall, thin girl of the Irene Castle style. Then the chestless flapper. Each of these represented —almost personified—the day and age in which she reigned.

"And how brief that reign is!

"The flapper of five years ago is as out of date as the old 'Florodora girl.' With her short skirts and her pert cuteness, she was typical of the after-war speed of living. She is no longer in tune with our present times.

"Instead, the modern beauty has come to take her place. And she in turn will be superseded by another type—just what, we do not know. But let the future take care of itself. We have with us this new girl in keeping with life as it is lived to-day.

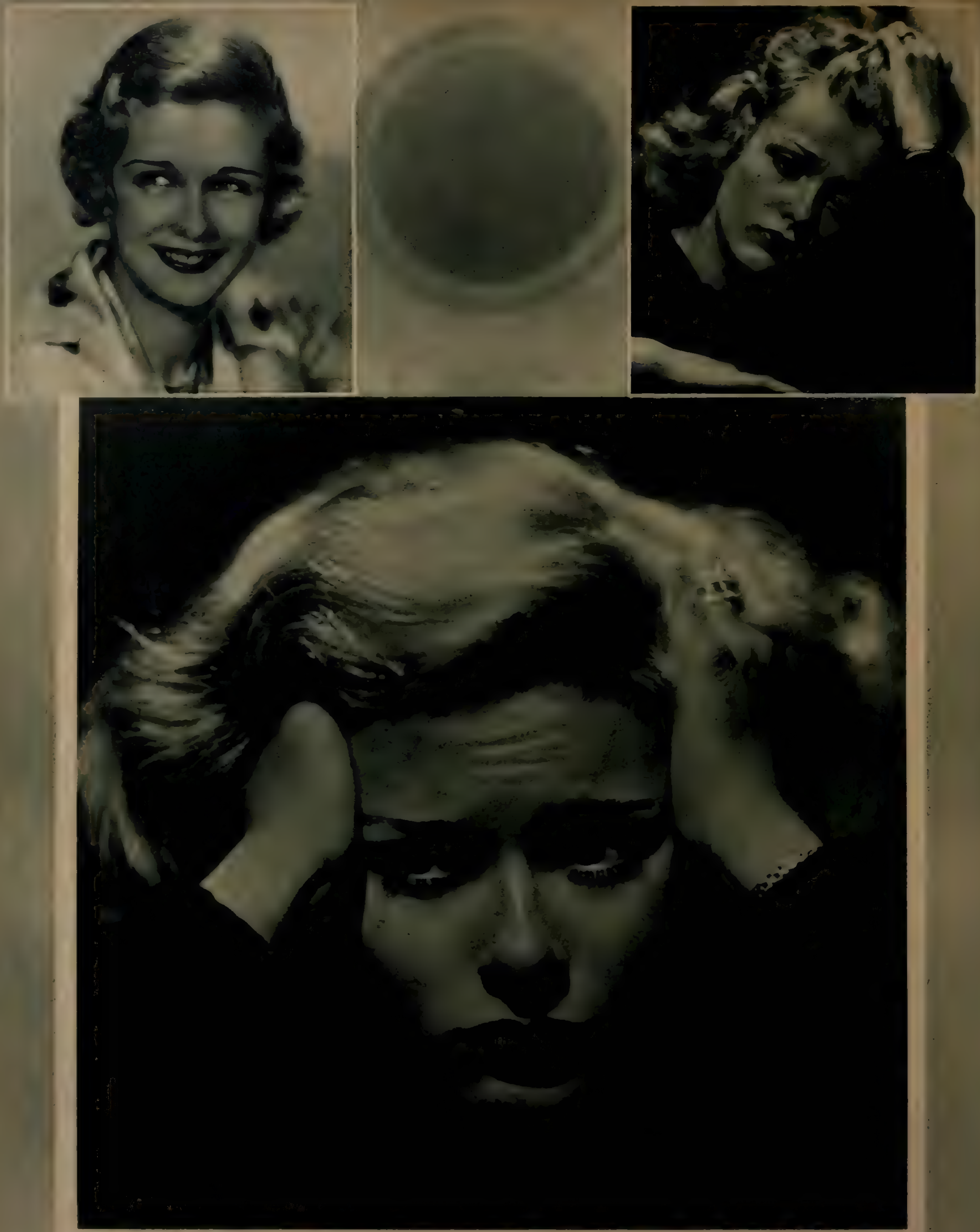
"She is taller than the flapper's five feet of cuteness, by four or five inches. And she weighs fully ten pounds more. About one hundred and twenty-five pounds would be ideal. She is of medium, rather than decided, coloring. Naturalness is the code-word of the hour, and as we Americans are neither Nordic nor Latin, our perfect national type is a combination of the two. It is not particularly important whether she is more to the blonde, or to the brunette in type. They are equally attractive in the beauty scale, though I have always favored the blonde, myself. However, that is merely a personal opinion. What is one man's peach is another's lemon . . .

The Height of Beauty

"EXTREME youth is no longer a necessary attribute to beauty, as it was in the flapper's reign. At seventeen or eighteen, beauty is merely in bud—a promise. At twenty-five, according to our present standards of living, it is at its height. The bud has blossomed, and the marks of age are a good five years in the future.

"But this modern beauty has a test to meet, of which her sisters of the past were free. Of her are demanded

(Continued on page 95)



Duncan

If a cinemactress isn't one thing, she's another. If she isn't comic, she's tragic. And if she doesn't know her Hollywood expressions, it doesn't matter what features she has. But Joan Bennett knows her emotion pictures and has chances like "Smilin' Thru"

HOLLYWOOD SOB-STORIES

Hidden Away, Edwina Booth Still Is Haunted By The Horrors She Saw

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

HERE is a girl who is haunted.

She looks out of the window of the small commonplace bungalow in Culver City and sees, instead of oil-derricks and sub-division signs, strange tortured trees writhing against a sky of brazen blue. And suddenly she shudders.

"I can't explain—" she says, "—but nothing was *sane looking*. Even the trees looked different—*crazy*. Tall naked trunks with a flat tuft of leaves on top—trees shouldn't look like that."

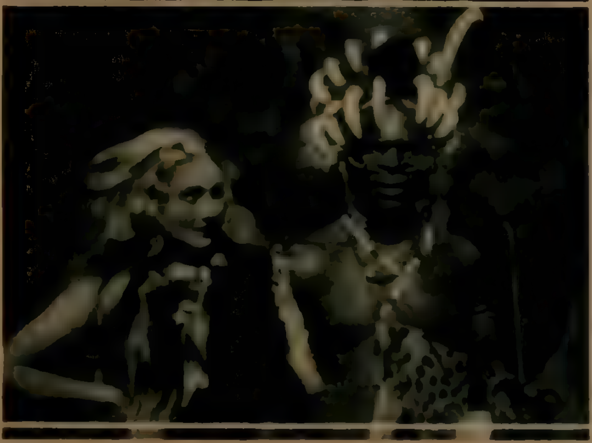
It is five months since Edwina Booth left Africa. Five months in which she has been struggling to get back to every-day life, five months in which she has been trying to forget glossy jungle leaves, a grey sun that strikes one down like a sharp blow, dark skins and painted animals and nightmare trees. . .

In these five months, all sorts of fantastic rumors have floated around Hollywood about this slim golden-haired girl, chosen to play the White Goddess in "Trader Horn" on five days' notice. Unknown before she set out on the African *safari*, she is still to be seen on the screen. In the slow weeks while her youth battled with the fever brought back from the jungle, M-G-M- has held up the picture, waiting for her recovery.

In a Haunted House

BUT while Edwina was hidden away in a beach cottage from friends who talked too much, and reporters who made her talk too much, with a nurse and doctor to care for her, whispers went around. One tabloid printed the report that the "goddess girl" of "Trader Horn" was suffering from some malignant tropic germ that would be fatal in a few months. Another rumor

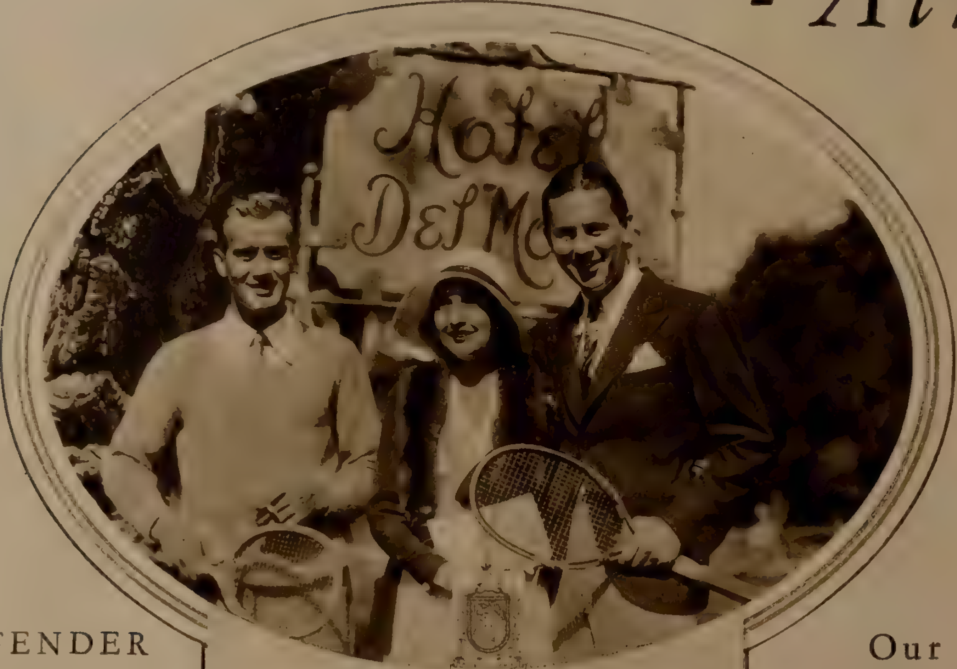
(*Continued on page 84*)

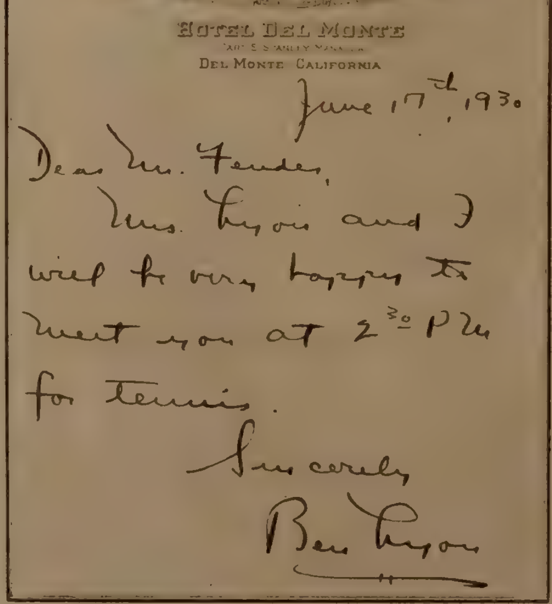


C. S. Bull

Then and now: above, healthy and robust Edwina Booth before she saw Africa; at left, the thin, wasted girl, bareheaded under the tropic sun, who played the *White Goddess*—with one of her cannibal companions

Perfect Honeymoon - - - Almost





HOTEL DEL MONTE
CARL S. STANLEY MANAGER
DEL MONTE CALIFORNIA

June 17th, 1930.

Dear Mr. Fender,

Mrs. Lyon and I will be very happy to meet you at 2:30 P.M. for tennis.

Sincerely,
Ben Lyon

Our deteckatif and his evidence: left to right, Mr. Fender and the unsuspecting honeymooners, Mrs. and Mr. Lyon. Above, Exhibit B

Our Sleuth Alone Knows What A Good Time Ben And Bebe Had

By

ROBERT FENDER

I SUPPOSE reporting is a bum business. Maybe I should feel ashamed for what I've just done and hand in my badge. Perhaps I'm a low-down something-or-other.

Still, when Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, freshly married, announced that no this-and-that reporter was going to horn in on *their* honeymoon, I simply felt it my duty to horn in. After all, here was a challenge. Here was a game. And I *love* games.

Now I had heard that Ben and Bebe were to become Mr. and Mrs. Ben sometime Saturday night, June 14, and were to leave for the north directly after. I had also heard that they were going to drive in their Rolls-Royce. I've never been very quick at arithmetic, but nearly everyone in these parts knows that going north for a honeymoon means going to one of two places: Santa Barbara or Del Monte. And that's where I figured they'd go. Santa Barbara would be the first stop. With their car, I figured, they should be able to make it in one or two hours. But the merest glance at *my* car assured me that—well—you *should* see my car. I left Saturday morning at dawn.

The Long, Long Trailing

SANTA BARBARA, as I remember, hove into sight at dawn of the next day. Everything possible went wrong with my flivver. It all but blew up. I asked the hotel man if Mr. and Mrs. Lyon were in town.

"They *were* in town," he answered sleepily, "but 'pears to me they've gone. Think I heard someone say they were heading north."

I sighed. I wanted to lie down and die. Instead, I filled up the heap with gas, oil and water and pushed on. Eventually I arrived at Del Monte, just before passing out completely.

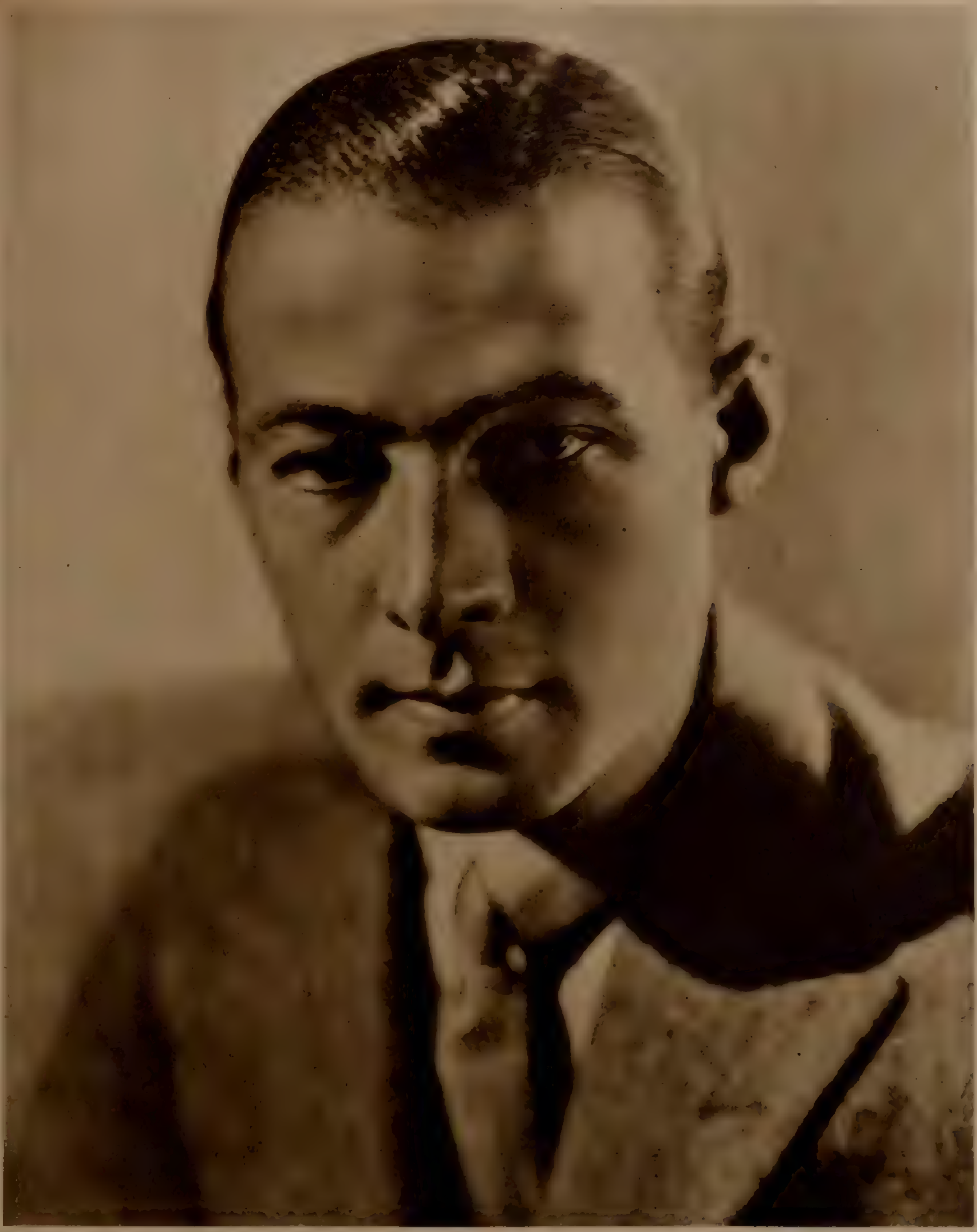
The clerk at that very exclusive resort was not encouraging. He wanted to know this. He wanted to know that. His voice wore a stiff collar. To my questions concerning the famous honeymooners he turned a deaf ear.

"Listen, Clarence," I finally said. "I don't want to have to wreck the place, but would you mind telling me if they are registered here?"

He turned to the baggage handler. "Herbert," he drawled, "would you please put this guy in the usual place?"

From that point on things seemed to grow dark. I came to in a bed of petunias. I was cold and tired and disgusted. And I was sore. Lying there a second, I had the good fortune to see other reporters get the same gate. It cheered

(*Continued on page 86*)



Russell Ball

JULIO, THE SHEIK, MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE, THE EAGLE—many men in one. And that man one in many. Magnetic, warm-blooded, sensitive Rudolph Valentino. "The great lover"—the only one a fickle world has given the title. It still is his, though for four long years he has not been here to wear it. Except in memory, which glides over the years as does Fame itself

Buddy Rogers gives the little girl a hand, and suggests their crossing a bridge when they get to it. But Margaret Breen, a newcomer to the screen, has heard enough about those big, brawny brutes of Hollywood to keep a firm hold on him in "Heads Up"

He Lived It Down

By
GLADYS
HALL

An Infant Prodigy Grew Up And Became Ben Alexander

The boy who came back: in circle above, in the days when he was "the child wonder"; below, just before he forgot about the screen; at top, the tragic *Kemmerich* of "All Quiet on the Western Front"

THE Infant Industry has grown a long gray beard.

The Infant Industry has finally produced its second generation—all grown up and knocking at our doors.

We are grown ripe with years and laden down with honors. Our babes and sucklings are polished young men. "Little Ben Alexander" and "The Kid," J. Coogan—once, so short a while ago, rompered darlings tugging at our heartstrings and tempting us to buy them lollipops and kiddie-kars—are now come back as lovers, as soldiers, as romantic heroes and swashbuckling villains. Adult. Educated. Finished and ready to snatch the bay-leaves right out of the hands of their aging seniors.

It is a thought, a fact, to give pause. For this is the first second generation the movies have ever known. This is the first time that there are young hands to take the torches as they fall from older hands. The children — our own children — have grown up!

It is of "Little Ben Alexander" that we write. And this is the place to say that if you care to make the grade with Ben, you will *not* greet him with the common effusion, "Oh, this is Not Little Ben Alexander!" His prayer is that some day people will cease to gawp at him and express their amazement that he has not stayed six or seven years of age.

Another prayer is that his mother will conceal in the ambush of the Family Album the infant photograph of him as an *al fresco* cherub, sporting with a garland of roses. He feels that the time has come . . .

Time's Little Joke

"LITTLE Ben" played his very first screen rôle with Mary Pickford in "The Little American." Grown-up Ben is now playing with Mary in her present vehicle. Time plays odd chicaneries. Little Ben is little no longer. America's Sweetheart remains the same. Hoopla, that men should age and women not!

It was difficult for me to restrain myself when I went to lunch the other day to meet "Little Ben." I knew that some years had passed over his infant brow, of course. I did not expect him to run to meet me, wearing checkered rompers. But I was not prepared for the tallish, fair-haired young man with the level bright blue eyes, the somewhat ironic mouth, the finished manner, the very mature and excellently balanced mind. I restrained the "Oh, this is NOT Little Ben Alexander!" I gulped it down, how happily for me!

Ben has grown up. He has grown up to be, at nineteen, a wise, mature, well-read young man. His reactions to life and to people are, you feel, the right reactions. The kind you would like your son, or your brother to have. He says he *hopes* he is not "a wholesome American boy." Asked what type he does think he is and how he would describe himself if he were doing a self-portrait, he laughed. He hasn't thought much about himself.

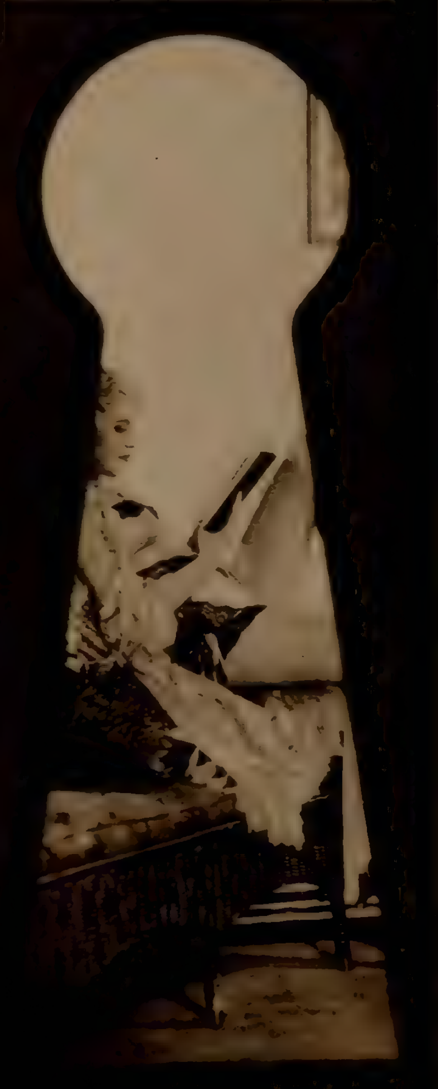
The "War" Changed Him

THERE have been—there are—too many outside interests, too many things to do, school and games and money to earn. He has none of the morbid vaporings of literary adolescence. He would not be admitted into the coterie of Beverly Nichols or his kind. He is wise, rather than sophisticated; sane, rather than suave. He says that things do "go on" among members of the Younger Generation, but those who do such things are in the minority and would be the same at any age, in any place. He says a film studio is as safe as a high school and no safer. It is the individual and not the locale . . .

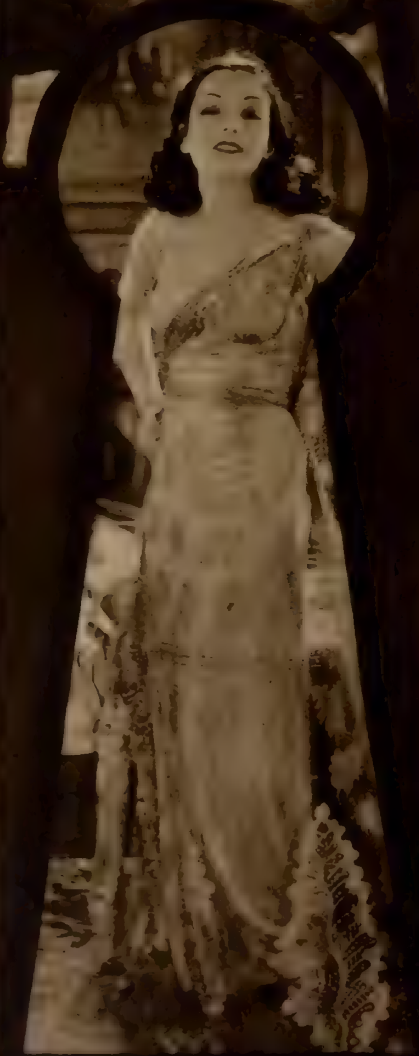
(*Continued on page 88*)

KINEMA

Little Of Little Home



Lupe Velez has to hold on to herself (above) when the 'phone rings reporters are so insistent about seeing stars in off moments. Top left, she changes color easily after having a bath



Chambers of Commerce to the contrary, Hollywood does have mosquitoes, and Lupe (left) makes good use of that old Spanish lace

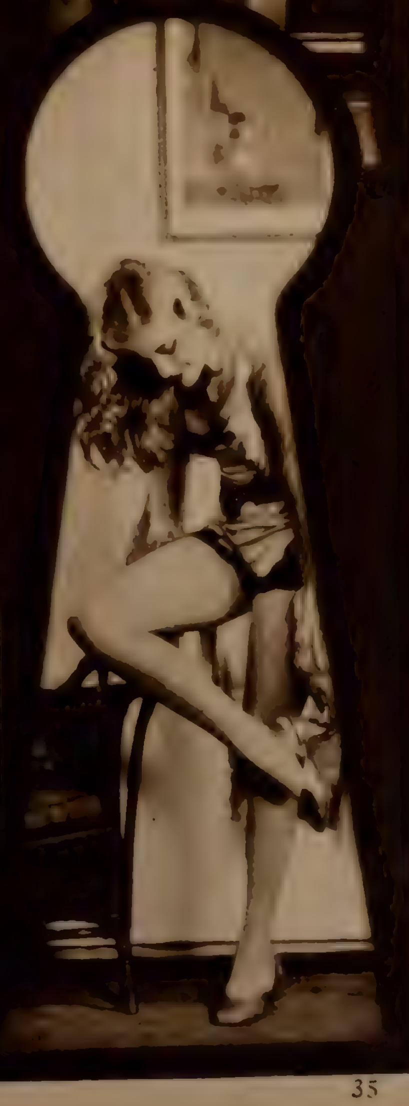
There's little about Joan Marsh (above) to prevent her from keeping cool while reading a novel hot off the press

KEYHOLES

Glimpses The Girlsies' Life

Off with the pumps, and off with the hose: Jeanette Loff (above) is about to cast aside her first thoughts in case of fire

Another movie star retires Jeanette Loff (above), who stretches everything but her imagination in doing so. Meanwhile Helen Wright (top right), pulls herself together



Joan Marsh, right, credited with having Hollywood's prettiest long hair, puts it to one side, and takes a load off her tired little toesies

CLASSIC

CASE IV

CEDRIC BELFRAGE, *Court Reporter*

In this case, suit was brought against the defendant by combined members of the Prodnose family throughout the world. Defendant was charged with possession of sex appeal without a license, contrary to law, with wholesale enchantment and corruption of young manhood through insidious celluloid exhibitions of herself, and with general conspiracy against public morals in the first, second and third degrees. Defendant, although supplied by her adherents with the finest legal champions available, swept these aside and rose to conduct her own case.—Editor's Note.

MISS BOW was simply attired in a suit of silk pajamas, consisting of scarlet trousers and sleeveless white jacket with scarlet spots. As she took the witness-stand to answer the questions of the Prodnose attorney, several members of the jury, apparently of the male sex, were seen to adjust their neckwear for no clear reason.

Plaintiffs' Attorney, opening the case for his clients: "Your Honor, before embarking on the case, I would beg to point out on behalf of plaintiffs, the Prodnose family, that they have no personal motives of any kind in bringing this action. They merely consider it their duty to act as they are doing in the interest of world morality, for which glorious cause they would like to be considered official, if self-appointed, public prosecutors."

Defendant: "I object. Plaintiffs have no legal right to so regard themselves or to be so regarded, and I ask that the jury be instructed to that effect."

His Honor: "Objection sustained. Plaintiffs will kindly proceed with their case and stop making perorations about their motives, in which this court is not interested."

P. A.: "Very well, your Honor." (To defendant. "Your name both in public and in private life is Clara Bow, is it not?"

Defendant: "It is."

She Admits It

P. A.: "Are you, or are you not, the same Clara Bow whose possession of some mysterious quality inspired Madame Elinor Glyn to invent the expression 'It'?"

Defendant: "I believe so. What of 'It'?"

P. A.: "Your Honor, is it necessary to continue with any further charges? Defendant has already as good a admitted enough to send her to the penitentiary for life."

His Honor: "If plaintiffs do not cease quibbling, I shall have the entire Prodnose family and its representatives ejected from the court. Kindly proceed with some definite charges against the defendant."

P. A.: "Very well, your Honor. Now, Miss Bow, you are charged with the possession of sex appeal without a license, contrary to law. Will you please tell the court whether this 'It' which you possess is, or is not, the same thing as sex appeal?"

(Uproar in court. This question appeared to throw everyone present, officials and public alike, into pandemonium. Heated arguments sprang up on every side and soon several fist-fights were in progress. His Honor, after vainly trying to restore order for several minutes, himself became involved in an argument with a court usher, and angry cries of "It is!" and "It isn't!" flew between them. Finally the usher delivered a straight left to His Honor's jaw and floored him.

Twenty-five minutes later, His Honor was brought 'round by frequent applications of ice-packs, and, after the injured in the body of the court were removed on

Holds Open Court

HE CHARGE: - - - Sex Appeal Is A Crime
HE PLAINTIFFS:--The Prodnose Family
HE DEFENDANT: - - - Clara Bow

tretchers, the case fortunately proceeded.)

Avoiding Further Bloodshed

HIS Honor (weakly): "I think the plaintiffs' attorney's last question had beter be considered out of order."

Defendant: "As the only point in asking the uestion was to make me admit I possess sex ppeal, I may as well avoid further bloodshed y admitting it. It is nothing I am ashamed f. What law is there on the statute books vhich denies me the right to possess it?"

P. A.: "Of course we are not dealing with he laws of man, but with the eternal laws of ight and wrong, the laws of morality. Are ou going to stand there and suggest that his unlicensed sex appeal, running riot as t does through millions of feet of film, dislayed all over the world, is not an outrage gainst all decent canons of morals and ood taste?"

Defendant: "Since the plaintiffs insist, hat is just what I am going to stand here nd do. I should not have thought it was ecessary to point out, and I am quite sure he worthy members of the jury will not think t necessary, that there is sex appeal *and* sex ppeal." (Applause in court, and cries of 'Atta Clara!")

P. A.: "I think the members of the jury, who ave decency and clean-thinking writ large all ver them, would like to know just what you re talking about."

She Comes by It Naturally

DEFENDANT: "I refer to the kind of sex appeal that appeals only to men, and the other ind, which also affects women with the thought hat they would like to resemble the possessor f it. Obvious, flagrant sex appeal can be vulgar n the extreme. I have sex appeal, but when I m in a scene I never think about it. Conscious ex appeal is not the real thing. It isn't just a natter of sex. You can have it, and people can e drawn to you without having any thought of physical ontact at all. You can have just as much of it in a gingam dress as in a low-cut evening gown with most of your hysical charms showing. Sex appeal is personality—it's ot your body. You throw it out without thinking bout it."

P. A.: "Then you ask the jury to believe that you are lifferent from other film stars with sex appeal, whose names have become synonymous with vulgarity?"

Defendant: "I don't pretend that I am the only star possessing the real, wholesome kind of sex appeal—of course not. But I do say that sex appeal has earned its bad name through a few stars who do not really have it, and who make it vulgar by making frantic efforts to look as though they had it. Either you have it or you haven't, and people who try to assume it by suggestive clothes and actions are always vulgar. A lot of girls in Hollywood act as if they had it, and only make it all the plainer that they haven't.

Good Looks Not Essential

"HOLLYWOOD is full of marvelously good-looking people, but good looks have nothing to do with it. Some people who are downright homely in their features are made attractive and magnetic by natural, inborn sex appeal. Others who have perfect features sometimes make themselves repulsive by assuming something they don't have. Some stars who are reputed to have 's. a.' are not so big at the box-office, and the reason is that they have only one audience—the men who don't object to their vulgarity. To be a really big star you've got to have the women and the kids like you as well as the men do. That means something more natural and childish, not just a bold sexy look on your face.

"Sex appeal can be a great asset to a star, but it can also pull you back if you get known for that and nothing else. Personally, I have never striven after sex appeal because I suppose I have it inborn in me, and I believe that is why I have got where I am. I believe that anything that pleases the people as a whole must be good. I deny the charge of vulgarity and I shall continue to deny it as long as there is a Prodnose left on earth."

(Wild applause in court. Several gentlemen's hats are thrown at defendant. An excited lady throws her umbrella in the same direction, and her small offspring, thinking it is a game, tosses a toy brick. With great difficulty His Honor restores order.)

Not the Criminal Kind

P. A.: "I am gratified to observe on the faces of the jury members that they are no more impressed by this hair-

(*Continued on page 89*)

The Most Dangerous

Charl s

He-Man (f

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As a Ru

As Told

TO WALT

No synthetic adventurer: Charles Bickford, the hard-boiled Irishman of "Anna Christie" (left) and the he-man sailor of "The Sea Bat" (below), had his first sea fight just outside of Boston Harbor

R. H. Louise

Charles Bickford's size, voice and he-man personality are so well suited to the type of rôle he makes convincing that CLASSIC asked him if his real life had had any of the same tough action he portrays on the screen. The story he tells here is his answer—and a potent one. It is a story that contains more "hidden past" than has ever heretofore been revealed by a motion picture star. In telling it, he was emphatic that it should be printed just as he told it—without any "sugar-coating."—Editor's Note.

Hurrel

At present I am a movie star in Hollywood.

A few years ago I was a rum-running racketeer in Maine.

And, of the two, I would much prefer the life of a rough and ready racketeer to that of a movie star, *any* day! Not particularly for the money there is in it, but because it's more interesting and exciting. Real adventure. This business of standing in front of a microphone and "acting" tough is like a bowl of cold soup—after some of the actual adventures I have been through.

I have always labored under an innate rebellion against all law and order. In fact, I have never been much for obeying laws—that is, unless I had to or because I just happened to agree with a certain statute. I realize that we must have a good many laws in this state of advanced civilization in which we live, but I don't like them and I never obey them when it is more enjoyable or profitable to pass them up. My heart and soul have an unquenchable thirst for adventure and I have found that strict adherence to laws has always been more or less of an obstacle in my path.

Even as a kid, I prided myself upon being an active member of the "Forty Thieves," a gang of young hoodlums that infested the East End of Boston. We were a pretty tough bunch of youngsters and were famous for settling accounts for that whole end of the town. In all fairness, however, I must say that we made it a practice to steer clear of those who allowed us our own ideas. There are probably a number of citizens who remember us as a bunch of rowdy hellions. We were. And I was the so-called leader!

That's where I got my start—over on the East End of

Moment *of* My Life

Bickford

the Screen,

Danger

Runner

Charles Bickford

RAMSEY

Known in Hollywood as "Bad Boy Bickford" because he does and says what he likes, he has had little chance to rest (as below) at his Santa Monica home, since his intense portrayal in "Dynamite" (right)

R. H. Louise

Grimes

that "dignified" city of Boston. Then along came the War. The gang all wanted to go—and most of them did. I got along great, while I was over in France, because I suppose 'most everyone could see (just by one look at my face) that I was having the time of my life. It was a great adventure. A lawless sort of law in the breaking!

A few months after returning from that Great Adventure, I was introduced to another adventure—rum-running, in rather an accidental way. . . .

A Run-In With Pirates

TWO of the boys and myself decided to spend the day on the ocean, doing a little yachting. We had figured it to be a stag affair, but the owner of the boat brought along his girl-friend. After we had been out about three or four hours, we sighted a forty-foot speed launch apparently in distress. We got their signal from a distance and turned in their direction to see if we might be of some assistance. When we drew alongside, the four men in the other boat began throwing ropes onto our deck in order to hold the two crafts fast. We even *helped* them!

Then the hell broke loose—and, incidentally, one of the most dangerous moments of my life!

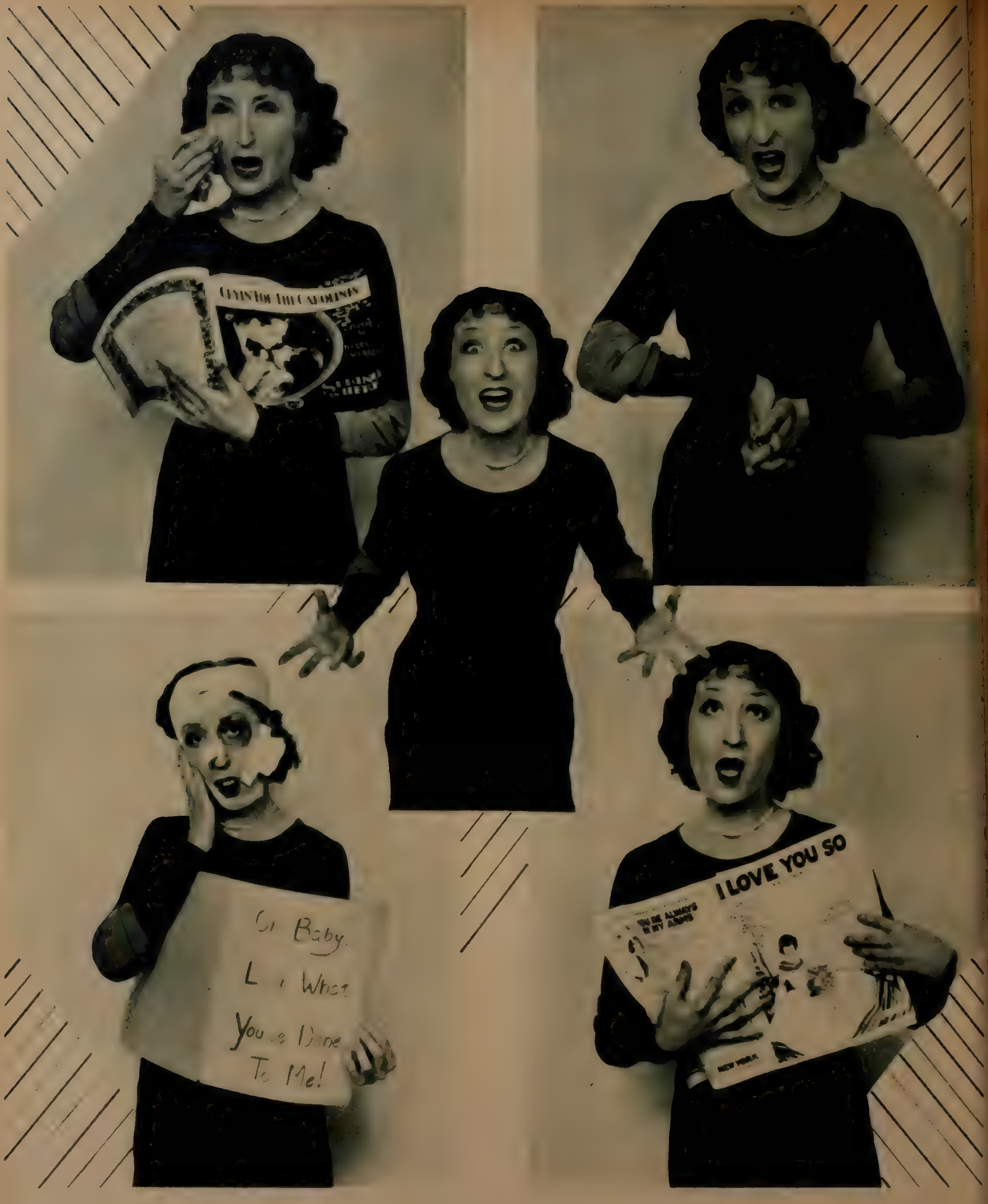
The four of them, all big, burly cut-throats, came lunging onto our deck with dark scowls and much strong cursing. One of them brandished a large club and demanded that we turn over the ship to them—together with the girl. That was the pay-off! Fists commenced to fly and men began to fall.

We were outnumbered and outweighed by them, but, as luck would have it, two of them had been drinking a bit of their own cargo and weren't so steady as they should have been. The owner of the boat was the first to feel the strength of the pirates; a swift jab of the club caught him behind the collar and laid him out temporarily.

Five Unconscious Men

IN the meantime my partner and I were having a hot time with the three racketeers who had chosen to mix it with us. He got in one very neat blow just as the brawl started and the man who took it on the chin fell backwards on his head against the anchor—cracking his skull

(Continued on page 91)


CRYIN' FOR THE CAROLINES
Baby
What
You've Done
To Me!
I LOVE YOU SO
NEW YORK

I'm *A Screamer, Aren't We All?*

Strike up the band! Virginia Sale has joined the ranks (with the accent on the *rank*) of theme-songstresses, and there's going to be anything but music in the air. The only place she can carry a tune is in her arms—but who cares? *This* gal has expression!

Portraits posed especially for Classic by Russell Ball

Through At Five O'Clock

You Don't Catch Wallace Beery Working Overtime

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY, in the guise of *P. T. Barnum*, ambled into the lunchroom. With the utmost courtliness, he shook hands.

Then he carefully removed his coat. With equal deliberation, he removed his vest, and hung them both on a nail.

Then he sat down, and carefully lowered his suspenders.

Perfect comfort having been achieved, he ordered lots of potatoes and started to talk.

The most you can get from Wally is rambling comment on the things that happen to be passing through his mind—delivered in a deep and rambling voice. There's a very pleasant, seasoned quality about him and about his voice.

His favorite salutation, for everyone, is, "Hello, Keed!"

He devotes a lot of time to practical jokes. When he and Raymond Hatton were making comedies together, they had one set on the deck of a big ship, which was reached by a long, hard climb up a ladder. It was their idea of great fun to keep asking the property man for a drink of water, all day long, and when he had toiled way up to the top with it, to take a tiny sip and throw it, cup and all, over the side of the boat. They split their sides over that one.

He Likes to Shock Them

WIRING a chair and giving unsuspecting sitters a nasty jolt of electricity is another of Wally's favorites. And hitting people on the side of the leg with his fist was another pet. He went to great trouble to develop that gag. He hit the rest of the cast in the leg until, black and blue, they caught on to the idea and were about ready to hit him back. Then he put a long board inside his trouser leg, and wore it all day, so when his victims hit him in the leg, they'd take the punishment.

All these little jokes he perpetrates with that wide baby smile, which is very disarming, unless you happen to be the one who sat in the electric chair. I suppose after his friends have broken a few knuckles, he explains that he was only kidding.

He hates to have his lines of dialogue changed. If they introduce so much as an "and," or tell him to say, "Oh, hello," instead of "Hello, there," he grumbles and says, 'How do you expect me to learn these lines if you keep changing them?"

He arrives on the set with exact promptness, and when five o'clock comes he quits, even if it's in the middle of a scene—a prerogative which only very big stars have the courage to claim, as a rule.

He drives his car like a madman; he used to be a racing driver. The reason people ride with him in his airplane is that they feel it's safer than riding with him in his car.

The Elephants' Influence

AMONG other things that he used to be are: an elephant trainer, a chorus boy, a leading man, a female impersonator, a hard-breathing villain, and an arch-nitwit in comedies. He trained the largest herd of elephants in the United States, and let them lie down on him and do all the other tricks. He thought that was great—and explains it with the theory that where there are no brains, there is no fear.

Nevertheless, the elephants left their mark. Wally seems to have taken on many of their qualities. He's big, playful, and pachydermic. He has their gentleness of spirit and movement, but with that slow sense of strength—that wallop behind the elephant's smile.

He immediately calls a woman "dear," in the Hollywood manner.

(*Continued on page 97*)

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Russell Ball

Wm. E. Thomas

Phillips Holmes is not suffering a toothache above. Nor is Helen Twelvetrees helping him keep his chin up. She is merely demonstrating a new way to hold a man. But her sadness is mystifying. For their romance in "Her Man" is not marred by a single theme-song

Betty Boyd, looking our way and *that* way (left), is not only a table-tipper but has a spirit all her own. It manifests itself in "Pleasure Island," and now several big companies want her to be spiritual for them

OUT of politeness, practically all Hollywood separations are referred to as "surprising," but none so thoroughly jolted the natives as this trouble between **Lina Basquette** and **Pev Marley**. "Ulterior motive" rumors are flying thick and fast, for, two weeks before this was written, **Pev** and **Lina** were dropping kissed sugar in each other's coffee and insisting they were the happiest couple alive. And it wasn't hard to believe.

In **Pev's** little hillside bungalow **Lina** had apparently settled down to a life of domestic bliss. She even prepared the meals—between kisses and boastful compliments from her young husband that she was the world's best cook.

And now **Pev** is living in the little house all alone and **Lina** is stopping at the Ambassador Hotel.

Lina says that her baby, **Lita**, daughter of the late **Sam** Warner, came between them. "Pev was jealous of her. He was jealous of anything that reminded him of my former marriage," is her explanation. **Pev** says nothing. In the meantime, the **Harry** Warner adoption suit and $300,000 settlement on the baby hangs in the balance; and Hollywood can't forget that the Warners never approved of **Lina's** marriage to De Mille's former cameraman. There's many a head wagging over this "mysterious" estrangement.

• • •

CLARA *Bow in a hat with "halos" around it—supposed to be the newest wrinkle.*

Ina *Claire telephoning from a luncheon table at the Brown Derby. Guess whom?*

Marian *Nixon hostess at a "bathing suit" shower for* **Sally** *Eilers a week before her marriage.*

Florenz *Ziegfeld conversing with "Mrs. Walter Morosco" and not recognizing* **Corinne** *Griffith.*

Bebe *Daniels and* **Ben** *Lyon settled in* **Ben's** *Hollywood apartment after a honeymoon in Santa Barbara.*

• • •

AT this writing, **Alice White's** off-again-on-again contract with First National is still a topic of interest.

THEM OVER

By
DOROTHY MANNERS

She must have his little joke: it's not that Robert Ames (above) isn't perfectly capable of talking, but when two ex-Broadway stars get together, as he and Ann Harding do in "Holiday," there's bound to be some close-up mischief and some stage whispers afoot

And at right, ladies and gentlemen, you see the first siren in the talkies to lose her pretty head: Norma Talmadge, thinly disguised as Du Barry, Woman of Passion, as whom she loves not only well, but unwisely

John Miehle

The minute it leaked out that the blonde flapper and her company had reached a parting of the ways, the rumor hounds began to sing Alice's Swan Song. One enterprising young reporter was on the verge of printing a story to the effect that Alice would sign with a comedy company at one-tenth of her former salary, but before he could get to the papers with his story, First National started dickering for her continued services.

The truth is that the little White flapper won't sign with anybody unless she gets a contract very much to her liking. She is one of the few who have salted it away while the salting was good. For three years while she was drawing a thousand dollars weekly, Alice was living in a sixty-dollar-a-month apartment and driving a Ford.

Incidentally, she told me she had made close to sixty thousand dollars in the stock market during the slump. With her usual canniness, she rushed in where the foolish still feared to tread and bought at the bottom. Now she's riding around in a slick new town-car with plenty left over for knicknacks.

JEANETTE *Loff in a vivid new sports dress on her way to San Francisco to sing over the radio.*

Lon *Chaney and* **Edmund** *Goulding speaking over their back fence. They're neighbors now.*

Jeanette *MacDonald practising tap-dance steps.*

Dick *Arlen and* **Jobyna** *Ralston joining* **Dick's** *location troupe in Catalina on their own yacht.*

• • •

EDDIE Cantor was giving a brief lesson on diet to one of his young daughters on the "Whoopee" set. "You've got to eat lettuce because of the vitamins," he explained. "You know about vitamins—Warner Brothers have been making 'em for years!"

• • •

MAURI Grashin, Pathé scribe, was matched against William de Mille in the recent Motion Picture Tennis Tournament. Grashin won by default. Inasmuch as De Mille could beat Grashin over the telephone, everyone was surprised to hear the news. *Lesè Majeste?*

"How come?" asked one of the innocent bystanders.

"Oh, it was easy," offered **Grashin**. "I just called him up and asked if we couldn't settle this thing outside the courts."

• • •

ERNST *Lubitsch calling his divorced wife over the telephone to find out about his dress-shirt studs.*

Mae *Sunday, ex-daughter-in-law of the famous* **Billy**, *accepting her second bridesmaid's rôle within a month.* **Mae** *"stood up" with both* **Bebe** *Daniels and* **Sally** *Eilers.*

Helene *Costello ordering seven hats from Magnin's.*

Lupe *Velez dining at home with her sister and brother-in-law.*

• • •

YOU'RE in for a real treat when **Fredric March** "comes to your theater" in "The Royal Family."

It was his famous **John Barrymore** impersonation in this stage play by **Edna Ferber** and **George S. Kaufman** that earned **Freddie** his Paramount contract. And how he does it! He even looks like Barrymore—walks like him—talks like him.

"The Royal Family" is supposed to be based on the family life of the Barrymores, the characters including Ethel, John Drew and all the in-laws.

• • •

THE "hot shot" publicity story of the month comes from Paramount, to the effect that **Wolfe Gilbert** and **Abel Baer**, composers, are writing **Clara Bow**'s moods to music. The yarn continues (believe it or not):

"It is their theory that screen melodies, to be fully effective, must fit the personalities of those who sing them. Consequently, they embarked upon a study of the IT girl. A studio projection-room served as their laboratory part of the time. In an unobtrusive way, they carried their research further by talking with the star at every opportunity and drawing her out on various subjects. All of the time they were careful not to let Miss Bow know that, figuratively, her personality was under the dissecting knife. To have done so might have robbed her actions of spontaneity and defeated their purpose."

• • •

JUNIOR *Laemmle lunching in a quiet corner at the Embassy.*

Jimmy *Fidler presenting* **Dorothy** *Lee with a beautiful engagement ring at their "announcement party."*

Sue *Carol, their closest friend, performing the announcement.*

Fred *Scott on the verge of backing out of a tea-room because he didn't "see any other fellows."*

Stanley *Smith arriving just in time to save* **Fred** *from flight.*

• • •

ZASU Pitts is the mother of one child and has adopted five others.

At the time of **Barbara La Marr**'s death, **Zasu** took her friend's adopted son to raise, and now, at the death of her sister-in-law, she has sent for her brother's four motherless children.

For years **Zasu** has been looked on as Hollywood's grandest person. This cinches it.

Archer

It pays to look around: it was his own lines for "Nancy From Naples," that Charles King was supposed to be learning, but he preferred to study Irene Delroy's

Radio

It's lucky Californians go to Florida: if someone from RKO hadn't gone to the enemy country, young and promising Roberta Gale would not now be under contract

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

NO one is more surprised over **Marie Dressler's** sensational success than **Marie Dressler.** Two years ago **Marie** told a friend, "I'm all cleaned up. I'm just a fat old woman and nobody wants me."

Now, word drifts back from London that **Marie** is creating more of a riot than even **Mary** and **Doug.**

When she was in New York, a whole squad of Elks, or Boy Scouts, or something, stood lined up in her corridor just waiting for a chance to shake hands with her.

In the meantime M-G-M is lining up another co-starring picture with **Polly Moran.** "Caught Short" has been standing them in line all over the country.

• • •

BEBE *Daniels lunching at the Embassy in a smart sweater-and-skirt suit.*

Ditto for **Ina** *Claire.*

Red-white-and-blue being the favorite combination for Hollywood sports clothes.

Lucille *Gleason entertaining at the Dominoes Club.*

Dorothy *Dwan, at* **Lucille's** *party, admitting that she is quite finished with pictures.*

• • •

WHEN Ruth Mix married **Douglas** Gilmore, she ran into the same trouble **Loretta** Young and **Grant** Withers experienced—"mamma" trouble. At first it brewed hot and heavy, and then the newspaper boys drifted around and asked the former Mrs. Tom Mix if she wouldn't please pose for pictures with **Ruth** and **Doug.** "I ought to pose with an ax or something," declared Mrs. Mix, but there was a twinkle in her eye; and by the time **Ruth** and **Douglas** showed up from their elopement, mamma was in a more or less submissive frame of mind.

From somewhere in the wilds of Canada **Tom** Mix also sent his blessings.

• • •

EDDIE *Quillan doing first-rate imitations of Newsreel personalities.*

Mitzi *Green leaving a nickel tip under her glass of milk in the Paramount café.*

Clive *Brook lunching in a bathrobe at the same place.*

Richard *Dix helping an actor memorize his lines by "cueing" him.*

Lilyan *Tashman experimenting with unusual coiffures in a beauty parlor.*

• • •

IF you ever have occasion to lunch at **Eddie** Quillan's house—take a tip! Don't eat for a week. Mama Quillan sets a luncheon board that would shame the twelve-course dinners at the Mayfair or the Embassy. "Just a little snack," she calls it, referring to chicken and potatoes, hot biscuits, two kinds of salads, potato and fruit, stuffed celery, stuffed eggs, ice cream and cake.

And don't forget there are fourteen of the Quillans!

• • •

NOW that the reports are all in, they say William Haines made more money for M-G-M than any other star last year. Greta Garbo was second. Joan Crawford third. John Gilbert, who formerly led the box-office parade with Greta, can't be counted as he made so few pictures.

(Continued on page 103)

Richee

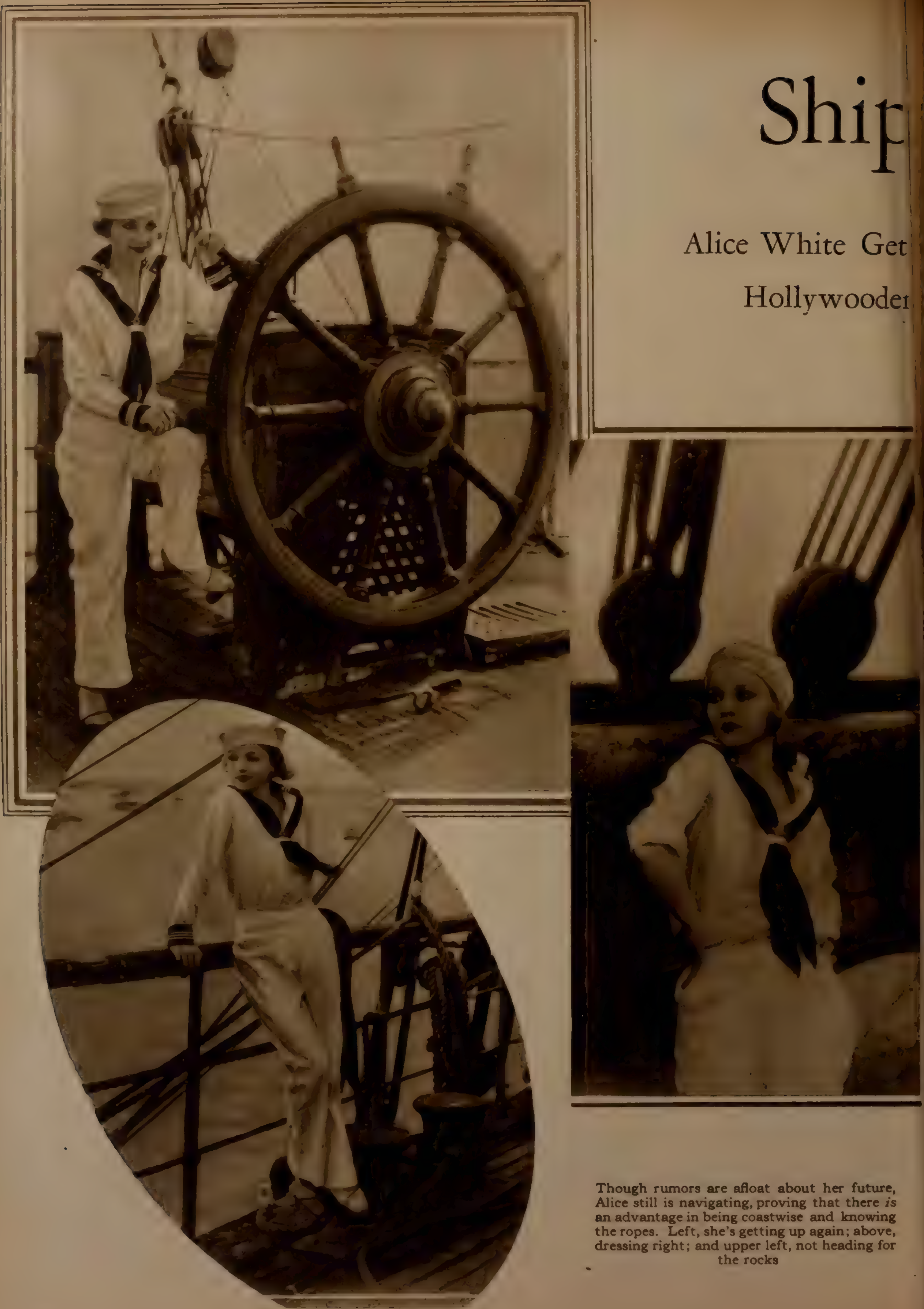
Becoming high-hat: but Marlene Dietrich is becoming any way. And she has a right to the tall topper, making her talkie début opposite Gary Cooper in "Morocco"

Fryer

Where there's a light there's a smoke: Guinn Williams, who knows his broncos and cattle rustlers, goes downright Western in "The Bad Man" and rolls his own

Ship

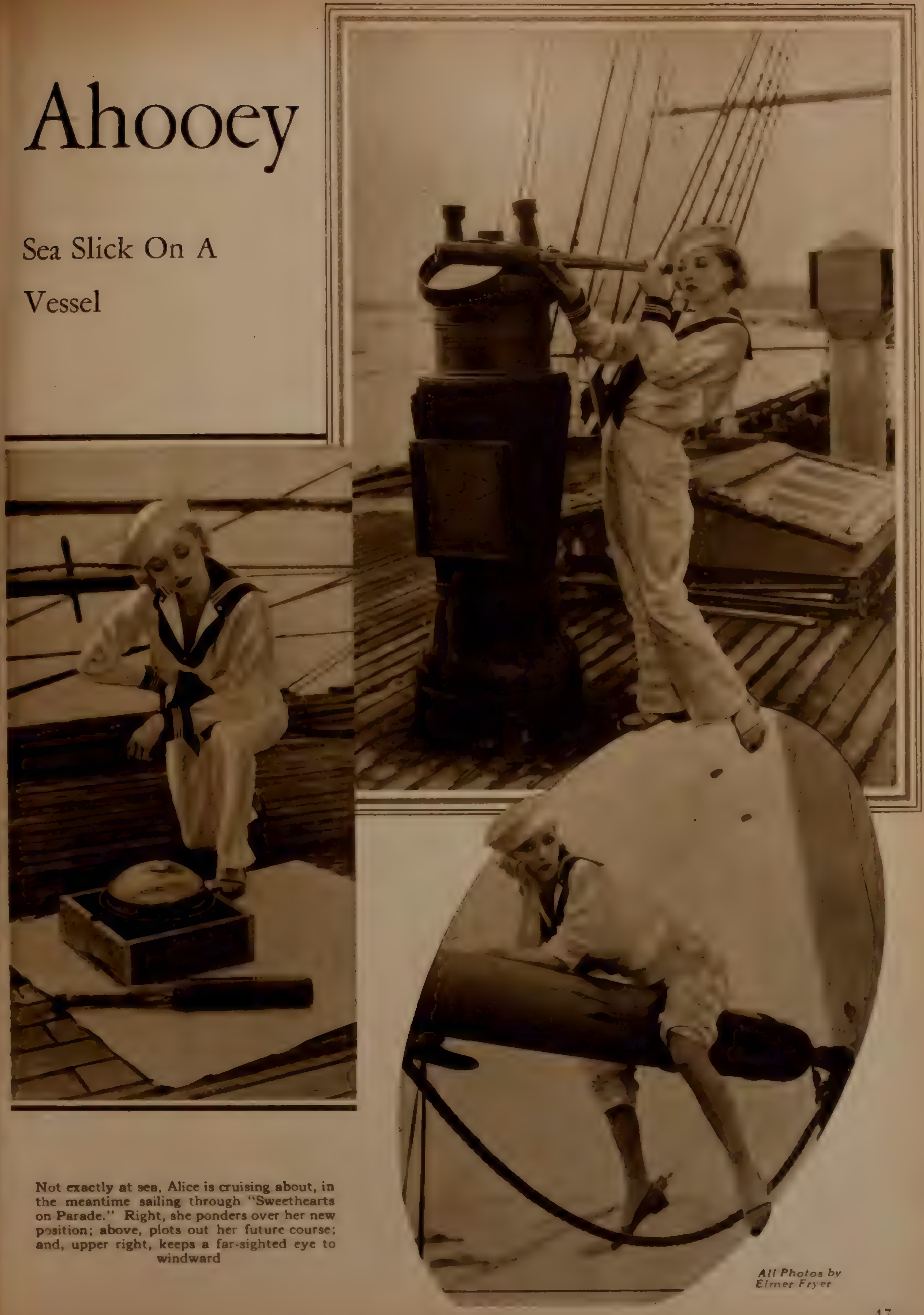
Alice White Get
Hollywooder



Though rumors are afloat about her future, Alice still is navigating, proving that there *is* an advantage in being coastwise and knowing the ropes. Left, she's getting up again; above, dressing right; and upper left, not heading for the rocks

Ahooey

Sea Slick On A Vessel



Not exactly at sea, Alice is cruising about, in the meantime sailing through "Sweethearts on Parade." Right, she ponders over her new position; above, plots out her future course; and, upper right, keeps a far-sighted eye to windward

All Photos by Elmer Fryer

. . . They're All Talking, At Last

But Lila Lee Still Doesn't Believe In Santa Claus

By

GLADYS HALL

Ball

LILA was feeling low. She didn't care who knew it. She looked beautiful but tired. She looked Grown-Up. "Cuddles" is gone. A woman has taken her place. One of, it is generally conceded nowadays, the most beautiful and most talented in Hollywood. Lila, in company with Bebe Daniels and Warner Baxter and others, has staged a notable Comeback. She is Talked About. She is a Bet. A Bet that has won.

Lila was feeling low. She had had a scene. With an admirer who thought she was getting too peaceful. Lila does not come under the Oscar Wilde heading of ladies who take lovers just to make scenes for them. She is not flattered. She is not stimulated. She is seriously annoyed and very much enervated. They wilt her. She says she knows some women who eat up scenes and thrive on them. She is not among them. Probably men make them just to be obliging, but Lila wishes they would use some discretion before unleashing their more tempestuous emotions.

Lila says, "I have to have harmony about me or go to pieces. I rather run away from unpleasant things . . ."

She Lived and Learned

LILA was feeling *very* low. Life is not at all the way she once thought it would be, when she was "very young." She doesn't believe in Santa Claus any more, or in elves and fairies. God may be in His Heaven, but all is *not* right with the world.

"I expect that there are people with the blood of conquerors coursing through their veins, people who are captains of their souls and masters of their fates or what-have-you. People who can take life by the nape of the neck and twist it into any shape or position they please. No doubt it is this quality in them that makes them world-beaters. But I am not among them. I can't seem to get a proper grip on everything all at once. When one thing in life goes right, another goes wrong, and *vice versa*.

"As now, with my work. That is going righter than I ever thought it would or could again. A couple of years ago, I thought I was *fini*. I saw my movie tombstone reared above me, all neatly epitaphed and everything. Nobody wanted me. I was completely forgotten. I made a quickie and thought I was Big Time. And I was *frantic*. I had to work. I had to have money. I didn't know what I could do, where I could turn. There was nothing I *could* do, nothing else, I mean.

Her Life's Work

"I had never known anything but the stage from the day when I was four-and-a-half years old and Gus Edwards saw me running home from school. That was in Union Hills, New Jersey. And he carried me off then and there, in the name of Art, or something. I sat on top of a piano and sang and they named me 'Cuddles.' I kept right on going. I toured about with the Edwards troupe as star until 1918, when Jesse Lasky saw me and offered to give me a screen test. A contract was the result of that. I was thirteen. My first picture was 'The Cruise of the Make-Believe,' with Wally Reid. Then came a succession of child rôles. My first really grown-up rôle was in Cecil de Mille's 'Male and Female.'

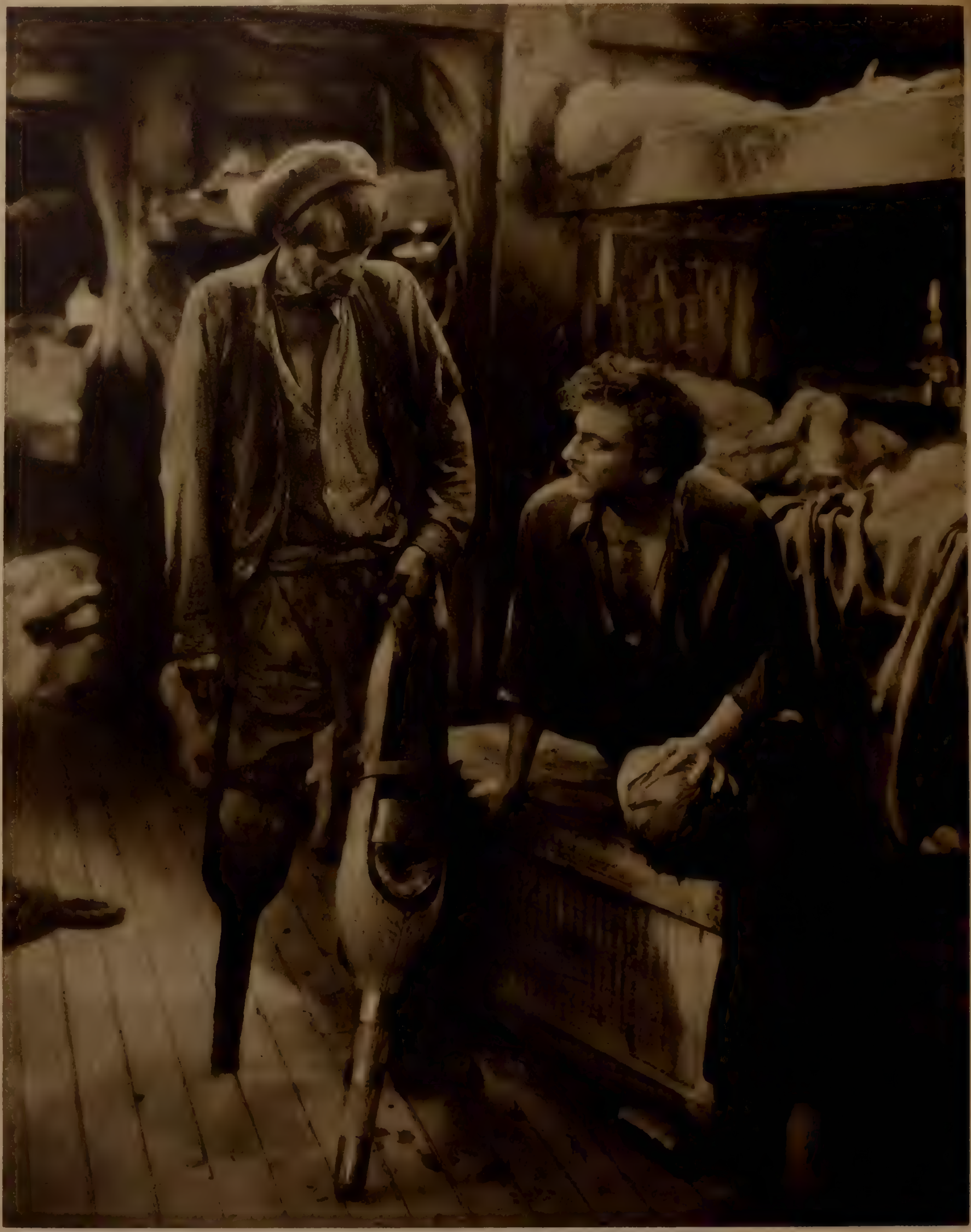
"Oh, well, that's all an old story . . . But anyway, the point is I had never had any schooling to speak of. Itinerant tutors, but no consecutive training of any sort along any other line. I had no interest in anything but the stage or screen. I could hardly *talk* about anything else, let alone *do* anything else. No wonder I was terrified when I thought that the one door was closed to me. I

(*Continued on page 100*)

He Has *THEM*

You've heard of The Man With The Hoe, The IT Man, The Man With A Family (insure yourself to-day), The Man With A Future (you too can have one—sign up now), not to mention The Man With A Past—but here is The He-Man With Man-Size Dimples, and George Duryea doesn't find them a handicap

Last month, June Collyer did things with dimples, and now George is doing them. At top, for instance, he's trying to look like Lon Chaney in a cut-throat poker game. Center, he turns on the kind that that little blonde with the lithp callth dimply elegant. And, right, the way he turns up when he's a week late on a date



Lippman

Their Sea Legs

Two of a kind are the peg-leg mate and *Cap'n Ahab* Barrymore, after John meets his old enemy, "Moby Dick," the white whale. He would have only one leg to stand on for the rest of the potent picture, if it weren't for the ship's carpenter

He Didn't Know Better

By
DOROTHY
MANNERS

Blames His Success On Ignorance

Wm. E. Thomas

IN my comings and goings among the exalted, I have heard many causes leaded in the name of ame, but Fred Scott is he first to blame it all n ignorance.

"I sometimes think," aid Fred, looking as hough he really made a iabit of it, that "ig-iorance is an under-ated condition. It pares us so much. With-ut it, it would be too asy to give up anything it the first rebuff. On he other hand, being in pleasant state of un-onsciousness, many of s press on, convinced hat we are indefatigable. Often it isn't until we have achieved a fair amount of success that we realize differently—and then it is too late.

"When I first came to Los Angeles from Fresno, I was firmly convinced that I was the only good singer in these parts . . ."

It is hard to visualize this boy as ever having been sold on himself, even in his juvenile stage. He is quite the shyest person I have ever met from behind the cameras. He reminds you of no other actor, because he is not like an actor at all. I doubt if you could even call him handsome, though he is pleasant-looking in an out-of-door sort of way. If Fresno hadn't been his birthplace, Texas would have served nicely. He even has that drawly, slow way of talking, seasoned with a Will-Rogersonian brand of dry humor. Just when he is on the verge of being slightly ill at ease, that same humor rushes to his rescue. His hair is dark, and I think his eyes are blue.

"I was quite the vocal works up in Fresno," he continued, in that drawl, after sufficient probing. "Sang in the church choirs, and for the visiting Elks and that sort of thing, on the slightest provocation. Naturally, I got it into my head that Fresno was cramping my style as a baby Caruso. Such talent deserved a wider field of expression."

He looked at me sort of sheepishly, to make sure I was sharing in this laugh on himself.

"I'd heard about the famous Alberti, who was conducting a vocal school in Los Angeles, and if he was as good as they said he was, I figured he should have the opportunity to coach me. So down I came, blissfully unaware that I was anything but a greenhorn who was good enough for small-town sociables—and no better than that.

"I'll never forget that first audience with Alberti. I ran a few scales for him—sang a song or two. This great old gentleman listened to me for a moment and then shook that wise old head of his. 'My boy,' he said, 'you are wasting your time cultivating that voice. You are wasting your money. I don't know where you came from, but I would advise you to go back there.'

"I was flabbergasted. I was bewildered. But I was not hurt or discouraged. I was too ignorant for that. I figured that this kind old gentleman didn't know what he was talking about. Wasn't I, the pride of Fresno quartets, offering myself to him in all my glory? It was just a mistake. He was wrong.

He Couldn't Be Discouraged

"'I'M not going back home,' I told him. 'I don't care what you say. I'm going to stay here and study—if not with you—with someone else.' I could feel this

(*Continued on page 105*)

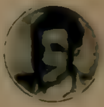
The *Americano from* Milano

Bachrach

Everett Marshall Did Not Reach The Top By Starting At The Bottom

By

CEDRIC BELFRAGE



IF you have felt compelled to conclude, from your observation of the early musical talkies, that as singers Americans have very good profiles, hold your final verdict until you get an earful of Everett Marshall.

Everett is one of the four members of the Metropolitan Opera Company who have signed fat talkie contracts. The other three are Lawrence Tibbett, Grace Moore, and Mary Lewis. Their talkie contracts are a lucky break whichever way you look at it, because none of them is bound hand and foot to Hollywood. In each case, they are simply loaned to pictures for the time when they are not wanted at the Met.—about forty weeks a year, that is. Large sums had to be paid to the Met. directors to release them at all. And still larger sums are going into the pockets of the four Prides and Joys of American singing.

Radio Pictures is the company whose productions will be graced by the presence of Everett Marshall. And first the world is to see and hear him opposite the fair and luscious Bebe Daniels, in an operetta called "Dixiana."

There was, we may suppose, much weeping when Everett bade his pals at the Met. *adieu.* Also some gnashing of teeth. For it must have been like swallowing gall for the Italians, the Portuguese and the Greeks, who make up the large bulk of the Met. company, to see four Americanos getting Hollywood's bags of gold, while they, the supreme songsters of the world by all musical traditions, were ignored. All that good money going to waste! But the Italians, the Portuguese and the Greeks were no longer young. They had trained so long to get a voice that in getting it they had lost everything else. It was Tibbett, Moore, Lewis and Marshall who won the four big prizes; all comparatively young people, and with voices to boot.

Treated Like a Native

MARSHALL, youngest of the four, is, however, the only one who wins a pat on the back, even in a small way, from the foreign element. For at least the Italians regarded him half as one of their own. Did he not make his début in Italy; sing leading parts in nearly every important opera house of that country; and was he not finally signed while there to come back and appear in America? The answer to these questions, as my tone of voice should have indicated, is yes.

Everett is one of those incredibly determined people, who pursue an idea so relentlessly that in the end they have to win out. Ever since he was a boy, he was determined to be a singer, and no reverses were able to cool his ardor. Or so I gathered, after a delightful two hours spent over lunch with him.

He had just finished, that morning, the last scene for his first talkie, "Dixiana"; and at this more or less climactic point in his career, I asked him to wax reminiscent and tell me about himself. Everett told me—with a charm in the telling, the like of which I had never before encountered in Hollywood. Here is a man with a natural charm which batters down all instinctive prejudice that one might have, either against

(*Continued on page 102*)

Our Own News Camera

The woman he left behind him: Bodil Rosing (below), one of the mothers—and one of the few women—in "All Quiet on the Western Front," interprets the Unknown Mother

Russell Ball

Russell Ball

He's praying for a really big chance, but George Hackathorne (above), knowing his Hollywood, is also keeping his eyes open. Nothing is going to get by him

It looks as if Gary Cooper (above) is going Hollywood and is about to lose either his head or his shirt. For all his pull, even Gary gets it in the neck

An appendix operation: Pearl Eaton, dance director, turns over some old leaves (below) to get data for dances in the screen's first original operetta, "Dixiana"

Bachrach

Even the youngest generation is putting on musical airs: Georgiana, playing out in her playhouse (below), insists that sis, Sally Blane, sing her praises

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST T

He'll sign the doggone thing: with Catherine Moylan teasing him (right), "Buster," leading man of "Dogway Melody," agrees to a new contract at three thousand dog biscuits a year

Hollywood makes her laugh (left): but Frances McCoy's profession is comedy, so don't think things. She is having a good time at Fox expense in Rube (Cartoonist) Goldberg's "Soup to Nuts"

The girls insist on hanging around Karl Dane (left), and he not only has a load on his shoulders, but his hands full. Left to right, they are Lenore Bushman, Harriet Lake, Raquel Torres, Catherine Moylan and Lottice Howell. Mary Doran is the one upset

A nice fellow to have around: Wallace Beery, who, after all these years of villainy, is finally put behind the bars as *Machine-Gun Butch*, tries to look harmless (left), while watchfully waiting to blow the lid off "The Big House"

She's out to get him: Gloria Swanson, who as a photographer is a good actress, tells Lew Cody, who makes his talkie début in "What A Widow," to sit pretty (left), but he wants to know what she's aiming for—the top of his head?

Black, but not blue: Marjorie Beebe, Educational comedienne, just off the boat, pulls up on the dock after a trip to Honolulu to prove that as a tan-getter she is no Hawaiian pineapple

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

One horse she can hold: Joan Marsh, who, unlike most actresses, loves horses, has a necking party (left) with an Arabian colt at the extensive Kellogg Arabian Horse Ranch near Pomona

She was kept in the dark in "The Midnight Mystery," but from now on Rita La Roy (right)—a dark lady who is coming into your movie life—will have spotlights to guide her

She straightens him out. acting as a press agent, Joan Bennett (right) gives Joe E. Brown "the works," with the result that he has some new wrinkles in "Maybe It's Love," a comedy (when is there going to be a tragedy?) of college life

Lippman

She leaves the prison: talented eight-year-old Joan Lawes, seen with her father, Warden Lawes of Sing Sing (right), has been signed to a long-term contract by Fox, and now is in Hollywood and in "Up the River," a prison story

'S funny, in Hollywood, the friends you make: as, for instance, Raquel Torres' latest—an alligator, no less—who (or which) has already learned how to take a girl for a ride

P. & A.

George Von Elm, one-time national champion, tells Richard Dix (right) he has seen golf players blow up, but Rich is the first one he has ever seen blow down. But George doesn't know what luck some people can have

• Is Hollywood

BY CEDRIC BELFRAGE

WHETHER or not the Old English Spirit is gripping Hollywood is the latest problem to wrinkle my massive dome.

Of course, we all know that there are a deuce of a lot of these Limeys in Hollywood. But the full extent of the English invasion may not be percolating through into our mass-consciousness. These English chaps resort to insidious methods when they go out on an invasion. And before America realizes what is going on, she will wake up to find that Hollywood, that diadem in her gem-encrusted crown, has entirely capitulated to the Limey and all he stands for. There will be brass bands playing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" along Hollywood Boulevard, and the people, lost to all sense of shame, will be singing the words of "God Save the King" to those glorious strains. And what will Uncle Sam do then?

Just to give you an idea how serious the English invasion is getting, here is the result of calculations I have been making on odd pieces of paper during recent weeks:

Englishmen are now on Hollywood's payroll to the tune of a round $4,000,000 a year. And that means Englishmen—not Colonials. It doesn't include the Canadian division, with its Pickfords and Prevosts, nor the Australians with their Niblos and Julians. Nor does it include any but those ladies and gentlemen from the sea-girt isle who are active at the present moment in Hollywood studios. Excluded also are such Limeys of doubtful income as Charlie Chaplin. Here are the totals:

Nine English directors pull down approximately $16,500 weekly.

Twenty-one English contract players get approximately $38,950 weekly.

Sixty-eight English free-lance players get approximately $41,650 weekly.

The Money They Take

ESTIMATING an average of one working week in every three for the latter group, and a conservative total of $500,000 a year earned in lump sums by a half-dozen English writers (including Lonsdale and Wodehouse), one finally arrives at a grand total of more than $4,000,000 a year, after which—if one has any sense—one gets into a hot bath and lies in it for an hour, to restore the shattered brain-cells.

You have only to add on Charlie Chaplin and a minor host of cameramen, assistants, executives and stepandfetchits to swell your total up somewhere near the $5,000,000 mark.

Such a mob of Englishmen could hardly be present in any community without having some effect. And in Hollywood there have been unmistakable signs f
some time that the effect is no small one, a
that it grows steadily greater as more a
more chappies from over the bally briny po
into town. Since we are waxing statistic
here are some more figures to set you po
dering and taking headache powders:

Out of the twenty-one English contra
players, thirteen have arrived in Holl
wood since the talkies started.

Out of the sixty-eight English fre
lancers, nineteen have arrived sin

'Orribly Hinglish — 'Ollywood ar
Claude Allister, illustrating tho
quaint hold Hinglish customs of wea
ing the 'igh topper; taking a bawt
don't y'know; jolly well sneering; an
'ard drinking

Portraits of Claude Allister especially posed for Classic by Russell Ball

Going Old-English?

It's 'igh Time We Jolly Well Found Out

talkies decreed that broad "a" users should be shot.

In addition to those included in the above sixty-eight, literally hundreds more Englishmen have arrived in Hollywood to try their luck without getting a foothold yet, and are therefore not included in my abstruse calculations.

How Far Things Have Gone

ONE of the more recent arrivals, Reginald Sharland, is actually starting a Hollywood cricket team. That shows you how far the thing has already gone. He has sent emissaries to England with instructions to bring back with them bats, balls, wickets, stumps, nets, pads, weed-killer and plenty of teacups. Any day now, these holy emblems of England's national rite may arrive in Hollywood; and then even California's meadows will be taken over for the worship of this foreign deity.

Also, of course, there is the matter of English accent and pronunciation. Just everybody is taking lessons nowadays in broad "a's," and it's getting to be downright unfashionable not to be able to trot out a few at any smart gathering. No longer is it possible, as of yore, to tell an Englishman from an American; they're all talking the same, or at least trying to. Who would ever think, to hear them talk as they do to-day, that Ruth Chatterton and Hedda Hopper were both one hundred per cent. Yankees?

The point where the English invasion of Hollywood becomes serious is just this matter of pronunciation. No hundred per cent. American is going to take the trouble to object because a few Hollywood people become Union-Jack-conscious in other ways. But when the English impress their manner of speaking upon the American picture stars, they impress it on all America. And the idea that America should be dictated to in this or any other matter by a bunch of Limey lads is, to many, altogether shocking.

"Suspenders"? Horrors!

PRONUNCIATION isn't all, either. The very words of the American language are being replaced by English words, just because the Hollywood people have let themselves be influenced by the invaders. Take, for example, that fine old American word, "suspenders." When Fred Kerr, a London stage veteran, came to Hollywood some months ago, he wanted something to keep his pants up and went into a shop. He asked for "braces," and the salesman said, "Oh, you mean suspenders?" Kerr had three apopleptic seizures and a fit of the palsy, and finally the salesman was so touched by the actor's condition that he consented to call the contraption "braces." From then on, the word has swept the country, and nowadays, if you ask for "suspenders" in any number of shops, they give you such a look that you want to fall through the floor. All a part of this insidious English propaganda, without a doubt. Something ought to be done.

The English have a way of shriveling a poor American with one glance, if he should either do or say anything that doesn't measure up to the Limey idea of perfect behavior. No race except King George's Own could have changed Hollywood and Hollywood life so quickly.

In the last two years, the American habit of mixing ginger ale with Scotch has practically died out in

(Continued on page 87)

R*azzberries* In C Major

Johnny (Cocoanut Grove) Hamp, Watching Hollywood At Play, Goes *Pppfff, Pppfff, Pppfff*

Johnny Hamp (in oval) has seen plenty of Hollywood life—and so has his band, absorbing some daylight above on the steps of the Ambassador

By LLOYD LEWIS

YOU'VE heard Pete go tweet, tweet, tweet on his piccolo by now, surely.

But have you ever heard Hamp go pppfff, pppfff, pppfff on his razzberry? No? Well, you've missed a lot, 'cause it's hotter than hot.

Hollywood has been given the bird before, but Johnny Hamp, who for the past year has led his dance band in the Cocoanut Grove of the Ambassador Hotel, is the first one to do it with sound effects.

And when Hamp plays a razzberry on his trombone, it is a razzberry in C Major that outdoes even the sound-effects man on a Raoul Walsh set.

A most impolite sound it is. Pppfff, pppfff, pppfff.

Taken out of phonetics and put into English they can understand in Boston, Mr. Hamp gives Hollywood the bird in this fashion:

"Hollywood is the kept woman of the world. . . .

"Hollywood doesn't know how to play. It's neither rowdy nor reserved, smart nor refreshingly simple. . . .

"And so Jean Harlow left Laddie Sanford standing right there in the middle of the dance-floor. . . ."

If you want gossip, juicy, spicy gossip, don't waste your time trying to get intimate with the Chief of Police or the head of a divorce detective agency. For smacking, sensational scandal there's no one better able to turn on the heat than a band leader.

He Knows What's Going On

THE lights are low on the dance floor; the music is romantic. Nobody is watching, nobody cares. Nobody but the band leader, who sees more of Hollywood's affairs in an evening than the night-watchmen do in a month.

"They don't realize, as they cuddle up on a dimly lit dance-floor or get friendly in the corner, that the boys of the band keep themselves awake by taking in all that's going on," Hamp explains.

And so, in the months he stood waving his baton at the Cocoanut Grove, Hamp watched some of the picture colony's warmest romances bud, bloom and burst.

Hamp and his band helped Nick Stuart say it to Sue Carol by playing "Sweet Sue" whenever they were there.

Loretta Young said "Yes" to Grant Withers, and her sister Sally Blane gave Tommy Lee the "bye, bye," while Hamp looked on, and waved his little stick.

Long before the chatter-writers made paragraphs about them, Hamp knew that Betty Compson and Hugh Trevor were "going together."

(*Continued on page 93*)

Talkie Pioneers

Again they struggle westward—and this time you are going to see some pioneering with sound effects, with John Wayne, at top, going from prop-boyhood to leading-manhood via "The Big Trail" and success

LAURENCE REID
REVIEWS
THE NEW
PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

At the top is Lon Chaney making his vocal début in "The Unholy Three," a talkie version of his earlier success. Assisting him is Ivan Linow. At the right is Commander Richard Byrd, the courageous hero of "With Byrd at the South Pole." Below are Billie Dove, Sidney Blackmer and Leila Hyams in "Sweethearts and Wives"

The Money Talks

IN "The Unholy Three" that strong, and heretofo silent man, Mr. Alonzo Chaney, capitulates sound—Money talks. And so does Mr. Chaney.

Why Lon hesitated to plumb the mysteries of tl new medium must remain an unsolved enigma. Pe haps it was because "fools rush in." Surely no play has emerged from the fiery test of the talkies so heavil laden with laurels. Not only is the Chaney voic characteristically masculine, deep and resonant, bu the man-of-a-thousand-faces seems capable of equall wide range in vocal gymnastics. In "The Unhol Three" he gives several of them an audition,

The film itself is only less compelling than its silen predecessor. Elliott Nugent subs for Matt Moore, of th original picture; Lila Lee for Mae Busch, and Iva Linow for Victor McLaglen.

The Flag Can Be Truly Waved

FROM 30,000 miles of negative sufficient ha been culled to produce an inspiring visua record of what occurred "With Byrd at the South Pole." The result is a thrilling drama o realism which flames forth as one of the mos brilliant achievements of the motion picture.

In these dull days, with their dearth o national heroes and lack of national accomplishment, Admiral Richard Byrd and his South Polar exploits breathe new life into an expiring patriotism, rekindling the spirit of pride, daring and romance that once was the soul of America.

Not only is the film both inspirational and educational, but it is likewise highly endowed with those qualities essential to screen entertainment. Comedy and tragedy march shoulder to shoulder in every sequence, and even in the dim Antarctic abode of grim gods the element of human interest is skilfully limned. The picture is a worthy record of an epochal American achievement. Once again we can wave the Flag, whose luster has been dimmed by small men. Now every star is luminous.

A Tangled Skein

"WHAT a tangled skein we weave when first we practise to deceive," said Bobby Burns. And he might have been referring to the new Billie Dove picture, "Sweethearts and Wives," which as "Other Men's Wives" enjoyed a moderate Broadway stage run last season.

Even the plot is tangled, dealing as it does with a couple whose little on-the-side love-affair maroons them in a mysterious inn where all sorts of things, at once sinister and amusing, occur. There is a jewel theft, blackmailing and murder. But somehow it all seems to be in good, clean fun. And even though it looks as though the beauteous Billie is an adventuress, you know things will come out all right in the end.

The other lady in the case is Leila Hyams. The man is Sidney Blackmer, a smooth player always. Miss Dove shares honors with Clive Brook, who comes near to stealing the picture as a detective.

Critic

THIS MONTH

THE UNHOLY THREE HOLIDAY
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES
WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE
THE BAD ONE THE BIG HOUSE

Cause to Celebrate

THERE'S a real film feast offered the fans in "Holiday," a smart, sophisticated love drama cilfully adapted from Philip Barry's play. The ialogue is just about the best thus far heard in the ilkies, with a perfect cast.

The story is about a boy and two girls, sisters. One ruled by a respect for riches. The other by a love of ving. The lover's loyalties are torn between the two -and their ideals. There is a deal of delightful comedy gainst a background grim with tragic threat before ie tangled skein is finally straightened.

Ann Harding and Mary Astor are the sisters. Each utterly exquisite, but perhaps Miss Astor provides ie greater surprise. Instead of the bread-and-butter Iiss of silent days, she shows strength, depth and unerstanding; not to mention a new and seductive charm.

Up on Its Toes

THE BAD ONE" is pretty good. In fact, the first half of this Dolores del Rio—Edmund owe talkie ranks pretty much on a level with the est contributed by these favorites. But then hings go Hollywood with a vengeance, and the ater sequences are just so much hokum.

The scene is Marseilles; Dolores is a cabaret irl; Eddie a roving *Casanova* of all Seven Seas. he courtship is lusty and a little lewd. But the lean flame of true love finally emerges from the moke of the smudge pots, only to be dampened hen the hero is jailed for the murder of a rival. ircumstantial evidence destroys his faith in he girl.

She follows to his island prison through the ruse f an engagement to his guard. Then comes the ash for freedom, with Lowe winning pardon by rustrating the murderous plans of the half-razed convicts. In conclusion there is a hope for appiness when the couple departs for the States. Both players are fine in the earlier sequences. But not even they can prevent the collapse of the icture in its last half.

Stark Drama Here

FEARSOME and bitter as the grey, gun-guarded ramparts of "The Big House," itself, is the tragic outine of hopelessness and the riot of death and lesperation depicted in this stark picture drama. It is o real it hurts. And yet there is a leavening of laughter rresistible even in the shadow of doom.

The tale itself is slight and trite. But the prison ackground is so compelling that any fable would be dwarfed in comparison. The principal protagonists are three widely different types who meet behind the bars. One a bullying killer; the second a brainy crook, and the third, a weak-kneed boy whose yellow streak brings a relentless fate in its wake.

The most gripping sequences portray the futile attempt to seize liberty through a jail break. But there are others only less enthralling. Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery and Wallace Beery contribute the best characterizations of their careers.

At the top, Robert Ames, Mary Astor and Ann Harding (starring) make "Holiday" a worth-while film. At the left, Edmund Lowe and Dolores del Rio combine their talents for "The Bad One." Below is a scene from "The Big House," a graphic picture of prison life enacted by Wallace Beery, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery

We knew all along that there was something fishy about screen sirens, but we didn't know the half of it until Raquel Torres and Edwina Booth got down to rock bottom, after steering many a lad wrong, and we saw how deep-minded some girls are. More water power to them!

Bull

The Mermaids' Night Off

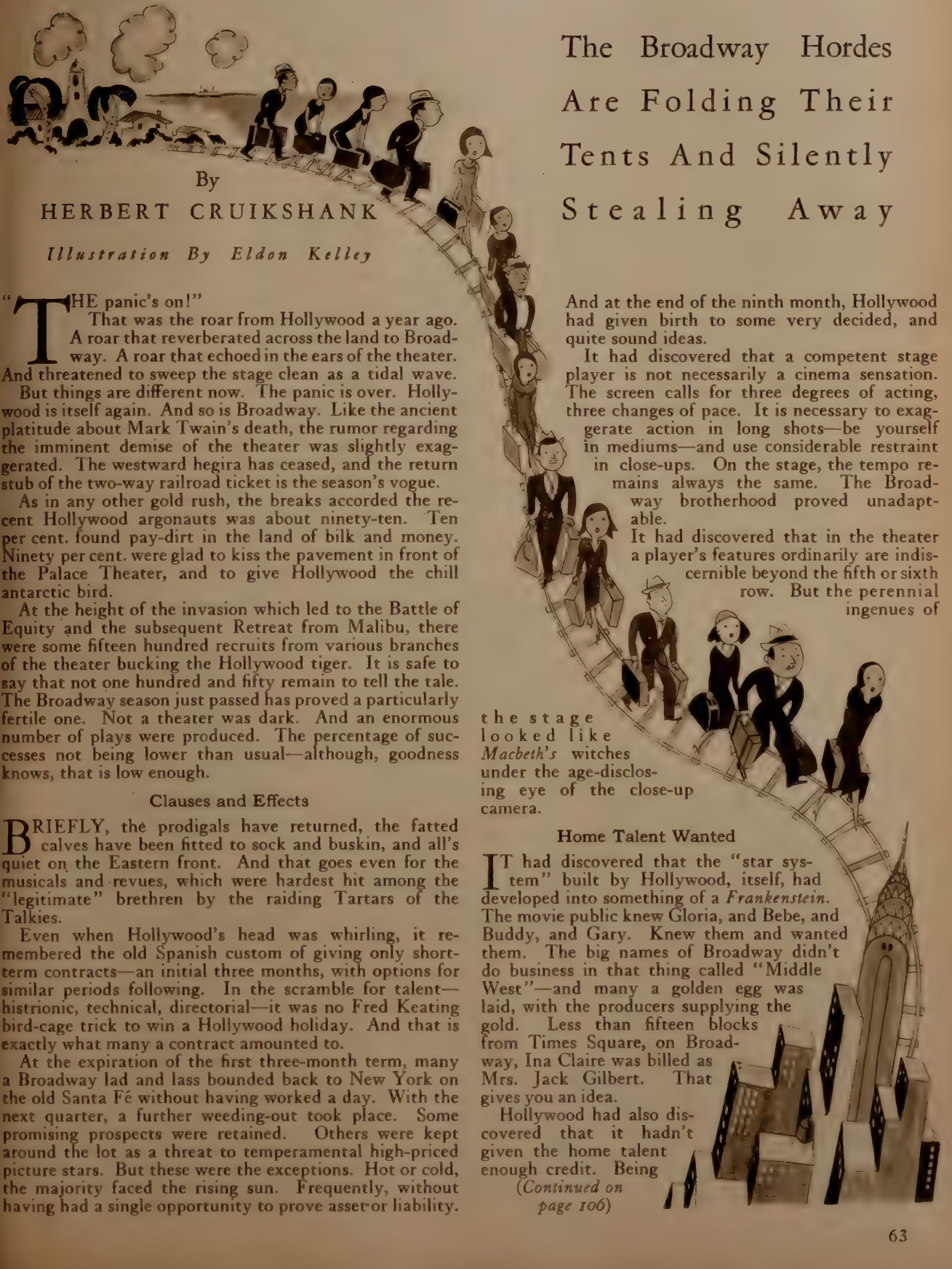
The Panic Is Over

The Broadway Hordes Are Folding Their Tents And Silently Stealing Away

By

HERBERT CRUIKSHANK

Illustration By Eldon Kelley



"THE panic's on!"

That was the roar from Hollywood a year ago. A roar that reverberated across the land to Broadway. A roar that echoed in the ears of the theater. And threatened to sweep the stage clean as a tidal wave.

But things are different now. The panic is over. Hollywood is itself again. And so is Broadway. Like the ancient platitude about Mark Twain's death, the rumor regarding the imminent demise of the theater was slightly exaggerated. The westward hegira has ceased, and the return stub of the two-way railroad ticket is the season's vogue.

As in any other gold rush, the breaks accorded the recent Hollywood argonauts was about ninety-ten. Ten per cent. found pay-dirt in the land of bilk and money. Ninety per cent. were glad to kiss the pavement in front of the Palace Theater, and to give Hollywood the chill antarctic bird.

At the height of the invasion which led to the Battle of Equity and the subsequent Retreat from Malibu, there were some fifteen hundred recruits from various branches of the theater bucking the Hollywood tiger. It is safe to say that not one hundred and fifty remain to tell the tale. The Broadway season just passed has proved a particularly fertile one. Not a theater was dark. And an enormous number of plays were produced. The percentage of successes not being lower than usual—although, goodness knows, that is low enough.

Clauses and Effects

BRIEFLY, the prodigals have returned, the fatted calves have been fitted to sock and buskin, and all's quiet on the Eastern front. And that goes even for the musicals and revues, which were hardest hit among the "legitimate" brethren by the raiding Tartars of the Talkies.

Even when Hollywood's head was whirling, it remembered the old Spanish custom of giving only short-term contracts—an initial three months, with options for similar periods following. In the scramble for talent—histrionic, technical, directorial—it was no Fred Keating bird-cage trick to win a Hollywood holiday. And that is exactly what many a contract amounted to.

At the expiration of the first three-month term, many a Broadway lad and lass bounded back to New York on the old Santa Fé without having worked a day. With the next quarter, a further weeding-out took place. Some promising prospects were retained. Others were kept around the lot as a threat to temperamental high-priced picture stars. But these were the exceptions. Hot or cold, the majority faced the rising sun. Frequently, without having had a single opportunity to prove asset or liability. And at the end of the ninth month, Hollywood had given birth to some very decided, and quite sound ideas.

It had discovered that a competent stage player is not necessarily a cinema sensation. The screen calls for three degrees of acting, three changes of pace. It is necessary to exaggerate action in long shots—be yourself in mediums—and use considerable restraint in close-ups. On the stage, the tempo remains always the same. The Broadway brotherhood proved unadaptable.

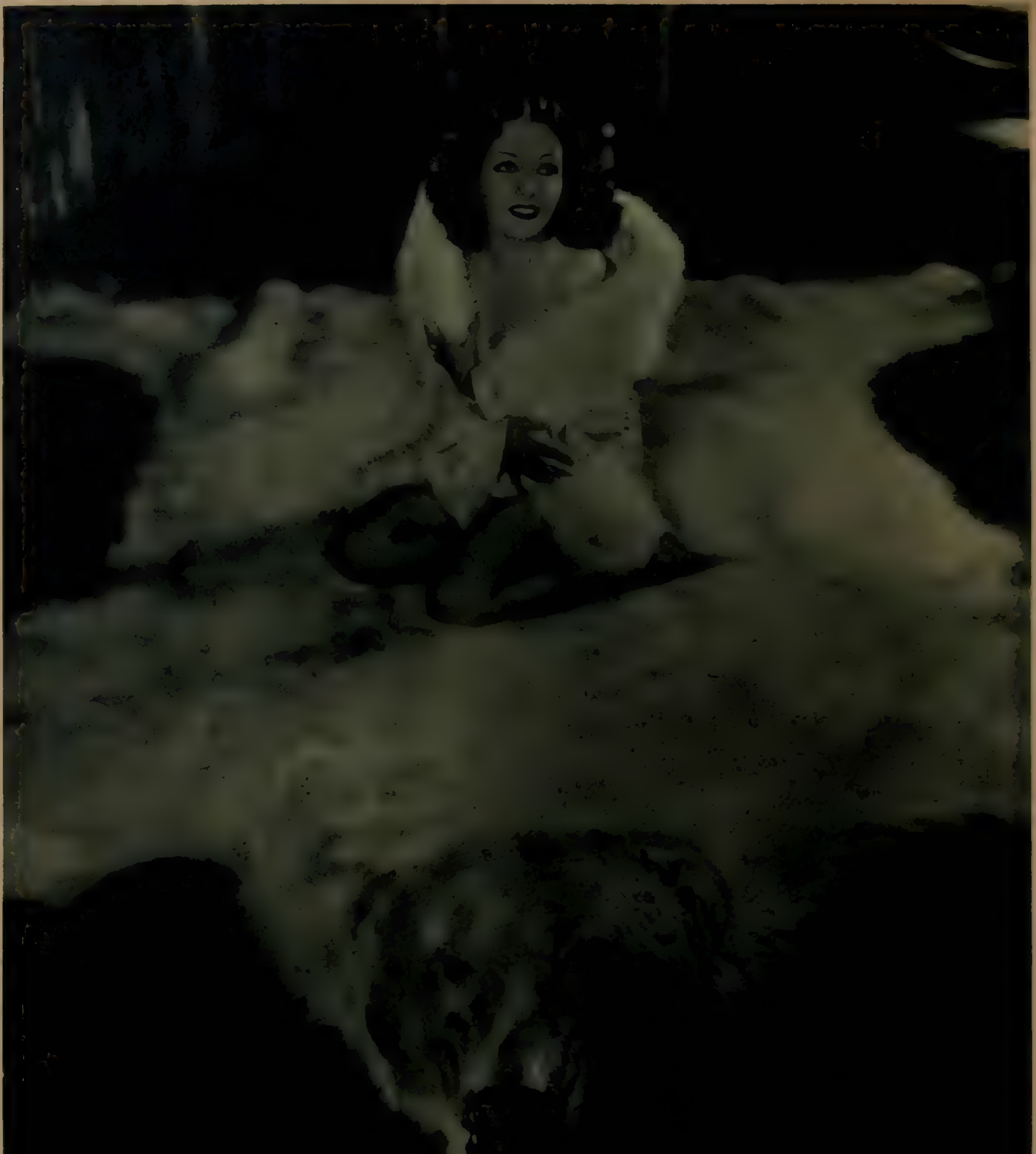
It had discovered that in the theater a player's features ordinarily are indiscernible beyond the fifth or sixth row. But the perennial ingenues of the stage looked like *Macbeth's* witches under the age-disclosing eye of the close-up camera.

Home Talent Wanted

IT had discovered that the "star system" built by Hollywood, itself, had developed into something of a *Frankenstein*. The movie public knew Gloria, and Bebe, and Buddy, and Gary. Knew them and wanted them. The big names of Broadway didn't do business in that thing called "Middle West"—and many a golden egg was laid, with the producers supplying the gold. Less than fifteen blocks from Times Square, on Broadway, Ina Claire was billed as Mrs. Jack Gilbert. That gives you an idea.

Hollywood had also discovered that it hadn't given the home talent enough credit. Being

(*Continued on page 106*)



Ray Jones

C'Mon, Garee, *He No Bite*

What's missing in this picture? Only Mr. Cooper, presumably absent for fear of losing an ear. He's familiar with Lupe Velez' Big Game. But when she and a bear rug get close to one another, there's not a bite in a floorful. She holds on to herself then

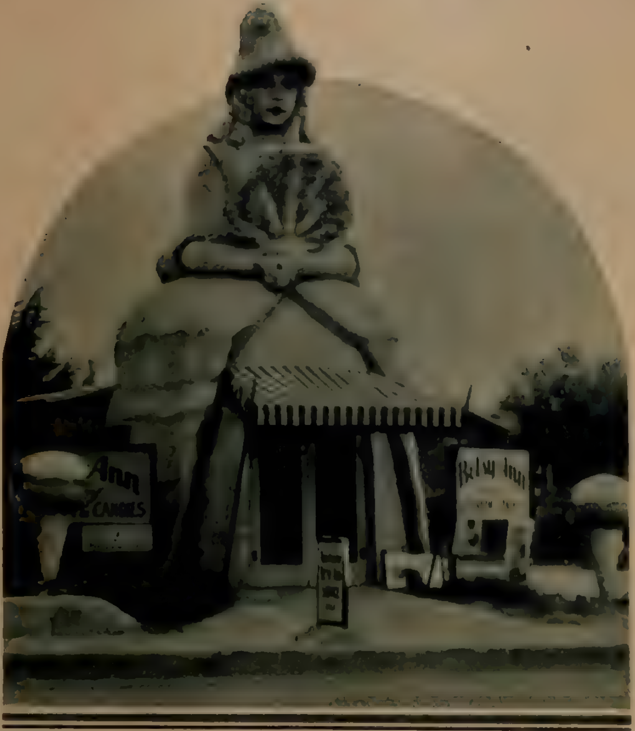
All To The Hoke

Hollywood Is That Way Through Putting On The Act

BY

ROBERT

FENDER



"OUR waitresses," advertises a Hollywood eat-shop, "are the prettiest girls in town." That's nice. And how, we wonder, about the food? But that's old stuff. Why worry about the food so long as the waitresses are good numbers? Maybe that's not the way you figure it, back in Grapefruit, Louisiana, but you're in Hollywood now. The boys here can stand their apple strudel a little soggy if the gels behind the counters will only come back with snappier ones than they're handed.

Of course, the movies did it. Every waitress here is a potential Nancy Carroll or better. And every boy a possible Buddy Rogers. Except, according to them, if they couldn't pull better stuff than them two cuckoos, they'd quit. So Hollywood goes 'round. Those whose business it is to act, try to forget it out of working hours. But the rest of the town eats, drinks, and sleeps the movies.

The movies, too, have made every man here conscious of his chest. And every girl aware of her charms. Every time I escape into civilization and get home for a week or two, I am taken aside by my friends. "Maybe you don't know it," they warn, "but you're acting more and more like Charles Farrell." I bow my head in silence. There is no answer.

The girl two apartments down from mine says she gets the same thing from her home folks, except in her case it's Ruth Chatterton. Even my landlady has given up her personality for another's. Or perhaps she *is* Beryl Mercer.

My first impression of Hollywood was the kindness shown here. Why, I wondered, was everyone so nice to me? Had rumors been circulated that I was the Prince of Wales traveling *incognito?* Did I look the money?

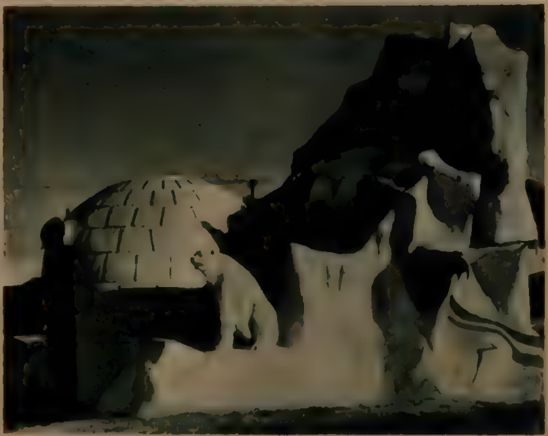
The Yes with a Smile Wins

BUT no. Everyone gets courtesy in Hollywood. There are no blanks. The reason? Well, my two-bits' worth is: the movies again. Which calls for the following studio maxim: Click your heels and hold your job. Or, written for all to understand: It is better to have smiled and yes-ed than to have gone sailing out on your ear.

Visitors to studios for the first time are surprised at the courtesy shown them. But they needn't be. We're courteous, argue the studio people, because how do we know who you are? You might be just the Fuller Brush man, and again you might be a big-shot. And, what with supervisors snooping this way and that, always on the watch for idleness, the studio folk are efficient (or look efficient) to the point of bursting. Now no studio has walls high enough to keep this fine spirit inside. It was bound to

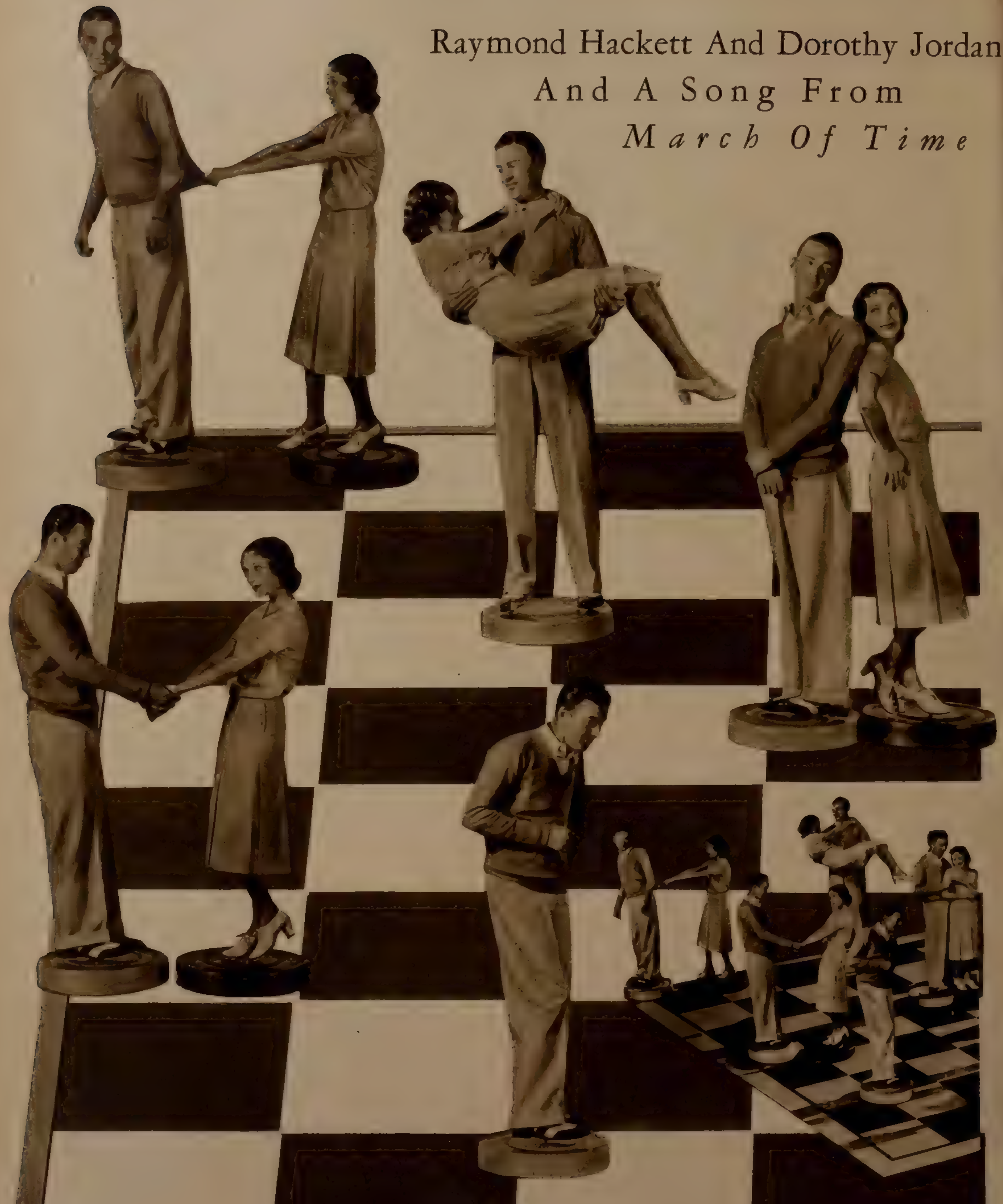
(*Continued on page 101*)

Evidences that Hollywood is Hollywood: left, a restaurant dressed up as a Cliff Dweller's hut; right, an iceberg cream parlor, known as The Igloo; and above, that's no lady, that's a malted milk depot



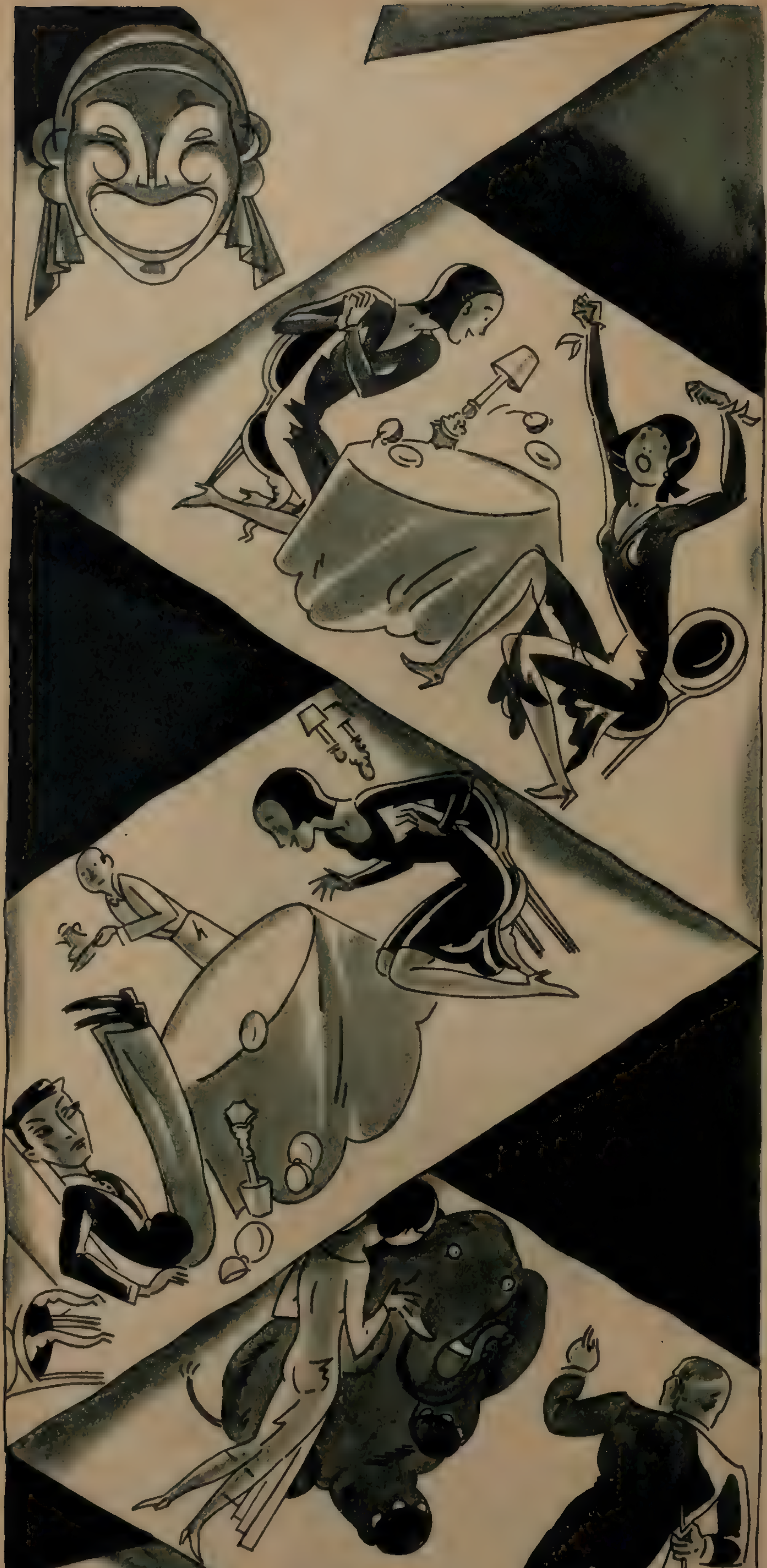
LIFE IS LIKE

Raymond Hackett And Dorothy Jordan
And A Song From
March Of Time



A CHECKERBOARD

Once you start to play,
Be on the square,
Both night and day—
Life is like a checkerboard, when you're in love.
Watch each move you make,
Each jump you take.
Make no mistake—
Life is like a checkerboard, when you're in love.



I Like - - -

- - To Intervie

The Slightly Mad Ones, The Off-Stage Actors, The Comedians

By HELE

THIS is an odd business, you know, whe you come to think of it—this one interviewing people. In the first plac you are privileged to walk in (b appointment) upon a total stranger and as him, without fear (at least, without *much* fear) being socked in the nose, questions which his ow mother would hesitate to put to him.

There isn't much he can do about it excep sort of squirm.

Then, of course, there are the lunches. Actors after all, are acting most of the time and the mos convenient period for most of them to allow yo to cross-examine them is at the noon hour. I has occurred to me at times that, instead of ou getting money for eating our way through al these conversations, we really should pay for th concession.

Despite these advantages, however, I may as well admit at the beginning that I am not a good interviewer. I never get a "hot" story. Nobody ever breaks down and tells me All. If he does become garrulous over the lamb chops and melba toast and reveal an intimacy here and there, I am so overcome with embarrassment that I am likely to forget my Duty to my Public and try to stop him.

The Appalling Thing

I AM still, after some years of experience in this strange business, a bit appalled at times at the things that people appear not only willing, but even determined, to tell me fo publication.

The thing, however, is not entirely made up of drawbacks. You make the acquaintance of many weird and wonderful people—and you can become more intimately (perhaps I should say more thoroughly) acquainted with a person during an hour's interview than in weeks and weeks of casual meetings.

Lots of times it is fun. It is fun when a person puts on "the act" for you. Most of the people with whom we have to deal are experts at this,

(Continued on page 96)

I Don't Like --To Interview

The Ones I Like, The Shrinking Violets, The Pretty Posers

LOUISE WALKER

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

I DON'T like to interview people I like! The trouble is that, if I really like them and if we have fun together, it is so difficult for us to stay upon whatever subject we have chosen with which to edify a breathless public. I can spend hours with people like Leatrice Joy or Freddie March or Florence Eldridge or Glenn Tryon or Doris Kenyon—and get nowhere. But I have a lovely time!

Try to imagine how you would feel, yourself, if you had to go to see someone whom you liked, and you were supposed to have a discussion with him about—oh, love, or something. And then, suppose that you were going to write down what he said (and some things you said, yourself) and that the thing was going to be printed where some hundreds of thousands of utter strangers could read it if they wished.

Suppose, moreover, that you were required to write down your impressions and opinions of one of your best friends—an estimate of him—and that *he* was going to read it. How would you like that? How would he? Try it some time and see what happens to a beautiful friendship!

Of course, it is absolutely impossible to please anybody with an interview. Obviously. You may say, "He is a big, strong, handsome, intelligent man. A genius. A magnificent actor."

When They Feel Insulted

THAT'S about all. If you qualify that statement in any way, he is going to be frightfully annoyed with you. If you should be so bold as to add, "There are some rôles which would not suit him," he will undoubtedly hate you to your (and his) dying day.

If you should be an even worse meanie and say, "He is big and handsome—but I doubt

(Continued on page 98)

Girl Going UP

Lotti Loder Has It, Them And Those

By CHARLESON GRAY

Archer

SO you want to go into the movies, sez you?

Very well—listen while I sez me. I shan't keep you long; nor, I'm afraid, do you much good. Because it isn't every gal who can practise what I'm going to preach. Which is this:

The best way I've heard about lately to achieve a starry place is to be petite, saucy and clean-cut of feature, to slick down your dark hair, dress in a tuxedo, and be the vivacious focus of a Budapest spotlight whilst enthusiastic night-clubbers beat their hands to a pulp applauding your rendition of "Sweet Annabel Lee!"

Complicated? Rather! And more so when you learn that among the onlookers there must be an American movie executive—say Darryl Zanuck of Warner Brothers—to be taken by your charm. You thought there was a catch to it somewhere? Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think you seem much like Lotti Loder, anyhow!

Lotti has, you see, what it takes just at present—the ability to look well while making pleasant sounds. More, she has youth. And that indefinable something which my governor, in describing a thoroughbred race-horse, used to call the look of eagles. She has It. Them. Those. The Thing that Makes You Turn Around and Look. That odd, precious something more familiarly known as Class.

Not Long Obscure

SHE has had it for some time. Roughly, I should say since four years before the outbreak of the war, when she was born. But it was not until 1927 when, faced by those economic conditions which made the post-martial days in Austria a crying misery, she made her stage début in a small, obscure theater.

She wasn't there long. She has, you'll remember, what it takes, even in Vienna. Soon she was appearing throughout central Europe in the cabaret system that corresponds to our own vaudeville circuit. Her most popular act was to appear (much like our own Kitty Doner or Frances White) dressed in a tuxedo, with her hair boyishly smooth, and sing snappy little songs in such a fetching manner that soon she was well-known over the entire loop—Berlin, Dresden, Stettin, Marienbad—and Budapest.

Budapest! Ah, gayest and most cosmopolitan of cities, with its Sziget Club and its be-yoo-tiful women, its lovely parks and dashing men, its excellent food and superlative drink, its charm and its graciousness and its multitudinous attractions for a man with as much money as a movie executive!

Thence to Hollywood

IT was in Budapest that Lotti, singing "Sweet Annabel Lee," attracted the attention of vacationing Darryl Zanuck. He became excited by her screen possibilities. Which is characteristic of the gentleman in question. At one time during our respective more tender years, M. Zanuck and I were inmates of the same military academy. I recall that he always was excited about something. Usually something like escaping a parade or rolling a given number.

He told Lotti that he wanted her to take a screen test. Lotti thought he was keeding her. In school we always thought that Darryl was keeding, too. But the years must have made a difference. He wasn't keeding Lotti. He

(*Continued on page 104*)

Alas, Poor Barrymore!

If Barrymore does *Hamlet,* Buster Keaton says, he'll get out of humor himself. John might as well give up the *King's* ghost. He hasn't the face to compete with Buster. The only trouble is that Buster's hair is so long you can't tell whether he's a melancholy Dane or a St. Bernard

Longworth

A Soft Right To The Jaw

As he discovered in "Journey's End," where there's shooting, there's bound to be powder—and taking it on the chin, David Manners has cause for reflection. He is wondering if he will get another big puff for his work in "Kismet"—and girls, he does look like Valentino in it

Roughing It DE LUXE

Those Big Outdoor Boys And Girls Miss Nothing Out In The Wilds

By
HELEN LOUISE WALKER

JUST a lot of great big outdoor boys and girls, these actors. Always having to get away from it all and scuttle away to the mountains or the ocean. And just getting right down close to primitive old Mother Nature, away from the hustle and confusion of the studios, and lead the simple life for a while.

The simple life. Ye-ah!

Camping, fishing, hunting, sailing—anything to get away from the haunts of men and the softness of civilization. Out where men are men and they must shift for themselves, if they are to survive.

Take trout-fishing in the rushing mountain streams, for instance. Now *there* is a man's sport! To sleep on a bed of pine boughs and rise in the dawn and wade, in one's hip-boots, into the icy water—to search, in the primeval stillness, for that deep pool where lurk the wary, speckled patriarchs of the watery wilderness—to return to the little camp at night, tired and blissful, to clean the day's catch and cook the plump trout over an open fire—

Well, Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club, in the mountains, eighty miles from Hollywood, is a *little bit* like that!

The Rigors of This Paradise

YOU don't exactly sleep on pine boughs, but the cabins do look awfully rustic and cute—all built of logs or stone. And in each one there are a big fireplace and kerosene lamps and candles sitting around, just too primitive and amusing for anything. Of course, there *are* electric lights, if you want to use them, and each room is equipped with its own shower-bath—but you can wash out-of-doors in a tin basin, if you want to (and can find a tin basin). Or you might take a dip in the large swimming-pool.

And you don't exactly rise with the dawn. At least, very few of the guests do, though I suppose there is no objection if anyone should insist upon being so backwoodsy. The management might be a little surprised. Most people get up somewhere around noon and have their breakfasts

Longworth

The rigors of fishing: the stream is well-stocked and the fish can't escape (note the stone banks) and Lila Lee has a hard time pulling them in fast enough

Hurrell

High up in the Sierras, where he had a struggle putting up a mammoth cabin and getting electricity and running water, Reginald Denny and wife are sometimes alone

Where Men Are Men And Bears Are Rug

Hurrell

Let the wind howl and the tempest shriek: Reginald Denny and his wife, safe in the mountain cabin, have all the comforts—and none of the cares—of home

Dyar

An island retreat seventy-five miles from the nearest railroad, telephone or movie theater—but there's a catch to it. Wallace Beery has an airplane handy

Trout are scarce around Hollywood, but not eighty miles away, at Noah Beery's Paradise Trout Club, where, as above, his guests can see trout right under their noses

served out on those trick little verandas. hardly think they would let you build a cam fire anywhere around.

You have a little rest and maybe a swim in t pool or a set or two of tennis, and then you a ready for the day's sport. One nice thing abo it is that even the amateurs get an even break- the fish are so nicely trained. You see, they a raised in hatcheries, right there on the place, ar they have enough sense to know that when an thing goes *plop!* in the water, someone has pro ably brought them their lunch.

Live Fish Market

WHEN they are big enough to catch, the are put into neat little pools, up th stream a way (sealed up with concrete, so tha they can't escape), and there they wait to b hooked. There are gravel paths and benche here and there, where you can sit down and fis if you get tired. You don't have to wade in th water. In fact, I hardly think you would b allowed to do so.

You bait your hook and drop it in the poo (none of this fancy business about casting flies and the accommodating little trout swarm around and crowd each other, trying to swallow it. When you have all the fish you want or car to buy (it usually takes about thirty minutes) you trot back to the hatchery and turn in you pole and basket. When you are ready to g home, your catch is handed to you, all nicely cleaned, laid in neat rows, wrapped in surgica gauze and packed in a pretty box—like the kind you get at a really good confectioner's. The fish go on your bill, at thirty-three cents each, along with the rental of the poles and other things.

It is *such* a treat to get out in the wilds that way and fend—or whatever it is—for yourself!

Sea-Fever Sufferers

THEN there are the people who like to rough it near—or on—the ocean. They have nice little shacks, 'way off where they can hear the boom of the waves and run around in pajamas or bathing suits and just be bohemian and natural and unrestrained.

Simple little summer cottages, they have. Most of them are hardly any bigger than the resort hotels that cluster round them.

Of course, they make themselves comfortable—in a primitive sort of way. Bebe Daniels and Marion Davies and George Bancroft have their own swimming-pools at their beach retreats—just in case any of their guests should be too timid to go in the big rough ocean.

Miss Davies has a good many rare orchids scattered about her cottage, too. Just because you are roughing it is no reason why you shouldn't have a touch of beauty here and there.

Then there are the people who go in for ranches. The big Western types. Like Grace Moore. Miss Moore rented a ranch when she first came to Hollywood. She explains that it really *is* a ranch because they raise things on it. But it is only about three blocks from the studio and it has tennis courts and a swimming-pool and a big, flagged patio with tables and swings and striped umbrellas strewn over it. It looks

(*Continued on page 82*)

Kahle

In the talkies—it's lines. If you don't have lines, you'll never step on a sound stage. Joan Novarro (top center), Rose Lee (above), Carol Miller (right), Peggy Beck (below) and Althea Henly (center, below) have so many they can't keep all of them under cover

If you want still more ideas of what the Fox hunters consider well-posted curves, look at Raymonda Brown (above), Betty Halsey (left), Leslie Mae (center) and Theo De Voe (below) and you will see some signs that indicate what you need to get your breaks adjusted

Hippy Days Are Here Again

Out Where Curves Are Curves
The Girls Are Shaping Up

THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

HOPE.—Phillips Holmes played the rôle of Bob in *Only the Brave*, starring **Gary Cooper**. You may write **Florenz Ziegfeld** at 959 Sixth Ave., N. Y. **Charles Ruggles**, the droll comedian who has rung the bell in *Gentlemen of the Press*, *The Lady Lies*, *Roadhouse Nights* and *Young Man of Manhattan* and who was a member of the stage cast of *Queen High* when it scored its triumph on Broadway. Wait until you see him in the screen version of *Queen High*, starring **Stanley Smith** and **Ginger Rogers.** His name (to popularize him) has officially been changed to **Charlie.**

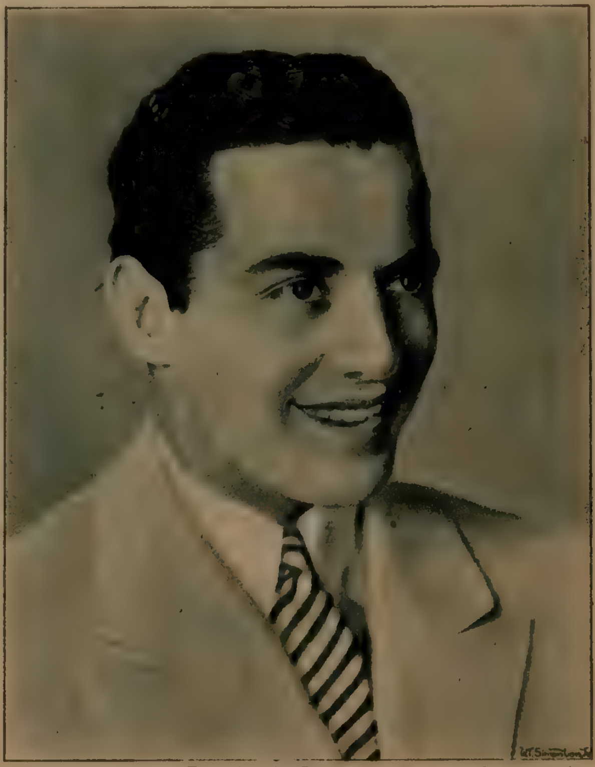
DIMPLES—The largest electric sign in the world is atop Warner Bros. Hollywood Theater at Broadway and 51st Street, New York City. **Belle Bennett** is about thirty-nine years old. Married to **F. C. Windermere. Miss Bennett's** father owned a traveling repertoire company and she appeared in a number of his productions. At sixteen she was a star and her name was a box-office magnet in every town she appeared. From traveling "rep" shows she graduated into "stock" and became one of the highest salaried and most popular leading women in this field. Latest picture is *Recaptured Love.* **Billie Dove** was born in New York City, May 14, 1903.

J. Y. B.—**Kay Francis,** known as the best-dressed woman in Hollywood, appeared as *Carmen* in one of the numbers in *Paramount on Parade.* **Dixie Lee** was born in Harriman, Tenn., about twenty years ago. She is five feet three and three quarters, weighs 109 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. You're right, she appeared on the stage before entering pictures. Latest production, *Cheer Up and Smile*, Fox Studios.

INQUISITIVE.—**Fred Kohler,** movie bad man, spends his spare time at his ranch, Chatsworth, Calif. **Al Jolson** and **David Lee** are not related. **Fred Scott** played opposite **Helen Twelvetrees** in *Swing High.* **Claudette Colbert's** latest picture is *Manslaughter*, **Fredric March** plays opposite. **Shirley Palmer** in *Ladies Must Play*, starring **Dorothy Sebastian, Neil Hamilton,** Columbia Studios. **Carol Lombard's** latest releases are *Red Hot Rhythm*, *The Arizona Kid*, *Safety in Numbers* and *The Best People.* Paramount Studios is where you may write her at this time.

J. S. C.—Many a tourist spends his week-end trying to find the right road. **Robert Ames** was born in Hartford, Conn., he is five feet ten, weighs 155 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Married to **Marion Oakes.** Has been playing in pictures since 1925. His last four being *A Lady to Love*, *Rich People*, *Not Damaged* and *Holiday.*

ARLETTA.—**Helen Kane** receives her fan mail at the Paramount Studios, and lots of it. **Rudy Vallee** has blonde hair, write him c/o Paramount Publix, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C. Send a self-addressed envelope for the complete list of fan clubs. **Bebe Daniels** has made 288 pictures. *Lawful Larceny* is her 288th. She started making pictures when eight years of age, completing 25 before she was ten. At fourteen she joined **Harold Lloyd** and made one picture per week for four years. Then she starred in 49 pictures for Paramount. Her last five productions, all talkies, have been made by Radio Pictures.



Drawing by Simonton from a photograph

Having completed production on two pictures, "Follow Thru" and "Heads Up," at the Paramount New York Studio, and having made some personal appearances to the delight of so many of his fans, Buddy Rogers is now headed for Hollywood and home

DOROTHY LEE FAN.—We sure do mourn the passing of the old-fashioned radio set. It used to be silent at least while the battery was being recharged. **Dorothy Lee** was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. She is five feet one, weighs 95 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue-gray eyes. Latest picture is *Half Shot at Sunrise*, Radio Pictures Studios.

GALLAGHER FAN.—**"Skeets"** was born in Terre Haute, Ind. He is five feet seven and a half inches tall, weighs 140 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes, married to **Pauline Mason** and receives his fan mail at the Paramount Studios. **Lillian Roth,** Dec. 13, 1911, she is five feet four and a half, weighs 115 pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. Latest picture is *Animal Crackers.* That is **Janet Gaynor's** real name.

DOROTHY.—**Sally Blane** was born July 11, 1906, five feet four and a half, weighs 117 pounds, has brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture is *The Little Accident.* **Rudy Vallee** is not going to appear in any new picture at this time. **Chief Bacon Rind,** eighty year old Osage Indian, and fifty of his tribesmen will soon be on their way to Hollywood to appear in Radio Pictures' *Cimarron.* The Indians were signed by **Doran Cox,** assistant director, who returned from Oklahoma, where he had been filming prairie scenes for the forthcoming production, starring **Richard Dix.**

NOVARRO FAN.—**Ramon's** name is pronounced Rah-mone, not Raymon—mone rhymes with bone. No-vahr-ro, accent on middle syllable. **Ken Maynard** was born at Mission, Texas, July 21, 1895. He is six feet tall, has black hair and gray eyes. **Ken** was formerly with the Kit Carson Buffalo Ranch Wild West Company, Hagenbeck and Wallace, Howe's Great London Show, Golmar Brothers and the Sells-Floto Circus as a trick rider and roper before entering pictures. **Ken** is married and his chief hobby is horses. Appearing in *Sons of the Saddle*, Universal Studios.

NELLIE.—Glad to hear you enjoyed our radio broadcast! **Myrna Loy** was born in Helena, Montana, about twenty-four years ago. She is five feet six, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and light green eyes. Real name is **Williams,** and she is Scotch and Welsh descent. Latest picture, *The Naughty Flirt*, Fox Studios. **Fred Thomson** died Dec. 24, 1928. Last picture was *Kit Carson.* **Philippe de Lacy** was born in France, July 25, 1917. He has dark hair and gray-green eyes. **Mary Brian** played opposite **Richard Arlen** in *Light of Western Stars.* H. B. Warner is appearing in "Devil with Women." Yes, we have his photo in stock.

(*Continued on page 82*)

PIERRE

Beauty adviser to smart New York warns . . .

"don't experiment with beauty"

Another famous beauty specialist approves Palmolive Soap for home cleansing of the skin

"WOMEN now and then have a mistaken notion that they should use no soap on the face," says Pierre of New York. " 'The trouble,' I reply in all such cases, 'is that you are using the wrong kind of soap. You should use Palmolive—a soap that is effective but gentle in its action.' "

Pierre speaks from experience. For over thirty years he has been one of New York's leaders of beauty culture. His smart modern salon, in the fashionable Plaza district on 57th Street, is visited by women of social distinction who entrust all their beauty problems to his expert care.

To them Pierre says: "Don't experiment with beauty. It is too precious. Use Palmolive Soap to keep your skin lovely."

This preference expressed by the famous Pierre you will find is repeated by 23,720 leading experts all over the world. Of all cleansing agents, these experts find Palmolive safest and best for regular home use. And this is why.

More than 23,700 beauty specialists in this country and abroad advocate home cleansing with Palmolive as a basis for professional treatments.

Nature's finest cosmetic oils

There are certain oils which, for generations, have been proved the finest natural cleansers. These are olive oil and palm oil. And it is these oils of which Palmolive Soap is skilfully blended. This facial soap contains no free alkali to irritate sensitive skin. It is not artificially colored. It requires the addition of no heavy perfumes. No wonder experts advise its daily use. This is the treatment recommended:

With both hands massage rich Palmolive lather into the skin. Rinse with warm water, followed by cold. And now you're ready for make-up.

Just try that simple 2-minute treatment tomorrow. Use Palmolive for the bath, too. See how refreshing it is. Then you'll use it every day, as millions of others do. At 10 cents the cake it is the world's least expensive beauty treatment.

In a cosmopolitan city, and with a sophisticated clientele, Pierre has made for himself an enviable reputation as a beauty specialist. His salon occupies a prominent position on Fifty-Seventh Street, New York's street of superlatively smart shops. To this salon come many distinguished women for Pierre's valued counsel.

"It is the vegetable oils of olive and palm that make Palmolive so soothing and delicate. They make a soap that is safe for sensitive skins. A soap that produces no harmful irritations, but leaves the skin smooth, clean and lovely."

Pierre

39 W. 57TH ST.
NEW YORK CITY

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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Eastern time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Central time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Mountain time; 5:30 to 6:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time – over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

THE WAY to be

As revealed to KATHERINE ALBERT

by Lila Lee

"EVERY normal girl wants to be captivating," says Lila Lee, the girl whose dark fascination has made her an adored favorite on the screen. "And every girl can be if only she will keep her skin always lovely.

"For smooth, soft skin has an *irresistible* charm—a charm which every screen star, certainly, knows she *must* have.

"Hollywood directors discovered long ago that only with ravishingly beautiful skin can a girl win her way into the public's heart, and hold her popularity.

"When you face the glare of the great close-up lights, you know that even the tiniest flaw in the skin is fatal! So you see why smooth, fine-textured skin is especially important to a star!

"A few years ago some of us began using Lux Toilet Soap and now 'most all of us do—and are delighted with it!

"Its lather is so quick and gentle, and it keeps the skin smoothly clear—with that soft, glowing look that is so *tempting*.

"Naturally, my advice to the girl who wants to be winning is *take regular, intelligent care of your skin!*"

Hollywood—Broadway—European Stars—use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. *All* the great film studios have made it the official soap for their dressing rooms!

The lovely Broadway stage stars, too, have discovered that Lux Toilet Soap gives their skin just the gentle care that is required to keep it exquisite.

And now the European stars are using this fragrant white soap! You, too, will want to try it. Order several cakes—today.

Photo by Clarence S. Bull, Hollywood

AILEEN PRINGLE, the star whose loveliness wins hearts by the thousand, says: "Smooth, exquisite skin is a screen star's most priceless possession! Make-up is of little help under the great close-up lights. Her skin must be genuinely lovely! Lux Toilet Soap keeps mine petal-smooth."

Photo by Ray Jones, Hollywood

LAURA LA PLANTE, lovely Universal star, is one of the alluring stars who depend on this fragrant white soap for complexion beauty: "Like those very expensive French soaps, it gives my skin a marvelous softness."

LUX Toilet Soap . . .

WINNING

Photo by Longworth, Hollywood

Margaret Livingston, charming Columbia star: "Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin so smooth!"

Dorothy Revier, popular Columbia star: "The nicest soap I ever used. It's really delightful!"

Lila Lee, irresistibly beautiful favorite of the screen, in the luxurious bathroom designed for her by a well-known artist and built in Hollywood. At home, as in her dressing room on location, she cares for her exquisite skin with Lux Toilet Soap, and says: "A screen star's skin *must* be so smooth and flawless, it is not strange we all use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

From Where I Sit

(*Continued from page 10*)

I was passing Warner studio the other day when a newsboy ran past, shouting "Extra! Attempt to assassinate Bill Hart!" Who should appear on the second-floor balcony in front of Warner's executive offices but Arthur Caesar, waving a nickel, and followed by a horde of important studio muckamucks all pricking up their ears.

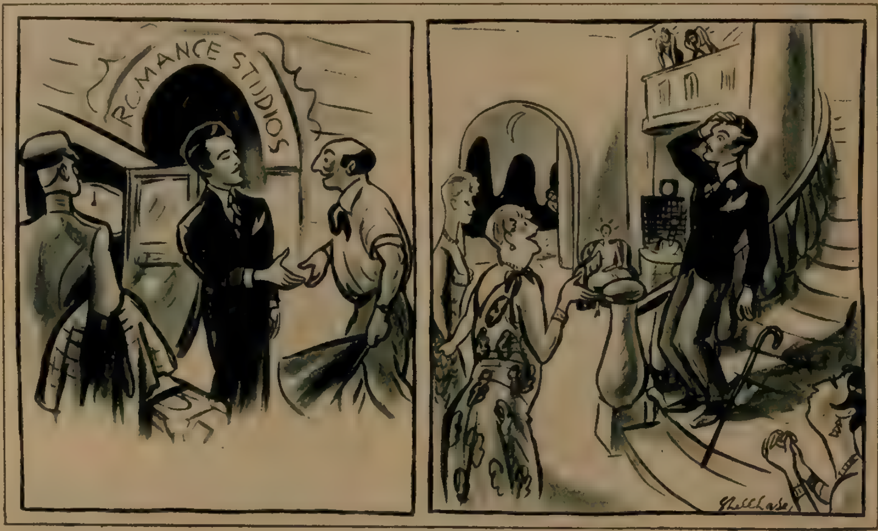
"Who was that you said they assassinated?" shouted Caesar down at the newsboy. "Bill Hart!" said the lad, waving a paper. "Want one?"

Arthur turned back in disgust and faced the group which had followed him out. "You can save your nickels," he said. "I thought he said Joe Schenck. They fired at the wrong man."

This remark was made in the presence of half Hollywood, including studio executives and *hoi polloi* in the street.

Next week, undoubtedly, they will put Arthur's salary up again, or else he will be transferred to United Artists on a new contract.

That's the way to succeed in Hollywood. Or, at least, one of the movie ways.



The Near-Great Lover

His latest cinema romance over, he tells his director (left): "I'm tired of making love to beautiful women—now for a restful vacation!" But, as you can see at right, there's never any vacation in a love-life

Modesty Plus

MODESTY is all right up to a point, but when it comes to this sort of thing I feel someone ought to protest.

Harry Tierney, composer of theme-songs for Radio Pictures, has insured his sense of hearing for one hundred thousand dollars. And here is what he has to say about it: "Hearing is a vital asset to me. No composer except Beethoven was able to create music without it—and I'm no Beethoven!"

Let us draw a veil while Mr. Tierney blushes.

A Dubious Business

THE café business in Hollywood must be just about the most uncertain thing in the world. For it depends wholly on the caprice of the stars; where they go, everybody wants to go. Nobody can attempt to fathom just why the stars' taste in eating-places changes. But it does change—and when that happens, wild lions couldn't drag the Tashmans, Menjous and Baby Stars back to the Old Haunt.

Now the Montmartre has gone on the rocks—the Montmartre which only a year ago was still world-famous as the haunt of the stars—the Montmartre outside which crowds used to gather every Wednesday to see celebrities arriving and leaving.

The stars who made it and its proprietor, Brandstatter, what they were, stifled a yawn and moved on to the Roosevelt and the Brown Derby. And it has only taken a few months for the Montmartre to go bankrupt.

The Latest Wrinkle

THE comparatively new Brown Derby café did terrific business for a few months; but already there is a noticeable cooling of ardor on the stars' part, and nothing but a miracle can restore the place to the popularity it had six months ago, when one had to wait a half hour for a table only to be told that "booths are only reserved for famous people."

Now somebody is building a new place, a little way down Vine Street—a great open courtyard with a great big round-house kitchen in the middle, where they will serve customers in their cars. That, too, will have its day.

The Synthetic Parisienne

OUT comes the truth about Fifi D'Orsay. She has never been in France in her life. Her name is Yvonne Luserer and she is a French-Canadian, one of thirteen children of a Montreal post-office clerk.

The story of how she put herself over in Hollywood as a revue star from Paris is really one of the epics of filmdom. She can speak English like you and me, and assumes the accent for business purposes only.

Yes, even I was taken in by Fifi. The name sounded phoney to me from the first, but I fell for the accent. Now, though, I can see that the latter is much too good to be true. The fact is, of course, that nobody with such a pronounced accent would be capable of Fifi's fluency.

I have awarded myself three bad marks and I am keeping myself in after school hours for a week, just to show myself where I get off.

Love Finds a Way

THIS month I am asking for three peppy huzzahs for Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon.

Recently there have been one or two surprises when engaged couples have suddenly got married—the Grant Withers-Loretta Young affair, for example. But in these cases the engagements were short. The Bebe-Ben nuptials, on the other hand, came as the culmination of a protracted betrothal. Everyone in Hollywood had decided months ago that if Bebe and Ben had ever really thought of marriage, they had long since put such an idea out of their heads: for Hollywood marriages notoriously happen in a hurry or not at all, it seems.

Then, too, Bebe and Ben have both been engaged so often before that it had simply developed into a bad habit. Neither was ever married before, but a list of the people they have been engaged to would look like a Who's Who of the Western Hemisphere.

But this time we wiseacres were wise once too often, as we are only too glad to admit in this case.

And if you don't think it got Hollywood all of a twitter when they announced that a bachelor was to marry a spinster, why you're not thinking, Louisa.

No Joking: It Has Opened

IN regard to Howard Hughes's mammoth production, "Hell's Angels," I would only pause to point out this fact. There are just so many seats in a theater, and just so many theaters in the world; and if Howard can add up the figures any way at all to show him a profit on his four-million-dollar investment, he's a much better man than I am.

As a matter of fact, he's undoubtedly a much better man than I am anyhow; but we'll let that pass.

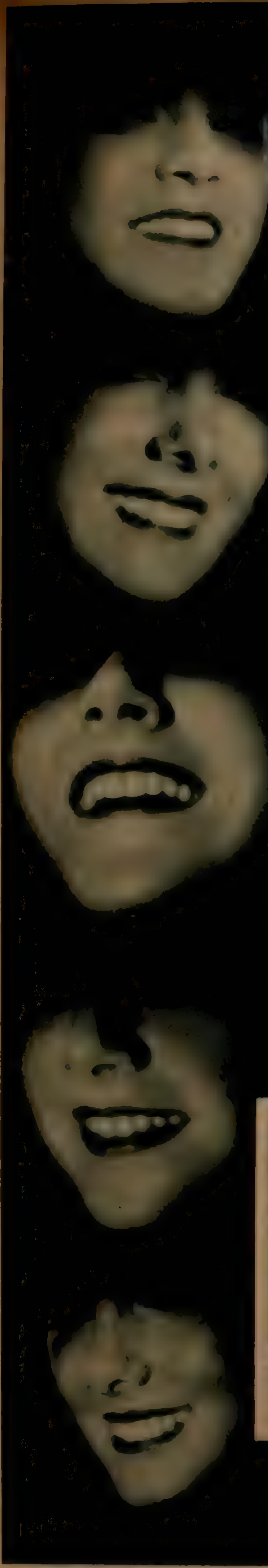
Anyway, "Hell's Angels" has actually opened in Hollywood, and how! Airplanes played leapfrog over the palpitant crowds outside Grauman's Chinese, and they sent down smoke screens just as Arthur Caesar was getting out of his car. The whole evening, in fact, was consecrated to Art with a capital A—with a mammoth A. The only thing that wasn't mammoth was Sid Grauman's bob, and I shall never be able to forgive Sid for having his curls shingled the way he has.

Where Will His Money Go?

AS this is written, Serge Eisenstein, the Russian director, is in Hollywood. And what everybody I know or heard of is wondering at present is: What is Mr. Serge Eisenstein going to do with all the money he gets from the Messrs. Zukor and Lasky?

He is going to get a salary of three thousand a week over a period of at least a year—a total of some hundred and fifty thousand smackers. At the end of the year he has to return to Russia, and the law there says that he may not bring the money in with him, nor may he derive any income from it in American investments. So he will either have to throw the money about wildly to spend it while he is in Hollywood, or else there will be large sums to be distributed to somebody or other when he leaves.

Be that as it may, the eminent Mr. Eisenstein is going to find when he gets to Hollywood that he has far more friends and admirers than he ever suspected in his most far-fetched imaginings.



You need this Penetrating Dentifrice

. . . to give your teeth the kind of cleansing dentists recommend

Surface polishing only half cleans. Colgate's does more—it washes away decaying particles.

SURFACE polishing gives good-looking teeth. It keeps them white and attractive. Almost any toothpaste will scrub the tooth surface.

But Colgate's is different! It not only *polishes* teeth—it also *washes* them perfectly, flooding out the decaying particles from *between* the teeth and in the tiny crevices.

The extra action is due to the Colgate formula, which includes an ingredient that breaks into a sparkling foam. This foam bathes the teeth with active penetrating bubbles.

This lively foam goes where the ordinary sluggish toothpaste can't—into tiny fissures and spaces between the teeth.

Thus Colgate's does two things at one time—(1) its soft chalk polishes brilliantly (2) its penetrating foam loosens and washes away dangerous decaying particles.

Why be satisfied with a mere polishing dentifrice? By using Colgate's you not only maintain attractive white teeth, but you also protect the crevices by flooding out the embedded impurities.

This double action has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice—used by more people, recommended by more dentists.

If you have not become acquainted with the superiority of Colgate's, mail coupon for free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream and interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth.

• • •

Colgate's comes in powder form for those who prefer it. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder.

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Colgate's is most economical—the 25c tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.

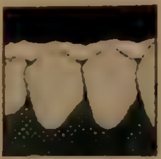
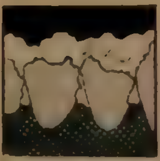


Diagram showing tiny space between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having "high surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having "low surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely where the toothbrush cannot reach.

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Name..

Address..

Roughing It De Luxe

(*Continued from page 74*)

like a big estate to me. But there are trees growing around the edges that sometimes have fruit on them—so that's why it's a ranch.

Big Boy Williams cares for ranching, too. He used to be a cowboy, you know. Or if you don't know, it's just because you haven't been paying attention. Almost any week-end, you can see him and Charlie Farrell, all dressed up in their cowboy suits, hustling to the ranch for a little broncobusting and roping practice.

"What in the world do you rope?" I asked him once. "You surely don't have great herds of cattle grazing out there, do you?" Because, you understand, in California there is nothing noticeable on which cattle *can* graze.

Big Boy grinned. "No-o-o—" he drawled. "But I keep a few yearlings in a pen and Charlie and I let 'em out and lass-oo 'em when we feel like it. We ride cowboy saddles and everything!"

It's ever so wild-Western, of course. But somehow, it seems sort of a dirty trick on the yearlings.

Then there are the gipsy types. The ones who feel the call of the open road every now and then and must needs go a-wandering. Tom Mix and the Tod Brownings and some other people used to feel like that every once in a while. When the yearning got to be too much for them, they used to get one of the big stages which ply between Los Angeles and San Francisco. They would have the insides ripped out and would install wicker chairs and couches and bridge tables and a nice little ice-box and bar—and away they would go to Santa Barbara or some place, with a song in their hearts. You know how it is. Just a lot of merry vagabonds.

All the comforts of home and none of the responsibilities.

Mary Pickford, I am told, has a little gipsy blood, too. But when Mary goes a-wandering and a-vagabonding, she takes precautions against homesickness. No matter if she is to be gone from home only overnight, Mary must have her own things about her. So she takes along lamps and cushions and little lace pillows and framed photographs and disposes them neatly about the room, ere she goes to sleep. Just so she won't wake up and find herself in surroundings that are too unfamiliar and frightening.

Reginald Denny is a big mountain type. He has a shack 'way off in the tip tops of the High Sierras. *Just* a shack, my dear—with only four or five bathrooms! All the supplies have to be packed in on horses and mules, so you can see that it must be really primitive and back-to-nature. He has a couple of generating plants hidden away on the mountainside so that the house may be supplied with electricity and he has arrange for running water and modern plumbin

Everything is just too rustic for words All the furniture is made of natural wood–polished a little bit so it won't be too roug on ladies' silk stockings. The lamps by th beds are made of little twiglets and th mirrors are all frame in a lace work of tin polished branches—taken right off th trees! Just too woodsy for anything.

P. & A.

Sixteen years after: D. W. Griffith and nine of the cast of "Birth of a Nation" celebrate the revival of the first great movie—with sound effects and prologue. Left to right, Donald Crisp, Joseph Henabery, Mae Marsh, Spottiswood Aitken, D. W., Tom Wilson, Henry B. Walthall, Walter Long, Mary Alden and Ralph Lewis

Wallace Beery is also a back-to-nature addict. He has a place, far, far from the madding crowds of Hollywood. (And gosh! how madding those crowds do get sometimes!) He has a lake somewhere or other and spends his spare moments on an island in the middle of it where no one can possibly find him—unless they chase him in an airplane. He flits up there in his own plane and lands on his own tidy little landing field—and there he is, all remote and secluded in a twinkling!

Location trips sometimes take people far into the wilds. Of course, there was the "Trader Horn" company, which went into the interior of Africa and had to cope with all those tse-tse flies and things. And right this minute Dick Arlen is on location over at Catalina Island—making "The Sea God" and living on his own yacht. I don't know that there are any tse-tse flies to bother them, but I have it on good authority that Jobyna caught a real live eel while she was sitting right on her own front porch or deck or whatever you call it.

Anyhow, they all just love Nature and you can see that, even in Hollywood, the primitive instincts do get the better of people every once in a while. Wind in the hair and fog in the throat is lovely now and then—only you don't want to be *too* uncomfortable.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

KATHRYN.—Billie Dove was born in New York City, May 14, 1903. Real name is **Lillian Bohny. Louise Fazenda**, June 17, 1895. Married to **Hal Wallis. Milton Sills**, Jan. 10, 1882, married to **Doris Kenyon. Fay Wray**, Sept. 25, 1907, **John Monk Saunders. Arthur Lake** was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1910. We have had conflicting statements regarding his age but this is the correct year. He is five feet eleven, weighs 145 pounds, has brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Real name **Silverlake**, he has a sister **Florence** who is also appearing on the screen. **Lake's** next picture is *Cheer Up and Smile.*

L. LEWIS.—Josephine Dunn was born in New York City, May 1, 1901. She is five feet five inches tall, and weighs exactly 119 pounds. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Appearing in *Safety in Numbers.* **Lupe Velez** did her own talking and singing in *Tiger Rose.* **Leroy Mason** played opposite **Dolores del Rio** in *Revenge.* **William Boyd, June Collyer, Helen Twelvetrees, Fred Scott, Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, Russell Gleason, Zasu Pitts, William Holden, and Bert Roach** have the leading rôles in *Beyond Victory*, Pathé Studios.

IRENE.—Ian Keith was born in Boston, Mass., Feb. 27, 1899. Ian was well known on the stage before entering pictures. He was educated at the Parker Preparatory school in Chicago and later studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. He is six feet two, has brown hair and gray eyes. Most recent pictures released are *Abraham Lincoln, What a Widow, The Big Trail* and *Prince of Diamonds.*

DIANE.—Norma Shearer is married to *Irving Thalberg.* She is five feet one, weighs

(*Continued on page 106*)

"SHE CAN'T PLAY A NOTE"

"This'll be Funny" they shouted as she sat down to play

—— but a minute later...

"I GUESS we're stuck right here for the afternoon," sighed Jane, as the rain began coming down in torrents. The usual crowd always gathered at the club on afternoons such as this.

"I suppose this means more bridge, and I'm tired of that," said John Thompson. "Can't we find something different—something unusual to do?"

"Well, here comes Sally Barrow. She might offer some solution to the problem," suggested Jimmy Parsons, with a laugh.

Poor Sally! Unfortunately she was considerably overweight. It seemed she was just destined to be heavy and plump. But the boys all *liked* Sally—she was so jolly and full of fun.

"Hello everybody," came Sally's cheery greeting, "What's new?"

"That's just it, Sally. We were trying to find some excitement and we've just about reached the end of our rope," replied John.

"Would it surprise you if I played a tune or two for you on the piano? I'm not awfully good as yet, but I'll try."

"You play, Sally? Don't be funny!" The very idea of Sally having talent in any direction struck everybody as a joke. Sally was good-natured though. She didn't mind being laughed at—as long as John Thompson didn't join in the laughter. Sally liked John—more than she cared to admit.

The laughter became more boisterous as Sally walked nonchalantly over to the piano. Carelessly, she played a few chords. At this, everyone suddenly stopped laughing and turned to watch Sally. "Well, anyone could play a few chords," they thought. Then without the slightest hesitation and just as if she had been playing for years, Sally broke into the latest Broadway hit. Her listeners couldn't believe their ears! Sally continued to play one lively tune after another. Some danced while others gathered around the piano and sang.

Finally she finished and rose from the piano. John Thompson was at her side immediately brimming over with curiosity. He never knew she could play a note.

"Where did you learn? Who was your teacher? John asked, "Why didn't you tell me about it sooner?"

"It's a secret—and I won't tell you a thing about it . . . except that I had no teacher!" retorted Sally.

Sally's success that afternoon opened up a world of new pleasures. John, particularly, took a new and decided interest in Sally. More and more they were seen in each other's company. But it was only after considerable teasing on John's part that Sally told him the secret of her new found musical ability.

Sally's Secret

"You may laugh when I tell you," Sally began, "But I learned to play at home, without a teacher. You see, I happened to see a U. S. School of Music advertisement. It offered a Free Demonstration Lesson so I wrote for it. When it came and I saw how easy it all was, I sent for the complete course. What pleased me most was that I was playing simple tunes by note right from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play many classics by note and most all the popular music. And just think—the cost averaged only a few cents a day!"

Today, Sally is one of the most popular girls in her set. And we don't need to tell you that she and John are now engaged!

Learn to Play by Note

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Sight Singing
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Hollywood Sob-Stories

(*Continued from page 29*)

spoke of a strange "Love Cult" into which she had been initiated in moonlit jungle ceremonies.

Nobody realized the simple truth. Edwina Booth is not yet quite back from Africa. The cheerful, instalment-furnished bungalow living-room, with the neighbors dropping in, and four high-school brothers and sisters chatting of basketball and algebra tests, does not look haunted. Her mother wisely has not scattered any African souvenirs—skins, guns, knives, savage war-drums—about the room.

"Everything I brought back," Edwina murmurs, "was something that had been killed or something that was meant for killing—"

But there is a far-away look in her eyes, as if even yet she sees scenes very different from the safe, familiar, homely ones around her.

"When I first came back, everyone asked me about my trip and I talked, and talked about it," she tells you. "I talked so fast, trying to get everything in! I guess I talked too much. The doctor tells me now to try not to think about Africa.

Horrors Without Relief

"IT'S sort of like shell-shock, I suppose. While I was away, it didn't seem so strange or—or terrifying. Why, here at home I could never bear to see anything hurt. If I saw a kitten run over by an automobile, I was sick for days. In Africa I'd watch them bring in the day's kill without a shudder and stand looking on while they skinned it. They make a long slash down the stomach first, you know. I don't know whether it's the heat or why it happens, but as soon as the slit is made, all the insides burst out with a sort of explosion. I could stand there and watch as cool as you please. But I was holding it all in. Too many new and different experiences happened to me all at once. There wasn't time to feel everything then, so I was saving it up. I knew I didn't dare let go or I couldn't go on working."

In her letters, her mother tells you, Edwina never mentioned her own suffering, the heat and flies and sunstroke and other distressing things. She did not give herself even that outlet. One has a picture of the bewildered girl (she was only eighteen and had never been away from home in her life before), tortured with fever and homesickness, sitting in the outlandishness of an African camp, with savage sights and smells and sounds all about her, forcing herself to write enthusiastically and happily to the folks six thousand miles away.

She Heard The Bells

"AND the letters from home!" says Edwina, breathlessly. "We got the mails only once a month. I could hear the little river steamer chugging in at midnight and I would run out and get my mail. And light a lamp and read all the letters . . ."

Home letters, full of the small intimate details of crowded family life; "Dad washed the car Saturday"—"I wish you could see the new dining-room curtains, cross-bar dimity with yellow flowers"—"The twins are in the High-School play. They miss your help"—"And listen, Sis, if I make the Varsity football team next fall . . ."

What did it seem like to read of these things in the heart of Africa? "I don't think," says Edwina, smiling slowly, "I could tell you just what it seemed like. No, I don't think *I could* put it into words . . ."

She came from a tree-shaded Pasadena street with a church on each corner.

Bareheaded, barefooted, scantily dressed, under a noonday sun, Edwina Booth, above, led the native warriers into the jungle. Below, Edwina with the pigmies, whom she still can see

"I used to hear those church bells in Africa," she says. "I couldn't sleep more than a few minutes at a time, nights, and they would wake me up. Then I'd find that it was just the voodoo drums in the native village. One night, I was sleeping outside the hut under a tree for air, and I heard Mother calling me. I got up and ran. A native boy caught hold of my arm just as I was going down the bank into the Nile."

What Were Fevers, Dangers?

A HOME girl. A director saw her walking on the street and suggested pictures. Two disheartening years without a break and then—suddenly the only woman's part in "Trader Horn." She didn't have to take it, you say? Then you don't know Hollywood or a girl's ambitions. The money they would pay her was very small. Never mind, it was her Great Chance. It would make her famous overnight! The fevers, the dangers? The doctor warned her that blondes were more susceptible to the sun than brunettes, and that she was running a risk to go. Already she had fainted once in the California sun, playing a bit in a picture. She took the inoculations against typhoid and left town on the first lap of her *safari* with a fever of a hundred and four.

"We had only five days to decide," her mother says. "I thought to myself, 'If another girl goes and makes a great success, Edwina will never forgive me. Her father tried to talk to the studio people. It was all confused, hurried, unreal . . . like a dream. Our *Edwina going to Africa*. I just couldn't seem to take it all in. If we'd known . . ."

Trader Horn Shook His Head

WHEN Trader Horn himself visited the M-G-M- Studio after the company had left, he shook his head, hearing that a young girl had gone. "Some of them'll never come back alive," he prophesied. "If they escape the sun, there's the bites of poison creatures, and if they escape that, there's the sickness . . . malaria, dysentery. It's a bad place they've gone to . . .bad."

When Edwina Booth came back, the ship's doctor examined her. "She might as well be dead already," he told another member of the company. "I can't find any pulse."

Five months in the interior of Africa. The men of the company wore tropical suits, pith helmets, spine pads against the insidious sun. "But of course I was playing a goddess in a native temple," Edwina explains simply. "I couldn't wear many clothes, and I had to go bareheaded."

It is the Hollywood code of "Anything for the sake of the picture." For the sake of the picture Edwina spent hours under the secret sun, striking from a grey sky at the tiny nerves of the spine and the brain. Twice—for the sake of the picture—she was sunstruck. She chased wild animals, and walked barefoot through tall grass where Death might be hiding. She took it quite for granted—wasn't it all for the sake of the picture? She is proud of the fact that they never lost a day's work on her account.

"The worst was not sleeping," she remembers as she turns those remote blue eyes on you, ". . . not more than ten minutes at a time all those months. And since I've been home, it's the same. I wake up, thinking I'm back, thinking I hear the drums, and the hyenas screaming and the natives chanting. Did you know that when any of the village people are sick they take them out and abandon them in the forest to die? We saw that happen. We saw them eat the day's kill . . . a buffalo . . . raw, tearing it apart with their hands. We saw dances . . ."

Her voice trails off. Her mother shudders. The dark rumors return to mind: Love Cults . . . native ceremonials . . . blood brothers to the black men . . . pigmies like gnomes . . . naked warriors painted into fiends with colored clays . . .

With an effort she comes back to the Culver City bungalow.

"But I'm much better. I can sleep an hour at a time now. I'm ready to go back to work whenever they need me. It was terrible—and wonderful too. But I feel as if I've had enough emotions to last me all my life. I want to buy new clothes now, and go places and dance and see my friends, and most of all I want to *work*. I hope my next picture will be a young love story. ."

If there is gratitude in Hollywood for a little trouper, Edwina Booth's next picture will be in the nature of a Reward of Valor. But *is* there gratitude? We shall wait and see. . . .

Jeanette Loff
Jack Oakie

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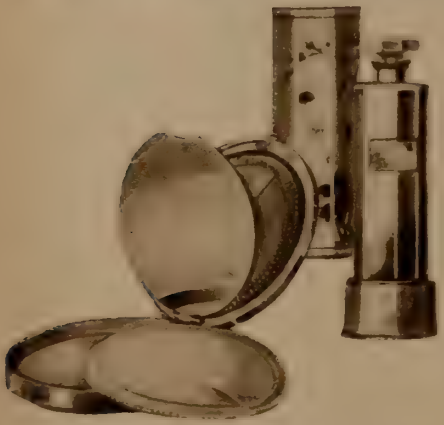

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Perfect Honeymoon—*Almost*

(*Continued from page 30*)

me. Finally I collared one of them. "What's the dope?" I asked. "Why are they so rude to nice fellows like you and me? Especially *me*—"

"Aw, it's the bunk," he growled. "You see Ben Lyon and Bebe said they were going to take a honeymoon without being bothered by reporters."

"Yeah," I answered. "That's what I heard, but—"

"And," continued the reporter, gingerly feeling certain parts of his body, "I guess that's what they meant! I thought it was the same old stall. I figured they'd be glad to talk to the boys after a day or two, like everybody else who comes here on honeymoons, but I guess it's no soap. None of us guys can get by that (name-name) desk-clerk."

"*That* guy!" I shouted. "Let's get him to-night."

Still mumbling, the reporter shuffled off and I ambled over toward the tennis courts. And then came my change in luck. Like this:

The Good Samaritan

AN old caretaker asked me why I looked the way I looked. I answered how I'd come there for a story on Bebe and Ben and that, so far, I hadn't even been able to see them. His eyes twinkled. Maybe he'd been a reporter once himself. (All good reporters eventually become caretakers.) At any rate, he had a plan.

"Mr. Lyon," he said, "has come out to the courts for the last three mornings to play tennis and hasn't been able to find a partner. She comes with him, too. Why not stick around and play him some tennis?"

He furnished me with a racket, and after hugging him for the bright hunch, I sat down to wait for them. Soon Ben and his brand-new wife turned up. He was all set to play tennis and Bebe was all ready to watch. Then it was that the caretaker announced he had a tennis partner for him. Ben gave me a suspicious glance, but the caretaker assured him I was all right.

"Don't need to worry about him. He's one of the boys." Ben looked at Bebe. Bebe nodded. Approximately two minutes later, Ben and I were playing tennis. And this was the same Ben who vowed he wouldn't let a reporter near him during the honeymoon.

We finished the first set and sat down to talk it over. I said, "Must be tough being so famous. Reporters bother you quite a lot, don't they?"

Ben winked at Bebe and laughed.

"Not *this* trip they don't," he chuckled.

How They Fooled the Boys

"THIS is one time," added Bebe, leaning over, "that we completely out-smarted the boys. Do you know," she added confidentially, "that not one single reporter has been able to interview us since we've been gone—or even get near to us?"

"Or even *see* us," put in Ben stoutly.

I sighed audibly. "That's wonderful," I said. "How'd you do it?"

"It was Bebe's idea," explained Ben. "She figured we ought to travel at night and not make reservations ahead. Then no one would know where we were."

"And when we arrived at Santa Barbara and here," put in Bebe, "we gave strict orders at the desk that no one—absolutely *no one* from a magazine or paper should be admitted. The clerk at the desk here said he would do all he could to help us."

"He did," I agreed.

"Oh, do you know him?" asked Bebe.

"Only," I answered, "a passing acquaintance of mine."

"Well, it's all worked too wonderfully," Bebe concluded. "I guess we're the only honeymooners who ever got away with it."

I was about to agree with her when the hotel photographer came up and asked them to pose for a picture. They refused. "No thanks," laughed Ben. "No pictures this trip." Crestfallen, the man departed.

"You wouldn't mind if I snapped you, would you?" I asked. "Just a little snapshot to show the kid sister?"

"Not a bit," Ben laughed. "*You* can take all the pictures you care to, but those professional boys aren't going to get a look-in."

Getting the Evidence

I HANDED my vest-pocket camera to the caretaker and asked him to snap the three of us standing together. Ben and Bebe couldn't quite figure why I wanted them to stand in front of the Del Monte Hotel sign. That was very important to me, however. I was going to need all the proof I could get that I'd actually crashed their honeymoon. What if they tried to deny I'd seen them? That sign, I figured, would reproduce nicely.

We finished taking the picture and started another set. Ben won, but after all—

Soon we were on the sidelines again, talking it over. Both Ben and Bebe kept chuckling over the clever way they had eluded the news-hounds. I laughed with them and agreed that they had turned the neatest trick of the year. They seemed particularly pleased with life and each other. This, I thought, is probably this "love" business one hears so much about. *Never* have I heard so many affectionate words or witnessed such loving glances. They seemed to take less and less notice of me. I up and beat it.

The next day I looked up the caretaker to thank him for his help. We had a little laugh over it and then he handed me a note. It was an invitation from Ben for more tennis. But my tennis days were over. I hadn't come to this joint to play tennis. I had work to do. I had a story to write! A story about Ben Lyon and his famous wife and the perfectly marvelous way they had ditched all the reporters on their honeymoon. All reporters except this one—

Ballyhoo is always necessary to put over a poor picture.
The best pictures are their own best advertisement.
Likewise, the best magazines.
They fill every page with something worth reading, worth seeing.
They do not re-hash old ideas. They have new ones.
They set a pace for others to follow.
They have that elusive quality called personality.
Others may need ballyhoo, but not

Motion Picture CLASSIC

Is Hollywood Going Old-English?

(*Continued from page 57*)

Hollywood. A few withering looks from English guests soon put an end to the pracice, and now everybody who even pretends o be anybody in the film capital takes soda water out of a syphon to round out his afterinner highball.

It's Tweeds and Teas Now

AMERICAN clothes have gone completely out of favor with the movie gentry. I can remember well how, in the old days, all the young bloods of the screen were to be seen on the Boulevard wearing good, rough American garments—American hats—American shoes. Nowadays, if they an't manage a trip to London's Savile Row o buy their outfits, they do the next-best hing and have English-made clothes copied by local tailors. An important Hollywood male garbed in honest American fashion is a rare, almost an extinct specimen.

The new English spirit in Hollywood is probably more in evidence at these afternoon tennis parties than at any other time. Grass tennis-courts are becoming increasngly popular—a vogue started by Clive Brook, who three years ago installed the irst grass court in Southern California. On Sunday afternoons there are never less than a dozen tennis parties in Beverly Hills, atended by the cream of filmdom. They have as their hub, around which activities whirl, hat old English institution, afternoon tea. A tennis-party without tea would be unthinkable in Hollywood to-day. While the players in one set sip the warm liquid out of shell-thin cups, thereby making themselves even hotter than they were when they finished playing, another foursome occupies tself with the business of hitting the balls.

The Last Straw

THE tea habit, indeed, has even been carried into the inmost shrines of celluoidia—the studios. In England, when they are making a picture, the company always stop for tea around five o'clock. The strange rite was introduced to Hollywood by the "Journey's End" company of Englishmen, and soon other studios were taking to it. Sam Goldwyn now makes tea a regular thing, and it is served both on the set and to Sam himself in his office. It was when Sam gave a so-called "press tea" for Flo Ziegfeld that I began to understand just how far things were going in the Anglicization of Hollywood. "Press Teas" have for years been an institution in Hollywood; they are so-called by courtesy, possibly because at about the same time as they are held, other people may be drinking tea. But so far as I know, nobody in Hollywood except Betty Bronson has ever insulted the Press by offering it tea at a Press Tea. Sam Goldwyn made no such fatal error as this; but tea was actually present in the room on the occasion of his Ziegfeld reception, and, suddenly, Sam electrified the whole roomful of writers by crossing to the table and pouring himself a cup!

It was in that historic moment that we realized what we were up against in this English menace.

In Hollywood, life is just one menace after another.

If it isn't the English, it's Marie Dressler.

If it isn't Broadway, it's Wall Street.

If it isn't wide film, it's television.

Keep up on all the menaces and all the good news—

Indulge that certain feeling that comes from reading.

Motion Picture CLASSIC

A romantic marriage to the man of her dreams—every girl's desire!

"Don't Call it Luck"

COUNSELS **ELINOR GLYN**

HELEN M—is eating her heart out, poor child, because she's so "unlucky." There have been six weddings among her friends and she hasn't even one beau. "Miss Glyn," she writes, "really I am as good looking as these other girls. Can it be their clothes? Yet I buy the same styles as they do and pay just as much—"

DON'T call it luck, Helen. Undoubtedly these girls know something that you don't—that the thing about clothes that has the greatest appeal for men is *color*. Psychologists say color affects the emotions *more than any other factor in dress*.

As long as its intensity, its balance, are not upset or diminished, color will work unfailingly on the *emotions*.

It all comes down, Helen, to these two simple rules:

ONE: Wear the most becoming colors—

TWO: Keep those colors fresh, unfaded.

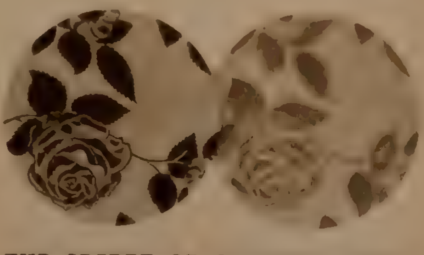
Some women use an ordinary "good" soap, but it is not good enough, for color goes from the fabric.

But there is a famous product especially made to take out dirt *without disturbing the colors*. That is the well-known Lux. If a color is safe in water, Lux will preserve *all* of its *original magnetism*.

And Your Home, Too

Remember this, too. If everything about you, dainty *curtains*, gay *pillows*, pretty *table linens*, reflects the charm of fresh color, which Lux alone gives, this will make *you* seem more charming to *him*.

ELINOR GLYN

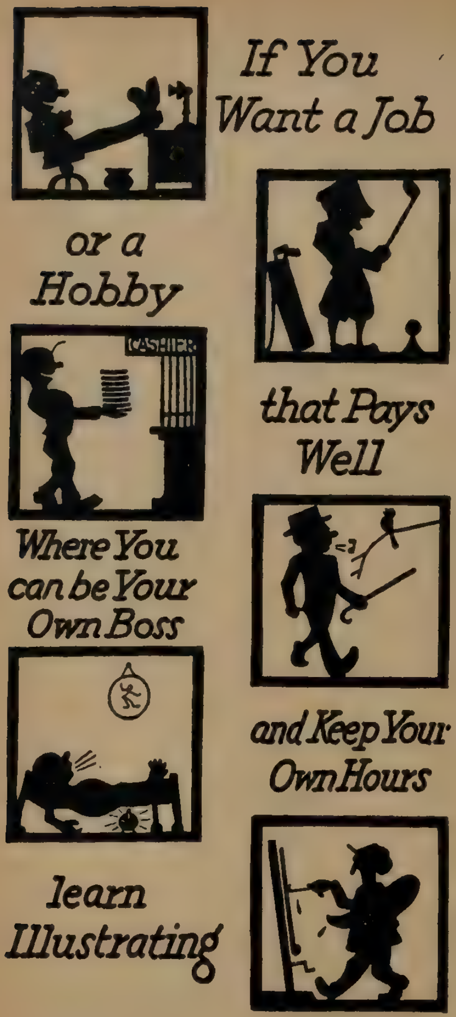


THE SECRET OF CLOTHES APPEAL

Printed chiffon after 12 Lux washings—unfaded, vibrant as when bought, all the magnetism of color retained!

Washed 12 times with ordinary "good" soap; undeniably faded, not actually ruined, but the allure of color lost.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in **LUX!**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He Lived It Down

(*Continued from page 33*)

He says his experiences in "All Quiet on the Western Front" did more to mature him, to bring him to grips with life, than any passing of years could do. That was real. That was raw. That was Life. He went into the picture thinking that war was flag-waving and uniforms and pretty girls throwing hearts and flowers. "I came out of it," said Ben, "knowing that war is mud—and filth—and rats—"

Ben changed, his mother told me, actually changed during the making of the picture. He was never able to tell her anything about it. He couldn't bring himself to talk about it. He was a facsimile of the men who came home from the actual trenches, silenced, muted.

Out of Sight, Out of Mind

BEN left the screen officially, when he was twelve or thirteen years old. For all he thought about it in the intervening years, he might have left it for good and all. He should have known better. For Ben was born an actor. Not by virtue of inheritance. Perhaps by virtue of pre-natal influence, if biology had not disposed of that handy argument pro-and-con.

His mother, who is *really* his best friend and fondest critic, always longed to be an actress. She wasn't one, for one reason or another. When Ben was born, she longed to fulfil in him her own unfulfilled desires. She didn't need to long. Somehow, the trick was turned. She knew that before Ben was seven years of age. He was always play-acting. He would burn down the house, or try to, in order to "save the inmates." He would be both fireman and victim of the flames. He would dress up and be the hero of whatever book he happened to be reading or have read to him. His mother came home one day and found her front door-knob ornamented with a large and dreary crape. "Someone hath died, Mother, and we are having the funeral." "We" were, with details.

There was no thespian food, so to speak, for the small Ben to feed his imagination on. He didn't play-act by virtue of an example set before him. He had never heard the world of greasepaint spoken of at that time. He had never seen a movie. He had never been to a play. For, at that time, the Alexanders lived in Goldfield, Nevada, and were surrounded by the rough world of mines and miners, men who were desperately seeking their fortunes in the raw earth.

Profiles Were Forgotten

BEN has had a sensible boyhood. When he left the screen, too large to be the pitiful urchin or the pampered pet of the scenarios, too small to figure as a youth, he had private tutors for a time and then went to Hollywood High. At no time during this period of his growing up did his mother hold his career before him. She bided her time and let him have his time. He played football and baseball and hockey. He hiked and swam and fought and mauled. He did all the things a reg'lar fellow does. It was never even suggested to him that he might better guard his hands for the making of dramatic gestures or of preserving his nose that he might present a Barrymore profile. If accidents befell him—well, he shouldn't be deprived of being a *boy* in order that he might some day become an actor.

And during those boyish years Ben forgot the screen. Forgot that he had ever been a movie actor. Forgot the studio world and the patter of the play people. Football and athletics and girls and guns occupied his waking and sleeping thoughts. And then, one day—a year or two back, I believe—he took part in a spoken play out here. And suddenly he realized that something within him had been a long while unsatisfied. He had a strange sensation of homecoming after a long absence, of being among his own again, of listening to a native tongue. And he knew that in some obscure recess of his mind he had been hungry for the talk of the studios, for the "shop" that among many real things is the realest of all to him.

He wanted to go back . . .

No Hanger-On

NOTHING seemed to "break." Perhaps he couldn't go back. Perhaps he had been a "child prodigy," destined to flicker out with the flickering out of childhood. Well, that was that. He was determined that he would *not* be one of those pathetic objects, hanging on to the frayed fringes, talking of the big break just ahead, starving in spats and casting directors' offices. He'd get to work . . . and he did. He drove a grocery wagon two successive Christmases. He worked in a gasoline filling station. He helped the tailor down the street press pants and coats. He did errands. He watered lawns. And he used his real name.

When he had finished high school, he enrolled at U. C. L. A. (University of California at Los Angeles). If he couldn't be an actor, he wouldn't be a dummy. He was there from three to six months when he ran into Lewis Milestone, then casting for "All Quiet." Mr. Milestone told him about the picture and the part there would be for him. Ben said, "But I'm going to college—" And Mr. Milestone, who had read him, perhaps, said, "If you are to return to the screen, this is too important a chance for you to miss, college or no college."

It was. Ben passed up college. He has come back.

Young Ben Alexander doesn't want to be a leading man. He doesn't want to be a screen hero after the model of John Gilbert or Buddy Rogers. He doesn't want to do pretty-pretty things calling for a kiss, Madame. He would rather be a soldier, dying in the mud, than a profile, dying in the parlor on a scented lady's bosom. He would rather do character parts than *Lothario* parts with the perquisite of sexy fan-mail.

Ben is a very balanced, very mature youth. He knows what he likes and what he wants, and what he wants and likes is worth wanting and liking. He has never had a crush on a movie actress. The Clara Bow type does not appeal to him. He thinks a young chap might get a kick out of Garbo because most young fellows have a period of liking an older woman and learning from her. He has a girl of his own, not connected with pictures, and he likes her because she has a sense of humor, is an all-around athlete and doesn't use make-up. He isn't in love now. He has been, in his "past," three or four times. He began running around with girls rather early.

He is very glad that he was a child-actor, now that he has proved that it can be lived down and made use of. He says a fellow hasn't a chance of getting a swelled head if he has had that background of experience in his infancy. He knows what it is all about. It doesn't come to him like a clap of thunder. Pats on the head have lost their power to spoil. The glamour has been pierced through and evaluated by the clear eyes of a child and cannot dazzle in later life.

Ben chums about most of the time with young Russell Gleason and the other fellows who were together "in the trenches." He and Russell play tennis and "goofy" games and go swimming together.

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

splitting than I am." (Here several jurymen hurriedly shifted their glances, which for some minutes had been fixed in a mesmerized stare on the legs of the chair on which defendant sat.) "Whether your particular kind of sex appeal is inborn or assumed is of no importance whatever, in so far as the ultimate moral aspects of the case are concerned. The fact is that, by your own admission, you not only possess sex appeal for all practical purposes, but you persist in broadcasting it so as to weaken the moral fiber of millions of young men who see your films. Is this not so?"

Defendant: "Any young man who can produce evidence to show that I have weakened his moral fiber can come to me and receive my check for five thousand dollars. I fail to see where there is anything seriously unsettling about real sex appeal—sex appeal which is not assumed or exaggerated. I don't believe mine is the unsettling kind, because it isn't the vulgar kind. The boys who see my pictures may get pleasure out of thinking how nice it would be to meet me—to kiss me, perhaps. Possibly they get a little thrill up and down the spine—I don't know just exactly what the reaction is. But it certainly wouldn't do them any harm afterwards, and in many cases it probably does them a lot of good. I dare say that many boys who are starved for some sort of affection get their only satisfaction out of imagining themselves to be the boy-friend of some movie star with honest-to-goodness sex appeal. If anybody says that natural sex appeal is dirty or vulgar, it's just in his own mind."

(Deafening cheers broke out again at this point, and no efforts of His Honor and court ushers could check them. A riot appeared to be imminent).

To Be Settled Out of Court

P. A.: "Hm—hm—glug—mumble—tchk." (This was all that could be heard above the din. The Prodnose family, occupying the entire front row of chairs, decided it had been insulted and, gathering up its voluminous skirts, left the court amid further cheers and catcalls.)

Defendant (restoring order instantaneously with a single gesture): "In conclusion, I would like to say this to the fine, upstanding ladies and gentlemen of the jury who have listened so patiently to my defense. A girl must have some kind of sex appeal or she has no warmth—she may have everything else, but it means nothing. There is nothing vulgar about it, I repeat again. Some people have more of it than others, and the ones who in my opinion have least are those who try hardest to have it. When your second thought on seeing a person is that you'd like to kiss him or her, then you know that that person has that certain thing. Is there anything vulgar about that?"

(Cries of "No!" broke out from the jurymen, who swept forward in a body, lifted defendant shoulder-high and carried her out of the courtroom at the head of a triumphant procession. In their haste they forgot to give any verdict, so that a decision on the case is left to the jury of public opinion.)

Clara Bow, the ultimate authority in Hollywood, defines sex appeal as personality—something which, like the mumps, you either have or don't have. And this being the case, Classic must have it, for

"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

What bath to give me energy?

Do you, now and then, have hard-to-wake-up mornings, "no-account" work days, and tired, spoiled evenings? Then you should read the booklet described below... should learn how remarkably, simple baths often can help in these too-common complaints.

What bath for quick, sound sleep?

Nervous fatigue, they say, is an American tendency. When over-tired or too keyed-up to get to sleep, try the magic of the bath that's only mildly warm. (See booklet).

What bath to avoid sore muscles?

When physically exhausted never take a cold bath. Make it hot. Drink a glass or two of water, and then soak for a full ten minutes. You'll fairly feel the soreness going.

What bath to head off a cold?

The quite hot bath is the one to take, too, when you've come home thoroughly chilled or with wet feet. But don't put it off... And don't delay either, sending for this instructive highly interesting booklet, "The Book About Baths."

Send for "The Book About Baths"

Why *is* it that so many people have tended to think of the bath in terms of cleanliness alone? One reason, no doubt, is that they've never before been offered, free, a booklet just like this one. So get your copy. Use the coupon. You'll be glad you did.

it's FREE!

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock," or "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." These, too, are free... a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, Dept. MPC-5
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me *free* "The Book About Baths." It sounds interesting.

Name ....

Street ....

City .... State ....

How Free Is Speech?

(*Continued from page 25*)

owner. I'm told that the Pennsylvania censors—than whom there are none more rabid on the trail of doubtful moral values—had hashed a talking picture until there was doubt if it was a picture or a talking golf score.

For the information of those who may not know, it is not possible to cut a talking picture as one may a silent movie. The part of the film that bears the "sound track" of a particular scene is always fourteen and one-half inches in advance of the picture itself. Moreover, when the censor blithely orders: "Change line reading, 'Do you think this bed is big enough for two?' to make it read, 'Another pillow?'"—as, by the way, a Pennsylvania censor actually did order—certain technical difficulties occur. It isn't as easy as it sounds, and the chances are that the scene will have to go back to the studio to be remade, or that what is known as "dubbing" must be resorted to. Well, anyway—

Modern newsreels have voice accompaniment, but the Pennsylvania censors cut them just as enthusiastically as they did the purely fictional product. Whereupon there was a howl, and when the dust had settled down, some picture interests had succeeded in getting the Aron Bill changed to exclude newsreels from censorship. Then Warner Brothers and Fox went into the State courts and argued that the censors had no right to censor talk at all, since the talk was not the motion picture within the meaning of the law.

Trying to Save Words

YOU may recall the argument of *Portia* in "The Merchant of Venice," to the general effect that *Shylock* could cut his pound of flesh all right, but if he spilled any blood doing it he was in very bad indeed. Well, that was the idea. They could cut the picture so long as they did not cut any speech. But the court probably had never heard of *Portia* and didn't approve so much of the Bill of Rights—even if it had heard of the measure—so it upheld the censors. However, there are other and higher courts, and eventually we may wind up before the Supreme tribunal in Washington, D. C.

Down in Virginia the courts included newsreels in the general ruthlessness, but in Kansas the Attorney-General has ruled that the censors have no power to cut dialogue. Maryland insists on censoring everything in the picture line, and Ohio still has the dialogue contention under advisement, though the legislature has turned down an amendment to the censor law which would include dialogue in the range of the official snickersnee.

You thirty-odd million folk who live in the six censor States are either a lot better than the rest of us who can see uncensored pictures—and take the consequences on our own heads—or you are not. I could find no existing argument for or against, so I've dug up a few figures, which prove you're not. Generally you're worse than the rest of us if the figures don't lie. Here's the idea, get in the game:

Censors and Criminals

A CERTAIN State, where censorship of talking pictures exists, has a certain proportion of its population in jail. Presumably they got there because they broke the law, and the reason they broke the law was that they were lawless. Then I've taken another State which has no censorship, but with close to the same population, and set its prison population up against that of the first. The jail figure is the number of people per 100,000 of population in the prisons. Here we go, watch the score:

The bridge of thighs: because the girls know their parts, Zelma O'Neal is beneath the chorus in "Follow Thru"—with no place to go, except ahead

State	Population	Prisoners per 100,000 pop.
KANSAS	1,328,000	146.7
Nebraska	1,396,000	71.9
MARYLAND	1,597,000	120.9
Connecticut	1,636,000	58.6
NEW YORK	11,423,000	64.2
OHIO	6,710,000	93.3
Texas	5,673,000	58.8
PENNSYLVANIA	9,730,000	43.1
Illinois	7,673,000	83.3
VIRGINIA	2,546,000	78.2
Alabama	2,549,000	74.2

As there is no individual State to balance against New York, the Empire division must stand by itself. But please note that with but one exception the censor States have a larger jail population than those without censors—if that means anything. And it should, since the object of censorship is to increase respect for law, both moral and legal.

One of the puzzles is the degree to which the censors' moral standards vary. For example, it is not permissible to thumb the nose in Kansas. If it is exhibited after the censors have deleted the scene, it becomes a felony. You could get away with it on the street, but don't try it on the screen in Kansas!

Maryland doesn't mind mere nose-thumbing, but becomes slightly hysterical at the sight—and sound—of a young man kissing a girl on the neck—that is, on the screen; but not at a race-track, of course. In Virginia it is not allowable that "girls indecently kick." No fixed standard of indecency in kicking has been established, however, and it would seem that Virginia newspapers have overlooked a wonderful circulation stunt in not starting contests as to when a lady's kick is or is not decent—with practical illustrations in the ball parks.

Among Pennsylvania's celluloid iniquities is the indication in any manner that a child is about to be born, and most particularly must you not hint at such indecencies as baby clothes. Show on the screen a tiny woolen shirt at your peril! In New York you can go much farther than a shirt, but to hint that all politics are not as pure as the Acts of the Apostles is a crime—as you'll find out if you override a censor order. Ohio positively will not stand for underwear on the screen. It may be all right in a newspaper or magazine, but beware the "teddy" on a movie lady!

Preparing for the Next War

MOTION picture censorship has many defenders, but the most fervid is Dr. Eastman, the editor of "The Christian Century," published in Chicago—that gleaming example of its beneficial effects. Then there is Canon Chase of Brooklyn, whose light seems to be dwindling in candlepower lately, and finally the group of gentlemen and ladies who have lined up behind the so-called Hudson Bill (H. R. 13686) in Congress. This is by far the most radical and revolutionary censorship measure ever offered to control the picture industry. Its principal features are the appointment of commissioners for life, supervision of all posters and advertising matter, licensing of each picture prior to production, and saddling the cost of this on the producer.

It is urged that under this measure—which fortunately seems to have very little chance of emerging from committee—it would be possible for the commission to appoint inspectors in each studio to watch actual production and prohibit this or that. That is the way Government regulation of meat-packing plants is conducted.

But don't let the foregoing delude you into the belief that censorship has no case. It has, and all the evidence for it has been supplied by the producers themselves. To say that some of the material turned out of the studios violates every standard of good taste is mild, but the public is coming to know more of such things, so it is not strange when some of the more flagrant examples rouse antagonism. And frankly, some of the motion picture advertising is so ignorant and stupid that it is a wonder more trouble has not been brewed.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

RUDY VALLÉE

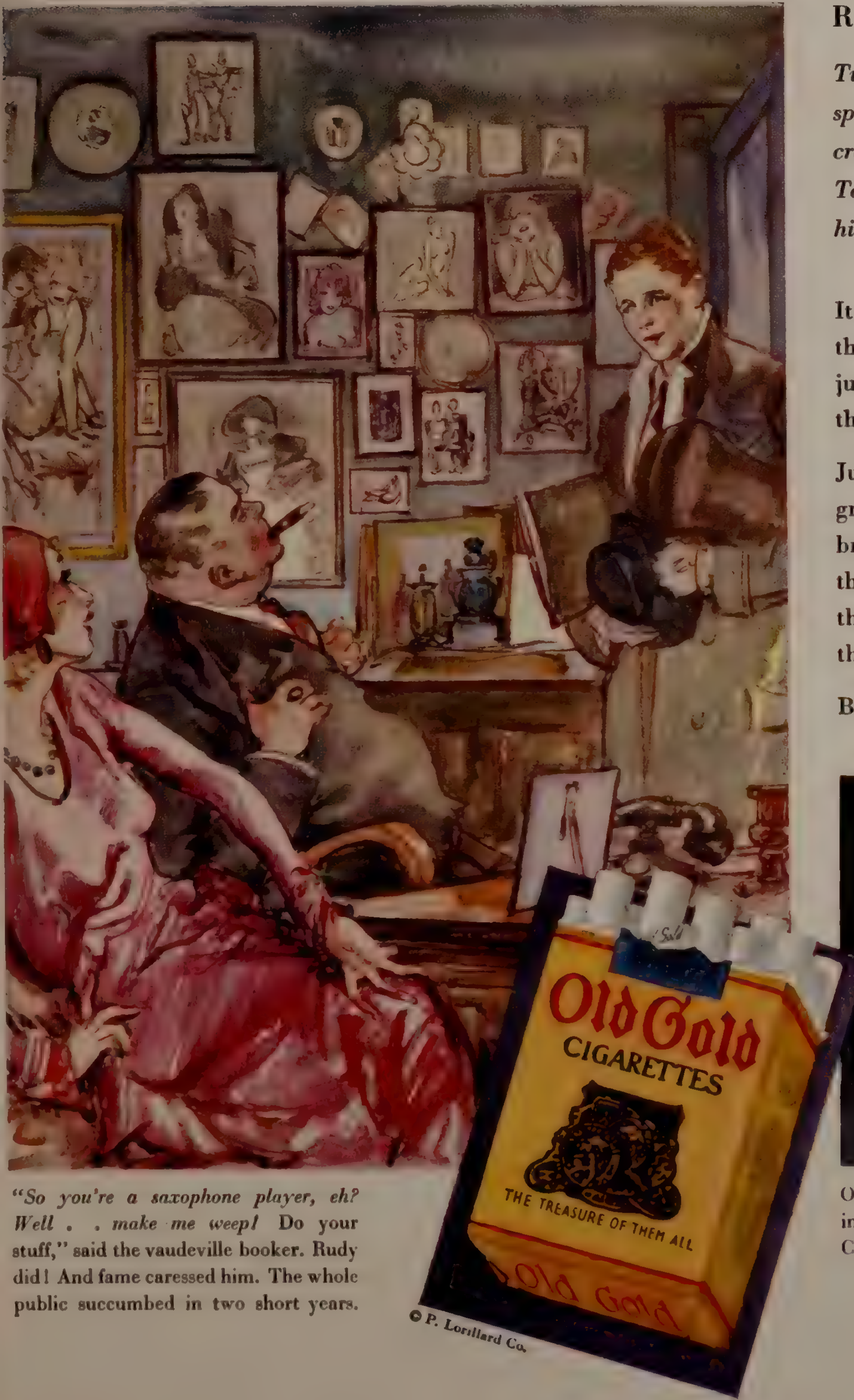
Two years ago he stepped into the spot-light on a little cafe floor and crooned a song called "Deep Night." Today deep night on Broadway sees his name blazed in electric signs.

• • •

It wasn't the cut of his clothes... or the break of his luck. This youngster just naturally delivered something that the public wants!

Just so OLD GOLD cigarettes have grown from a baby brand to a giant brand in record time . . . because they delivered a new enjoyment... they thrilled the taste and comforted the most sensitive throat.

Better tobaccos...that's why they win.



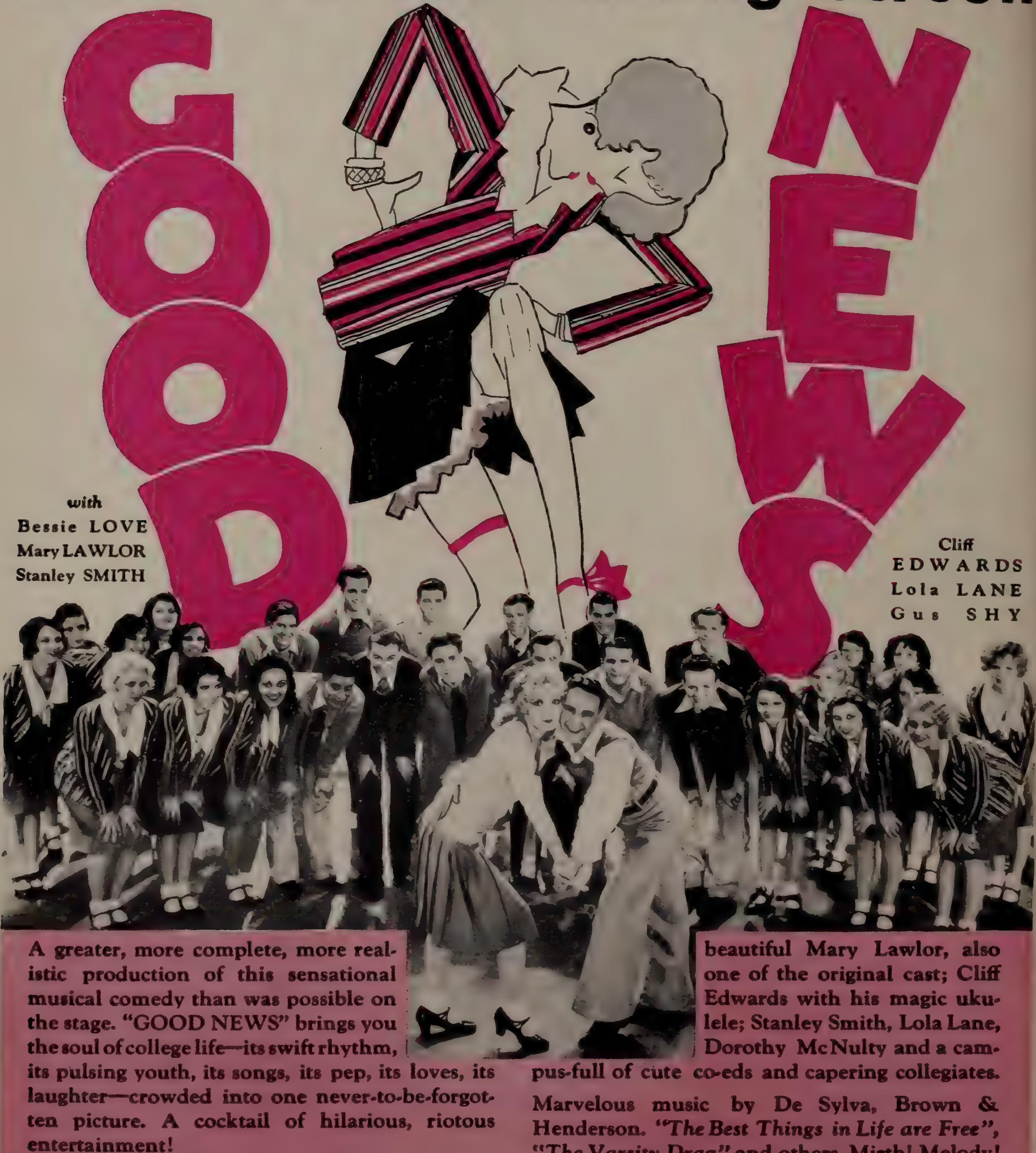
"So you're a saxophone player, eh? Well . . make me weep! Do your stuff," said the vaudeville booker. Rudy did! And fame caressed him. The whole public succumbed in two short years.

© P. Lorillard Co.

On March 7, 1927, OLD GOLDS were introduced in Illinois. Today, the city of Chicago alone smokes nearly 3,000,000 daily.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

At Last The Great Broadway Hit Comes To The Talking Screen



with
Bessie LOVE
Mary LAWLOR
Stanley SMITH

Cliff
EDWARDS
Lola LANE
Gus SHY

A greater, more complete, more realistic production of this sensational musical comedy than was possible on the stage. "GOOD NEWS" brings you the soul of college life—its swift rhythm, its pulsing youth, its songs, its pep, its loves, its laughter—crowded into one never-to-be-forgotten picture. A cocktail of hilarious, riotous entertainment!

What a cast! Bessie Love, of "BROADWAY MELODY" fame; Gus Shy, who starred in the Schwab & Mandel Broadway presentation; beautiful Mary Lawlor, also one of the original cast; Cliff Edwards with his magic ukulele; Stanley Smith, Lola Lane, Dorothy McNulty and a campus-full of cute co-eds and capering collegiates.

Marvelous music by De Sylva, Brown & Henderson. *"The Best Things in Life are Free"*, *"The Varsity Drag"* and others. Mirth! Melody! Speed! That's "GOOD NEWS"!

Scenario by Frances Marion—Dialogue by Joe Farnham
Directed by Edgar J. MacGregor and Nick Grinde

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Razzberries In C Major

(*Continued from page 58*)

And as Johnny Hamp watched Hollywood laugh and make love and shake a foot to dance-time, these are some of the conclusions he came to, some of the comparisons he made:

"If cities can be compared to persons, Hollywood is the kept woman of the world—a beautiful, but dumb, kept woman, overdressed and overpaid—a kept woman lacking the smartness of Paris, the reserve of London and the abandon of Madrid.

"Hollywood is afraid to be rowdy and yet hasn't the background to be reserved.

"Hollywood hasn't learned to play yet, or else it doesn't have time."

What appraisals Johnny Hamp makes of Hollywood are based mostly on comparisons with the other dance-floors on which he has watched personages parade.

In winter, Hamp and his band supply the polo players of Park Avenue and their Paris-gowned partners with fox trots at the Westchester-Biltmore. In summer, Chicago's débutante crowd dances to his tunes in the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel.

The Westchester-Biltmore and the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel are two of America's smartest watering-places. You know, seltzer water and cracked ice.

"The crowds that come to those two places represent the best-dressed sections of the Social Register," explains Hamp. "I've never played anywhere but the most exclusive clubs and hotels before."

"Before, Mr. Hamp . . . before?" One of the band leader's guests interrupted. "Did I hear you say before? Don't you think Hollywood presents a smart exterior? Aren't our women the most beautiful, the best dressed, the—er—eh—the grandest in the world? That's what all the visiting Polish painters claim, and all the resident press-agents.

"Isn't Hollywood the style center of the world, like Mr. Greer says it is? Don't our ingénues look more like débutantes than the members of New York's Junior League?"

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce sob-sister fell back into her glass of orangeade, exhausted by the emotional outlet, and Mr. Hamp—Mr. Johnny Hamp, late of the Westchester-Biltmore—looked at her with that quiet reserve of the well-bred Easterner and began answering her questions one by one, counting them up on his fingers. He counted two, as a matter of fact, on the middle finger of the right hand. The nail was extra long.

"In New York," said Mr. Hamp, with the same superior tone in which an English novelist speaks of London to the Ladies' Reading Club of Des Moines, "in New York we speak of a girl as being either Park Avenue, Fifth Avenue or Broadway."

(Don't go rooting around for that street map, Gladys—the man is going to explain.)

"Park Avenue sends its smart débutante to places like the Westchester-Biltmore, with a polo player late of Yale or Princeton as her escort. Broadway lends a show-girl to a broker for a night at a supper club. But the women of Fifth Avenue. . . . To call a girl a Fifth Avenue type is to label her a kept woman.

"I've seen a little of the Park Avenue here, an occasional party of Pasadena people. Broadway, the show-girl, is Broadway all over the world. The show-girl is in Hollywood now for the talkies. But it's been of Fifth Avenue I've thought mostly as I watched Hollywood dance its women by me every night.

"The girls here are so badly dressed! They lack all the style and bearing and the 'to the manner born' air. Commercially, Hollywood may be the style center of the world; numerically, more women may copy Norma Shearer's latest dress than the newest creation of Chanel. But the simplicity of real style, the smartness of line, are utterly lacking.

"As for comparing the picture ingénue to a débutante, the stars to modish matrons—"

Mr. Hamp, late of the Westchester-Biltmore, signaled his saxophone player (pun, please) and the band resumed its music without his leadership.

"Pppfff—pppfff, pppfff," hooted a horn.

"As I was saying," continued Mr. Hamp, "there's a vast difference between 'society' as you see it on the screen and as it really is. Hollywood, all dressed up for a big evening at the Cocoanut Grove, is as far from being a picture of society as the party scenes in 'Dynamite.'

Lippman

They both have pull: Evelyn Knapp gets a roller coaster ride out of Grant Withers at Coney Island between scenes of "Penny Arcade"

Up from Main Street

"THERE are a lot of sweet little girls who come here who look just like what they are: nice middle-class people from nice middle-class towns, who have been skyrocketed into a prominence they can't quite carry.

"Even if you exchanged their studio-designed clothes for a simple evening dress, dressed their hair properly, instead of having it spilling coyly all over their necks, they wouldn't fool even the doorman of the Junior League."

Mr. Hamp straightened his shoulders, preparatory to delivering an epigram.

"No matter how you dress it, serve it, spice it, it's still ham," he said, and near-by a horn hooted: "Pppfff, pppfff, pppfff!"

But stay—hold on, old fellow, don't rush away to the ticket office like that. There may be hope for Hollywood, yet. Ah, there is hope!

"Of course, there are many exceptions," said Mr. Hamp. "I've never seen a sweeter-looking woman than Mary Pickford, a smarter one than Gloria Swanson—" (how those names do pop up) "—and, of course, there are several girls in pictures now who were part of New York society before they came West.

"June Collyer, whose real name is Dorothea Heermance, used to be at the Westchester-Biltmore frequently. Mary Lawlor lived near-by and was constantly there. Jean Harlow began her romance with Laddie Sanford, the millionaire polo player, on our dance-floor long before she entered pictures.

"And incidentally," incidented Mr. Hamp, "that romance we saw rise in the East sure did set in the West. It was right in front of our bandstand that Jean gave Laddie a final slap in the face and walked off the floor and out of his life."

"A figurative slap or a literal slap?" asked the Chamber of Commerce sob-sister, brightening at this point.

"A figurative slap," said Mr. Hamp, and the sob-sister's face fell again.

"And then there are other picture stars who have always been received by the smartest society in New York, lionized and fussed over by the Westchester-Biltmore crowd.

"Richard Dix was the débutantes' darling of all the parties he attended there. A date with Dix was the answer to a Spence girl's dream.

"Adolphe Menjou, Bebe Daniels, Dolores Del Rio and Carmelita Geraghty have all been the most sought-after guests of the season on visits to the club."

Night-Clubs in New York are a show-window to movie folk, in Hollywood they are a hide-away, Hamp contends.

"Picture stars, out for an evening in the East, dress their best and make an effort to impress what folk they meet with smartness. In Hollywood, they go to their favorite dance-floor as readily in a sweater as an evening dress.

"But that isn't just true of the picture people. One of the greatest contrasts between the night life of the two coasts in general is that the East is so much more formal, the West so matter of fact about its entertainment.

"New York plans its evening ahead with great exactness. Hollywood *ad libs* it. The New York beau, be he social registerite or stock exchange clerk, buys his theater tickets, reserves a table for dinner before the show and supper afterwards, all in advance. Hollywood's young man about town makes his evening date at twilight on the set and comes around to pick up his girl with no definite idea for the evening.

"It can be laid partly to the uncertainty of hours in Hollywood, and it is work, too—work for the girls as well as the men—that results in Hollywood's starting and ending its evening so much earlier than New York. A Hollywood escort is putting his car away for the night and crawling into bed, just about the time that a New York couple are just getting started on their tour of the night-clubs.

"And I think that Hollywood itself prefers to have its fun in New York. Compared to its rather quiet, ordered routine at home, Hollywood finds an ever new thrill in Manhattan.

"And it's reasonable—Why, night life in Hollywood is like ginger ale, compared to the champagne of New York.

"Why, to compare Hollywood to New York is like comparing the puny—" Mr. Hamp found himself making a speech, so instead he signaled the orchestra again.

"Broadway," said Mr. Hamp, "is Hollywood's idea of Heaven!"

Chicago Exposed!

The Inside Story of Why "Jake" Lingle, Chicago Tribune Reporter, Was Killed

Complete in the September

REAL DETECTIVE TALES

When Alfred ("Jake") Lingle, Tribune reporter, was shot down and killed at high noon in the heart of Chicago, on June 9 of this year, the sensation was felt throughout America.

Newspapers everywhere have played up this greatest of all crime stories. But not one newspaper has printed the real facts. These facts are published for the first time in this month's issue of REAL DETECTIVE TALES.

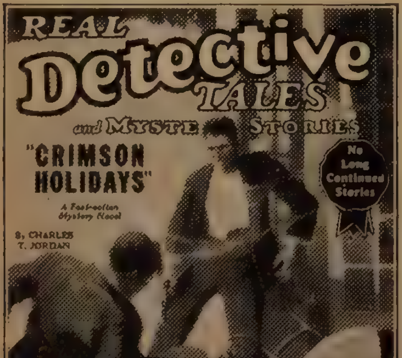
Read

"The Reporter Who Blew the Lid Off Chicago"

See how the "big shots" of Chicago's underworld have corrupted not only the police and men in public office, but even the Chicago newspapers.

Behind the murder of "Jake" Lingle lies an appalling record of crime and graft that has no parallel. The whole sensational story is told, completely and in detail, in America's fastest growing detective magazine

LOOK FOR THIS COVER



Now on Sale at All News Stands

The Most Dangerous Moment of My Life

(*Continued from page 39*)

wide open. But even with the odds even, we had a tough time and took an awful beating from the two remaining men who faced us.

Finally, the rum-runner who had wielded the club with such devastating effect returned from his romantic search of the ship. The girl, however, had succeeded in hiding herself well. As he came around the corner of the cabin, I picked up the man I had just knocked senseless on the deck and, raising him high above my head, threw him bodily in the direction of the oncoming adversary. The impact was terrible. Both men were sprawled on the deck of the craft—cold.

I then helped my partner put the remaining man out of commission and we found ourselves standing in the midst of five unconscious men. We revived the owner of the boat in short order and, together, we lifted the fallen rum-runners to the side of the boat and dropped them over into their own launch, cut the ropes and moved away. As we left the vicinity of the scrap, we thanked our lucky stars that the racketeers had failed to bring their guns when they invaded our yacht. The end of the fight might have been sadly reversed, if they had.

It Promised Adventure

THE next few days following that incident, I spent in some heavy thinking. The men on the power launch had been carrying a cargo of liquor down from Canada, and I found, by inquiring about, that this sort of business was paying big money. If, I figured, I could get such a kick out of running into a bunch engaged in the racket, why shouldn't I get in the game myself? No reason at all. So I went around to call on an old friend of mine who was making regular and mysterious trips to the border at least once a week. Maybe he could put me wise. After a half-hour's talk with Bill, I decided that rum-running was the next adventure for me.

He told me that he was bringing down a load of liquor every few days and that the game was paying him big money. The smartest thing for me to do, he thought, was to make a trip or two with him so that I could get onto the ropes and learn how the deal was worked. He explained that the racket didn't require a great amount of brains, but that one needed an over-supply of nerve and brass. I said I'd go.

DON'T LAUGH. *I made that trip disguised as a woman!*

"Honeymoon Couple"

BILL had calmly informed me that, if I was to make the trip with him, I must wear a woman's hat, coat and heavy veil. The reason for this precaution being that Bill always carried an extra man along with him, dressed as a woman, to allay the suspicions of the customs' men. I was to take his place, if I wanted to go. I did. We drove a geared-up job that was capable of making a hundred miles an hour with a load of thirty cases aboard. Nothing happened on the way up. We got the liquor and placed it in the special holders on the frame under the body of the phaeton. The springs of the car had been built up with extra leaves so that any casual inspection of the machine would fail to disclose the additional weight. We started back.

Through the customs at the border we went—just like a "couple" on a honeymoon. Not the slightest suspicion seemed to cause the guards to look twice in our direction. I began to laugh after we got out in the open country. Bill scowled and asked what all the fun was about, and I told him that I had never guessed that it would be as easy as this. He scowled again. Then he passed me a cigarette without a word. Something in his silence seemed to tell me that the worst was yet to come.

Going along at a clip of about fifty miles an hour, we were covering a lot of territory when all of a sudden, in the road just ahead of us, stood two men waving a lantern. The road at this particular spot was very narrow and there was no room for us to swerve around them. We had to stop.

The Searching Party

THEY approached the car with rifles and informed us that they were government men and that they were going to search the car for liquor. I must have looked like a pretty husky lady for Bill to be carrying around (he only weighed about a hundred and thirty pounds). But my size and veil seemed to make no difference. One man stood at our side while the other started in on his tour of inspection. Soon we heard the man at the back of the car call out:

"Come on back here, Lem—want you to hold this lantern whilst I take a good look under this band-wagon. Them springs don't look as light as they might."

The car was still running and before the man at our side left us, he cautioned us to turn off the motor and not to try anything. But they never had the chance to look under the car. Instead of cutting the motor *off*, Bill cut it wide open the minute the guard left the front of the car—and we left them standing in the center of the road. The fact that the car was geared-up gave us a good get-away speed, but we had hardly started when we heard the familiar sound of Winchester .30-.30 rifles cracking out at our backs. The bullets continued to sing around us for the next few seconds and, as we found when we stopped down the road, a lot of them had been true. Our machine was riddled with holes all over the back of the tonneau!

So far, so good! Now it was Bill who was doing the smiling. He had come, through experience, to expect only one hitch to the trip. But he was mistaken. We were due for another—and it wasn't going to be a hitch either. It was what I have always considered the most dangerous moment of my life.

Trouble Ahead, Then Behind

LEM and his partner must have telephoned the news of the rum-runners ahead of us. At any rate, they knew we were coming. We saw their lights about a half-mile before we actually got to the place. It was only about ten miles from the previous stop. As we drew closer, we could see that they had placed a "STOP" sign in the center of the road and that there were two armed men on either side of the highway waiting for us. Bill, yelling over the noise of the motor, told me that he thought the "STOP" sign was pretty flimsy. I got him. We were going right on through. Down went the foot on the accelerator, and the motor roared as though the world were coming to an end.

I looked at the speedometer . . . 60 . . . 70 . . . 80 . . . *crash!* The little "STOP" sign placed in our track went flying through the air in a thousand pieces. Before the car had hardly crossed the "deadline," the rifles commenced to pop. Bill started to cuss.

(*Continued on page 99*)

Who's Glorified Now?

(*Continued from page 27*)

certain attributes, and the greatest of these is common sense. There is no longer a reigning "beautiful-but-dumb" type. In this day, a purely facial beauty will be crowded out for a less beautiful, but more clever girl. A dumb girl, no matter how beautiful, cannot compete with the personality girl whose cleverness and good sense shine through her pretty face.

"Mind, I do not mean intelligent women. Booky women. Overly educated women. Brains, in large doses, have always been an enemy to a woman's face. They have a tendency to rob woman of her greatest charm, femininity. But good common sense, of the variety of knowing enough to come in out of the rain, enhances the loveliness of any woman.

"Humor, too, is an important attribute. A sense of it lightens a woman's face, gives her a pleasant expression, vivifies the look around her eyes and mouth.

Hollywood's Best Example

"PERHAPS you think my requirements are too rigid? A girl who embodied all these virtues would be a sensation? But that is where you are wrong. For instance, the most perfect type of American beauty I have encountered in Hollywood is Sally Eilers—and to date she is not world-famous, though I cannot understand why she is not a picture star. This girl has everything in modern beauty requirements. On one occasion I saw her in a group with several other famous Hollywood beauties, and she stood out from the others like a searchlight.

"Hers is typically a modern, practical beauty. She looks equally well in riding-breeches and evening clothes. She can be separated from her powder puff for more than ten minutes and still retain a well-groomed look. Her hair is medium-auburn. Her skin is becomingly sun-tanned. There is something shining about this girl, in the sparkle of her eyes and the flash of her teeth. And she is ideally in proportion. That is the great trouble with so many Hollywood beauties. Their heads do not fit their bodies.

"One other phase which I believe is important is that beauty to-day is not isolated—not unique. Our day has produced no outstanding type of beauty, or beauties, like Lillian Russell and Maxine Elliott, who waged a war of supremacy for years. Individuality is the present keynote of looks.

Nearly All Can Have Them

"PRACTICALLY every woman, who gives herself a fair amount of care and watches her calories, has her quota of fair looks. Practical prettiness becomes more noticeable every day. It is to be found among girls who serve you in cafés. Among stenographers, store clerks. Nice-looking women are in demand in every walk of life. Prettiness is being put into circulation!"

Naturally any discussion like this was bound, sooner or later, to get around to a comparison of Hollywood *vs.* Broadway beauties, and even the great Ziegfeld had to give it a moment or two of deliberation.

"The featured women, the stars of Hollywood, are more beautiful than Broadway women in the same scale of the profession;" he said at last, "but the average beauty, the beauty you see on the streets, the extra girls, the chorus girls cannot compare in any way with their Broadway sisters.

"I should hate very much to try to produce a 'Follies' from local candidates. There is a noticeable lack of distinction among the girls and their forms are not so pretty as they should be. I believe it is because, in spite of every opportunity, the California girls do not exercise sufficiently.

"No, give me the Broadway girl for a show girl every time!"

Costumes from Kaskel & Kaskel Dunlap

New summer freedom

with this lighter, cooler sanitary protection

Kotex stays light, cool and delicate for hours . . . it deodorizes . . . fits perfectly . . . thus giving unique summer comfort.

MODERN living demands so much of us! Freedom and perfect poise . . . every day of every month . . . for sports or business or some other interest.

This constant activity would be very difficult, particularly in summer, without the wonderful comfort provided by Kotex. Kotex . . . with its light, cool construction . . . its careful shaping . . . its safe deodorizing . . . its easy disposability . . . has ended forever many disquieting mental and physical handicaps.

Used in hospitals

Many of the unusual comforts of Kotex are due to its unusual filler, Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. This material is used by 85% of America's leading hospitals because of its comfort, absorbency and hygienic safety.

Cellucotton absorbs *five times* as much as an equal weight of cotton, or any cotton material. This means your Kotex pad can be five times lighter than ordinary pads, yet have the same absorbency.

Kotex deodorizes . . . so very important in summer. The corners are rounded and tapered to eliminate awkward lines. You dispose of Kotex like tissue. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1. 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2. *Kotex is soft* . . . not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3. *Safe, secure* . . . keeps your mind at ease.
4. *Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5. *Disposable*, instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

Valuable
Suggest
Care
MARY T. GOLDMAN

Famous
Single Lock
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FREE

If you have one single
GRAY HAIR
mail this coupon

We will show you how to bring youthful color to every gray hair on your head. Our method is entirely SAFE—harmless to hair or scalp.

Do not confuse Mary T. Goldman's hair coloring treatment with radical dyes. Nothing artificial looking this simple way. Just comb clear, colorless liquid through the hair. Color comes gradually, matching successfully any type—black, brown, blonde or auburn.

Nothing to wash or rub off on linens or hat linings. Leaves hair soft, fluffy, easy to curl or wave. No experience required. No special equipment.

Let us prove results to you as we have proved them to more than 3,000,000 women.

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City.......................... State..........
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☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDF

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake Street Dept. L-690, Chicago, Ill.

I Like To Interview

(*Continued from page 68*)

and it gives you a sense of having a special performance given for your particular benefit, when Lupe Velez leaps and shouts or John Barrymore does his "bad boy" stuff.

The Barrymore quirks are particularly amusing. He says perfectly frightful things to you at first—especially if you are a lady interviewer. Apparently, it pleases him to try to disconcert you. But if you decline to be disconcerted and simply wait with what patience you can muster, until he has exhausted whatever ideas for this little pastime he can produce, he will eventually smile at you and remark, "All right. I'm through. Now, let's do the story!" After that, it takes only a short time, because Jack has a pungently interesting mind and knows, through long experience, what is good copy.

Slightly Mad Ones Preferred

I PREFER to interview people who are a trifle insane. The illogical ones, the slightly mad ones, are much more fun than the reasonable, ordinary, every-day folk.

I enjoyed the pale, blonde, exquisite "Follies" girl who screamed suddenly, "I want wine! Red, red wine! Life is so short!"

And there was the actress who beat her breast one day at the Montmartre and moaned, to the mild astonishment of people at near-by tables, "God! If I were only a mother!"

It was fun when Lupe leaped up in Madame Helene's to bite "her Garee" upon the ear. (I might add that this also considerably enlivened the luncheons of divers ladies from Iowa who were eating there.)

Joseph Schildkraut is a diverting subject for an interview. He is likely to go frisking about the room on all fours, barking like a dog. Or to tell you, with dramatic abruptness, that he likes women who possess a "subtle, mental eroticism!" Which I consider really elegant.

With smug faith in his own perspicacity, he picks out what he thinks are your pet vanities and proceeds to flatter them in what he doubtless considers a completely irresistible fashion. If you write, he tells you that he prefers the "mental type" of woman. He tells you, in any case, that you are "strangely interesting." He summed me up, at the last, by telling me that I was "inhibited and afraid of life!" Which would surprise my mother some.

Watching Jack Believe

I LIKE to watch Jack Gilbert (who is one of my favorite people, anyhow) pacing up and down and declaiming with terrific intensity whatever it is he is believing today. The fact that he will believe something entirely different to-morrow makes not the slightest difference. He is so picturesque, so vivid and emphatic about his believing! He does everything so *hard*!

I like the people who surprise me. Ramon Novarro—our spiritual and detached Ramon—pounding on the table and averring in a tremendous voice, "I do not believe in birth control!"

I like comedians. All comedians. Buster Keaton, who is likely to punctuate his remarks with funny falls. Harry Langdon, who is terrified of interviews and has to be lured out from behind a bit of scenery and coaxed and cajoled before he will talk at all. Wallace Beery, who once took me to the zoo at Universal and made the elephant do tricks for me! Harry Sweet, who tried, without much success, to teach me how to do a "nip-up."

(In case you don't know what a "nip-up" is—it is sort of like a cartwheel and sort of like a backward somersault and the effect, if you are inexperienced, is distressingly like falling downstairs.)

The Labor-Saving Kind

I LIKE the people who give the thing a little thought before they come to meet you—and have something or other to say and are willing to say it.

People like Clive Brook, who talks in neat paragraphs, beginning at the beginning of his subject and ending with a tidy "tag," so that all you have to do is go away and put down what he said, without any business of trying to piece it together or figure out what he really meant by what you thought you heard him say. I always feel that if I could just have a dictaphone with me when I talk with Clive, I could turn it on and then take the record home with the story on it—all finished!

People like Dorothy Mackaill, who will really *think* about what they are saying and try quite earnestly to reach some conclusion which will be worth printing.

The people who are troubled with pains in their souls are interesting—for interviewing purposes only. I should hate to acquire one for an in-law or something. These folk, who become so utterly lacerated and devastated by the mere process of living and what they call "associating with clods" (they are always involved with "clods," somehow), reduce a mundane person like me, whose soul is pretty well-behaved and hardly ever aches, to a state of wide-eyed wonder.

The Teeth-Gnashers

THE people who wail and gnash their teeth over what "they" are doing to them give me nice, eerie little thrills, too. There is something so sinister about the mysterious "they" who are responsible for all the failures, all the suppressions and all the unpleasantnesses of life in the picture business.

I have never determined exactly who "they" may be. Certainly they have a lot to answer for.

But really best of all are the people whom the publicity departments do not want you to interview. And next best are the ones whom press-agents insist upon accompanying while they are interviewed.

You may be certain that, if the department objects to your seeing an actor, he not only has something to say, but is pretty determined to say it. He is probably a person who dares to be himself (which is heresy in this business) and it is undoubtedly an interesting self, too, if his guardians are intent upon keeping it quiet.

If I Were One of Them

IF I were a motion picture actor (quaint notion *that* is!) I should pick out a fascinating and capricious personality for myself and then I should work very hard at trying to be like that. I should do strange and startling and novel things—if I could think of them—and I shouldn't let anybody cram me into a pure-and-noble-and-kind-to-animals mold. If I were naturally like that, I should try to keep it a secret. I'd be a nuisance to the press-agents, but the press would think I was grand!

I like, naturally, the people who are on time for appointments—at least, arriving on the day set for the interview. I like the ones who do not take this business too seriously and who do not suspect me of malicious plans to ruin them with their public.

I like the naive people and the honest ones and the funny ones—the exotic ones and the original ones. And—usually— the ones who don't like *me*.

There are quite a lot whom I do *not* like. I'll list them for you on page 69.

Through at Five O'clock

(*Continued from page 41*)

He's really a big baby. When there's anything the matter with him, a slight cold or the hiccoughs or anything, he carries on and makes more fuss than a three-year-old child.

His humor is broad and robust, his frankness complete.

He's very plaintive about what the talkies have done to Hollywood. He hates progress, especially in the form of foreign versions. He wishes he could hear some language spoken around the studio, that he could understand.

He says the public has never heard of the hordes of newcomers from New York and that the public doesn't want to see them. He thinks they'd rather play golf.

Why People Go to the Movies

HE believes it's actors like Lewis Stone and the other old-timers who draw people into theaters.

He's interested in dogs, airplanes, fishing, and hunting. He takes his aviation more seriously than anyone else in pictures. He has a transport pilot's license and makes frequent trips to New York in his cabin plane. It holds eight people and has all the comforts of home, and he doesn't have any trouble getting passengers.

He once had a yacht, but sold it because he found that after he got all dressed up in his cap and brass buttons, there was no place to go.

He has a fishing lodge on a little island in the High Sierras, where he fishes, and hunts ducks and bears. He says Lew Stone is great for that sort of thing, too.

He doesn't like the beach, because you can't walk a yard without stepping on an empty pop bottle or tripping over the remains of a hot dog.

He hated "All Quiet on the Western Front."

He thinks "Robin Hood" was the loveliest entertainment picture ever made—but not because he was in it.

He enjoys razzing Jim Tully.

He thinks Jack Gilbert's voice is just fine, except that no voice sounds natural to him in the talkies.

His Idea of a Pet

HE'LL talk at some length about a cute seal that used to flop into his rowboat and ride with him, when he was on location with "Old Ironsides." On the day they dynamited the ships, James Cruze delayed for about eight hours until he had located the seal, because they were all fond of it and didn't want to blow it up. Wally thinks seals are very companionable, and make wonderful pets.

He's still in a daze about where the movie producers get all their money.

No matter how much he eats or how much exercise he takes, his weight is always the same—two hundred and something, I forget just what.

He has a blonde wife, young and handsome.

Few people remember that he and Gloria Swanson once were marital mates.

He gets confused if he has to play in two pictures at the same time—as was the case with "Way For A Sailor" and "Jenny Lind."

He has been in pictures for twenty years. He thinks comedy is much harder than character parts, but more interesting.

Acting, to him, means action.

He's hard to work with, but lovely to talk to.

He thinks Missouri, where he was born, is the place God forgot.

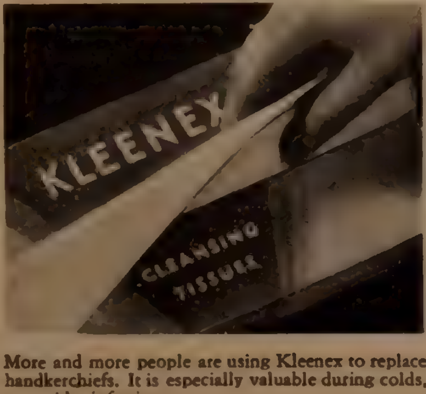
"Kleenex... the only *safe* way to remove face creams and make-up"

Helen Morgan

She started all America singing "Can't help lovin' that man"... she played in some of the greatest successes Ziegfeld has ever known... and she tells you here how she protects the beauty that made her famous.

YOU saw her in "Show Boat," didn't you? And if you are human—and feminine—you *must* have wondered how she preserves her creamy skin and cool, magnolia beauty.

Well—take a peep into her dressing room!



More and more people are using Kleenex to replace handkerchiefs. It is especially valuable during colds, to avoid reinfection.

Right past the doorman, into the star's own inner sanctum! And here we find her, cleansing her skin... with Kleenex!

"Kleenex is always on my dressing table," she says. "It's the only safe and sanitary way to remove face creams and make-up. Soft and absorbent, it wipes away *but does not scratch or stretch the skin.*"

You see, Helen Morgan knows the importance of proper cleansing. So she uses Kleenex.

Kleenex is powerfully absorbent. It blots up... not only every trace of cream and oil... but embedded dirt and cosmetics also.

Women everywhere are rapidly adopting the Kleenex way of removing cold cream. Kleenex is so sanitary. It's so much safer than germ-filled "cold cream cloths" or towels. And far less expensive.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three safe, lovely tints, at all drug and department stores.

May we send you Kleenex—free?
MPC-9

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to:

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Address..

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JEANETTE LOFF—UNIVERSAL STAR

Sh-h-h----------!

(a secret!)

Not a soul will know just *what* you have done to make your hair so lovely! Certainly nobody would *dream* that a single shampooing could add such beauty—such delightful lustre—such exquisite soft tones!

A secret indeed—a beauty specialist's secret! But you may share it, too! Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample!

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Golden Glint Shampoo in addition to cleansing, gives your hair a "tiny-tint" —a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But how it does bring out the true beauty of your own individual shade of hair!)

J. W. KOBI CO.
603 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City __________ State __________

Color of my hair ____________________

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SAFE TO REMOVE

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CORNS

One drop deadens pain, dries up callus

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns. No more paring that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with an amazing liquid which acts like a local anaesthetic. Deadens pain in 3 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort . . . instantly!

Soon the corn shrivels up and loosens. You peel it off with your fingers. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Results are guaranteed.

"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

I Don't Like—To Interview

(Continued from page 69)

whether he is very strong." Or, "He is intelligent and a genius—but not handsome," he will certainly have a tantrum, then and there, and rush to the publicity department to demand that they bar you from the lot. Or take immediate steps toward your complete extermination.

Anything less than a superlative is taken as an insult. And there are so few superlatives!

I don't like to interview people who are too intelligent. I once spent three hours with Milton Sills and he talked about psycho-analysis. It was one of the most interesting afternoons I have ever experienced. But when I left I realized abruptly, that I hadn't the vestige of a story about Milton for my magazine. And I had to slink back a day or two later and do the interview!

Then there are the people who are afraid. Afraid of publicity, of the public, afraid—for goodness' sake—even of me! (I suppose that *should* flatter me. Well, it does, just a little.)

Shrinking Violets

THESE timorous, shrinking darlings shudder fearfully with each syllable they utter, inquire anxiously whether you think "this" would offend anyone—and then produce, in a choked whisper, some such revolutionary remark as, "I like avocados better than radishes." They want the story to be, as Ronald Colman once remarked, "Dignified—and safe!" Which would mean that nobody would read it.

They will tell you things sometimes—interesting things which folks would love to read—prefacing their confidences with, "This is not for publication." And there you are. Sunk.

That is one of the most disheartening things an interviewer can hear. "I'd like to tell you something—if you won't print it!"

I don't like the people who want to see the story before it goes to the editor. Nobody ever lets them see one—except very rarely, by special arrangement—but it is annoying, somehow, to have them *want* to, however innocuous the story may be. I can't explain why it is annoying. It just is.

I don't like to interview people who affect to be bored with being interviewed. After a press-agent has pursued you for days, trying to persuade you to do a story with his client and you have acquiesced at last, partly because the press-agent has worn you down, partly because you couldn't find a better story and you were short for that month and partly because—oh, well, just because!—it is a trifle irritating to find the subject of the interview almost too bored to say a word.

Imaginary Interviews

NOT that I blame them for being bored! I'm talking about what I don't like. And I don't like to interview those people.

Any interviewer knows what I mean. You dicker for days for the appointment. Then, for one reason or another, you make a late start to the studio and are subsequently arrested for speeding on your way there. You arrive, panting and disheveled, but on time, only to be told by a suave publicity man that your victim has 'phoned that he "will be a few minutes late" and will you please sit down and wait?

An hour or so later, the actor strolls in, greets you with a casual apology and looks at you inquiringly.

"Now, just what was it you wanted to know?" he asks, in an encouraging tone.

Oh, *dear!* You didn't want to know *anything!* You haven't the slightest curiosity about this sleek human being opposite you. His press-agent has assured you that this person "has a great story." But he hasn't, apparently, told the actor what it is. You chat for a few moments, trying to find out on what, if any, subject he can talk interestingly.

Then he comes up with a bright idea. (I know I've mentioned this before—but it's one of my phobias.) He says, "Why don't you just run on home and write anything you want to? I'll trust you to make me say something really clever——"

Pretty Poses

I ALSO view with suspicion the people who have their pictures taken in the act of scrambling eggs or cutting roses or romping with the kiddies on the beach or pursuing any other prettily domestic pastime. They are the ones who roll their eyes heavenward and murmur, "My dear mother! She is *such* a help to me—." And so on.

Honestly, they still do that! One did it at me only last week. Maybe it's true. But it doesn't seem the sort of thing one discusses, somehow. I always have a feeling that such people have something rather dreadful to hide. Probably they at least nurse a suppressed desire to strangle "Dear Mother" from time to time. Probably a little strangling would improve her. I'll bet a nickel she is the sort of mother who sits in on interviews!

I feel about those people very much as I do about the individual who has his picture taken with a book. And maybe a pipe. And a woolly dog. I am instantly convinced that he can't read, that tobacco makes him very ill and that he is secretly addicted to vivisection. There is just something about them—.

I don't like the Press-tea givers, who look upon interviewers as necessary evils, gather them together, try to kill them off with Hollywood gin, and dispense a few kind words to each in turn.

I don't like the pompous people. The ones who persist in making Statements to the Press. The ones who enquire, "Have you a pencil?" apparently expecting you to whisk out a thick pad of paper and write busily and reverently as they produce their momentous opinions. Of course, I haven't a pencil! And the only piece of paper I have about me is my parking ticket. I know what they're going to say, anyhow.

An Old, Old Story

THEY will begin, "You may say for me—ahem!—that motion pictures are still in their infancy. Heh! Heh! That remark is a bit trite, I know. But it is *true!* No one can possibly fathom the possibilities and potentialities of this new art. Now I, as an exponent of this—" And so on. And on. I don't need any pencil. I can recite that speech glibly, myself, with all the gestures.

And I *don't* like the people who, when I come to see them for the first time, gaze at me in startled dismay and cry, "*You're* not the one who is going to interview me!"

It's disconcerting, that's what it is! When you have tried for a long, long time to achieve the bearing and manner of a dignified lady journalist. When you are wearing that neat cloth suit, purchased for the express purpose of impressing interviewees with the fact that you are business-like and efficient and all those things. When you have carefully put on your more intellectual expression just before entering the room. Then to have them obviously look upon you as a chit—and not a very bright chit, either—is most depressing.

So there!

The Most Dangerous Moment of My Life

(Continued from page 94)

One of the shots had winged him on the ear and the blood was running down the side of his face in a torrent. All at once the road in front of us seemed to go dark. It wasn't that our lights had failed. It was the searchlights of the pursuing guards flooding through our back curtain. It made the road ahead appear dim in comparison.

Shots were dropping on the back of our car like rain by this time. Not high up on the back (where there would have been a chance of our being hit), but down low on the rear. We could hear the dull thud of the blunt-nosed bullets as they continued to thump into the rear end. Bill yelled something about the tires. That was it! They were attempting to put the *car* out of commission. How we prayed for those tires to hold out. Then it happened. Just a stray shot, perhaps, but it did the work.

The Unhappy Ending

A RESOUNDING report . . . like a 12-inch shell landing in the front lines. The tires! I knew it was the tires before the car started to swerve . . . bend over to the edge of the road . . . back to the opposite side.

Bill was doing his best to keep it upright. Then, as if it might be a dying body, the car lurched and spun to the edge of the highway and hurtled its heavy mass through the white picket-fence that lined the road. Smash! A huge tree had got in our way. Then all was quiet.

"Jump! Follow me!" yelled Bill, as the car stopped in its dizzy careening.

And I did jump—out into the open and away from the car. We plunged into the dense wooded section directly in front of us and were swallowed up in a twinkling. But not a moment too soon. Just as we darted into the thickest of it, we could hear the groaning of heavy brakes as the police cars came to a halt. Keeping well under cover, we doubled back in the direction from which our car had approached the scene. The men on the road were firing into the woods at random, and some of them were making fairly good guesses. So good, in fact, that we decided to cross the road. We made the crossing about three hundred yards to the rear of the police cars and entered the woods opposite to where our car lay wrecked against the tree. If the officers had seen the "lady" as "she" crossed the road, they would have had to laugh before they shot. I had lost the veil in transit and was quite the red-haired boy by now.

It Taught Him a Lesson

YES, we got back to Boston all right. But we had lost our load on the first trip I ever made and it taught me a lesson. I always used *hard* rubber tires! No shooting up the rubber for me. And when I made my trips in the future, I always took a real lady when I wanted companionship.

That ends the telling of the most dangerous moment of my life. And it *was* dangerous, too! More dangerous than most of the thrillers you have seen in the movies. The reason I didn't keep on with the racket was the fact that I was in it primarily for the adventure. I need not tell you that the man who stays in it for any other reason is a dyed-in-the-wool criminal.

At present, as I have said, I am an actor in Hollywood. How long I shall remain, I don't know. Maybe I shall return to the New York stage. The one thing I would rather do than anything else in the world would be to buy myself an island in the middle of the briny deep, where I would be the lord and master of all I could survey.

LAUGH...

I thought I'd die!

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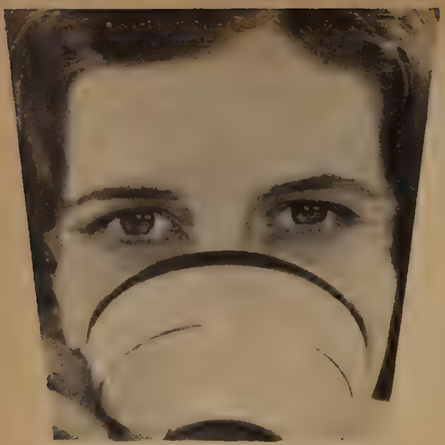

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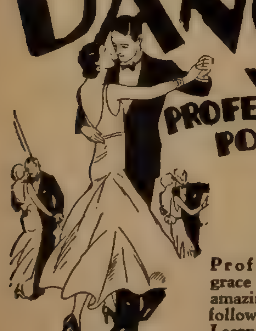

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They're All Talking At Last

(*Continued from page 48*)

can't cook. I can't keep house. I can't add up accounts. I can't stenog. I can't sew. I was about as blue as that color ever was.

All Talking of a Sudden

"THEN I did a short subject for Bryan Foy. He talked about me. The ball began to roll. Other people talked. Offers grew, where no offers had been before. The tide had turned, as the tide will, over a mere pebble. I played in 'The Drag' with Barthelmess and I got my break, dating from that. Now I have a contract. My first picture under the contract, 'Under Western Skies.' I seem to be all set for the moment. And I'm so interested in my work that I can hardly think about anything else. I'd like to be in the studio morning, noon and night. I put so much into it that when I go home I'm hollow. It just about compensates me for all the other things—unhappy things. . . things that have gone wrong or have never come right. Everything.

"I'm almost afraid to take my work *too* seriously, to let it mean too much to me. I'm afraid I might become one of those who go about saying, throatily, 'Errr, did you see me in my last production—I—I—'

"I don't *think* I'll ever get that way, but you never can tell. I stay away from most public demonstrations, parties, openings and so on. If anyone points me out in a crowd, or on the street, I'm horribly embarrassed. I don't know how to meet 'my Public.' I don't know what to do or to say.

"And I don't think I'll get that way, because too many other things in my life are wrong for me to become complacent. Everything is all scattered and messy. Jim and I separated . . . I *don't* think it was Hollywood that did it, by the way . . . The baby back and forth between us, not understanding . . . My mother and father separated, and also scattered . . . None of us together . . . Nothing *whole.*

Plans That Went Awry

"OH, I don't know . . . I used to think that I could do anything I wanted with my life, that I could have what I wanted, be what I wanted to be. Everything seemed so simple, so orderly, so easy.

"I made plans. I planned to take a college course and really know something. Money matters were tight and I had to work. I planned, when I was first married, to give up the screen, have children, be really domestic and homey. Things went wrong there. I couldn't do it. Nothing seems to come out as we plan it, scheme for it. Nothing is the way we think it is going to be, or want it to be. We are, some of us, at any rate, the victims of circumstances too strong for us.

"I've given up thinking. I've given up planning *anything.* I haven't a thought or a conviction about anything on earth, least of all myself or my own future. It doesn't interest me. I just want to work, to have fun between whiles and to let events shape their course as they will.

"I'm not making any more futile predictions. I may marry again . . . I don't think I will as I feel at the moment. I seem to have no need whatsoever of any male companionship in my life. Love is probably important—it must be, considering the havoc it can cause—but it isn't important to *me*—to-day. To-morrow? Who knows? Who cares? Not I! I rather think I'd like to make enough money to adopt some children and have the kind of home I want. I may even change about that . . . I DON'T KNOW is my slogan at present. To-morrow it may change . . .

The Sin That Is a Law

"I THINK Hollywood causes people to have one very deadly sin—*the sin of having to be nice to everybody.*

"It *is* deadly—to have to be nice, no matter how you feel. Never to be yourself, or seldom. To violate natural impulses, if they do not coincide with the pretty picture you must everywhere and all the time paint of yourself.

"Who *wants* to be nice to everyone all of the time? There are times when you feel like calling your best friend names she wouldn't care to hear. But no actress dares do it . . .

"Anyone else, in any other position may get away with it. A waitress, for instance, can drop a poached egg in your lap and you will be momentarily annoyed at her clumsiness. You will not go about nursing a grudge, spreading the news that Tillie is temperamental, a heel and a virago. But let an actress go on the set and fail to turn on the broad expansive smile, as one turns on an electric light, and immediately it flashes over the country that she has the high-hat, the swell-head, the swollen Ego, and any other term that comes to mind. No one would ever pause to consider that her stomach might be out of order or that the baby had the mumps or something.

Perpetual Acting

"WE have to be nice to everyone, every minute of the day and night. Nice to electricians, chauffeurs, producers, fellow-players, dressmakers, doctors, dentists, authors, the Press, friends and those who are not friends. Even the solace of being able to dig in, when we feel low, is not always possible. We have to act all the time, day and night, for our personal maid as much as for our most distant Public. It's hard. Perhaps I feel that way about it today, because, perhaps, I'm losing my disposition. I used to be perpetually sunny. I feel rather cloudy to-day."

Lila is growing up. She is suffering growing pains. "Cuddles" is gone away, never to return. Dreams have turned a nightmare face. Laughter is broken up with tears. Santa Claus is a hired down-and-outer with a rented beard. Toys are painted wood and tinsel and do not come alive. And out of the whilom wreckage of that springing faith of first youth is emerging a woman who may well become a great dramatic artist.

Lila is only saying, only thinking what countless others have said and thought before her, and will say and think after her . . . What Wordsworth thought, when he wrote:

"*Whither is fled the visionary gleam?*
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The talkies killed Low-Brow Comedy.
Was it justifiable homicide?
Was it time that we stopped laughing at pie-throwing, sit-spot falls, polka-dot underwear, et cetera?
Mack Sennett, who ought to know, will tell you in the October Open Court of

— Motion Picture CLASSIC —

All To The Hoke

(*Continued from page 65*)

creep out into the town's soda fountains, parking stations and such. And from this town, it's gradually spreading all over. Grocers and service-station men in Herrin, Illinois (that quiet little resort town), soon, I suspect, will be dressed in pink combinations or snappy orange and green costumes, with a smile and a 'yes sir' or 'modom is right' for everyone. The studios, however, started it.

The studios also started the form of architecture that has Hollywood by the throat. Buildings that have all the earmarks of Moorish love-nests turn out, upon closer examination, to house businesses no more romantic than tire-repairing or rug-renovating. No enterprise, say the builders, is too humble for arty trimmings. They point to studio sets as examples of the beauty that can be put into buildings at little or no cost. The fact that these sets are temporary things, built for a month at the most, doesn't seem to bother them. So up go a dozen "We Fix Flats" shops, with their fronts in the Byzantine manner and their backs—we won't speak of the backs. We're not supposed to see them anyway.

Hamburgers De Looks

THE romance of the films has even oozed into our hamburger shops. "Drive in," say signs all over town, "and let us serve you in your car." And that's just what they do. "And how!" as the expression is, and has been for the past ten years. Barely inside the places, we are charged by a dozen or so gals wearing (and this is straight) pink pants, green jackets, wide floppy Spanish hats and a thousand spangles, all in the approved movie manner. We don't quite know what they're supposed to represent. Spanish pirates, maybe. That makes us pieces of eight. At least they've come, we learn, to take our orders. Eventually we receive our hamburgers. But the excitement has been too much. We can't eat. Instead, we simply gaze at these ravishing creatures in their ravishing pants. Sometimes, we reflect, life is too wonderful.

And ah!—the churches. A religious person like myself is nearly ashamed to go to a Hollywood church on Sunday. It's too much fun. It's too much, to come right out with it, like a movie. For instance: an attendant parks your car; an usher shows you to your seat with a professional flourish; an organist every bit as good as Jesse Crawford performs at a console equal, in every way, to the ones at movie palaces, even to the point of raising and lowering; there is a number by the choir (short subject); the reading of announcements (comedy); a film or pageant (prologue), and a nice tasteless sermon (feature) to send us home smiling. "Come next Sunday," reads an announcement (trailer) thrust in our hand by a young and sleek doorman (whom we'd swear to be Nils Asther), "and learn the secret of wealth and happiness." And as an added attraction, there may be an open discussion of the latest axe-murder, under the racy caption: "Should Wives Tell?" Will we go next Sunday? We aren't sure yet. There's a pretty good show at the Orpheum, too—

The Classy Working Class

OUT this way, in fact, the very air is charged with the movies. Our milkmen go open at the throat, and ride their carts for all the world like cinema caballeros in full chase. Our speed cops, booted and spurred, and conscious of the drama, frighten little boys who ride their bikes on the sidewalks into realizing the enormity of

(*Continued on page 103*)

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I tell you.

This is no time
For joking, Clarinda.

I'm dizzy, woman,
Woozy, misconfuddled.

In short, where am I?
Afoot or horseback,
Going or coming,
Right side up,
Or inside out?

My eyes hurt,
My head's hot—

In fact, I'm hot all over.

I don't *want* an ice-bag.
I *insist*, Clarinda.

And I don't want
Any cold towels
Or sassafras tea
Or vinegar and brown sugar.

There's only one relief
From hokum—
And that's a clarifier.

Quick, Clarinda, run down
To the corner and get me
A nice big dose
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The Americano From Milano

(*Continued from page 52*)

opera singers in general or against him personally. No wonder the Italians took him to their hearts. He has warmth and humanness in his philosophy; and they ring out in his voice.

When he speaks of places in Europe, he always pronounces them perfectly, with the accent called for by the language; to me an annoying habit in an American or an Englishman, nearly always springing from a desire to show off. But Everett is quite unself-conscious about it, and it even adds to his charm.

Not up from the Bottom

HERE, conspicuous among Everett's remarks to me, is what I consider to be the most incredible thing ever said by an operatic star. If I hadn't heard it with my own ears, I would not believe it myself:

"I should never have reached the top if I had started at the bottom, if I had not been subsidized.

"It seems as if everybody wants to be a star at the Metropolitan. The competition is terrific. There have been those who got somewhere after starting in the chorus or in small bits—but it practically never happens. The only way is to wait until one's voice is properly trained and really ready for the big things; and then to have still enough money to be able to wait, and wait, until a real chance comes along.

"Mr. Raskob interested himself in me and sent me to England. I spent a year there, doing nothing except studying voice culture. Then I went to Italy. I spent six months intensively learning the language, in Milano, and then started learning operas. I didn't try to get a job until I knew fourteen operas. Then, finally, I got a chance to be heard, and I was engaged to sing 'Traviata,' 'Forza del Destino,' 'Trovatore,' 'Favorita' and 'Pagliacci' at Palermo. From there I went to Torino and to numerous other cities. The Scala at Milano, where I studied, was about the only big opera I never sang at in Italy.

"I had enough money to live on comfortably while I was waiting and studying. Also, I worked very hard. I did very little of the drinking and carousing with Milano's American and English colony of opera-aspirants. I felt there was only one way to get on; time was passing by, as time will, and I had to be showing results.

A Second Hollywood

"THE American colony in Milano is strangely like the colony of extras and film-aspirants in Hollywood, from what I have been told about the latter. The petty jealousy among its members is indescribable. If you do get a part to sing in the opera, all the colony sit over their drinks at the cafés, waiting to hear how you got on. If you succeeded, they start suggesting that you paid the opera management to get the part. They never give anybody credit for succeeding by hard work, because the enormous majority of them are lazy themselves. It takes terrific work to get into the opera—either that, or a terrific amount of money. Many Americans in Milano pay heavily for the privilege of appearing once at the Scala, even in just a small part, because it means so much to them to write home, enclosing clippings, showing their names in the cast. But such a way into the opera never gets anybody a permanent position.

"Getting in by your own efforts is tremendously difficult. But it can be done. I know, because I did it. When I finally sang at an audition at Milano, my voice was thoroughly trained, I could speak Italian perfectly, and if ever I was to be ready for leading parts I was ready then. I started off by singing leads and have never sung anything else.

Where Hope Springs Eternal

"THERE are thousands of Americans in Milano, all trying to get into opera. They are mostly people of rather a tough type—and they have to be, to stand the disappointments as long as they do. It is hard for the men, and impossible for the women, to make any headway unless they are pretty tough. Most of them have plenty of money to live on—otherwise they could not stay there, as there is nothing at all to be made out of small-part work, even if they can get any. They are all attracted, I suppose, by the glamour of the opera. They would give all they possessed to sing a leading part just once, most of them.

"The strange thing is that all the petty jealousy from fellow-aspirants that I ever had shown me was from my own countrymen. Never a suggestion of it did I get from Italians with whom I sang in Italian opera-houses, even though I might have the best part in the opera. I suppose this was because I took the trouble to learn their language so that I could speak naturally and fluently with them, and because I always tried to see their point of view. One has only to be a good fellow with the Italians, and show that one does not look down on them, to have them as friendly as could be. I'm not trying to blacken Americans in general, however; the colony in Milano was hardly representative.

"I had been singing for several months in various Italian operas when I received an offer from the Metropolitan, which, of course, I accepted gladly. The thing that amused me there was how the foreign element, comprising most of the artists, were somewhat disdainful of Americans who aspired to be singers. Still, I have always got along well at the Metropolitan."

Away from the Claques

I ASKED Marshall whether he would miss the audiences, now that he's working in talkies.

"There are two sides to that," he said. "I suppose I shall miss the *bona fide* audience; but certainly I shall shed no tears at being separated from that institution, found in all opera houses, known as the claque.

"Yet there is a thing I can pride myself on; I never paid a cent for applause. When the leaders of the claques come to me, I treat them with extreme politeness and say that I am sorry, but if I cannot have people applaud me for my work, I would rather have no applause at all. That means, of course, that one starts out with a section of the audience ready to be antagonistic.

"The claque, I can assure you, is a thing to be treated with extreme tact and politeness. The only man I ever heard of who used different tactics was Chaliapin, who, when he made his début in Italy, kicked the leader of the claque down the stairs in front of the whole cast and a crowd of people. It got in the papers and added tenfold to his reception. But I haven't reached that stage.

"In the talkies, at least that burden will be off my shoulders. And I am going to enjoy the work, I can assure you. It gives one so much more scope for one's own personality than opera ever can.

"At the same time, I shall sing twelve weeks in opera every year, in addition to occasional concerts. Whatever John McCormack, who is not an operatic artist, anyhow, has to say about it, I am convinced opera will go on. There is just one thing that will make it live, even if there is nothing else; and that is the eternal desire of society people to see and be seen by each other."

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Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

Ruth Chatterton is expected to lead the Paramount Parade, topping even Clara Bow.

• • •

LITTLE Mitzi Green wants it understood that she is no relation to Harry Green, the actor. Mitzi's father's name is Keno, a former vaudevillian.

They like to kid Mitzi over on the Paramount lot about being Harry Green's little sister. The funny part of it is, she has a brother named Harry Green, who is in school in the East. "And I can't say I'm not Harry Green's sister," says Mitzi in exasperation, "when I am!"

• • •

SAN FRANCISCO and Los Angeles are supposed to be cities of great rivalry, but San Francisco (they shoot from the hip if you call it 'Frisco) makes no secret of her enthusiasm for Hollywood movie stars. And how she treats the visiting celebrities!

Usually they are met at the station by Mayor Rolph (who may be Governor of the State by the time you read this) and presented with the Key to the City. And that's no formal gesture—it means just that. They are even immune from speed tags and other nuisances.

• • •

A LITTLE tourist lady from back Iowa way furnished a lot of laughs in Jim's Beauty Parlor recently. It seems that she came there merely because she had heard Mary Pickford had her hair waved at the establishment. What she expected it to be was not quite clear, but she took a disdainful look about the shop, which looks just like any other beauty parlor, and turned up her nose. "Mary Pickford would never come in here," she insisted. "It isn't grand enough."

She had no more than got the words out of her mouth when Mary Pickford walked in.

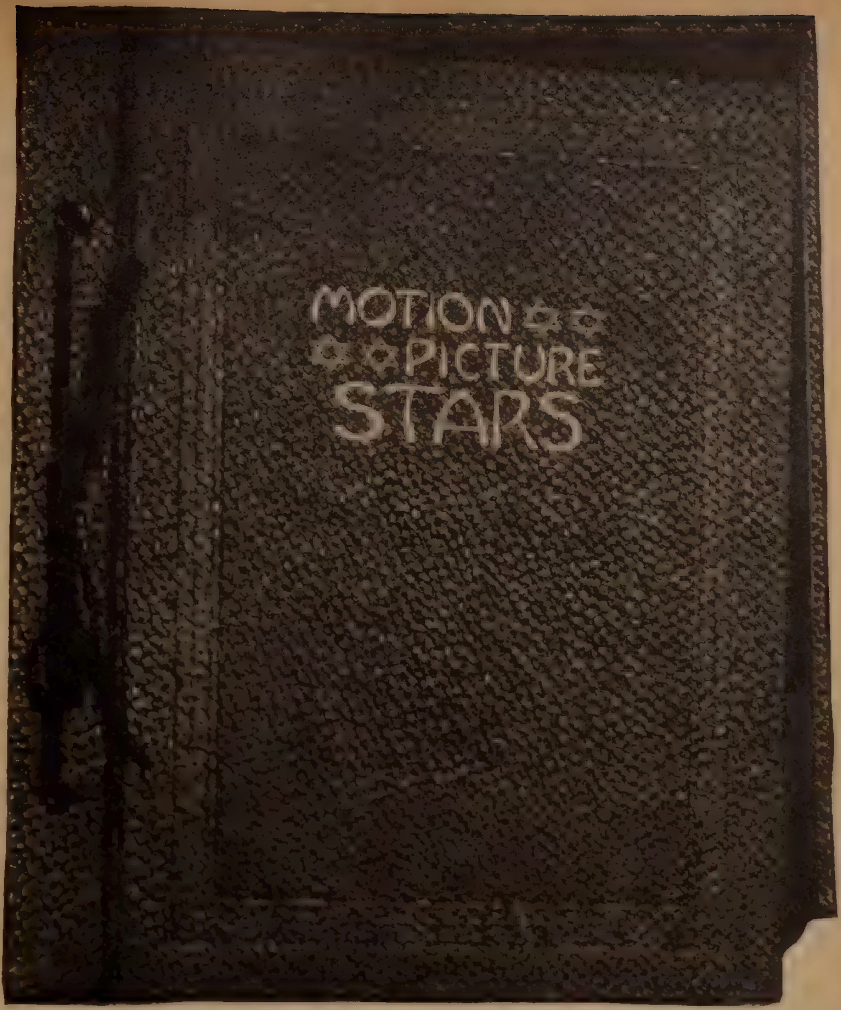
It took a facial and a massage to revive the skeptic.

All To The Hoke

(*Continued from page 101*)

their crime. Deliverymen, driving their straight eights and very grand in their whipcord uniforms, try their utmost to convince this rather tame little village that the movies have changed everything. Doormen are everywhere. And don't think for a moment that the Hollywood doorman isn't just a little more haughty and marvelously groomed than the one you'll see at the picture to-night. It would be a sad commentary indeed if Hollywood, where they show the world just how doormen and butlers and footmen should act, couldn't put on a better show itself.

And now since talkies, our tendency to go theater is even more pronounced. We've learned to time our actions and speech. "The filet," say our butchers, with eyes cast down, "are—" (Here they pause, to give us a chance to catch the full significance of what's to follow. Then looking us full in the face, and using a richly modulated voice, they conclude)—"*excellent!*" Having given their all, they then seem to sink back exhausted. We, in turn, take the filet, and in spite of knowing better are very apt to purr: "Thank you, my good man!" Just, say, as Ronald Colman or Clive Brook might put it. Oh, the movies have got us in this man's town. We're all in pictures—whether we get our checks or not.



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before
after

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Girl Going Up

(*Continued from page 70*)

gave her the test—and a contract. And a ticket to Hollywood. And most generous of all, a home in Beverly Hills with Mrs. Zanuck and himself.

Too, aside from four pictures in three months, he also gave her plenty to do *re* the English language. For Lotti, although she sang "Sweet Annabel Lee" with no accent, just knew the words! She had no idea of their meaning or their mates. So she was enrolled in the Berlitz School, where she studied to such good effect that after only four months her accent is fading like the violets of Parma. More, she now thinks in English.

Thinking to Succeed

SHE thinks. She thinks, it must be observed, a great deal. Especially about success, about succeeding. It was this constant need that carried her through those long days when, sick to tears for home and mother, she was learning our speech via such pieces as "As a Stranger I Came Among You," "When the Blackbirds Sing Their Latest," and that classic which runs:

America, I love you,
Loved you from the start.
Your shores have bid me welcome
To warm my homesick heart.
I love your broad acres,
I love your buildings tall,
I love your men and women,
God bless you one and all!

Most any alien, I'm thinking, might have been excused a severe emotional cramp after such a lingual diet. But not Lotti. Clear speech is necessary for success. And that was what she has come for—to make good. "Make good"—"make good"—"make good" runs through her conversation like an iron thread in a silken tapestry. And after her hit in "See Naples and Die," and the promise she gives in Viña Delmar's "A Soldier's Plaything" opposite Ben Lyon, she seems on the threshold of achieving her weesh.

The Price of Glory

"EET is veray hard work," she assured me. "I nevair thought eet would be so hard. I have only sleep one houair now in two days. See the circales under my eyes?" She indicated two faint smudges, little sisters of those of the usual Hollywood gal, beneath her moist brown eyes. "And my feet! In Budapest I wear a size four shoe. In New York four and a half—and here a five! I am getting beeg feet!"

"Perhaps you're sorry you left the Continent?" I suggested (just a suggestive old meanie). "You miss your home—and those feet—and the hard work—and, ahem, the beer here is so—"

"Oh, no! No! No! The work is veray hard, I know. The othair day when I was all wet in the clothes at seex o'clock and the weend was blowing, I theenk gosh I nevair work so hard before. But I weel do eet. I must make good. I weel make good!"

Her sincerity and bright determination made me feel as if I had teased an earnest little spaniel intent upon some shining bauble. I felt fatherly as Eddie Cantor. Fatherly. And me still having to leave the room when my sister has a new story. But Lotti is like that. A charming leetle keedie whom social Hollywood has taken to eets bosom as I nevair (that stuff is catching recall its having taken another.

Not for Patting

SHE has a lorgnette from which dang tokens and trinkets from half the nam in town. Even while I was with her, a tir bell, scrolled with an infinitesimal shamroc arrived from Vivien Oakland. Lotti pleasure aged my attitude to a gran father's. I would have patted her on th head except that her headdress wasn't th kind that one pats.

And then, despite Lotti's wide-eye gaiety and gurgling pleasure at each ne manifestation of Celluloid Boulevard good-will, one somehow has the impressio that she is rather like that headdres Awfully pretty, but not exactly pattabl She is cute, but no cutie. She is too vigorou and straight-glanced, as different fro Paramount's new German importatio Marlene Dietrich, as the piquant cockta hour is from a blonde, voluptuous noo And there is the ever-present knowledg that seated in Lotti's athletic young body i a determination like an ancient, invulnerable sword. Make good—no foolishness—make good—no foolishness—make good. . .

Make good here. New York she found too loud, and she feels that it would b impossible to return to Europe a failure, a did poor little Eva von Berne. "I am s well known there—eet would keel me t have to go back admeeting that I was no good enough. I must make good! I must Everyone here is so kind to me, they all love me so—and everyone back there expect s much of me. I weel work and work an work! I weel make good!"

Hurdling the Barriers

SENSATIONAL as has been her progress, her task has been no sinecure. Anything but. Her test by Zanuck was the first time she ever had appeared before a camera. She never before had acted. "I only seeng my leetle songs, and weegle my arms like this. You know, be cute?" And een addeetion there ees the language hurdle.

But she apparently has taken both barriers with that stride which seems the peculiar property of a determined female. Director Michael Curtiz is finding her extremely competent, dramatically; and already, with English all but licked, she is beginning to study Spanish and French. Make good—make good—make good. . .

"Een Germany I go to every peecture show. Eef there was a movie, there was I. I nevair thought I would be an actress—but how I used to admire Butty Rogairs and Mary Peekford and Doglas Fairbanks! Oh, Doglas Fairbanks! But you know—" her voice lowered confidentially and she looked around for a chance eavesdropper from the Front Office—"before getting to New York I nevair heard of John Barrymore!"

"Congratulations!" I beamed, a matriarch at least.

"But you won't put that een the newspaper?" she asked anxiously. "You know—" her voice trailed away and she looked down at her lap. "You know—"

I knew. Play safe—work hard—offend no one, by even so slight a detail as admitting ignorance of the existence of an influential man—make good. Go up. Up. Up to where the stars are!

**When talkies first came, they looked like a menace.
Hollywood was caught unprepared.
Other "menaces" are on the way.
What are they?
Where are they?
Don't miss "Menaces of the Movies," starting in next month's**

— — Motion Picture CLASSIC — —

Black and White Read and Write

(*Continued from page 8*)

winter months and witness the swishing streams of Canada or Alaska, laden with trout and salmon, rushing to their destination at sea level.

But now, practically everything in the scenic line is gone. Evidently nature in her more demure ways does not make enough noise for the talkie. Whatever the cause, I make a plea that I hope will find listeners:

Give us scenics, one or two-reel scenics. We want pictures of the north woods; pictures of Alaskan snows; scenes of Norwegian fjords; glimpses of majestic Mont Blancs. Whether you present them silent or with a musical accompaniment, at least, you heads that be, give us scenics. *Earl J. Gagnon*

A Downright Insult

San Francisco, Cal.

"With Byrd at the South Pole" is the most astounding historical drama ever filmed—yet it is also the most flagrant insult to American intelligence ever given by any producer.

Byrd tells us that 30 miles (over 159,000 feet of film) were "shot" by his two brave cameramen—yet the producers believe that the theater-going public will only stomach about 10,000 feet of the astonishing Antarctic epic, every foot of which is crammed with novelty, adventure and thrills never before pictured in any film.

Is this not a slur—this belief that the public could not sit through more than a short hour of that marvelous drama? What became of the other 149,000 feet of film? It is probably preserved for posterity—but we, the people of today, would sit for days to view every single foot of its dazzling magnificence—but the supreme minds think that we must be satisfied with a niggardly hour of picture and then depart with heavy hearts—resentful that we could not have seen more details of Byrd's vivid Antarctic drama. *Getson Willets*

See "The Big House" And Learn Conditions

Louisville, Ky.

Our penitentiaries are now full to overflowing and it is high time that the public learn something about the existing conditions in and the conduct of such institutions.

See Chester Morris in "The Big House" for inside information. You'll also learn from the acting of Morris and Wallace Beery that there is a code of honor among convicts which calls for courage, honor and loyalty raised to the *N*th power.

This film visualizes the densely crowded conditions of our penal institutions, thus showing the necessity of putting a youthful first offender in the same cell with hardened criminals. It shows the mess at which food, not fit for a dog, is slopped out to human beings. It also shows the leaders of the gang being placed in practically airtight dungeons there to suffer cruel and inhuman tortures, the infliction of which is a disgrace to our muchly vaunted civilization.

My sincere wish is that every senator, congressman and legislator in this country see this enlightening movie, for after seeing it, our lawmakers will surely take steps to right such deplorable conditions.

Lee Hamilton

He Didn't Know Better

(*Continued from page 51*)

seventy-year-old *maestro* looking at me, studying me, wondering at my kiddish arrogance and my pride in what at best was a mediocre voice.

"Finally, he said, 'I'll take you. It will be a long hard pull . . . for you, a heartbreaking one in many ways. You will study, study, study. You shall sing scales, and nothing but scales, for years. We shall see what we can do with that voice of yours.'"

Those who knew the kindly Alberti, who had coached the great of music, including Caruso, say he came to love this "greenhorn" kid, Fred Scott. For two years he drilled the gold out of that voice, bringing out all the charm and depth of its miraculous range, sweetening and softening the clear notes of the tenor. Had the old man lived, he would have breathed with pride to know that Fred Scott, his little country boy, had been chosen of them all to support the American prima donna, Mary Lewis, in her first singing picture, that he had "clicked" in a picture called "Swing High," that the Pathé studio had put him under contract on the strength of the beauty of his voice.

But unlike the story-books, all this did not happen in a day.

Vocal Boy Makes Good

FOR one thing, Fred drifted in and out of extra work in silent pictures. Now and then he got a part, too small to bring him to contract attention. The radio provided a much more lucrative source of income. Fred and three other boys established a quartet that was in great demand with the advertising programs. Incidentally, they made excellent money, so much of it that for a while Fred forgot pictures

"A quartet is a great commercial proposition," he explained. "We had more offers than we could fill. The radio and various local stage productions kept us busy, and I enjoyed the life. I was not fretting that I was making no headway as an actor. I am a singer. When I can sing, I am happy."

The first studio to recognize Fred's unusual voice, and its talking picture possibilities, was Fox. They put him under a six-months' contract about the time Helen Twelvetrees was signed. He did a few "shorts" in that time, and sang a casual theme-song for a dramatic picture; outside of that, he merely hung around. He was not exactly happy with the contract and when Pathé offered him a bigger opportunity, with a larger salary, he jumped at it.

An Operatic Jazz Singer

SPEAKING of grand opera, he believes it should be heard and not seen.

"It is one of the incongruous things of life to listen to the glorious voices of the opera stars and have to look at their panting girdles as they warble romantic and passionate love songs. I suppose it sounds like sacrilege, but grand opera is a very over-estimated thing to most of us. I do not believe it is music at its best. Certainly, it is not the *mood* of music at its best. For one thing, the staging is too unreal and ineffective.

Some People Have All The Luck

They either inherit a million,
Or know how to make one—

They are born with good looks,
Or know how to acquire them—

They know how to diet,
Or have a figure already—

They have Push and Pull
Or their friends do—

They don't have to live
Fifty miles from nowhere—

They can see the world
Without joining the Navy—

They see all the good shows
Miss all the poor ones—

They can talk about movie stars
As if they knew them—

They know Who's Who
And Who's Whose—

They can talk about Hollywood
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ALVERÈ, Dept. K-19, 799 Broadway, New York City.

The Panic Is Over

(*Continued from page 63*)

told so often of its dumbness, Hollywood believed itself half-wit. But to its surprise, when the chance came, the silent players and directors and technicians gave more to the talkies than the stage crew. The change in medium was less vast. The veterans were more adaptable.

For one reason, or another, the Broadway imports didn't click in the studios. Of course, there were exceptions, especially in the musical field. But these, like all exceptions, merely proved the rule.

Of the players, not more than a score have definitely delivered. And strange to say, these successes have emanated from the most unexpected sources. One of the outstanding examples is Ruth Chatterton, who was not going so well in the theater, following a series of appearances in plays which not even the most optimistic yes-man might call smash hits: "La Tendresse," "Changelings," "The Magnolia Lady." Another is Jack Oakie, small-time in the theater —but what a wow on the screen. Fredric March is still another. And Frankie Fay. There are a few more—lamentably few.

Most of Them Went Back

A FEW of the playwrights remained, notably Jimmy Gleason. But the versatile James acts, writes, directs or produces, as the spirit moves him, and may not be considered a criterion. Among the names that meant something to the theater are those of John Colton, George Abbott and Sidney Howard. But it is more likely that these gentlemen will divide their time between stage and screen. Indeed, there is evidence of an overlapping, through which productions for Broadway will emanate from Hollywood, rather than the other way 'round.

Perhaps the biggest busts were the stage directors. A pretty chesty lot they were at first, and made the local boys as nearly miserable as a Hollywood director can be. But as soon as the home-town boys got onto their curves, it was easy to see they hadn't so much on the ball after all.

The boys who did buy patios and poloponies with their Hollywood gold were the song-writers—the words-and-music men, the librettists and dance directors, and the rest of the tired-business-men-amusers. They went big. And they're still playing Fox against the wolf at the door. Althoug recent reports indicate that for the time, a least, the musical shows and revues are ou of favor, both in Main Stem movie house and out where the hollyhocks drape th outdoor telephone booths.

Housecleaning Is Over

IN the musical show-world even the grea Gershwin, and Berlin, himself, wen Hollywood in a nice way. And, the greates threat of all to Broadway, Florenz Ziegfeld, Georgie White, Arthur Hammerstein the firms of Schwab and Mandel, Aarons and Freedley—the first line producers of this type of entertainment—showed definite interest in creating for the screen. But, here, too, the chances are that the defection may not be too permanent.

So after all, it seems that good comes from evil. If, indeed, the coming of the talkies and the resultant chaos may be so referred to. Without doubt, Hollywood needed to rake out its furnace and shake some of the clinkers loose. Some of the old favorites fell by the wayside. But can you name them? If not, it proves they're not so sadly missed. And that it was about time for their numbers to come up.

If the talkies have deprived us, temporarily, of the mighty Jannings, they have given us that *très charmant* Chevalier, for keeps. And Emil may come back, if he pays attention to his language lessons. In fact, there is a tale current that January, 1931, will see him with us again.

Like two adversaries who have found one another worthy opponents, the theater and the studios seem to have shaken hands. And the amusement-seeking public profits. Together they will defend the field of entertainment from encroachment, and already an interchangeability seems evident.

The time will come when Hollywood stars will come East to appear in the theater. When plays written in Hollywood by movie folk will be shown on the boards before appearing on the screen. When Broadway and the Western boulevards will house one big, happy family, with the Shuberts and the Warners bucking Wall street together in utter peace and harmony. When there will be a prosperity unprecedented in show-business.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 82*)

110 pounds. Latest picture, *Let Us Be Gay*. **Robert Montgomery**, we have just learned, is married to **Elizabeth Allen** and has been for two years. **Ruth Chatterton** and **Clive Brook** are playing in *The Better Wife*, Paramount. **Chester Morris** in *The Bat Whispers*. **David Durand**, who is nationally known as *Little Boy Blue* over the radio, plays an important rôle in *Live and Learn*, a Pathe two-reel comedy. **Young David** has five hundred and thirty-five radio and stage appearances to his credit and is said to be the first child to sing a theme song on the screen. Although **David**, who is eight years old, has played in motion pictures since an infant, he has never been an extra. He also has the reputation of being the youngest master of ceremonies, having served in that capacity during the broadcast of a Notre Dame–U. S. C. football game at the Coliseum when 78,000 people were present.

J. R.—So! you're paying your laundry bill by instalments, because that's the way you get your shirts back. Think I'll follow suit! **Marilyn Miller** was born in Evansville, Ind., Sept. 1, 1900. Her initial film production was *Sally*, a version of her most successful musical comedy. She is five feet three, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Has been married twice, to **Frank Carter** and **Jack Pickford.** Appearing in *Sunny*, First National Studios.

BROOKLYNITE.—Louis **Wolheim's** brother is very much alive. **Barry Norton** speaks Spanish, French and German. **Ruth Chatterton** speaks French as fluently as she does English. There are to be no Wampas stars mentioned for this year. The theme songs for *Our Dancing Daughters* were, I Loved You Then as I Love You Now, Lonely Little Bluebird and That's My Weakness Now. *Our Modern Maidens*, I've Waited a Lifetime for You and Should I. **Otis Skinner, Loretta Young** and **David Manners** have the leads in *Kismet*, First National Studios.

Facts and Figures

(*Continued from page 16*)

that wouldn't pay the cost of the Klan riders for four days. It has been shown almost continuously for sixteen years, being seen by over 55,000,000 people, and taking in $21,500,000. Now it is being fitted out with sound effects and talking prologue to start forth again. Griffith sat in a projection-room the other day, watching it, and wondered: "What will I have to do in 1946 to bring it up to date?"

SERIOUSLY, you must accord Cecil B. de Mille the merit of complete consistency. He has been producing spectacles so long that it pervades everything he does. There's his office bungalow on the M-G-M lot, said to have cost $22,000 to build and $30,000 to furnish. Four secretaries, a librarian, a publicity director and a couple of clerks. When C. B. goes to work, it is a parade. He moves first in golf trousers, carrying a walking stick beneath his arm. The head secretary next with a brief-case, followed by a sub-secretary.

BY the way, the censors' most humorous blow has been delivered. They are censoring *Mickey Mouse* and *Minnie* in three States. It seems that *Minnie* has been flaunting her lace-edged lingerie too much and that *Mickey* has been guilty of vulgarities. Both in a manner that cannot but be highly menacing to the law and order of the country at large.

IT'S odd how things turn upside down. When Carl Laemmle left his Wisconsin clothing store to open a picture theater and followed this with others, he ran into the producing trust. To be sure he could get pictures to show, he began production on his own account. But the big producers of today work the other way; to be sure of a market for their product they buy up and operate the theaters. Now it is said that more than 8,000 of the best houses of the country are in the hands of the big producers.

IN 1929, the studios turned out over a billion feet of film, which was sold to audiences in the United States and Canada for $1,560,000,000. That is, at just a little more than $1.50 a foot. So it is interesting to note that the average cost of "release prints"—which are what you see in the theater—is a fraction more than a cent a foot. Don't subtract the latter from the former, though, expecting the difference to be profit. It isn't. There is overhead, interest on investment, production cost, distribution cost and advertising to come out of that. But even so, the studios are not yet starving.

AND lest you also have inflated ideas about the big salaries of the movie business, absorb these facts and figures: There are 17,500 extras on the books of the Central Casting Bureau. The studios used just 252,000 of them last year, or 840 a day—which means that 16,660 were out of work each day. For the extras they used, the studios paid out $2,229,076, which, if split up among them all, works out to about 43 cents a day. How would you like to try to live on that in Hollywood?

Outdoor Life on the South Grounds of the Ambassador, Los Angeles

No Hotel in the World offers Such Varied Attractions as the

AMBASSADOR
LOS ANGELES

"The Great Hotel that Seems Like Home"

CONTINUOUS program of outdoor and indoor diversion. 27-acre park, playgrounds, open air plunges, tennis courts, 18-hole miniature golf course, archery and fencing, flowered pergola walks, cactus gardens, ping pong tables, all-talking motion picture theatre, world-famous Cocoanut Grove for dancing parties, riding, hunting, and all sports. Beautifully redecorated lobby. 35 smart shops.

Ambassador convention auditorium seats 7000. Guests have privilege of championship 18-hole Rancho Golf Club.

Most Attractive Summer and Fall Rates

OUTSIDE ROOMS with BATH as low as $5 per day

Write for Chef's Booklet of California Recipes and Information

THE AMBASSADOR HOTELS SYSTEM
THE AMBASSADOR, NEW YORK
THE AMBASSADOR, PALM BEACH
THE AMBASSADOR, ATLANTIC CITY
THE AMBASSADOR, LOS ANGELES

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NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-839 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

KNOW YOUR FUTURE

Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate or sent C.O.D. (plus postage). **Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago**

$$ Photoplay Ideas $$

For Silent and Talking Pictures
Accepted in any form for revision, criticism, copyright and submission to studios

Not a school—no courses or books to sell. You may be just as capable of writing acceptable stories as thousands of successful writers. Original plots and ideas are what is wanted. Plots accepted in any form. Send for free booklet giving full details.

UNIVERSAL SCENARIO COMPANY
(Established 1917)
502 Western and Santa Monica Bldg.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FILL OUT YOUR FIGURE IN 30 DAYS

Say good-bye to the straight-line figure! Fashion demands the full, rounded curves of the feminine form. Fill out the contours my new easy way. Just follow **simple instructions for 30 days and I** GUARANTEE results.

SPECIAL OFFER

Write TODAY Send name and address and only 50 cents (coin or money order) and I will send my complete Course in Figure Development. Mailed in plain wrapper. Limited Time offer. Write NOW.

Nancy Lee Institute of Physical Culture Dept. K-9
853 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The usual things

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the world today without some of the things that make our living in it so pleasant and comfortable. How naturally we lift the telephone receiver, step into an automobile, and look for the news of the world in the newspaper and magazine—every day of our lives.

Another of these usual, invaluable things, accepted as part of the routine of existence, is the guidance given by the advertisements in supplying our wants from day to day. We read them. They help us to save time and money. And our lives go on—more easily and more fully.

The advertisements suggest ways in which we can get things we want with the greatest possible satisfaction to ourselves. They tell us of new conveniences and comforts of which we would not otherwise have known. They help us to get down-to-the-dollar satisfaction. They assure us of proved values.

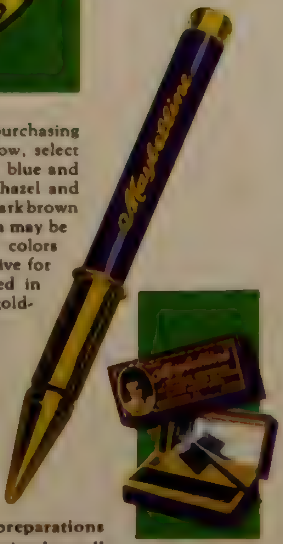
▼

Advertisements are among the necessities today . . . read them regularly

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .

*W*HEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.



Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now.* Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

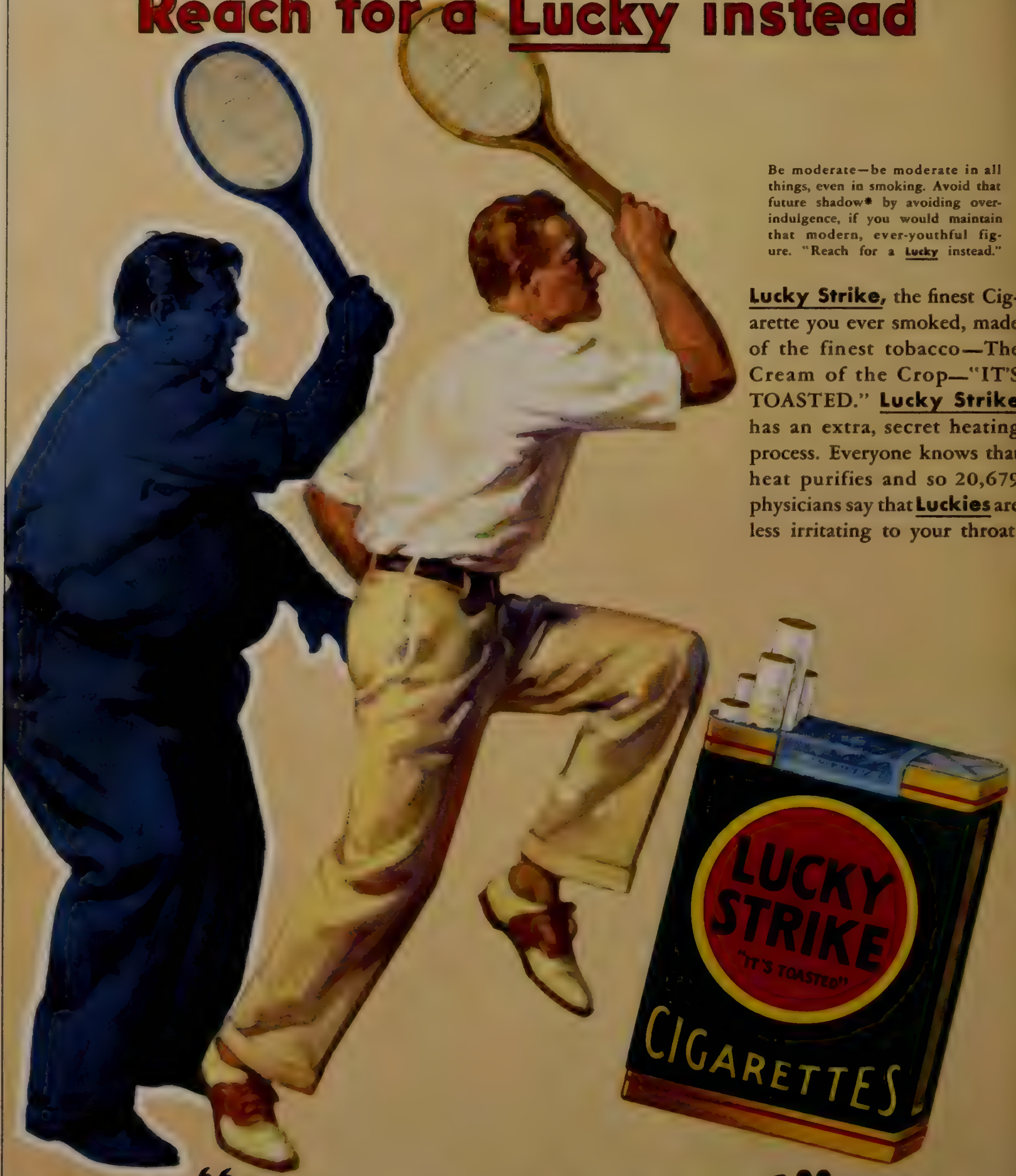
EYELASH DARKENER · EYE SHADOW · EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER!

When tempted to over-indulge

"Reach for a Lucky instead"



Be moderate—be moderate in all things, even in smoking. Avoid that future shadow* by avoiding over-indulgence, if you would maintain that modern, ever-youthful figure. "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

Lucky Strike, the finest Cigarette you ever smoked, made of the finest tobacco—The Cream of the Crop—"IT'S TOASTED." **Lucky Strike** has an extra, secret heating process. Everyone knows that heat purifies and so 20,679 physicians say that **Luckies** are less irritating to your throat.

© 1930 The American
Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough.

*We do not say smoking **Luckies** reduces flesh. We do say when tempted to over-indulge, "Reach for a **Lucky** instead."

EGBERT AUG 1[illegible] 1930

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

CTOBER
25¢

S-M

Starting—

Menaces Of The Movies
(Miniature Golf)

CAN THEY STAY RETIRED?

Constance Bennett

twice the "IT

A wonder screen—Technicolor. *Everything* i alive with color—*natural* color! The blue in blu eyes. The ruddy glow in youthful cheeks. Sky sea, greensward—an orchid frock—or *gingham* "Twice the 'it'," you'll say, when Technicolo brings your favorite star to life. Beauty, charm, personality—nothing escapes the subtle, bewitching touch of *Technicolor!*

WINNIE LIGHTNER, champion laugh girl of the talkies, adds one more triumph to her list in Warner Bros. latest all-Technicolor comedy wow, "Hold Everything."

in Technicolor

Lovely LORETTA YOUNG takes her color bow in First National's all-Technicolor outdoor romance, "Heart of the North."

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star cast (Paramount), Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **THE CUCKOOS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio), Technicolor Sequences; **THE MARCH OF TIME,** all-star cast (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **UNDER A TEXAS MOON,** with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy and Armida (Warner Bros.); **WOMAN HUNGRY,** with Sidney Blackmer and Lila Lee (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

Radiant Youth . . . Passionate Love and Rollicking Comedy . . . A stirring romance glorified by the golden voice of the world's greatest tenor . . .

SONG O' MY HEART

A PICTURE THAT WILL BRING HAPPINESS TO MILLIONS

with

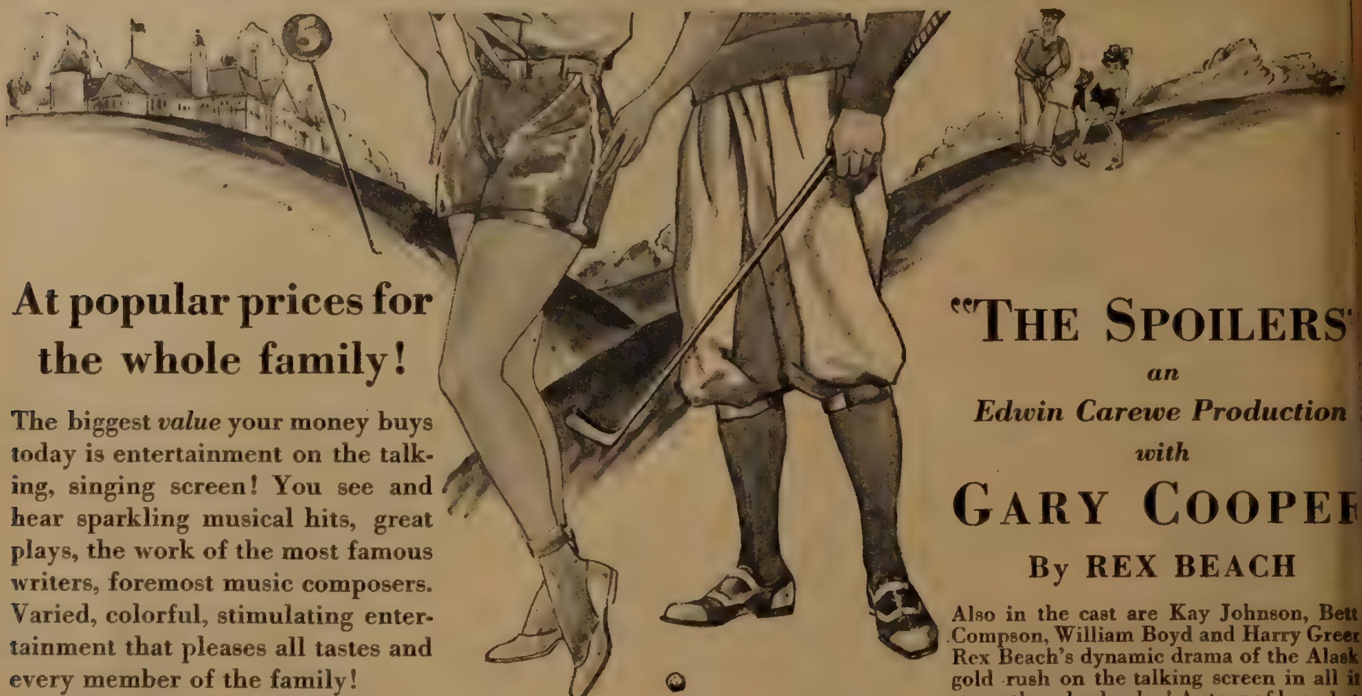
JOHN McCORMACK

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN • ALICE JOYCE
JOHN GARRICK • J. FARRELL MacDONALD
JOSEPH KERRIGAN • TOMMY CLIFFORD

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX

TODAY THE WORLD'S GREATEST ENTERTAINMEN IS FOUND ON THE TALKING SCREEN!



At popular prices for the whole family!

The biggest *value* your money buys today is entertainment on the talking, singing screen! You see and hear sparkling musical hits, great plays, the work of the most famous writers, foremost music composers. Varied, colorful, stimulating entertainment that pleases all tastes and every member of the family!

The cost is so low you shouldn't miss a single opportunity to see every Paramount Picture that comes your way. Today, as for 18 years, Paramount is the greatest name in entertainment. The better theatres play Paramount regularly and often — use the name always as your guide to "*the best show in town!*"

●

RICHARD ARLEN
in "The Law Rides West"

With Rosita Moreno, Eugene Pallette, Mitzi Green and Junior Durkin. All action, all outdoors romance starring Richard Arlen.

Adapted from the novel "Spanish Acres" by Hal Evarts. Directed by Otto Brower and Edwin Knopf.

●

"FOLLOW THRU"

CHARLES ROGERS
NANCY CARROLL

Zelma O'Neal and Jack Haley. Paramount's all talking, all musical, all Technicolor adaptation of the sensational musical comedy success that ran 54 weeks on Broadway. Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll in a bright, sparkling story of youth and love and golf with catchy tunes and laughs galore. On the screen, "Follow Thru" has the same zip and pep, the same youthful exuberance that made the stage production such a hit. By De Sylva, Brown, Henderson and Laurence Schwab. Directed by Laurence Schwab and Lloyd Corrigan.

A SCHWAB & MANDEL PRODUCTION

"THE SPOILERS

an
Edwin Carewe Production
with

GARY COOPE

By REX BEACH

Also in the cast are Kay Johnson, Bett Compson, William Boyd and Harry Gree Rex Beach's dynamic drama of the Alask gold rush on the talking screen in all it strength and splendor! A story of love, hat and conflict that you will never forget

●

TUNE IN!

Hear great entertainment and the latest news of Paramount Pictures on the air i the Paramount Publix Radio Hour, eac Tuesday night, 10:15 to 11 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time over the nation wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORPORATION, ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII OCTOBER, 1930 **No. 2**

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Cover Drawing of Constance Bennett by Marland Stone

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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BLACK & WHITE
READ & WRITE
h.o.h.

Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER
Be Honest With Your Publicity

Kansas City, Mo.

"All Quiet On the Western Front," a splendid super-production, recently showed in Kansas City, and a newspaper critic announced that a publicity man for that picture had asked him to stress the "girl" angle. The critic was amused; we all were—and, indignant, too.

That is a tabloid of talkie advertising today, and Hollywood pashas should realize that thousands of showgoers appreciate characterization, plot, and scenery, and endless footage of smiles, dimples, and suggestive lines, but why not use common-sense, and exploit pictures for other qualities than the number of Cut-uppin' Cuties it contains!

I read Remarque's book. Every word of it. It sank in. It was graphic, humanitarian, and the brief paragraphs of "woman interest" were there because they were necessary. And in the picture, little time was given to French mam'selles. Yet lithographs and signs gave the impression of plenty of girls. Let the publicity men be fair to Mr. Remarque and let people who haven't read the book know the merits of "All Quiet On the Western Front."

Other pictures are advertised that way, too. Are they fearful for their B. O., that they eternally play up Girls, Girls, and More Girls! In their talkie announcements? Not everyone attends a show for sex interest, absolutely not, so why discourage them with the lithographed prospect of viewing 100 minutes of women? Besides, a corking story, a capable cast, and real directing in a picture attract more fans than a huge Review.

Ask the Box Office Man—he knows!

Stanley Jacobs

$10.00 LETTER
Urging You to See Byrd

New York, N. Y.

"With Byrd At The South Pole" is, in my estimation and also, as was proven by the box-office receipts, in the estimation of millions of other movie fans, the perfect motion picture. The only fault anyone dares find with it is that it was much too short for a picture of that calibre. Personally, I could sit through three or four times more than was shown to us.

This film of a great historical event is a beautifully photographed picture of Admiral Byrd's expedition to the South Pole, presented in a manner which can be enjoyed by everyone, young or old. It is filled with human interest, is inspirational and educational and far more entertaining than many movies I have seen in a long time.

The popularity of this motion picture of Byrd's great adventure proves that those who attend the movie theaters are not all young and foolish and that we don't always want the silly, cutie girlie type of pictures and that they don't always have to have those awful hot love scenes in them to make them go over big. It also proves that a good picture does not necessarily have to be a talkie. There was no dialogue in this picture with the exception of where Floyd Gibbons describes the actual flight over the South Pole.

If you have not already seen "With Byrd At The South Pole," my advice is to do so at once. Whatever the box office price, it will be money well spent. *M. P.*

$5.00 LETTER
All Praise and No Complaints

Corona, Cal.

They came, they saw development, they conquered! The talkies, of course. And they've conquered with a vengeance. Even the tiniest and most suburban motion picture playhouse has its talkies now. They have become indispensable to the theatergoers of the world.

Talkies, aside from their value as an entertainment, novel and inspirational, have won our approval as a good which brings other good with it. Countless improvements have been made in theater 'etiquette' if we may so term it. One remembers easily the day when occupants of the row in back of us constantly read titles aloud to children or the near-sighted. No more of this annoyance with the modern actors who "speak for themselves".

Even the tiny tots . . . for some do still crash the sacred box office line . . . have given up their crying and babbling during the picture. There is simply too much competition to face . . . from the screen . . . these days.

And, no, I'm not through yet. There is still another bouquet in my basket, if you please. I think the talkies have brought to us an era of beautiful and cultured voices to be more greatly appreciated as we watch the inevitable result which it will have upon people as a whole. Who knows, the old idea of the actors as vagabonds, may be in time replaced by a new spirit . . . that of real admiration for the qualities our favorites exemplify.

But it's true! No longer is a pretty face and an unusual ability to act, the forem criterion of stardom. Today's audien demand, as well . . . a cultured, and mo lated voice from the screen. Schools specializing in voice training and elocuti and the results are ours to witness.

In case my S. E. is still a minus qualit I'll be sure of myself and confess in ju plain words that I'm certainly placing n bet on the talkies. They're great!

Maxine J. Stickle

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S.E., you stand in line for one of three first prizes: $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S.E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.

$1.00 LETTERS
A Righteous Howl of Indignation

Oakland, Cal

This is a protest! Not a mere reprovin slap on the wrist accompanied by "naughty naughty."

I went to see "Ingagi" along with mor than half the population of our fair city an sat in awed silence through a series of ten scenes. I gasped and shuddered at the hug gorillas, and trembled with fear when o of the brutes, (which I now find was but 'man in ape's clothing') attempted to kidnap a village belle.

Oh, it's well enough to laugh. I' noticed a number of cartoons all poking s fun at the public for being so easily take in, but do you think it's fair for a motio picture company to palm off such a complete hoax on an unsuspecting audienc The reason everyone was so credulous w because of the obvious authenticity of previous travel pictures.

A travel picture that is faked is tras nothing more. How many would have go to see this picture if they had known it wa a cheap fake? I think the majority we with the idea that a good travel pictu would relieve the monotony of a deluge o "singies."

If "the powers that be" would assert the authority and insist on honest advertisin at least to a degree, the status of a grea industry would be vastly improved.

A good many theater-goers were mad "goats" and I, for one, don't relish the horn and whiskers! *Lucille Hall*

No Need for Exaggerated Stereotyped Characters

Baton Rouge, La.

The movies have always been know for the portrayal of exaggerated type of persons. In the early days of th silent screen, there were the vampire and the villains, which were wel suited to the sensational melodrama of the period.

Unfortunately, such characte still exist. We rarely see a stenographe who doesn't chew some symphony o gum,—a reporter who doesn't ru

(*Continued on page 104*)

Want to Laugh?

IT'S GREATER MOVIE SEASON FOR LAUGHS- *AND THAT'S NO JOKE*

HERE'S the biggest company of comedy stars that ever started off a new season's program of short features. You'll see—and hear—them all in *Educational's Talking Comedies* this fall.....and more are coming.

WHEN you want a good hearty laugh to chase your troubles away, always look for the theatre that shows

Educational's Talking Comedies

FORD STERLING
CLYDE COOK
JOHNNY HINES
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD
TOM PATRICOLA
JOE PHILLIPS
BERT ROACH
MARIAN SHOCKLEY
RAY COOKE
ANDY CLYDE
MARJORIE BEEBE
PATSY O'LEARY
DAPHNE POLLARD
BETTY BOYD
BEN BARD
JOHN DARROW
MARGIE "BABE" KANE
NICK STUART
T. ROY BARNES
MONTY COLLINS
GRETA GRANSTEDT
VIRGINIA SALE
FLORENCE ROBERTS
ANN CHRISTY
CHARLES IRWIN
CYRIL CHADWICK
CHURCHILL ROSS
BUSTER WEST
JOHN WEST
VERNON DENT
HELEN BOLTON
ADRIENNE DORE
FRANK RICE
CHIQUITA
ESTELLE BRADLEY
CARMEN GUERRERO
AL ALT
JERRY DREW
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MACK SENNETT COMEDIES
LLOYD HAMILTON COMEDIES
MERMAID Comedies
IDEAL COMEDIES
GAYETY COMEDIES
VANITY COMEDIES
Tuxedo Comedies
MACK SENNETT BREVITIES
PAUL TERRY-TOONS
Lyman H. Howe's HODGE-PODGE

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
***Executive Offices:* 1501 Broadway, New York, N.Y.**

LAST MINUTE NEWS

DOLORES DEL RIO has found romance along the matrimonial pathway again. She and **Cedric Gibbons** did what they could in the way of making promises before the good **Padre** and are now enjoying a little honeymoon before the call of the microphone interferes. . . . Romance is not flourishing in the houses where Princes once reigned. **Pola Negri** started the general exodus of nobility when she decided she could get along very nicely without **Prince M'dvani.** . . . And while the **Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye** is once again in **Hollywood,** he is no longer a guest in the household of **Gloria Swanson,** who has definitely stated that she finds single blessedness quite attractive—for the time being, at any rate.

GIVING Tit for Tat is a new pastime in the amusement world. With almost all of Broadway sunning itself on the west coast, Broadway is sort of turning the tables by calling Hollywood's most celebrated to the footlights. **Mary Pickford** is said to bend an attentive ear to the call and is expected East almost any time. . . . **Colleen Moore,** too, will try out the musical comedy stage for a while. She has been signed by **Archie Selwyn** to sing, dance and be merry. . . . **Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque** are two others signed to tread the footboards of Broadway theaters. . . . **Eddie Cantor** also harkened to that ole stage urge and will try out the Palace Theater—but that's just between pictures.

Shiver m' timbers, but what's this the sea's tossed up? It looks tough, whatever it is. Maybe it's a mermaid with bobbed hair. Maybe it's that ol' davil sea dog, Jim Tully, in "Way for a Sailor"

GETTING a thrill on the other side of the amusement fence is **Mrs. Patrick Campbell,** who stormed Hollywood so successfully. She is now waiting to see how her good Public takes her talkie début in "The Play Called Life." . . . **Marjorie Rambeau,** too, is waiting with fast-beating heart the verdict on her first talkie, "Her Man." Oh, yes, there's still a thrill for everyone with the talkies to conquer. . . . **Ruth Chatterton** is getting even more enthusiastic over the opportunities of the talking pictures now that she will play both mother and daughter rôles in "The Right to Love" opposite her own husband, **Ralph Forbes.**

TAKING pounds off and putting new clothes on can be said to be among the absorbing moments of feminine film celebrities. **Constance Bennett** goes in very strongly for the ensemble idea and stresses it to the smallest detail. . . . **Clara Bow** likes sports clothes and much prefers the old white duck trousers unless she must dress to be on parade. . . . **Greta Garbo** goes in heavily for tweeds and two-piece sports dresses and, oh, yes, felt hats. Perhaps the "Green Hat" left its influence after all. . . . **Lupe Velez** runs to scarlet in her clothes. **Nancy Carroll** likes all colors and wears them all well. . . . **Marion Davies** goes in for elaborate evening clothes while **Norma Shearer** lets the modernistic note prevail for her daytime dresses and calls it an evening with printed chiffons.

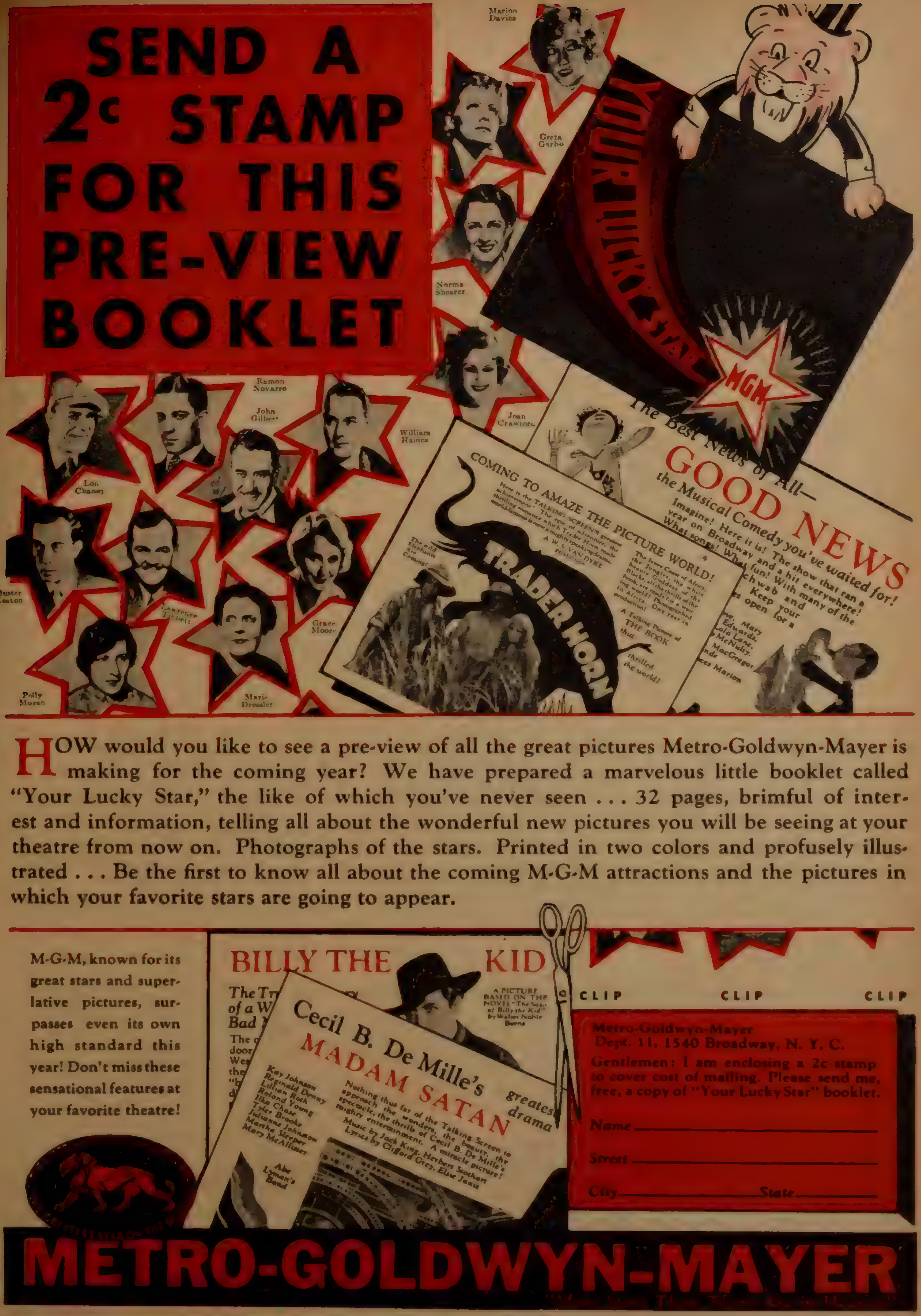
CLAUDIA DELL will be the girl in "Fifty Million Frenchmen." . . . **Maurice Chevalier** returns to that dear Paris for a few months. . . . In "The Playboy of Paris" **Maurice** has a new leading woman who is, by the way, none other than **Mrs. Chevalier.** Her screen name is **Yvonne Callee.**

THE foreign invasion is by no means over—even if the talkies do seem to have come to stay. These bright foreign lads and lassies have a way of mastering the English language. And even if they don't, there is the old S.A. to consider. **Marlene Dietrich** landed from German shores with plenty of "it" and a shining personality to play with **Gary Cooper** in "Morocco" and from advanc reports, she is doing mighty well in this picture. . . . There is als **Nora Gregor,** Vienna's pet, doing **Mary Dugan** for Germany an Austria. . . . **Maurice Chevalier** found English easy and there i also another Frenchman who does well, **Andre Luget.** . . . Spai is sending a mighty contingent including **Jose Crespi,** and strangel enough a Spanish miss who calls herself **Conchita Montenegro** . . . As for Mexico, it has always been well represented. **Dolore del Rio** and **Lupe Velez** are just two of its tempestuous daughter who shine in Hollywood.

AS the first large salmon commence to appear in Colfax Bay Canada, **Clive Brook** may be found vacationing there wooing his salmon with eager eye and skilful hand . . . . **Charlie Chaplin** is recuperating in the Sierras. . . . **Claudette Colbert** is making a round-the-world tour. And she has motion picture films which she has taken to prove it! . . . **Mary Nolan** has cancelled European passages and will rest out at Lake Arrowhead, instead. Her next picture, by the way, will be "Boudoir Diplomat"—a title! . . . **Gilda Gray** is among those present in Honolulu instead of altar-bound. . . . **Edwin Carewe** is finding New York restful before work on "Resurrection" begins. . . . **Sidney Howard** will tour Europe by car. He has earned the rest after completing "Lilli" for **Evelyn Laye.** . . . **J. Farrell McDonald** will answer the call of vacation and go down to the sea on a long cruise with his wife on their yacht, "Lorna M."

NEW YORK is entertaining picture celebrities these days. They are not all pleasure bent, though. **Ed Wynn** has come East to work on "Manhattan Mary" out on Long Island. . . **Ginger Rogers** is working in the film, too. . . . **Jack Holt** found it necessary to play around Lakehurst, N. J., for a while to take the lead in "Dirigible." . . . **Ralph Graves** is co-featured with him. . . . **Lowell Sherman** is again getting a kick out of acting and directing. This time "The Losing Game" engages his talents. . . . **Marian Nixon** transferred the old traveling bag to the R.K.O. studios for this same picture. . . . **Ben Lyon** has tucked away a five years' contract with Warners for a rainy day. . . . And **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** too, can stop worrying about the rent coming due for a while with that long term First National option on his services.

MARILYN MORGAN changed her name recently. Celebrated with champagne n' everything. But she didn't get married to do it. Warners just thought **Marian Marsh** sounded better. . . . **Louise Brooks** appeared upon the streets of Hollywood for the first time since her divorce from **Eddie Sutherland.** And now she will be **Buck Jones'** leading woman in pictures. . . . There are persistent rumors that **Corinne Griffith** should be knitting booties for little feet. But then, that rumor is always just as persistently denied. . . . **Adolphe Menjou** is one of the old guard who has "come back" and who is as sartorially effective as ever along Hollywood Boulevard. . . . **Clara Bow's** new picture will be "Her Wedding Night." And isn't it strange, **Clara** and **Rex Bell** are reported "that way" again? . . . **Jack Pickford** has put on the domestic slippers again, having parked, matrimonially speaking, for the third time with Mary Mulhern, a New York show girl. . . **Ben Lyon,** who plays one of the leading rôles in "Hell's Angels," dropped into New York for the premiere of the picture—and spent time at the opening autographing programs, cuffs, straw hats and newspapers.


Marion Davies
Greta Garbo
Norma Shearer
Joan Crawford
Ramon Novarro
John Gilbert
William Haines
Lon Chaney
Buster Keaton
Lawrence Tibbett
Grace Moore
Polly Moran
Marie Dressler
YOUR LUCKY STAR
MGM
The Best News of All—
GOOD NEWS
the Musical Comedy you've waited for!
Imagine! Here it is! The show that ran a year on Broadway and a hit everywhere! What songs! What fun! With many of the
COMING TO AMAZE THE PICTURE WORLD!
TRADER HORN
The wild Elephants Are Coming!
A W. S. VAN DYKE production
A Talking Picture of THE BOOK that thrilled the world!
BILLY THE KID
A PICTURE BASED ON THE NOVEL "The Saga of Billy the Kid" by Walter Noble Burns
Cecil B. De Mille's greatest drama
MADAM SATAN
Kay Johnson
Reginald Denny
Lillian Roth
Roland Young
Ilka Chase
Tyler Brooke
Julianne Johnson
Martha Sleeper
Mary McAllister
Nothing thus far of the Talking Screen to approach the wonders, the beauty, the spectacle, the thrills of Cecil B. De Mille's mighty entertainment. A miracle picture!
Music by Jack King, Herbert Stothart
Lyrics by Clifford Grey, Elsie Janis
Abe Lyman's Band

SEND A 2¢ STAMP FOR THIS PRE-VIEW BOOKLET

HOW would you like to see a pre-view of all the great pictures Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is making for the coming year? We have prepared a marvelous little booklet called "Your Lucky Star," the like of which you've never seen . . . 32 pages, brimful of interest and information, telling all about the wonderful new pictures you will be seeing at your theatre from now on. Photographs of the stars. Printed in two colors and profusely illustrated . . . Be the first to know all about the coming M-G-M attractions and the pictures in which your favorite stars are going to appear.

M-G-M, known for its great stars and superlative pictures, surpasses even its own high standard this year! Don't miss these sensational features at your favorite theatre!

CLIP CLIP CLIP

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Dept. 11, 1540 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen: I am enclosing a 2c stamp to cover cost of mailing. Please send me, free, a copy of "Your Lucky Star" booklet.

Name ______________________

Street ______________________

City ______________ *State* ______________

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

I DON'T imagine.
THERE IS any place.
ANYWHERE IN the world.
IN WHICH there dwells.
SO MUCH of kindness.
AND OF kindly needs.
THAN CAN be found.
AMONG MY neighbors.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND JUST, for instance.
I KNOW one man.
AN ACTOR man.
OF THE older school.
WHO HAS a list.
OF OLD time actors.
AND ACTRESSES.
WITH WHOM he's played.
MEN AND women.
WHO HAVEN'T clicked
IN A payroll way.
AND AT Christmas time.
AND AT intervals.
THROUGHOUT the year.
TO EACH of them.
THERE GOES a check.
FOR A goodly sum.
AND I'D like to tell you.
WHO HE is.
FOR HIS fame is great.
AND YOU'D be pleased.
BUT HE wouldn't like it.
AND SO I won't.
AND ANOTHER man.
WHOM I know well.
A BIG producer.
WHO ONCE on a time.
RAN A little store.
AND I was with him.
OUT ON a set.
ABOUT THE time.
OF THE market crash.
AND HE was telling.
WHAT IT had done.
TO HIS bank account.
AND AS we talked.
THERE CAME to us.
A MIDDLE aged man.
OF SADDENED mien.
AND SEEDY clothes.
AND I moved away.
SO THE two could talk.
AND MY friend wrote.
ON A piece of paper.
WHATEVER IT was.
AND THE saddened man.
HE WENT away.
AND ANYWAY.
HOWEVER I learned it.
IT DOESN'T matter.
BUT IT was an order.
FOR A thousand dollars.
TO SAVE the home.
OF THE saddened man.
AN OLD employe.
WHO HAD broken down.
AND ANOTHER man.
WHOSE NAME is linked.
WITH HOLLYWOOD.
AND THE movie world.
HEARD SOMEONE mention.
AT A dinner party.
OF A serious illness.
WITHIN THE home.
OF A man he'd known.
AND HADN'T seen.
FOR A very long time.
AND HE knew was poor.
AND THE morning after.
HE CALLED this man.
TO COME and see him.
AND TALKED with him.
AND A sick little girl.
HAD THE best there was.
IN A fine hospital.
AND THE best there was.
OF MEDICAL care.
AND I know, too.
OF A restaurant.
A FAMOUS one.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND IT has the spirit.
OF HOLLYWOOD.
AND I know a man.
A WELL known man.
IN ANOTHER town.
BUT TO fame unknown.
IN HOLLYWOOD.
AND HE'D had hard luck.
AND WAS just about out.
WITH SPIRIT broken.
AND EVERYTHING.
AND HE sat himself down.
IN THIS restaurant.
WITH THE only dollar.
HE HAD in the world.
AND THE manager saw him.
AND BEING a student.
OF THE near down and out.
HE SAT with him.
AND SAID to him.
"YOU'RE A stranger here.
"AND I just want to tell you.
"IF IT ever happens.
"YOU'RE IN need of a meal.
"COME ON in here.
"ANY TIME at all."
AND ANYWAY.
IT'S A great little city.
IS HOLLYWOOD.
AND I wouldn't trade it.
FOR EVEN Brooklyn.
WITH ALL its churches.
I THANK you.

America's Greatest Actor —As You Like Him!

WARNER BROS.
present

John BARRYMORE
in "MOBY DICK"

With JOAN BENNETT
Lloyd Hughes, and a Great Cast

FOR seven years on the seven seas he had sought the inhuman monster that had made him a man unfit to love.

Can he win revenge against this awful enemy—or will he perish in the giant maw that has been the graveyard of a hundred men before him?

Will he ever return to his home to learn that the love he thought dead is still waiting?

These are the questions that have held hundreds of thousands spellbound through the pages of Herman Melville's immortal classic, "MOBY DICK".

They are merely hints of the throbbing thrills that make "Moby Dick" John Barrymore's most glorious talking picture! See it soon, at leading theatres everywhere.

Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

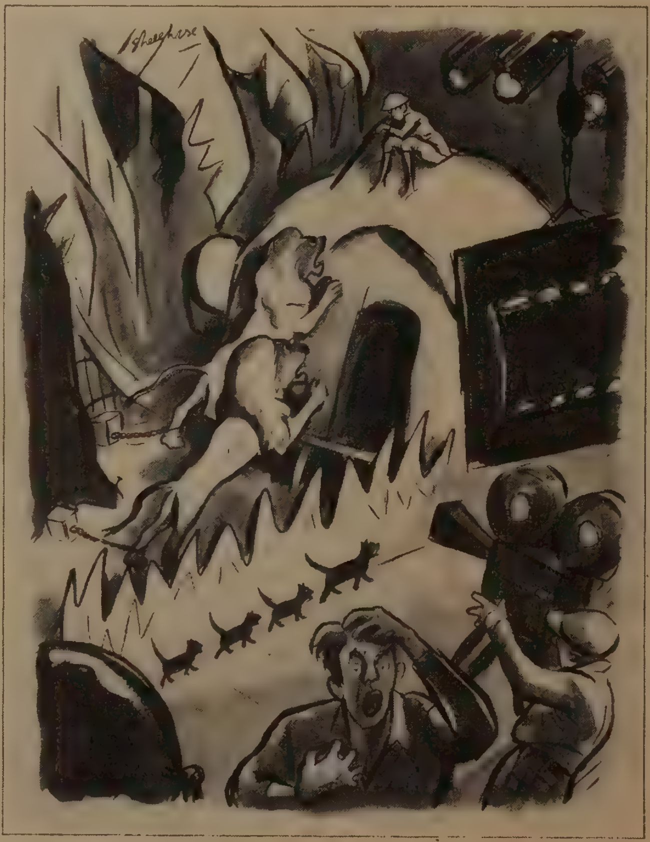
Facts *and* Figures

Intimate Items About Pictures, Past, Present And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

A CHINESE merchant recently alighted from a steamer in Los Angeles harbor and announced that he had come here as the representative of a group of tradesmen in Shanghai to contract for American merchandise. "I shall make contracts for over a million dollars," he said. "We come to you for these goods because we have seen them in your moving pictures. Not only have we seen them as to their appearance, but we have seen them work. Among other things, I will buy electric refrigerators. They have commended themselves to us." That is one of the accounts Hollywood has bestowed upon these United States. And a million dollars in foreign trade is no trifle, especially when it comes from one buyer. Yet you hear supposedly reasonable folk sneering at Hollywood's pretensions to usefulness.

AND just to clinch the matter, it is less than a month since the Chilean Government awarded the Foundation Company of America a $4,500,000 contract for the construction throughout Chile of 250 schools and 20 hospitals. Jorge Delano, a Chilean picture director recently arrived in Hollywood, says that the contract was directly the result of American films made in Hollywood.



WHY DIRECTORS ARE BALD

Director, tearing out hair by the handful, as the cameras catch not only the big jungle scene, but something else: "Who in Hellywood let those cats out of the bag?"

I HEARD a Chicago business man—who, by the way, must at sometime have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle—pooh-pooh the whole influence of films on foreign trade. The Asiatics and sub-Europeans, he insisted, were too simple to know what most of the things in American pictures were intended for. Perhaps so. But you can't shove bathtubs and motor-cars and handsome clothes under a simple man's nose week after week without making him want them.

THOSE $10,000-a-week movie salary yarns—usually the last resort of a desperate publicity department—are really getting just a little too much to swallow. And now comes Walter G. Matthewson, chief of the Division of Labor Statistics in the California Department of Industrial Relations, with a brutal smash at the swollen-stipend fantasy. "Between May, 1929, and May, 1930," says Mr. Matthewson, "the average weekly earnings of motion picture folk was $54.49. This represented an increase of thirty-seven per cent. over earnings for the previous year." Now what, I ask you, are we to do with an iconoclast like that? Has the man no sympathy, no mercy? $54.49! He wouldn't even make it $54.50.

ALSO, we have been so stuffed with tales about the motion picture magnate, his millions and his power, that we have come to believe that Brother Zukor owns Paramount; and Brother Mayer, M-G-M; and Uncle Carl, Universal, and so on. But, suppose you learn that the Paramount-Publix outfit is owned by no less than 16,486 common people like you and me! Rather makes you wonder how many people Brother Adolph has to consult before he can order Clara Bow to stop talking about her love affairs.

ONCE, quite a distance back in movie history, I went with an advertising friend to call on Carl Laemmle in his New York offices. I went along to lend moral support to my friend, who had the absurd idea that it was time for picture companies to advertise their wares. His idea was that Universal should spend as much as $10,000 the first year to advertise its pictures. As I recall it now, we left quickly, followed by Uncle Carl's voice shouting to know if we thought he was crazy. Advertise? Advertise? I'm reminded of the experience, because in 1929–30 the movies spent over $100,000,000 buying advertising space. And Uncle Carl's company went—believe me—quite a long distance beyond that first suggested ten thousand that roused his ire.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Vivacious, beautiful—Alice White knows, as a charming film star, the wondrous beauty of glowing Princess Pat Rouge.

Into your cheeks there comes a new mysterious GLOW

Into cheeks touched with almost magical Princess Pat rouge, there comes mysterious new beauty—color that is vibrant, intense, glorious, yet suffused with a soft, mystical *underglow* that *makes brilliancy natural!*

No woman ever used Princess Pat rouge for the first time without being amazed. Accustomed to *ordinary* rouges of one flat, shallow tone, the youthful, glowing naturalness of Princess Pat gives beauty that actually bewilders, that thrills beyond words to describe.

The Life Principle of All Color Is Glow

The mysterious fire of rubies, the opalescence of opals, the fascinating loveliness of pearls depend upon glow. Flowers possess velvety depths of color glow. In a naturally beautiful complexion there is the most subtle, beautiful glow of all, the luminous color *showing through the skin from beneath.*

Now then! All ordinary rouge *blots out glow.* On the contrary Princess Pat rouge *imparts* glow—even to palest complexions. The wonderful color you achieve seems actually to *come from within the skin.* It is sparkling, as youth is sparkling. It is suffused, modulated. It blends as a natural blush blends, without definition, merging with skin tones so subtly that only *beauty* is seen—"painty" effects *never.*

Only The "Duo-Tone" Secret Can Give This Magic of Lifelike Color

No other rouge can possibly beautify like Princess Pat "duo-tone." Why? Because no other rouge in all the world is composed of *two distinct tones*, perfectly blended into one by a very secret process. Thus each shade of Princess Pat rouge possesses a mystical *underglow* to harmonize with the skin, and an *overtone* to give forth vibrant color. Moreover Princess Pat rouge *changes* on the skin, adjusting its intensity to *your individual need.*

Every Princess Pat Shade Matches Any Skin

Whether you are blonde or brunette, or any type in between, *any shade of Princess Pat* you select will harmonize with *your* skin. The duo-tone secret gives this unheard of adaptability. And what a marvelous advantage; for variations of your coloring are *unlimited.* There are shades of Princess Pat for sparkle and intensity when mood, gown or occasion dictate brilliance; shades for rich healthful tints; shades that make cheeks demure; a shade for wondrous tan; an exotic, glowing shade for night—under artificial lights. So thrillingly beautiful is this fashionable use of *just the right shade for the occasion*, that you will undoubtedly want to possess at least a shade for day—and wonderful NITE for evening use. The cost? No more—because each shade lasts its accustomed time.

Be Beautiful Today as You Never Were Before

Princess Pat's thrilling new beauty is too precious to defer. And words cannot adequately picture the effect upon your cheeks. Only when you *try* Princess Pat duo-tone rouge will you realize its wonders. Today, then, secure Princess Pat and discover how gloriously beautiful you *can be.*

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

Get This Week End Set—

SPECIAL

Princess Pat, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago; Dept 101-E

Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

Name (print)..

Street..

City and State..

Princess Pat

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

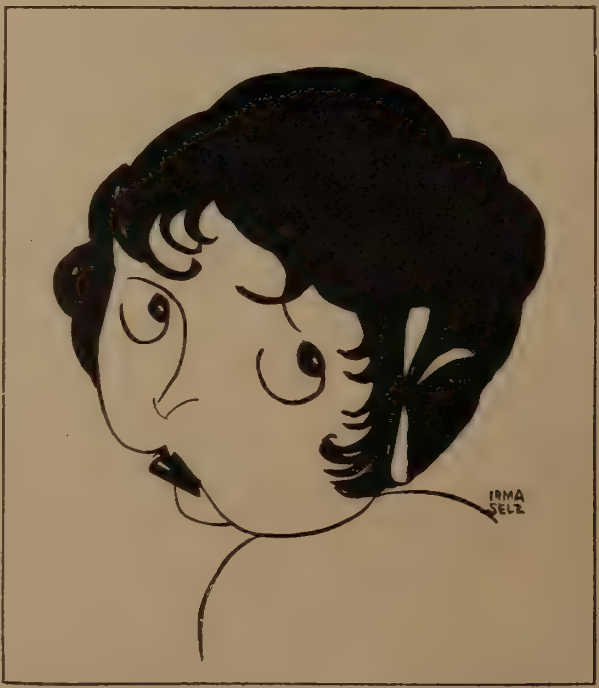
Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation — nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

FACTS AND FIGURES

(*Continued from page 14*)

WHAT I said above about the movie business being owned by so many people also is interesting, when we look at the latest M-G-M financial report. They footed up the business for twenty-eight weeks, ending March 14, 1930, and discovered that the gross profit was $9,163,203. That runs better than a million and a half a month. Of course, there are a few trifles, such as operating expenses and taxes, to be taken out of that, but, even so, it looks like a nice, pleasant autumn for the shareholders.

LAST month, I said something about the Warner Brothers contract with Western Electric having brought them in a handsome income in the last two years. Well, that contract now has not quite two years to run, and I have what Joe Weber used to call "inside inflammation" that it will not be renewed—by mutual agreement. Gossip in the trade is that the Warners were not given as much consideration as they might have had. However that may be, when you read stories of Warner purchases of interests in Tobis-Klang-film—which is a German type of talking picture apparatus—and their acquisition of Brunswick Phonograph business, keep that Western Electric contract in mind. When the wise man is about to move, he prepares himself another home, perhaps?



If you like caricature, just cast an optic at Helen Kane in "Heads Up." Them eyes, them cheeks, them lips have funny lines again

THE calamity howlers are doing the best they can to promote a financial panic, and the motion picture industry seems determined to knock their prophecies galley-west—wherever that may be. I said that M-G-M had been having a good half-year—since the fateful October, 1929—and now I find in the morning paper the financial prediction for Paramount-Publix. Their earnings—net this time—for April, May and June, 1930, will run considerably better than last year, reaching about $2,550,000. And that's a new high-water mark.

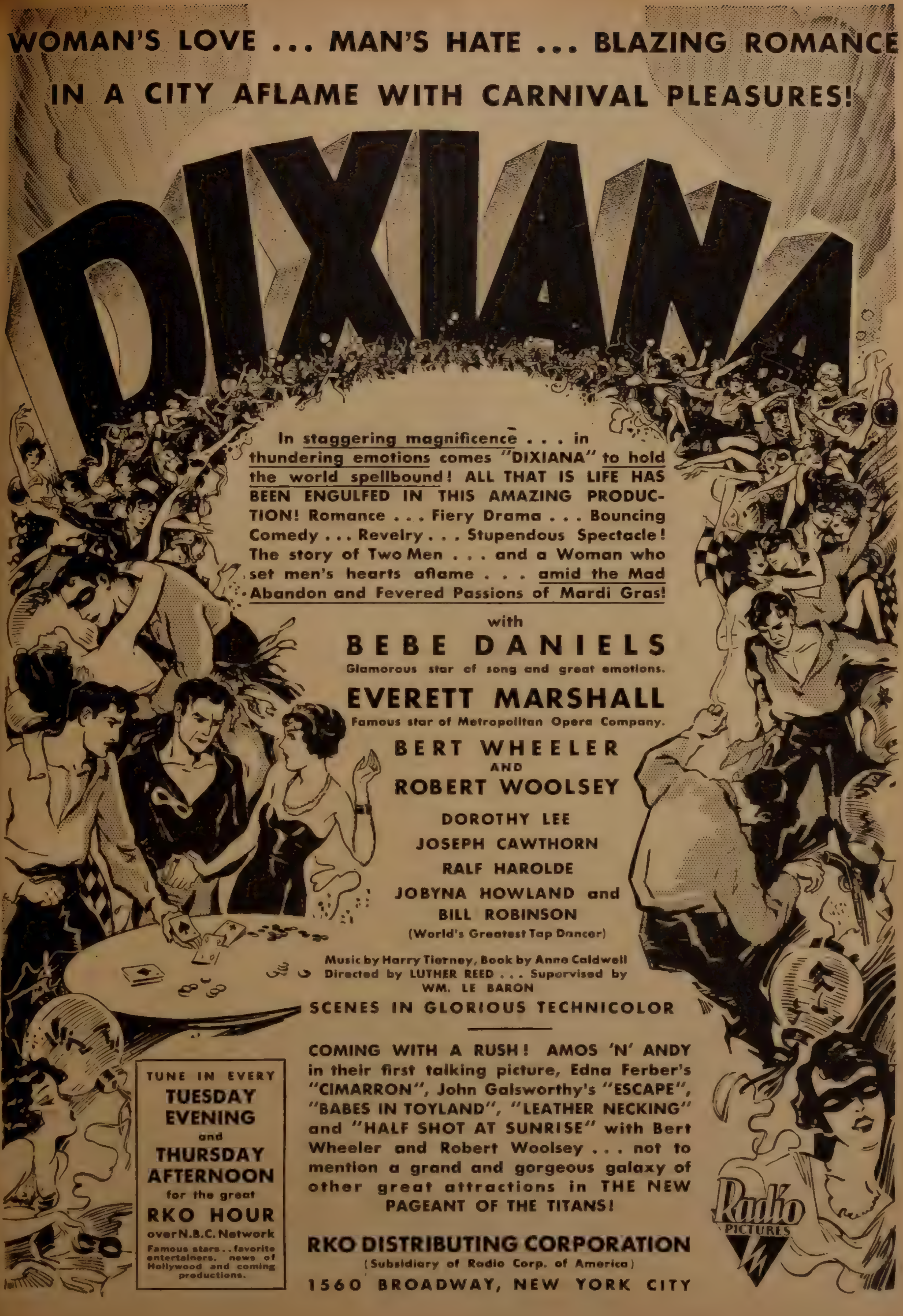
PERHAPS this industry of ours is destined to be something more than just an amusement provider. It is even conceivable that it is going to be the big stabilizer of American business, holding things steady while the business boneheads and political pushers are trying to rock the commercial craft so hard that it ships water. Any enterprise that can extract $1,560,000,000—yes, I mean more than a billion and a half—from the public each year is a whale of a big business, and the fellows who make steel and box cars, and refine oil and provide transportation and build motor-cars and what-not can do worse than look us over and ask how the picture folk do it. Shoo these long-faced yawpers out to Hollywood, Mr. Hoover!

SERIOUSLY, let us shed a tear for Douglas Fairbanks. Poor Doug! Two or three months ago, he announced that he had given up his plans to make a new picture. Said he didn't know what the public wanted. Guessed he'd just sit around and play golf and wait for something to turn up. But Joseph Schenck had a picture written by Irving Berlin, and he needed an outstanding personality for it, so he chased Douglas into his private swimming pool and before Doug could escape, Joe had his signature on a contract to play the lead. M. Fairbanks gets $30,000 a week for ten weeks.

ONCE there was a time when every studio had to have its own laboratory to develop and print the thousands of feet of film it turned out. Then, a few gentlemen merged themselves into a company they called Consolidated Film Industries. Here and there, they picked up a laboratory, and soon they had everything in Hollywood and New York except two small concerns. But they decided that there were still some outlying trifles they needed, so they bought up a lot of patents covering film processing machines. Then they went in for color, and these recent acquisitions run into about $2,000,000.

SOMEBODY figured out the other day that a pretty fair grade of motor-car can be bought for 22 cents a pound. That sounds fairly reasonable. But when the picture statisticians get down to business, they work differently. For example: You sit in a theater and watch a 7,000-foot picture unreel on the screen. It takes just about 77 minutes to run it off. But did you ever know that for each two and three-quarters minutes of time that picture is on the screen, nearly 300 people worked a full day to make it possible?

SHORTLY after "The Birth of a Nation" made its appearance in 1915, Harry E. Aitken dreamed of a string of theaters reaching all across the land in which super-pictures—like "The Birth"—would be shown at $2 admission. He come near to putting it into execution. He acquired three houses—in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia, and they operated for six months at the $2 scale. I mention this because the $1,560,000,000 theater receipts I mentioned a few paragraphs back were contributed by 5,980,000,000 people.



WOMAN'S LOVE ... MAN'S HATE ... BLAZING ROMANCE IN A CITY AFLAME WITH CARNIVAL PLEASURES!

DIXIANA

In staggering magnificence . . . in thundering emotions comes "DIXIANA" to hold the world spellbound! ALL THAT IS LIFE HAS BEEN ENGULFED IN THIS AMAZING PRODUCTION! Romance . . . Fiery Drama . . . Bouncing Comedy . . . Revelry . . . Stupendous Spectacle! The story of Two Men . . . and a Woman who set men's hearts aflame . . . amid the Mad Abandon and Fevered Passions of Mardi Gras!

with

BEBE DANIELS

Glamorous star of song and great emotions.

EVERETT MARSHALL

Famous star of Metropolitan Opera Company.

BERT WHEELER
AND
ROBERT WOOLSEY

DOROTHY LEE
JOSEPH CAWTHORN
RALF HAROLDE
JOBYNA HOWLAND and
BILL ROBINSON
(World's Greatest Tap Dancer)

Music by Harry Tierney, Book by Anne Caldwell
Directed by LUTHER REED . . . Supervised by WM. LE BARON

SCENES IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR

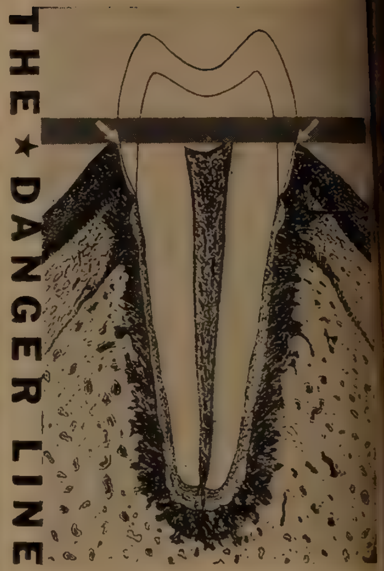
COMING WITH A RUSH! AMOS 'N' ANDY in their first talking picture, Edna Ferber's "CIMARRON", John Galsworthy's "ESCAPE", "BABES IN TOYLAND", "LEATHER NECKING" and "HALF SHOT AT SUNRISE" with Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey . . . not to mention a grand and gorgeous galaxy of other great attractions in THE NEW PAGEANT OF THE TITANS!

TUNE IN EVERY
TUESDAY EVENING
and
THURSDAY AFTERNOON
for the great
RKO HOUR
over N.B.C. Network
Famous stars . . favorite entertainers, news of Hollywood and coming productions.

Radio
PICTURES

RKO DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION
(Subsidiary of Radio Corp. of America)
1560 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

A cross-section of a tooth and the gum, infected with pyorrhea. Notice how the gum tissue (right) is pulling away from the tooth. The continuation of this separation will cause the tooth to become so loose it will probably be lost.



★The Danger Line is the imaginary line where gums meet teeth. As long as this knife-like edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. Nor will tooth decay spread beneath it and attack the sensitive neck of the tooth. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection.

AS LONG AS THE DANGER LINE KEEPS HEALTHY, THERE IS LITTLE DANGER OF PYORRHEA

Start today using Squibb's Dental Cream—for its help in protecting the delicate Danger Line

True, pyorrhea is practically incurable. But there are a number of ways in which you can guard against it. Clean, healthy gums, sound teeth are a protection. For pyorrhea usually begins with an infection of the gum tissue at The Danger Line. And so . . . if you safeguard The Danger Line, pyorrhea will have little chance.

The Danger Line is where gums meet teeth. The gum margin. It is one of the most important tissues of the mouth. Never cause it to bleed by using too stiff a brush or a gritty dentifrice. Never wound it with toothpicks or hurt it with strong astringents. And . . . *never allow acids to irritate it.*

At the edge of The Danger Line is a tiny crevice too small for your tooth-brush to reach. Fermenting food particles collect here and generate destructive acids which irritate the gum tissue. No wonder the delicate gums sometimes become inflamed—and the more they recede, the wider the road is open to infection.

Ordinary dentifrices, ordinary methods are ineffectual against such a menace. But there is a safe way to combat these acids. Brush your teeth regularly with Squibb's Dental Cream. It contains 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Plenty of this safe, effective antacid to penetrate crevices and fissures, *where the brush fails to reach.* And, because it soothes irritation, Squibb's helps the gum margin keep firm and healthy—a real protection against infection. It cannot injure The Danger Line, for it contains no grit, no astringents.

It cleans beautifully. The *regular* use of Squibb's will restore and preserve the luster of your teeth. And it will clean *between the teeth* and in the *tiny pits and fissures.*

Get a tube and begin using it from tonight. Make it a rule to visit your dentist regularly. *Know that you are guarding against pyorrhea and tooth decay in the safest and most effective way.*

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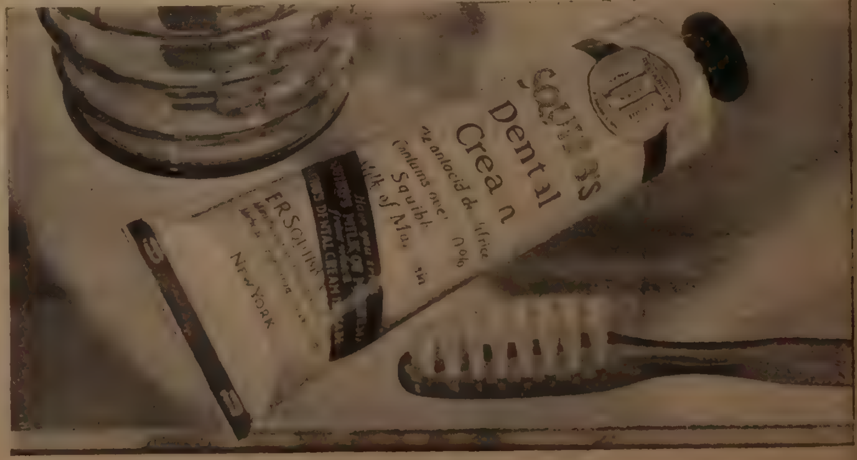


LUPE VELEZ

In the center of the stage after "The Storm" and with "East Is West" lying ahead of her, what could Lupe Velez do except bear up as best she could?

Ray Jones

Fryer

DOROTHY MACKAILL

Credited in offstage Hollywood with having more sex appeal than any other star, Dorothy at last is seen in her true colors in the Technicolored "Bright Lights"

Ball

CLAIRE LUCE

Arriving from Broadway too late to start in "The Sea Wolf," Claire Luce had her talkie début postponed. But not for long. "Up the River" was started early

Bachrach

RICHARD DIX

Serious again, after a long succession of pleasant, effortless comedies, Richard Dix is now definitely looking up as the colorful *Yancey Cravat* of "Cimarron"

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

By GEORGE KENT SHULER, *Publisher*

WHEN talkies bounced into Hollywood, the American movie lost two irreplaceable attractions—fast action and Emil Jannings. Word seeps out, from heretofore reliable sources, that Jannings has learned his English lessons and will return in January. Does anyone know when we can expect fast action back?

• • •

MARY Nolan fell asleep in a boat at Arrowhead Lake, and awakened with a severe case of sunburn. She was rushed to a hospital. There she was visited by a Federal narcotic inspector, brought thither by the affidavits of two nurses that Miss Nolan's arms were "full of punctures from hypodermic needles." The inspector examined her carefully, "failed to find a single needle mark." The case was dropped. At this writing, the sequel has not been printed. But we devoutly hope that the nurses or whoever gave them their little idea get all that is coming to them.

• • •

"THE Queen has abdicated—and the castle doors are open" is Hollywood's way of saying that Mary Pickford is chumming with Hollywood once more. There are also signs that there is another abdication in the making. Mary has begun disbanding the staff she has had about her for several years, and United Artists announce that her future films, if any, will not be made by her as an individual star-producer, but under their auspices. Doug, she explains, wants to withdraw from financing and making talkies—and she does not want to carry the financial burden alone. Much as we dislike the conclusion, it looks like the beginning of the end for two of moviedom's longest-reigning favorites.

• • •

THE latest silliest change in a movie title is that of the Broadway stage success, "The Command to Love." Objectionable to the Hays office under this title, the show can go on as "The Boudoir Diplomat." No little eight-year-olds could possibly guess from this that the play is the least bit naughty.

• • •

IT looks as if there is some hope for John Gilbert in his next talkie, "Way for a Sailor." For one thing, his voice has improved under the expert coaching of Dr. P. Mario Marafioti. For another thing, he will not be a romantic dandy in officer's brass buttons; he will wear dungarees. And the dialogue is being written by such censor baiters as Laurence Stallings, responsible for "The Big Parade"; Charles McArthur, co-author of "The Front Page"; and Jim Tully—you know Jim Tully. Virility at all costs is the watchword—and a good one.

• • •

MOVIES a few of us would like to see:

Clara Bow in something giving her a chance to act. Remember her in the pre-Glyn days in "Down to the Sea in Ships" (no relation to "The Fleet's In" and "True to the Navy")?

Gloria Swanson in peasant's clothes.

A gangster story in which the Big Shot is neither noble nor educated.

A spy story in which love does not complicate the complications.

Zasu Pitts in a leading rôle.

• • •

THE half-pint golf courses, renting out putters and colored golf balls on every vacant lot from Coney Island to Catalina Island, are giving the movie showmen a bad jolt. They are, in fact, panicky—talking of converting failing theaters into indoor country clubs, *et cetera*. All of which seems dreadfully unnecessary. America does not want golf so much as it wants good movies. (Please place the emphasis on the good.)

MENACES of

I. Pigmy Golf Millions O Dollars Away

By CAMPBEL

Above, a close-up of a course built beside a theater at First Street and Vermont Avenue, Los Angeles, to attract crowds to *both* golf and movies. Movie magnates did not start worrying until golf fans started turning out at night, as at right

ONE thing after another seems to conspire to disturb the peace of mind of the motion picture impresario. The day before yesterday, it was his inability to make enough of the kind of pictures the public wanted. Yesterday, it was the public demand that all pictures be conversational. To-day, it is the public madness for poor-man's golf. To-morrow?—one can hardly blame him for looking longingly at the fortune teller's ad.

Undoubtedly, the poor picture producer and theater owner have a good deal to think about. For a time, they had the entertainment business in their grasp. People fell easily into the habit of patronizing the movies, for two principal reasons: they wanted cheap amusement at short intervals, and the picture *entrepreneur* provided it at the time when there was little else to do. But in recent years a number of competitive factors have appeared. The automobile became cheap, radio poked its head out of the maze of things unborn, and the American people began to lean more intensively to sport.

In 1921, William W. Hodkinson, one of the earliest of the intuitive picture distributors—and the organizer of the Paramount institution, by the way, told me that he considered that radio had dangerous possibilities.

"Any picture man who doesn't see a potential menace in it is asleep," he said. "It may develop into a major entertainment, or it may prove merely a minor adjunct. If the former, it might prove so competitive that the motion picture industry would have to adopt it, or effect some combination. To-day, it is free entertainment, delivered into the home. But who knows where it is heading, or how much it will affect distribution?"

Rather prophetic now, isn't it? With the Radio Co poration making pictures, and Paramount buying a hal interest in the Columbia Broadcasting system?

How It All Started

ABOUT a year ago, a Tennessee innkeeper name Garnet Carter stumbled on an idea. Doubtless, h had seen a riotous game of lawn croquet illustrated i an old copy of *Gody's Lady Book* and had mixed that in h mind with a golf match on an adjacent links. Whateve the process, the result was an eighteen-hole dwarf gol course outside his inn, with tin cans sunk in the groun and greens of cottonseed hulls. And forthwith the Ameri can public performed one of its characteristic emotiona flip-flops and went completely gaga.

Psychologically—or perhaps pathologically—the ide clicked with the public taste. For years as a nation, w have been hearing about golf. The game arrived in th United States on a recognized basis some thirty-five year ago. There had been sporadic evidences before that, o course. At first, as a nation, we sneered. Then, as nation, we tolerated the thing. Next, as a nation, w accepted it, much as we accepted polo, the I. W. W. an

the MOVIES Is Taking People And From The Theaters

MacCULLOCH

BELMONT
THEATRE

Moss

Above, a golf-course and a Los Angeles movie theater working not against each other, but for each other. You play golf, then rest in the movie. At left, a bird's-eye view of an elaborate course, equipped with rustic bridges, swings, *et cetera*

arrie Nation—a sort of weakness that occupied space in he papers and rather embarrassed us, a weakness that usiness men were supposed to shun as they would the lague. In the last ten years, there has been grave doubt s to whether American business could be carried on without golf.

But golf never bothered the motion picture business. ou see, it had to be played in daylight. So the magnates miled and joined golf clubs—which were, and are, by no eans inexpensive—and were blissfully happy. And all his time the shadow of that fellow down in Tennessee was anging *Damocles*-like over the movie neck!

Why People Play

YOU know, folks are queer. The thing just beyond their reach is very apt to be jeered at. Golf was like hat. Because a set of odd-looking clubs and a strange bag nd a foppish suit of clothes and a golf membership and ll the appurtenances cost money, and because valuable aylight working time must be sacrificed to play the game, olf was out of the reach of ninety-eight per cent. of us. onsequently, we affected to scorn it.

Then Tennessee put it very suddenly within our reach. And it appealed for a dozen perfectly good human reasons: (1) it was very accessible; (2) it was cheap—about the price of a movie theater admission; (3) it used regulation golf equipment; (4) it was easy to play; (5) it could be indulged in at night just around the corner; (6) a lot of other folks could see us as we played; (7) it lent itself to mild gambling; (8) one could laugh and shout and kid one's fellow players, whether known or not; (9) girls could play as well as boys; (10) it was the "millionaires' game" that had been increasingly advertised as such; (11) it could be enjoyed out-of-doors; and (12) it gave us a chance to "dress up."

"Why wouldn't it make a hit?" asks Sid Grauman, the eminent Los Angeles impresario, who shares with Roxy of New York the honor of making the most spectacular motion picture forays upon the public interest. "It appeared just at the right time, as talking picture enthusiasm began to subside a little; it gave people a chance to be participants, instead of mere spectators, and it was keyed at the right price."

The Possibilities Are Endless

NOBODY knows exactly how many of these pigmy golf-courses there are in the United States, for the figure made up yesterday is valueless to-day, since a thousand or more may have sprung into being overnight. However, on July 15 last it was estimated that more than thirty-seven thousand were in operation in the forty-eight states, and that probably twenty-thousand more were projected. In Los Angeles County alone, there are sixteen hundred miniature golf-courses, with fifteen hundred more permits applied for.

What Can The Movies Do About It?

From an investment standpoint, they cost less than even the most modest theater. As little as twenty-five hundred dollars will equip one. The usual practice is for the intending operator to seek out the owner of a suitable plot of vacant ground, offer him a percentage of the receipts in lieu of rent, and wait for him to say "Yes." A week or two is sufficient for construction. And there are plenty of vacant lots!

Some of the courses cost large sums, being ornate, elaborately landscaped and ornamentally lighted. Flashing fountains, rocky dells, rustic bridges and shady nooks are provided. A marquee with soda fountain, hot dog facilities and a barbecue sandwich kitchen can fit in nicely and add to revenue. The larger courses even provide small clubhouses with easy chairs and a rudimentary veranda. As much as twenty-five thousand dollars is spent on these. Los Angeles, about the time this sees print, probably will have a course costing a quarter of a million; but then, California permits all-year playing.

Above, a spacious California course offering not only a game, but plenty of walking exercise. The daily average attendance at such a course is about a thousand. But even simple vacant-lot courses (like the one below) draw their crowds

Defense Measures

PERHAPS the thing is merely a passing fad; but, even so, it is causing the movie men acute discomfort. The West Coast Theater chain has been meeting the menace by buying up or even starting miniature golf-courses close by their theaters. Some of the larger movie houses offer a ticket to the nearest pigmy golf-course for ten cents more than their movie admissions.

Harold B. Franklin, president of the West Coast chain, is credited with the conviction that the picture theater and the little golf-course may be contributing factors in each other's welfare. Play golf awhile and rest in the theater. See the picture and later stretch the muscles by playing a little golf. Approach from either end. Well, that remains to be seen. Anyway, West Coast is trying it out.

Installation of indoor golf-courses in unprofitable movie theaters throughout the country is being considered by Fox, Warner Brothers and Paramount-Publix, it is said, as one way of capitalizing on a craze which in some places has robbed the movies of twenty-five per cent. of their patrons. An elaborate indoor golf-course may be built in a former theater for about twenty-five thousand dollars. The first of these playhouses to be converted into golf houses is scheduled for an early opening in New York City.

Wanted: 80,000,000 People

AFTER all, we should sympathize with the picture folk. The public demand for picture improvement has caused the industry to spend more than three hundred million dollars in the last two and a half years. The little item of interest on that sum is not less than eighteen million dollars yearly—which means that, in order to pay the interest bill, close to eighty million extra patrons a week are needed in the picture theaters. And this is a sinful lot of folk, when you consider that you must extract an average of a quarter from each of them!

But let us get back to the golf business.

How well are these courses patronized? How badly are the picture men worried?

First, a friend of mine who owns one of these—and he used to be the general manager of a big Hollywood studio—says his modest course enjoys a patronage of from eight hundred to a thousand people a day. He charges a quarter for a round in the afternoon and raises the price to thirty-five cents at evening. If the player wants a second round, the price goes back to the quarter. He has one "fan" who every day for five weeks has played nine rounds! Which sets him back only two dollars and thirty-five cents.

Allow that the average patronage is three hundred a day—which is believed reasonable, since some of the big courses enjoy a patronage of two thousand players a day, or even more—and with thirty-seven thousand courses the daily play reaches more than *eleven million!* How many of these players are escaped from the picture houses? If we suppose that the average charge is a quarter, the daily take of the miniature golf-courses is more than two million, seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

The Surest Remedy

GOING back to Sid Grauman again for a moment, I asked what he thought would happen—how the picture men would meet this condition.

"Better pictures, and perhaps lower admissions to the theaters," he said. "I'm not sure about the latter, but I am about the quality. You have to meet competition by improvement. Talkies are waning in popularity—perhaps not because of the talk, but just because their novelty is wearing off. In any case, we must have a finer grade of product."

And we have another factor that is a parallel menace: Night sports!

Cheaper electricity means greater use. Better lighting equipment means wider application. Until the last year or two, the artificial lighting of large outdoor areas has not been general, but now that we are being introduced to night baseball, night horse-racing and night football, it is no wonder that the movie brow is wrinkled.

The movies have been top-dog in the amusement world for quite a while. In the last few years, the picture man has sympathized in a superior sort of way with the drama

(Continued on page 92)

Ball

Navigation in these here parts requires plenty of latitude and a certain degree of longitude, but Ann Harding can just about fill the large order. And with her now emoting "The Greater Love," some say that she stands in—others, that she stands out. Either way, she is shore attractive

CAN THEY

The Odds And
Things Are

By GLADYS

Spurr

CAN they stay retired?

That is the poser before the house to-day.

I doubt it.

Can they, could they, *would* they ever be content with the patter of Little Feet for their sound effects, the lull of a lullaby for their singies, the nursery night-light for their Kliegs? Tourist tours to Europe for their locations and the intimate, deglamoured family circle for their fan public?

I doubt it.

I doubt it, despite the fact that for years and years I have had earnest threats of retirement wammed into my ears. Credulous aural appendages they were, too, at first. And now . . .

I doubt it, despite the fact that they have always been very pathetic about it, very firm, very reasonable and very emphatic.

I doubt it, because they have put limits on themselves and lo, the limits were vistas, the endless kind, opening, one into another. They have put time limits on themselves. "In five years I shall retire . . . in three . . . in ten . . ." and so on.

They have put money limits. They have put age limits. Time goes. Money amasses. Birthdays tick off on perennially renewed calendars. And the retirers we have always with us.

When They Said They Would

"WHEN I have a million dollars," says modest Eddie Lowe, "then I'll retire, sez *I!*"

"When they find out, as they will one day, that I have a stringy neck and a crooked nose, they'll *make* me retire," omened John Gilbert before the day dawned when the strings on the outside of the throat were less important than those within. "They'll make me quit," he said, "and then I'll stop walking, a puppet, through an author's story, a scenarist's script, a director's megaphone, a cameraman's mercy. All the work of other men. I'll get down to some honest toil of my own."

"When I have an income of two thousand dollars a month, my own home and everything I possess out of the red," announced Jack Mulhall, with his new R.K.O. contract ink-wet in his pocket.

Constance Talmadge (upper left) stayed retired. William Powell (top) wanted—still wants—to travel. Marilyn Miller (above) says, "Two more pictures . . ."

STAY RETIRED?

Several Other
Against Them

HALL

Spurr

John Gilbert (upper right) thought they would make him retire. Vilma Banky (top) thought she would stay at home. Rod La Rocque (above) is not yet in India

"When I have saved enough money to travel on for the rest of my days," said Bill Powell, adding honestly, "but how will I *know* when I have enough? The more money I get, the bigger my ideas become. Can it be that this is an endless chain?"

"When I am thirty-two or thirty-four," insisted Richard Dix, some years ago. "No use in thinking I can keep on after that." "Cimarron" is now in the making, with Rich as the lusty *Yancey Cravat.*

They never do.

They *can't.*

Yes-Men and Women

NEVERTHELESS, just ask them. Their answer is always Yes, YES, *YES.* They sigh for solitude, for privacy, for travel. For a chance to Improve Their Minds. For kiddies. For the opportunity to Read a Book by their own hearthstone, the cat dozing at their slippered feet. They crave to polish the family silver, to indulge their fevered, fretted souls in all the little babbittries dear to the hearts of private Misters and Missuses.

Say they.

I doubt them.

Their actions belie their words.

I believe they would all chant in unison the words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "A quiet life, which was not life at all."

I can recall, to date and of late date, only one famous movie-ite who has actually retired of her own volition, and has stayed retired long enough to make her Exhibit A. That one is Dorothy Dalton Hammerstein, who cultivates and manages a largish farm on Long Island, supervises the cook, has a baby, does all the things a proper Little Woman does do, save play bridge and discuss her neighbors' grievances.

Dorothy is married to a famous theatrical producer with, at the time, his fingers in the picture pie. She could "come back" if she really wanted to. She doesn't want to. She recently returned to Hollywood with the prospect of making a picture. The film, for

(*Continued on page 86*)

Hallelujah! *And* A Percentage

Aimee Semple McPherson Has A Heaven-Sent Talkie Opportunity

By

MURIEL BABCOCK

IF you have a little radio set along with the morris chairs in your front parlor, you've no doubt heard Aimee Semple McPherson, the lady evangelist. Before someone turned her off, I mean.

Come, all ye sinners, and gather 'round close. For here's a choice tidbit for you. Aimee is going to make a picture—a talking picture—which will relate the story of her life from the wind-swept prairies of Canada, to the desolate missions of China, to the green pastures of Los Angeles and Angelus Temple. The lady who walked the burning sands of the desert, that she might come home to her followers in the "pure and spotless raiment of the Lord," is going to break down and confess all—in gelatin form.

For a long time now, movie contracts, screen tests, story conferences have been brewing. It is said that every big motion picture company has offered her a contract. First Aimee would, and then she wouldn't. The indecision seemed to be tied up with the matter of percentages and lawyers, and a trip to the Holy Land—and Paris.

Now everything seems set. By the time you peruse this, Aimee should be fondling a make-up box on the Universal lot. For, believe it or not, the Laemmles, Carl, Sr., and Carl, Jr., are preparing to film the story of Aimee. At this writing, it is called "Clay in the Potter's Hand." It is based on Aimee's autobiographical book, "In the Service of the King."

Everyone Will Be There

AIMEE and her whole family, from the departed Robert Semple—her missionary first husband who exerted such influence on her life and deeds—to Roberta, the daughter; Rolph, the son; and even "Ma" Kennedy, will be characters. Although no definite announcement of the leading man has been made, for a long time the name of Kenneth Harlan has been popping into the picture. It seems that he looks very much as Robert did. It will be a full-time contract for someone, because, although the missionary's soul passed to his fathers in China, his spirit will accompany her in all scenes.

The cast should be an enormous one. They've got to put in lots of converts, and they're not going to forget the yeggs, gangsters, dope fiends, capitalists and all others who have figured in the tempestuous battle that Aimee has waged these many years against Evil. There will probably be location trips—although no mention has been made of one to Carmel.

Carl Laemmle, Sr., likes the idea of doing the picture so well that "they say" he wants personally to supervise the production, which will be staged on a spectacle scale. Everyone, of course, is entitled to one guess, or maybe two about the business of direction, but it is this writer's hunch that Aimee herself will have a lot to say about close-ups, fade-outs and what-nots.

Biblical Drama *Plus*

FOR this Mrs. McPherson is an experienced actress.

Right now, she runs the best show in Los Angeles. It's a religious show, to be sure, but aside from its evangelical aspects, grand entertainment. Clad in flowing white robes, assisted by all manner of mechanical effects and props, Aimee packs religion home in strong doses.

She dramatizes everything from her post—well spotlighted—on Angelus Temple's rostrum. Just as in a drawing-room play, when the butler and footmen and maidservants come on the scene to converse grandiloquently and

(*Continued on page 84*)

Me come from East, from big pueblo of tall teepees, me come West to land of wild men, to the land of Money-ha-ha. Christine Maple, I am call. Me come West to make big "Whoopee," be chief dancer (see the steps?), and sit pretty. ("Pretty what?" the censors shouted)

Alexander

During the late lamented heat wave, some people went from one cinema icebox to another, some went back to Nature, and some kept cool. Mary Brian went back to that old-fashioned garden and parasol and wondered how America's Busiest Sweetheart could possibly make "Social Errors"

Bredell

GLORIFYING
The American DRUNK

By

HELEN LOUISE

WALKER

A Little Lager, Now And Then, Is Relished By The Leading Men

Richee

Charles Ruggles doesn't see why he should stagger forever in pictures

MOTION pictures appear to be earnestly concerned, just now, with glo- fying the American drunk. hey have discovered that the bow-benders, the flask-tot- s, the boys who weave when ey walk, are just frightfully nny fellows and that they are good r sure-fire laughs from any audience this enlightened day of the Noble xperiment. Which is a heaven-sent scovery, what with audiences get- ng harder and harder to tickle.

It wasn't like this before Prohibi- on. You could never have let your hero get a bun on then—and remain the hero. Liquor automatically turned anybody into a heavy in those days. But now it seems that the surest way to gain sympathy for any character is to show him a bit boiled.

rank McHugh delights in ving you that superiority feeling

We run all the gamuts in drunk scenes, of course—from the pathos of Joseph Schildkraut in "Show Boat" down (or is it up?) to the hilarity of Laurel and Hardy getting thoroughly and tearily plastered on cold tea in "Blotto."

Al Jolson did an appealing bit of weaving in "Mammy," you remember—and was still his mother's boy. Marie Dressler, wandering maudlinly through "Anna Christie," nearly stole that picture from Greta Garbo. (Perhaps they should give Greta a rousing drunk scene from time to time!) Marjorie Rambeau had scarcely a sober moment in "My Man." John Barrymore was pleasantly bunned in "The Man from Blankley's." Clive Brook shows us how polite an English drunk can be in "Anybody's Woman." David Manners gets thoroughly squiffed in "The Truth About Youth"—his squiffed-ness, of course, being an important part of the Truth!

Drink and Be Employed

ANYONE who can play a convincing drunk scene is assured of a good job in pictures now. Studios are employing actors who are experts at this particular form of histrionic expression—and asking them to do nothing else. It requires a talent all its own.

Frank McHugh has played in seven pictures and has never had a sober part. He is First National's permanent drunk. Charles Ruggles, another consistently good alcoholic (professionally speaking, of course!), belongs to Paramount. And how the studios do treasure these boys!

I asked McHugh *why* he thought a drunk was so funny to most people. "Is a drunk *really* funny?" I wanted to know. "Or does he only seem that way when portrayed by a clever actor—the way a tramp can be made funny?"

"I think a drunk really is funny," he said. "Unless he is the kind that gets quarrelsome or weepy—and unless he gets too drunk. I have always liked to watch them. A man with just a slight edge on is nearly always funny. His brain is working so much faster than his muscles. He can think, but he can't coordinate.

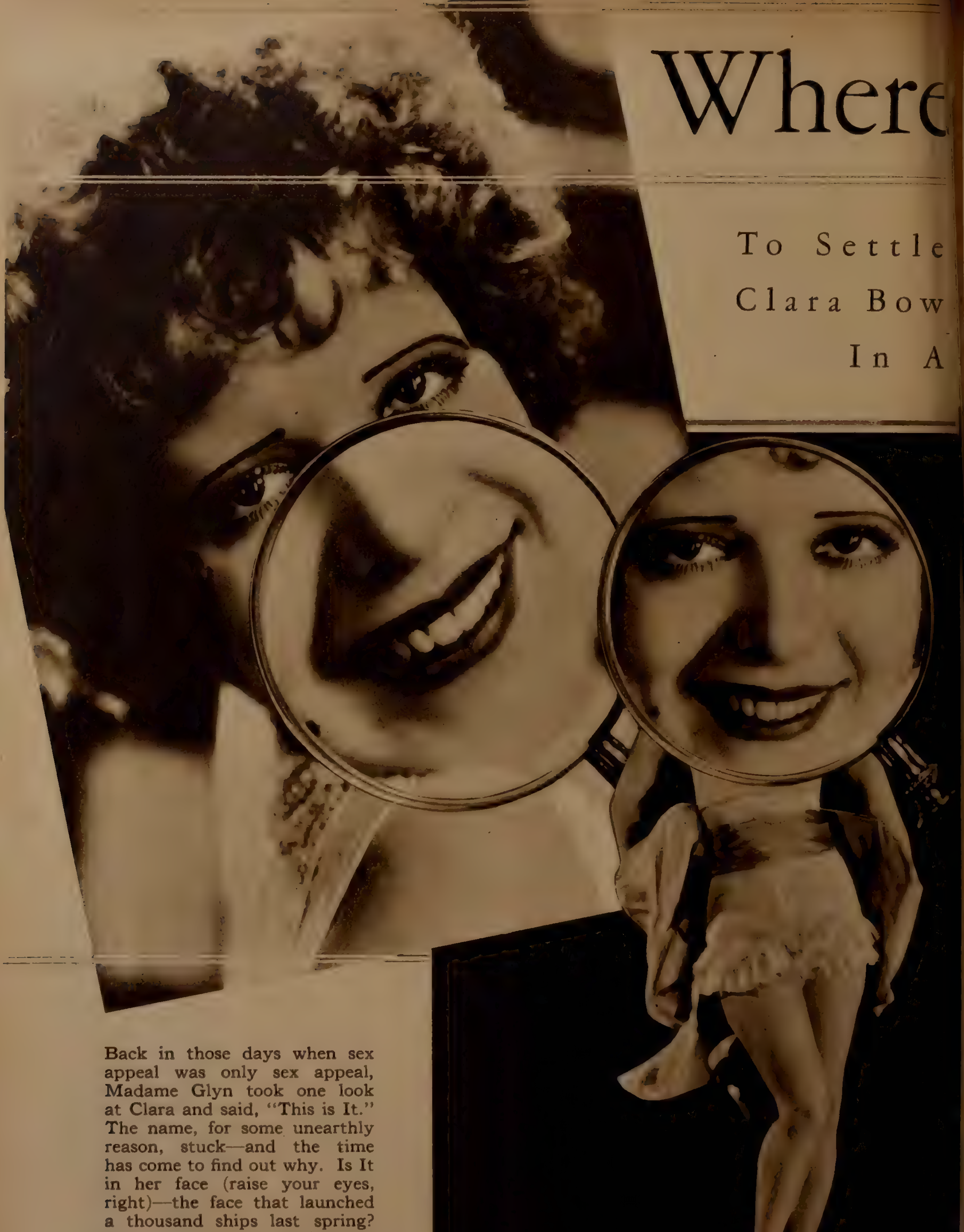
"He gets absurd notions that seem very brilliant to

(Continued on page 80)

But Expert McHugh insists that a drunk cannot play a drunk

Where

To Settle
Clara Bow
In A



Back in those days when sex appeal was only sex appeal, Madame Glyn took one look at Clara and said, "This is It." The name, for some unearthly reason, stuck—and the time has come to find out why. Is It in her face (raise your eyes, right)—the face that launched a thousand ships last spring? Or in her smiling lips (above), whose actions make words so unnecessary?

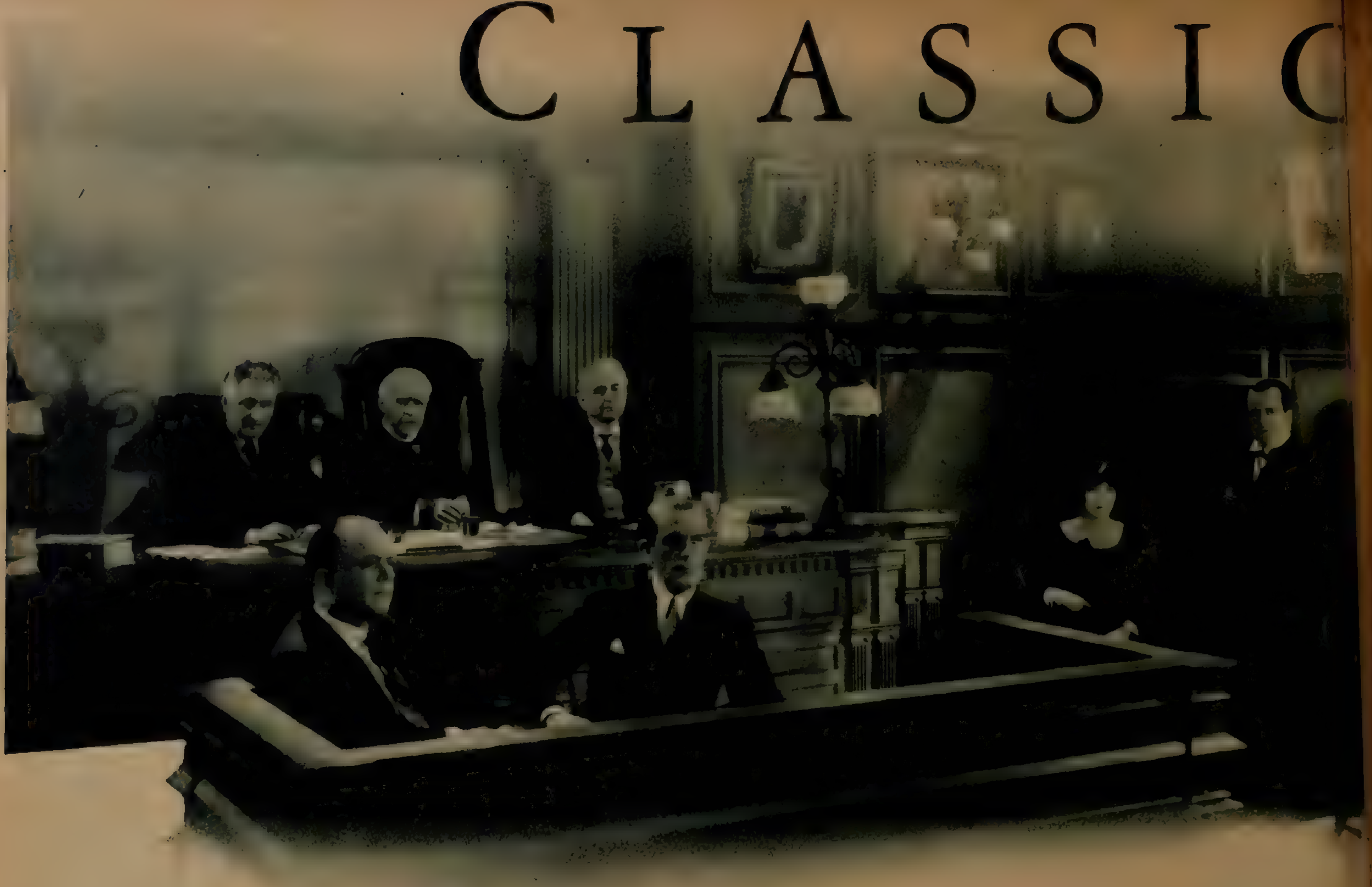
All portraits by Richee

Is IT?

An Argument,
Stands Out
Big Way

When the Public (no, not the Publix) insisted on knowing why Clara had so many fan males, there was nothing for her to do but pause on "Her Wedding Night" and show us how two and two make four million. To reveal (left) how she stands with the baldheaded row, and (above) how she looks in the moonlight. And prove, after all is said and done, that It's all over

CLASSIC



CASE V

Dorothy Manners, Court Reporter

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Jury, and may it please Your Honor, Mr. Hays, in the August term of Classic's Open Court the case of the slaughter of silent pictures was taken up by that staunch defender of the late flickers, Charles Spencer Chaplin. Since that investigation a new corpse has been discovered—our old friend, Slapstick Comedy. And now comes the friendly Prosecuting Attorney, Mack Sennett, to lay charge against the talkies, with the microphone as co-defendant, for the death of Low-Brow Comedy. It is for you, Ladies and Gentlemen, to decide whether the deceased has met with a timely or untimely death.—Editor's Note.

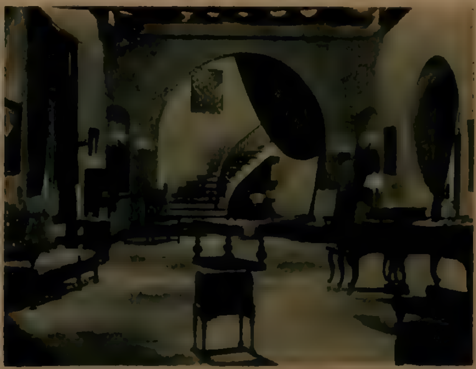
MR. SENNETT: Ladies and Gentlemen of the Public, I, Mack Sennett, dean of low-brow comedies, do now find myself in the curious position of laying before you the case of the slaying of my own brain-child, the Low-Brow Comedy, and it is with mingled emotions I present my arguments to you.

Against the defendant, the talkies, I bear no grudge or ill will or disappointment, and yet, Your Honor, and Ladies and Gentlemen, I do not hold them entirely blameless in this slaying. Surely, no case has come to you through more open mind than my own, unprejudiced and unbiased, but at the same time finding defects in both the slain and the slayer.

Bear with me in a brief résumé of the life of the late Low-Brow Comedy. A silly, moronic creature, the talkies found it—and so they killed. And yet, is even a dunce who has brought laughs, and eased away troubles for both young and old alike, so low a creature as to be mercilessly eradicated?

Silly, and imbecilic as it may have been, there were many redeeming features to our late departed. For one point, it had the gift of vitality and action. True, you may deride the *kind* of action . . . pie-throwing, trick falls, somersaults, bathing-girl antics . . . as silly, foolish nonsense. I do not deny this, Ladies and Gentlemen. I created it. But, withal, it was *picture action* . . . and we are dealing in the medium of *moving* pictures.

A bed, a dresser, and a washstand used to be a boudoir. But today (see right) Mack Sennett's boudoirs are in period furniture



In the old comedies, the wealthy lived in boarding-house style. But today (see left) their salons are, at the least, all to the ultra

Holds Open Court

THE CHARGE: - - - They Killed Low-Brow Comedy
THE ACCUSED: - - - The Talkies
THE PROSECUTOR: - - - - Mack Sennett

They Knew the Deceased

ALSO, from the inspiration of the late Low-Brow Comedy came amazing and lasting personalities of the screen. First and foremost always, that great genius, Charles Chaplin. That beloved laugh-girl, Mabel Normand. Harry Langdon, Gloria Swanson, Wallace Beery, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost. Low-Brow Comedy fathered and mothered these great of the entertainment world—because, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the realm of Low-Brow Comedy they never ceased to be more or less than entertainers. Art consciousness had no place in their efforts—and so they were artists. The world laughed and wept with them. But sad as it is to relate, this was not always the case after they deserted the old school. Harry Langdon, for one, suffered when he forsook his training of buffoonery for more subtle comedy. Charles Chaplin allows years to elapse between his pictures.

Often I have sat in darkened theaters, watching the new comedy modes of the Low-Brow offspring and wondered at how quickly they forsook their early training. That creed was: Action, Speed, Entertainment . . . first, last and in the middle.

But I fear that we go adrift of the real issue. We are not gathered to bemoan or question the death of Low-Brow Comedy. It is gone forever. It is a part of yesterday. We cannot bring it back if we would. I, for one, am satisfied that it is so. He who denies the inevitable, Ladies and Gentlemen, is more foolish than he who throws a custard pie. That is unwritten law. Low Comedy is dead. Sophistication of situation and dialogue has come to take its place in the field of comic entertainment. Let us consider the case of the assassin, and what cause, if any, there is for indictment.

For and Against the Accused

THE new comedy trend has this redeeming feature: It is adult entertainment. No longer are screen laughs confined to the nonsense of a child's appreciation. Speaking as a producer, I am relieved at this trend of events. It is much easier to have a man say something funny than to have him do it. There are just so many given situations that are funny in pantomime, but the field of speech is unlimited. Just recently I have produced what I hope is laughable entertainment, based on various current themes, including diet, golf, gangsters and airplanes. Low-Brow Comedy, rest its soul, was not so flexible. Too, its audience was comprised of patrons of small-town theaters. That the poor creature was on its death-bed at the time of the fatal blow is not to be denied. On the other hand, Ladies and Gentlemen, these new sophisticated comedy shorts are reaching first and popular-run houses, and are increasingly in demand. Their virtues, then, are these: Timeliness, Variety, Dialogue and Novelty.

Their great fault lies in that they do not move sufficiently fast for real

(*Continued on page 95*)

Above, Mack Sennett, dean of Low-Brow Comedy, lately done to death. At right, a scene from a Mack Sennett comedy starring Billy Bevan, in the days when humor was rough. At left, a setting for a modern, sophisticated Educational two-reeler

The Most Dramatic

Ruth Chatterton Went To The Darkest Depths Of Hell-On-Earth

As told by Ruth Chatterton

TO WALTER RAMSEY

MY most dramatic moment occurred within the walls of the most famous of all French prisons,—Santé. A hell-hole of shackled, insane murderers—infested with rats and vermin—devoid of sunlight and other light—disciplined with bayonets!

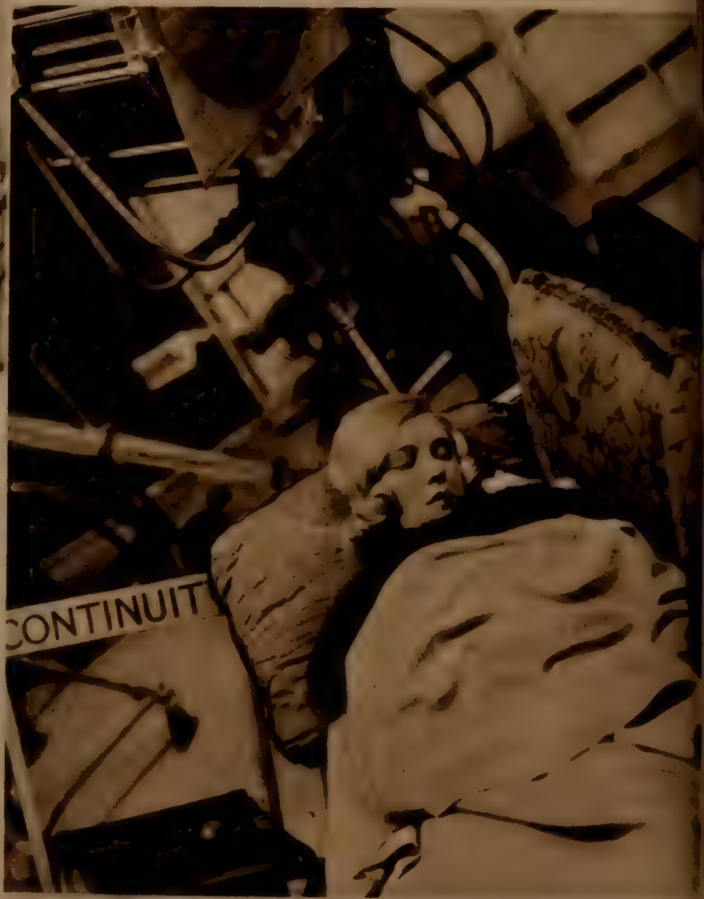
To most of you, that may seem surprising—for the reason that Santé is known the world over as a men's prison; but it is true. In fact, I have the reputation of being the only woman in the world to-day that has ever set foot inside those dank, gray walls. For a woman to get into Santé is as difficult a feat as for a man to get out. I had to pull almost every political string in France to obtain permission to enter. But that is not the start of my story.

It all began one particularly pleasant evening in Paris. I had arrived in France only a few days before, and was stopping at the *Crillon*. If I remember correctly, I had been to the theater earlier in the evening and had been in my room only about an hour—when the telephone rang. I was at a loss to understand the meaning of such a late call, but before I could stop her, my maid had answered. It seemed that someone was in the lobby and wanted to see me. A gentleman.

The Old-Young Man

BUT I knew of no gentleman who could possibly be calling me at that hour, so I told the maid to hang up the receiver. In a moment or so, the phone rang again, and in order to avert any further interruption, I took the call myself. After listening to the manager insist about the importance of the call for several minutes, I at last resigned myself to the situation and told him to put my visitor on the wire.

I had only to recognize his voice and listen to his plea before I asked him to come up immediately. The man who called was a childhood friend, a young boy in Paris for the first time in his life and in terrible trouble. I hur-



A much needed rest from dramatic situations: Ruth Chatterton takes a nap between scenes on the set of her new picture, "Anybody's Woman"

Moment *of* My Life

The rise of Ruth Chatterton as a dramatic actress has in itself been dramatic. Her screen life is invariably dramatic. But her real life? Hardly expecting to be believed, she at first assured us that her history was prosaic. And then out of the past came this memory—dramatic, unforgettable. No rôle she has ever played can compare with this unexpected rôle she actually lived.—Editor's Note.

hey both know their drama: Ruth Chatterton with Dorothy rzner, who directed her in "Sarah and Son" and "Anybody's Woman"

edly threw on some clothes and had barely finished dressg when a knock came on the door. If I had only known hat that impatient knock was to mean—if I had realized at it was the beginning of a series of the most startling vents ever to occur to me—I wonder if I should have had e courage to open the door.

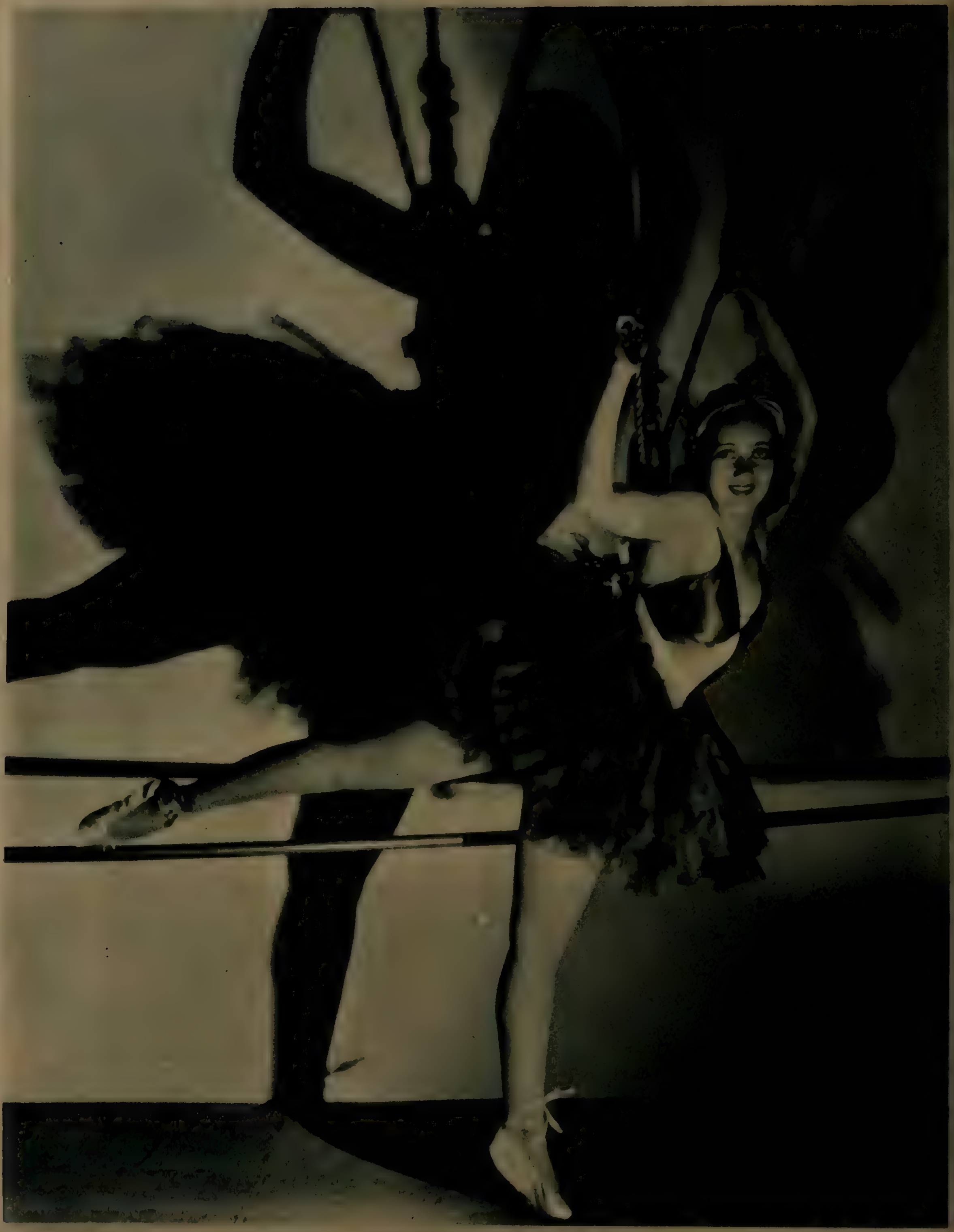
It is difficult for me to describe my thoughts as I saw y unexpected midnight visitor standing before me. Clothes torn to shreds . . . dirty and grimy . . . hatless and unshaved. He looked suddenly old, and he was barely twenty-one. I had seen him only ten days before, on the trip across. At that time, he had been youthful, full of the joy of living, well dressed, anticipating the pleasures of his first visit to the gayest city in the world. What dreadful thing could have happened?

An Escaped Prisoner

HIS story came falteringly. Briefly, it was something like this: He had stopped off in a small town about thirty miles from Paris to look about. While there, he had been thrown into jail for the crime of stealing an automobile. He had protested his innocence (in which I certainly believed), but his protests had carried no weight with the police. Then, even more serious, after two nights in the local jail, he had managed to escape and make his way to Paris. He knew they were searching for him and would probably take him back. He wanted me to help him out of the trouble. He hated to call on a woman in this emergency—but I was the only person he knew in France, and he couldn't speak a word of the language. After that much of the story, he collapsed from sheer exhaustion. My maid and I got him to the lounge and tried to make him comfortable.

As he lay there, I tried to get a clear conception of the whole thing through my very startled brain. Here was a

(*Continued on page 98*)



Hurrell

In A Ballet . . . *It's Balance*

A newcomer to Hollywood, Harriett Lake is already catching onto the ropes—and is it a ballet nuisance? She says "No." It's not her future—it's only herself—that is hanging in the balance after her going to the front in a small part in "Dough Boys"

Another Lon Chaney

He Is The Friend Of The Crook And Down-And-Outer

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

"JEEZ!" whispered the man in the front row, who was doing a turn for "paper-hanging" (passing worthless checks), "the way that guy plays the part of a con man, you'd think he'd been one hisself!"

"Aw, dummy up!" hissed a voice from the darkness. "This ain't a sassiety drammer!"

The prison picture room, usually a bedlam during the showing of a picture, was now quiet except for the voices from the screen. The hundreds of inmates of a great state penitentiary, the most critical audience before which a "crook" picture could be shown, watched in silence the unfolding of Lon Chaney's first talkie, "The Unholy Three."

"Chaney's pictures are the only ones that don't get the raspberry," says an ex-convict now working in Hollywood, "because he knows how a real crook thinks, acts and talks. Another thing: he makes human beings out of his crook characters. Which they are, even if people on the outside don't think so."

You have seen Lon Chaney in many "crook" pictures—among them, "The Miracle Man," "The Blackbird," "The Penalty," "The Monster," "Outside the Law" and "The Unholy Three." The characters he portrays in these pictures are each vastly different from the others; yet all of them possess one thing in common—a complete understanding of crook psychology.

Thousands of people familiar with the underworld, police officials and the criminals themselves, have long wondered why it was that Chaney—who, of course, has never been a crook, except for screen purposes—could portray these characters with such astounding realism, while other players who attempt crook rôles give but grotesque imitations of the real thing.

Portraits by Hurrell

The answer, never before given to the public, reveals a new and hitherto unsuspected side of the complex character of the man who is acknowledged the screen's finest character actor.

Lon Chaney understands the underworld and its people because he has studied crime and criminals. He has studied them so long and so deeply as to be recognized by leading authorities as one of the finest amateur criminologists and penologists in the world. Such men as Major-General Smedley Butler, the marine who attempted to clean up Philadelphia; Dr. T. Wendell Kilmer of the New York State prison board; Lieut. Roy Harlacher, identification authority; the famous Chief Volmer of Berkeley, California; and ex-Police Commissioner Enright of New York City, testify to Chaney's deep understanding and comprehensive grasp of their profession.

He Speaks For Themselves

EVEN more interesting is the fact that not only does he hold the respect and admiration of law-enforcement officials, but that the convicts themselves seek him out as both speaker and writer on subjects pertaining to their own problems.

(Continued on page 94)

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Fryer

Richee

Who's IT now? When *Mitzi* Green, wise for her nine years, also looked *that* way, Clara Bow went into the background (above) in "Love Among the Millionaires"

In case you hadn't noticed, here is proof (left) that *Bernice* Claire is one singer who does not resemble a grand piano. No wonder she is "The Toast of the Legion"!

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS may have lost his professional zest since the talkies, but he still has ideas of the importance of stardom.

Before he would consider adorning **Irving** Berlin's operetta, "Reaching For The Moon," which is also to feature **Bebe** Daniels, he made it clear that the Fairbanks name was to be in letters twice as large as **Bebe's**.

Somebody ran and told **Bebe**, of course. But she just grinned and said, "Build his name a mile high and leave me off entirely."

Bebe isn't the pride of Harper Street for nothing.

• • •

WELL, at least **Mary** Lewis's separation from a gentleman named **Michael** Bohnen is a relief after this epidemic of "friendly divorces." For the first time in a long while, the Court listened to a Hollywood suit that didn't sound like a testimonial of appreciation.

It seems that once, in Berlin, he knocked her through a hotel door.

Socked her on the chin on the boat coming back.

But saved blacking both her eyes until they were comfortably settled in Hollywood.

All in all, it made **Mary** mad enough to tell the Judge all about it.

• • •

A*T the Friday night boxing bouts:*

Maurice *Chevalier stopping the show, when he climbed into the ring and shook hands with the Main Eventers.*

Winnie *Lightner looking unusually well in a smart blue sport coat.*

Gary *Cooper and* **Lupe** *Velez.* **Lupe** *in all-yellow.*

Bebe *Daniels, in a white beret, with* **Ben** *Lyon, eating peanuts.*

Ernst *Lubitsch, shouting above the din: "Sock 'eem! Sock 'eem!"*

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Richee

Toujours le chevalier: making use of zat ol' underlip, *Maurice* Chevalier (above) blesses *Frances* Dee, an extra turned leading lady for "The Playboy of Paris"

Despite appearances at the right, *Dorothy* Burgess is seriously thinking of giving up vamping, now that she has a chance to be good in "The Painted Desert"

A FEW days after announcing her third engagement in less than six months, Dolores Del Rio up and narried Cedric Gibbons, art director. Mr. Gibbons has een no slouch at this engagement stuff himself. His ame was closely linked with Aileen Pringle's for several ears, and it was Cedric who cooked up that joke, along ith Virginia Valli, of announcing their engagement, 'just to see if the papers would print it."

Just what happened to the burning romance between Dolores and John Farrow, the scenarist, is not known.

"They say" that John would like very much to renew is friendship with Lila Lee, which went on the rocks at he time of the Del Rio interlude. At this writing Lila s ill in a sanitarium in Arizona, and unmarried. James Kirkwood has won not only his divorce (grounds: desertion), but custody of their child.

• • •

FREDERICK Lonsdale's story for Evelyn Laye arrived in Hollywood in instalments.

Evelyn, herself, brought the first part of "Lilli."

Ronald Colman arrived from London with the finish.

And now Lonsdale is here with the middle!

Russell Ball

A CERTAIN movie star in Hollywood owns the controlling interest in one of our smartest dress-making establishments—but she insists on keeping her business venture a secret.

"Why not?" she shrugs. "My divorced husband's new sweethearts are my best customers. I can't take any chances with all that trade."

• • •

GRETA *Garbo reporting promptly at the studio for a new photographic sitting.*

John *Gilbert inviting seventy-five friends to be his guests at the première of* Ina *Claire's play, "Rebound."*

King *Vidor,* Eleanor *Boardman,* Donald *Ogden Stewart, Mr. and Mrs.* Barney *Glazer in his party.*

Eighty-two baskets of flowers jammed into Ina's *dressing-*

room at the close of the performance. A flower show.

• • •

PARAMOUNT tried once before to change **Buddy** Rogers's name to the more dignified **Charles Rogers**—but this time they are going to insist upon it. They claim that the "Buddy" is too juvenile to fit in with his newly sophisticated rôles and they are making no compromise with the nickname. The first time they did. Remember "Charles (Buddy) Rogers?" From now on, it is to be just plain Charles Rogers.

In the meantime, while the Great Change takes place, **Buddy's** nameless brother, "**Bh**," has been christened **Bruce** by Paramount officials.

• • •

LUNCH *in the Paramount Café:*

Marlene *Dietrich, slightly ill from the heat, sipping cold tea.*

Gary *Cooper with a week's growth of beard for Von Sternberg's new picture.*

Jesse *Lasky and* **B. P.** *Schulberg lunching out with "the help."*

Frances *Dee meeting* **Mary** *Brian for the first time and liking her "lots."*

• • •

IT doesn't take these chicks long to get ideas about their careers!

Frances Dee, the little extra girl, chosen by **Maurice Chevalier** to be his leading lady in "The Playboy of Paris" (erstwhile "The Little Café"), is now playing opposite **Charles** Rogers, who also favors newcomer

"Of course," said **Frances**, musingly, "I'm glad to hav the opportunity to be playing with Mr. Rogers in thi picture, but my own part is nothing more than a walk-i walk-out rôle. No chance at characterization at all."

And she told me herself that six months ago she worke as an extra in a scene with three hundred others in a pic ture of **Buddy's**. (I mean **Charles's**.)

• • •

JUST *around town:*

Jean *Harlow walking from a parking station to th Embassy in an elaborate and décolleté gown, giving th natives a treat.*

Joan *Bennett denying she is secretly wed to* **John** *Considine, Jr.*

Olga *Baclanova looking at baby shoes in a shop on th Boulevard, for the best reason in the world.*

Ann *Harding,* **Joan** *Crawford and* **Ruth** *Roland making sunburned trio at the Embassy luncheons.*

Elsie *Janis appearing in public for the first time sinc the death of her mother, dining quietly with a business friend*

• • •

NOT more than a couple of years ago, **Harry Cohn** an his Columbia pictures were looked on as the death knell of fame and celebrity. Just a step above Povert Row, **Harry** rated as a last resort. Now his contracts ar being sought by the biggest directorial names in Hollywood. Those who have signed with him are: **D. W** **Griffith, King Vidor** and **Jack Blystone**, who directed **Wil** **Rogers** so successfully in "So This Is London."

She did not dye for dear old Hollywood: naturally a singer, as well as a blonde, *Jeanette* Loff is more or less under cover in "The Boudoir Diplomat"

Fryer

He evaded the woman question in "The Dawn Patrol," but with *Mary* Astor distracting him in "Adios," *Richard* Barthelmess has something better than steps to watch

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

RUTH Chatterton's inseparable pal in Hollywood is Lois Wilson. Lois has a rare gift for friendship with the women who reach the peak of screen attainment. For years she was Gloria Swanson's closest companion, and that at a time when Gloria was frank in admitting "she didn't trust women."

Lois spends practically every week-end with Ruth and Ralph Forbes at their home in Malibu. They spend entire days in their bathing suits and try not to hear the 'phone, lest it be some business summons from Hollywood. At the first breathing opportunity between pictures, Lois and Ruth are planning a trip to New York together.

• • •

THE scenario editor was explaining to the new writer from Broadway just what he did *not* want in a story: "We don't want old women, kids, war, crooks, society, convicts or prisons, Cinderellas, or mistaken identity themes. Now, what would you suggest?"

"The calendar," gasped the author, before he fainted.

There are daze and daze—

• • •

AROUND *the lots:*

Sue *Carol on her way to the Amos 'n' Andy tea.*

Bebe *Daniels ahead of time for an interview.*

Jeanette *Loff and* **John** *Boles discussing business with their mutual agent.*

Greta *Garbo surprising one of the boys around the M-G-M lot by calling him by his first name.*

Betty *Compson and* **Hugh** *Trevor strolling arm-in-arm toward* **Betty's** *set.*

DOROTHY Lee, R.K.O. cutie, who recently broke off an engagement to Fred Waring, is going to marry Jimmy Fidler, young Hollywood publicist, in the near future.

It's all very confusing to Dorothy's colored maid and practically impossible for her to keep the young men's names straight. Answering the 'phone to a newspaper reporter the other day, she gave out the astounding information that "Mis' Dor'thy gwine marry Fred Fidler" and after a sound correction from Dorothy, she called: "Hol' on! Hol' on! Gen'lemun's name is Jimmy Waring!"

• • •

EILEEN *Percy, turned newspaper columnist, on the M-G-M lot gathering gossip for her paper.*

R.K.O. seething with Indian candidates for "Cimarron."

Betty *Compson arranging a gardenia centerpiece for her own table.* **Betty's** *fresh-flowers-for-the-house bill runs fifteen dollars daily.*

Leila *Hyams, her mother, father and husband taking a Contract Bridge lesson.*

Ruth *Chatterton pronouncing Paris—"Par-ees"—and all Hollywood doing likewise.*

Mack *Sennett picking out a tune on the piano in his outer office.*

• • •

THE miniature golf-courses are playing merry old havoc with attendance at the movies.

And now comes the report that Fox is making every effort to buy up the little tricks that are adding gray hairs

(*Continued on page 91*)

Don English

Time and Tide wait for no man—but *Frances* Dee isn't time, and *Rosita* Moreno isn't Tide. Newcomers to the Gold Coast, both of them are on the verge of arriving

C. S. Bull

"A blonde with a brunette temperament": such a type was wanted for the rôle of *Nina T.* in "Trader Horn"—and *Edwina* Booth is the girl who met the demand

High Hose, E

If You Want To

Play The Soc

Fryer

Fryer

If Santa has filled your stockings, there's nothing like sheer stuff and nonsense to put you where you belong. Let Doris MacMahon (above) tip you off to the height of fashion, and let Laura Lee (top left) give a rap about doubling those resources, but look to Inez Courtney (left) for the height of modesty

Everybody!

To Make A Fortune,

Sock Market

Archer

Fryer

If, like Laura Lee (right), you have what Broadway calls "daddies' long legs," there could be nothing wrong with the picture. And if you have plenty of support, as she does (above), you should have a balance. But if you have seen the last hose of summer, like Irene Delroy (top right), scuttle for the nearest pincushion

THE LAND *of* LIBERTIES

It's A Wise Brain Child That Knows Its Own Author

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

ONE of the things which continues to astonish me in this most astonishing of all industries is what happens to a popular novel or play when it is transferred to the screen.

A producer will pay a fabulous sum for a book that has been a best-seller or a play that has had a long run on Broadway—on the assumption that its previous popularity will draw people into picture theaters because they have already heard of it. He pays, in other words, for previous publicity.

Then, the first thing he does, upon acquiring the rights to the thing, is to disguise it by changing the title! This, I gather, is on the theory that the person who wrote it in the first place did not *know* about titles. At least, he did not know how to devise a title with box-office appeal. Well, it is a difficult thing to comprehend, after all—this box-office appeal. Erskine's "Sincerity" becomes, upon the screen, "The Lady Surrenders." And "Liliom" becomes "A Devil with Women." You see the general trend. . . .

Sometimes, of course, changes of title are necessary because the work has been forbidden by the Hays office. It doesn't matter, you understand, if they *make* the picture. They just mustn't call it by its right name. In other words, a risque story, by any other name, isn't nearly so demoralizing for the kiddies. A change of title makes everything all right.

At top, a real old Western scene between Howard Estabrook, writer (left) and Louis Sarecky, associate producer, aiming to make "Cimarron." Above, Director Wesley Ruggles watches every move Estabrook makes

A Rose Under Another Name

"RAIN," you recall, was forbidden—and then was made, under the name of "Sadie Thompson." Which cleaned it all up nicely.

After they get the title readjusted, they settle down to a process that is called "adapting" the story—that is, putting it into form that can be screened.

This is quite a chore and usually involves writing an entirely new story. Sometimes, a whole flock of people write stories to fit the new title. Not that *that* matters. The picture will probably have six or eight different titles before it is released.

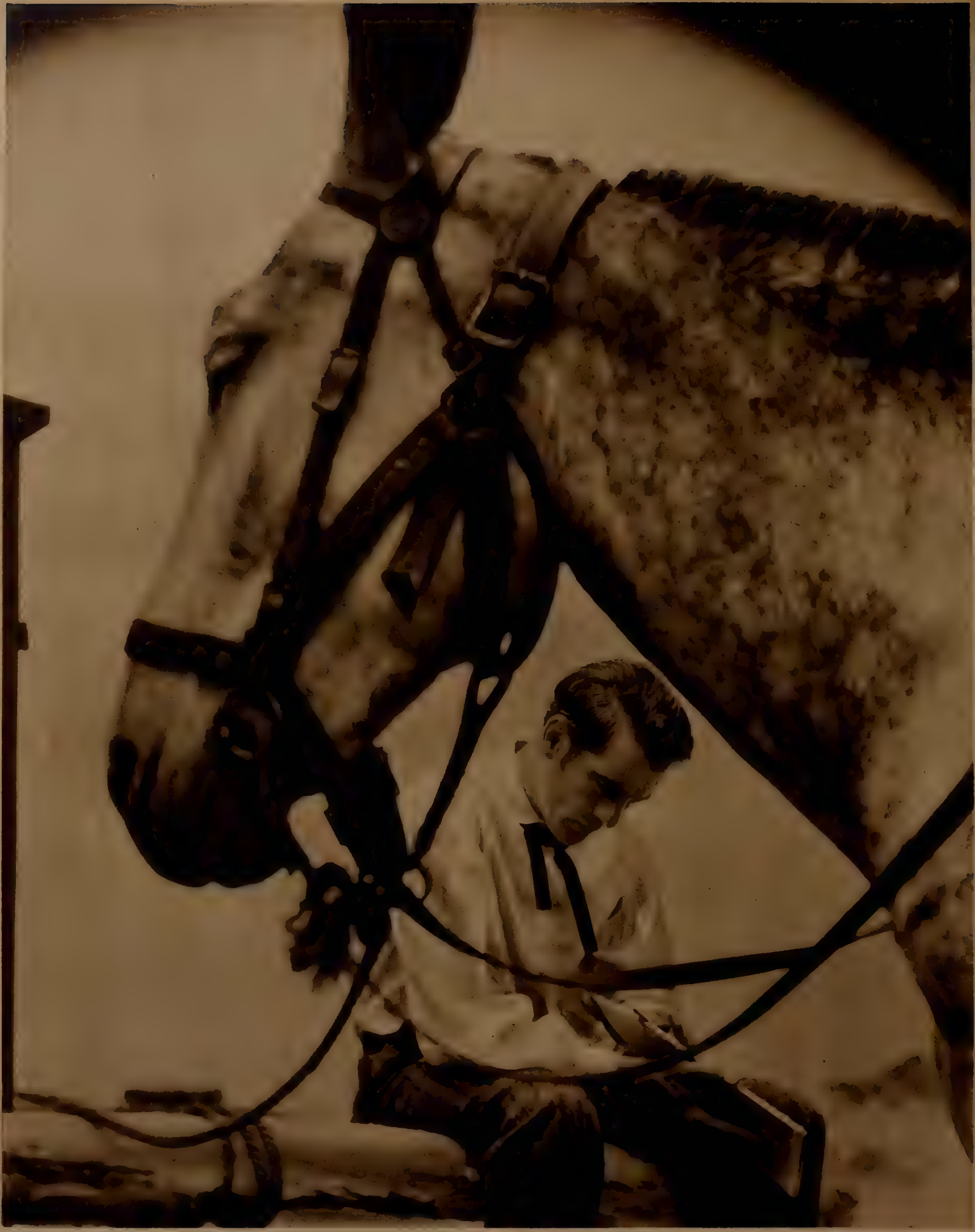
But you see, after they buy the thing, it occurs to them to look around, in a startled fashion, to see whom they have on the lot who can play in it. If they find that they do not have any people who exactly fit the rôles, then they must change the story to fit the actors they have on hand. You will admit the efficiency of this method, I am sure.

Take "Cimarron," Edna Ferber's novel, which R. K. O. is now making into a picture. *Sabra, Yancey Cravat's* wife, is really the chief character of the book. The romantic, mercurial *Yancey* flashes in and out of the story as it suits

(*Continued on page 96*)

If Bebe could see him now, Ben Lyon could look forward to catching more than rivets. Not only backsliding himself, but trying to make Ona Munson forget where *she* is! But steelworkers, it would seem, are ever thus. At least, this is the construction of "Hot Heiress," a job calling for dexterous footwork

Longworth



Don English

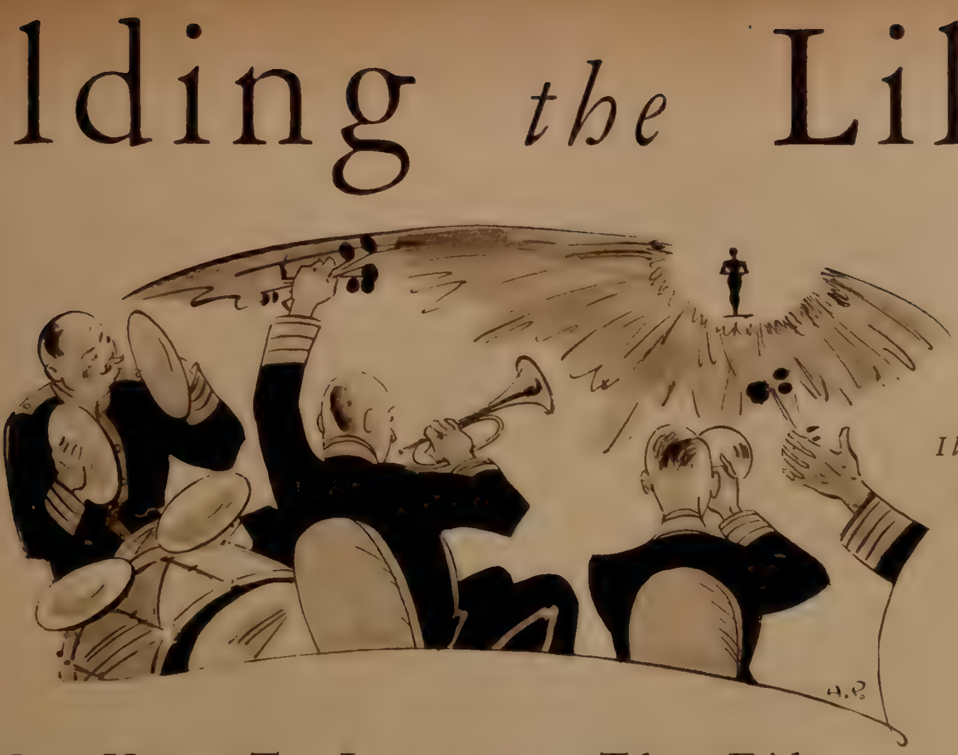
Left At The Halter

And that, opines Gary Cooper, is better than getting a hoss laugh in the vestry. Hitching posts are all right for busted broncos, but he-men shouldn't be tied down. He's got some cutting up to do yet, and, anyway, he'd rather do his fighting in pictures like "The Spoilers"

Gilding *the* Lily

By
IERBERT
RUIKSHANK

Illustrations
By
Herman
Palmer



Or, How To Improve The Films With A Little More Silence

NO less an authority than Oscar Wilde has said that a truth ceases to be a truth when it becomes a platitude.

Yet there's many a truth hidden in platitude. n fact, it is platitude, rather than love, that makes the vorld go round. Civilization is founded upon it. It echoes rom high places and reverberates in lowly ones.

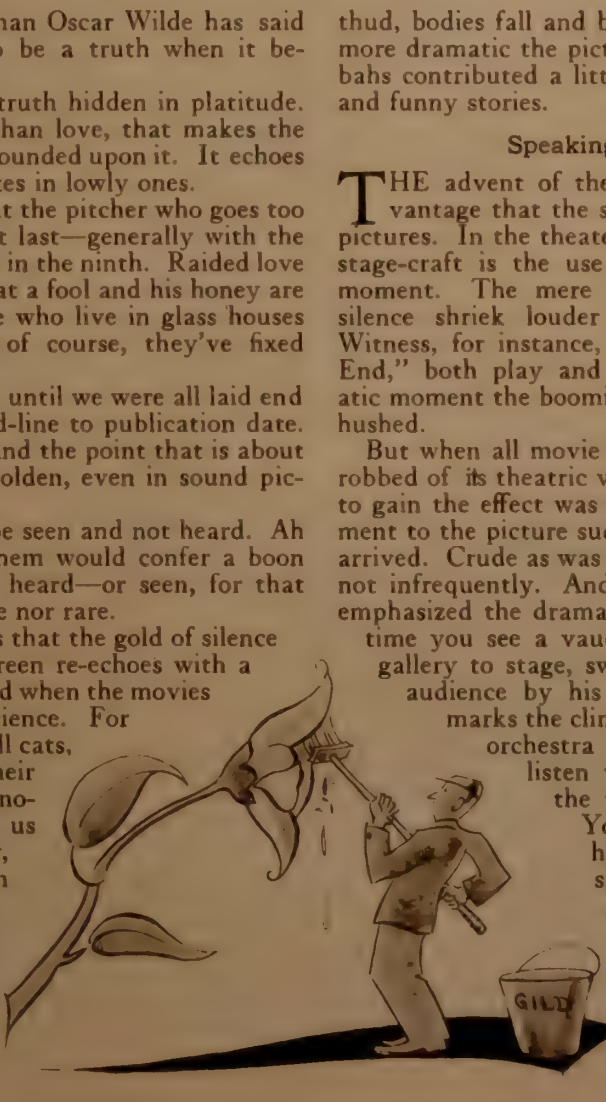
We all know, for instance, that the pitcher who goes too ften to the box "blows up" at last—generally with the core tied and three men on base in the ninth. Raided love ests demonstrate the axiom that a fool and his honey are oon parted. Obviously, people who live in glass houses houldn't roll bones. Unless, of course, they've fixed hings Down Town.

This sort of thing could go on until we were all laid end n end and stretched from dead-line to publication date. But you get the general idea. And the point that is about o be made is that Silence is Golden, even in sound pictures.

Not that the movies should be seen and not heard. Ah no, not that. True, some of them would confer a boon upon mankind if they weren't heard—or seen, for that matter. But that is neither here nor rare.

The vital fact of the matter is that the gold of silence assays higher, now that the screen re-echoes with a silvered sibilance, than ever it did when the movies were still as the voice of conscience. For then there were no contrasts. All cats, so to speak, were grey. And their mewings hushed in celluloid cenotaphs. Then a title had to tell us "Came the dawn." While now, from the peace of night, we can actually hear it boom as it thunders up from China 'cross the bay. That's what you call contrast. Silent night—sound dawn.

Business also is basically sound, they tell us, as stocks thud, bodies fall and banks crash. But think how much more dramatic the picture would be if the nation's pooh-bahs contributed a little silence instead of telling riddles and funny stories.



Speaking of Sound Business

THE advent of the talking screen obviated one advantage that the stage had always held over motion pictures. In the theater, one of the most effective bits of stage-craft is the use of silence in stressing a climactic moment. The mere absence of sound can make the silence shriek louder than all the clamor of Babel. Witness, for instance, the use of silence in "Journey's End," both play and picture, when in the most dramatic moment the booming of the guns is for the first time hushed.

But when all movie moonshine was stilled, silence was robbed of its theatric value. The best that could be done to gain the effect was to have the orchestral accompaniment to the picture suddenly cease when the big moment arrived. Crude as was this device, movie maestros used it not infrequently. And the mere cessation of the music emphasized the drama enacted on the screen. The next time you see a vaudevillian ride a high bicycle from gallery to stage, swing the spangled blonde over the audience by his teeth, or perform whatever feat marks the climax of his act, watch him signal the orchestra leader for silence. In the circus listen vainly for the blaring band when the tumbler makes his Leap for Life. You'll get an idea of the screen's handicap in being unable to use silence because there was too much of it.

But the talkies have obviated this. From the first of the big ones, employment of the new asset has been apparent. The tensest scene in "Broadway

(*Continued on page 99*)

It Pays To Be Poor

Chester Morris Is Cashing In As The Poorest Star In Town

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

I THOUGHT Chester Morris was the white-haired boy of the talkies from the beginning. I didn't know he had an early struggle to his name, so far as Hollywood was concerned. I thought he simply made "Alibi," was besieged with offers on every side, commanded a fabulous salary, and had since been living off the fat of the land, regarding a thousand dollars a week as mere pin money.

Imagine my surprise to find that, for four months after "Alibi" was made, there wasn't a studio in Hollywood that would let Chester in. That he suffered the agonies of failure and poverty before he reached his present eminence.

And that now, having just built a barbecue oven in his back yard, he hasn't enough money left to buy the meat.

It was that old discoverer, D. W. Griffith, who made the first tests of Chester, while he was playing in New York in "Crime." Roland West saw those tests, when he was looking for a believable villain to play in "Alibi." He wired, offering Chester a United Artists' contract.

Bull

Chester didn't want to go. He didn't have sense enough. It wa his manager, A Woods, who arrange the whole thing an finally hustled him of to Hollywood.

Chester, that fiendish crook, arrived with the baby's bathtub under one arm and a straw suitcase in the other. He was rather relieved that Roland West wasn't at the train.

Broadway Came Off

THE next day, he presented himself to Mr. West, arrayed in spats, a derby hat, cane, and gloves. Roland took one look at him.

"H'm," he said. "Actor. Well, we don't have anything like that out here. You'll have to give that up."

Chester went to work. He finished "Alibi." United Artists, simply not Morris-conscious, failed to take up his option. For four long months he hung around Hollywood, trying to get work. But no one had ever heard of him, and no one apparently wanted to.

"Those four months were horrible," Chester said. "I hired an agent. I hired a press-agent, and I was in a Fool's Paradise every morning at breakfast when I read things about myself in the paper. I thought I was a big shot. But I soon found out that nobody read them but other actors out of work. My press-agent

(*Continued on page 102*)

Our Own News Camera

The college youths who amputated their jeans for comfort's sake didn't worry the tailors, but when the cowboys see Ruth Eddings (below) in "Whoopee," there's going to be some widespread cutting up

Alexander Photo

Russell Ball

Arrived at healthy, normal adulthood, William Bakewell (above) can now get a laugh out of America's favorite reading matter. Every Friday he rushes to the newsstand for Sunday's paper, laboring under the delicious illusion, despite the fighting he saw in "All Quiet on the Western Front," that that "Mr. and Mrs." stuff is funny

Alexander

It isn't that young Mr. Bakewell (above) couldn't see any number of painfully funny things if he just looked about him in Hollywood. Everybody else does. But his hysteria is the harmless kind. His idea of a funny picture is the only kind you can see nowadays for a nickel—the kind that brings tears to your eyes

Fryer

When an actor isn't taking something out of an icebox, but is putting something in, it's news. Eddie Quillan (right) has just discovered what is meant by "the dog days" and intends to have cold feet tomorrow. And Joe E. Brown (left), who, like *Sherlock Holmes*, smokes a pipe, thinks it's a crime if he's trailing anybody now

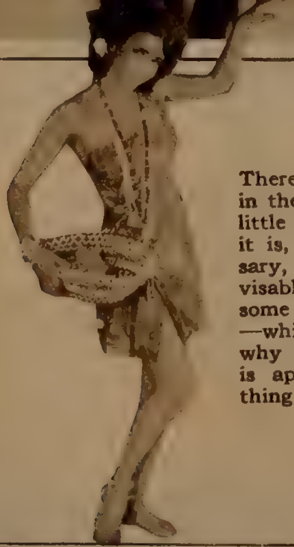
Ball

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST T

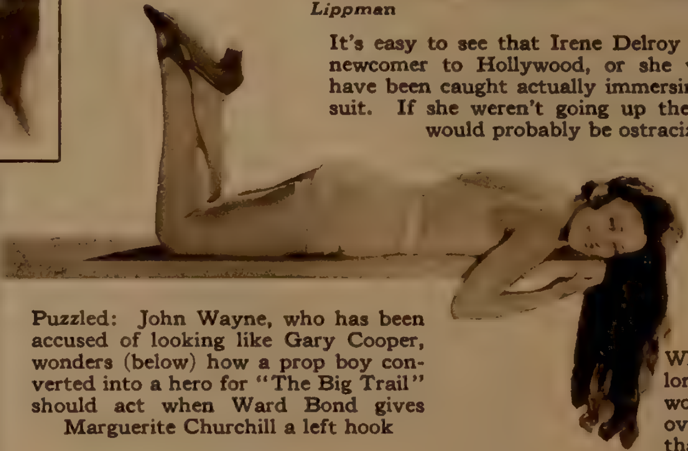
One hundred per cent. American: chief actor in the powerful silent of Indian life, "The Silent Enemy," Chief Long Lance (left), Blackfoot Indian and ex-West Pointer, is the latest "discovery" of the talent-seekers

Lippman

It's easy to see that Irene Delroy (above) is a newcomer to Hollywood, or she would never have been caught actually immersing a bathing suit. If she weren't going up the ladder, she would probably be ostracized



There comes a time in the life of every little actress when it is, if not necessary, at least advisable to reveal some native talents—which explains why Betty Boyd is appearing in a thing or two (left)



When you have long hair in Hollywood and, moreover, the kind that doesn't fall out, the best thing to do, says Lottice Howell, lying at left, is to let the matter drop

Puzzled: John Wayne, who has been accused of looking like Gary Cooper, wonders (below) how a prop boy converted into a hero for "The Big Trail" should act when Ward Bond gives Marguerite Churchill a left hook

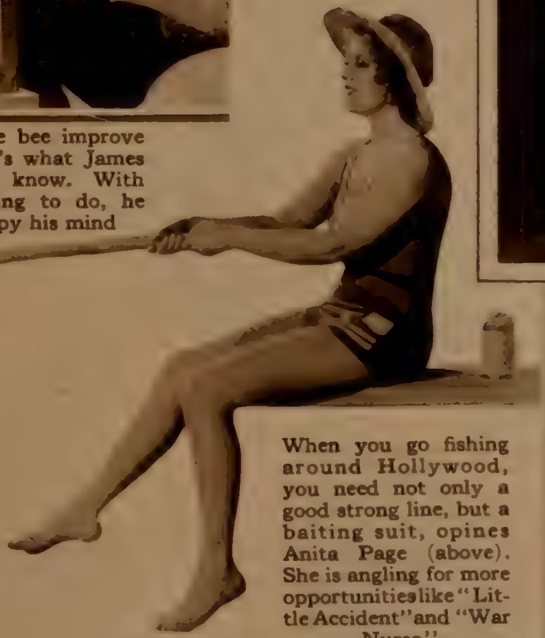
How dry they are: Frances Dee, a newcomer, and Rosita Moreno, a ditto—from Spain no less (left), having gone down to the seas again aren't so busy drying their hair as getting the sand out of it

Don English

OAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

"How doth the busy little bee improve each shining hour?" That's what James Gleason (above) wants to know. With only acting and playwriting to do, he needs something to occupy his mind

In this madly talking world, it is not uncommon to lose one's head, but Mona Maris (right), for variety's sake, has apparently lost her figure. Moreover, her eyes are not open. How does the girl manage to get along so well?



When you go fishing around Hollywood, you need not only a good strong line, but a baiting suit, opines Anita Page (above). She is angling for more opportunities like "Little Accident" and "War Nurse"

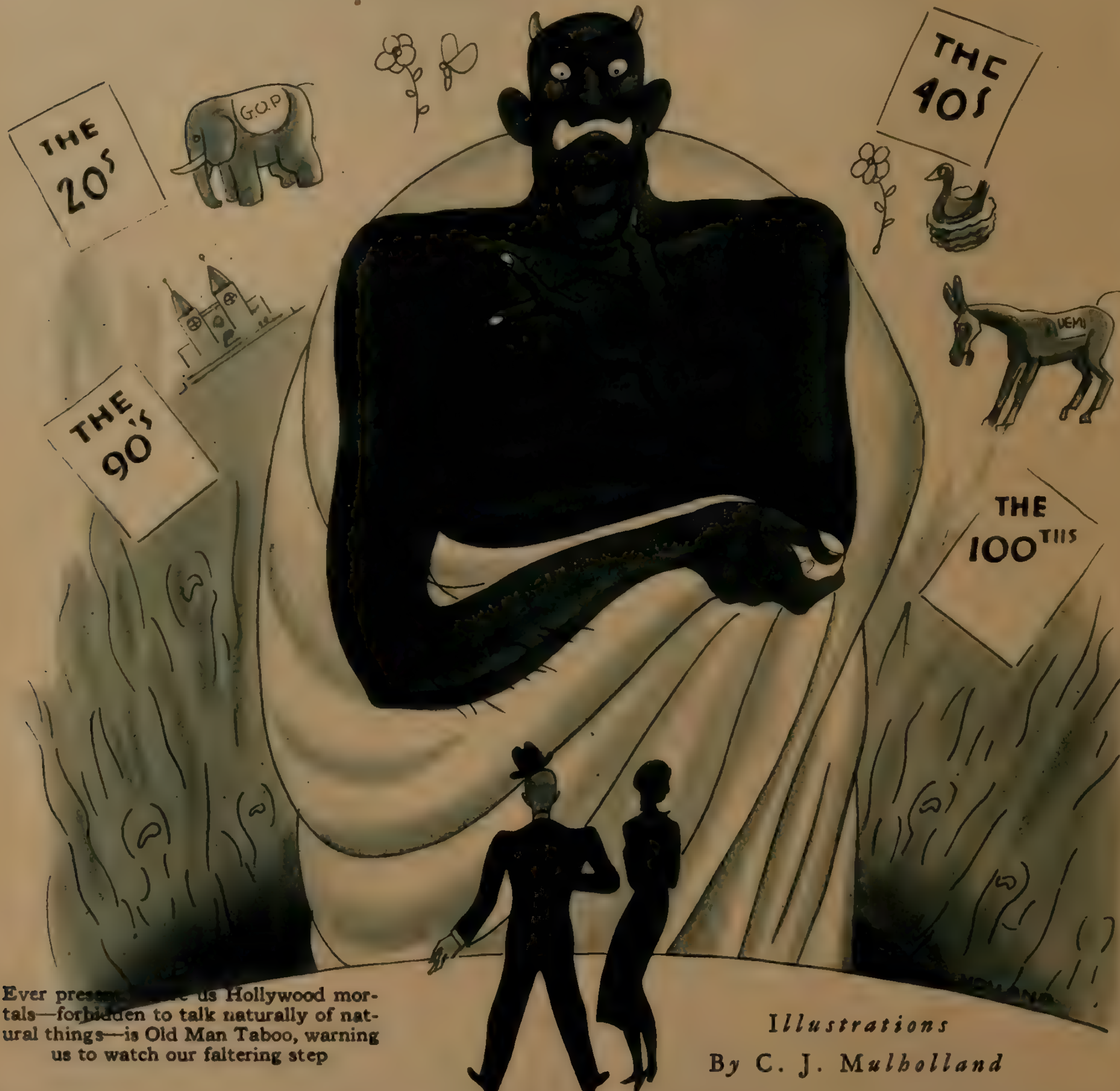
The flighty Irish: Maureen O'Sullivan, who isn't keeping her feet on the ground these days, with chances like "Just Imagine," illustrates (right) what the well, dressed airesses of 1980 will wear

With four Marxmen about, there's bound to be some shooting, and they're about, all right—about to finish "Animal Crackers" on Long Island. Below, you see them off again, in the usual order: Beppo, Groucho, Harpo and Zeppo

Between Ludwig Berger, who knows a thing or two about directing, and Maurice Chevalier, there was little danger that Frances Dee (right), new to big parts, would fall down in "The Little Café"

Tabooed Topics

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY



Ever present [illegible] us Hollywood mortals—forbidden to talk naturally of natural things—is Old Man Taboo, warning us to watch our faltering step

Illustrations
By C. J. Mulholland

IN this quaint little hamlet, there are no Republicans. There are no Democrats. Political furies never lash its snug security. No one ever declares, vehemently, that he is a Socialist. No one cares a whoop, apparently, about the Communist party. Political controversies are unknown. Peace and quiet reign, and who cares whether a Smith or a Hoover sits in the White House?

Democrats, those staunch defenders of the Solid South, are denatured when they cross the state line. And also examined for hoof-and-mouth disease, the boll weevil, the Florida fruit fly and mint julep. Their hearty convictions on the power of the party are sent to limbo at the same time.

Neither is there age in this sweet Elysium. The years are counted for two decades and when twenty is reached, one automatically drifts into an indefinite period known as "the twenties." One stays, unless possessed of tremendous courage, for thirty or forty years, or until further face-lifting becomes impractical, and then one enters "the forties." The courageous souls who count their years by the old-fashioned twelve-months' plan are deemed exceedingly daring, but not quite fraternal.

Youth Goes on Forever

THERE are exceptions, of course. There are some who smile at the question, and admit they are in their late twenties. "Late" may be considered an admission. The curious are permitted disbelief. The wise say nothing, but nod obligingly. There are those, well on toward the century mark, whose pleasure is so great in admitting it, that they are accepted with amused tolerance. But, mostly, the inhabitants of this hamlet are still in "the twenties."

Another amazing thing about this community is the lack of religious decision. Despite that, we gather from the distinguished Professor Smiggens, D.Sc., F.R.A.S., and F.O.B., who has just returned from making an extensive survey among the natives, that it must be understood that there is no lack of faith and belief in dogma and doctrine. The streets are lined with churches, temples and synagogues, but there are no avowed Presbyterians, Catholics,

Shh! Shh! There Are Some Things You Mustn't Mention

piscopalians, Scientists, Baptists, Seventh-Day Adven- its, Lutherans, Methodists. Devout, apparently, a odly share of them, with Sunday mornings well spent, ading chaste and Christian lives. Still, there is a strange ence when the question of determinate creed is brought . Whether this is due to bashfulness remains in doubt.

Movieland Mysteries

TILL other mysteries arise to confound the explorer. One is the shudder of horror with which they greet the ention of the word "liquor" in the daily prints, if it is ked with their names; and another is the sacredness ith which they treat their bootleggers' telephone num- rs. This, in itself, is not altogether compatible, but prob- ly has some mystic significance. It is strange and incom- ehensible, to the observer, to note the lavish manner in hich bottled goods are consumed and the utter public sregard that accompanies it.

For instance, it is never noted in the papers that a rtain lady entertained with a cocktail party. When it aches print, the lady has given a tea. This is probably in eference to a law effective in the surrounding country at prohibits the sale and consumption of intoxicants. In eeping it from the public prints, except on unsolicited casions, the inhabitants, we presume, are thoughtfully fraining from causing their civic neighbors undue alousy.

Among certain of the members of the community, there a decided aversion to discussing any lurid or amorous fairs that may have caused considerable comment at an arlier time. This is especially true of women who, since e explosive publicity, have married and are luxuriating the pleasant surety of that state. Any references to ectic events now passed are marked with evident reti- ence. However, this is not axiomatic, because any number f females glory, conversationally, in the memories of their abloid indiscretions and aver that Art is in Living Fully.

A Quaint Native Custom

PROFESSOR SMIGGENS is more or less at a loss to account for these taboos, but is rather inclined to elieve them to be of Polynesian extraction. In Polynesia, ertain things are set aside as holy by native *tapu*. After n extensive study of newspapers and magazines during his sojourn in this quaint hamlet, he finds the natives hemmed in by taboos. He finds personal prejudices that are inexplicable to the scientific mind. Hollywood, for that is the name of the hamlet, has a set of taboos that apparently are unlike any other in the world. Even the town's discovery was unusual. The site was chosen by a gentleman named DeMille as a likely spot to put a barn that had been selected as the cradle of the motion picture business. It may be the extremely modest origin of the industry, symbolized by a barn, that makes for this native purity. On occasion, its taboos are all but confusing.

No religion, no political parties, no age, unless it is very young or very, very old. Sometimes even the given name is taboo. It was Janet Gaynor who objected to telling the vast and waiting world that she had been christened Laura. Just what was behind this naïve *tapu*, no one but she and perhaps Lydell Peck, her husband, shall know. Laura is derived from the Latin "laurus" and certainly the bearer is entitled to such a wreath for her cinema performances.

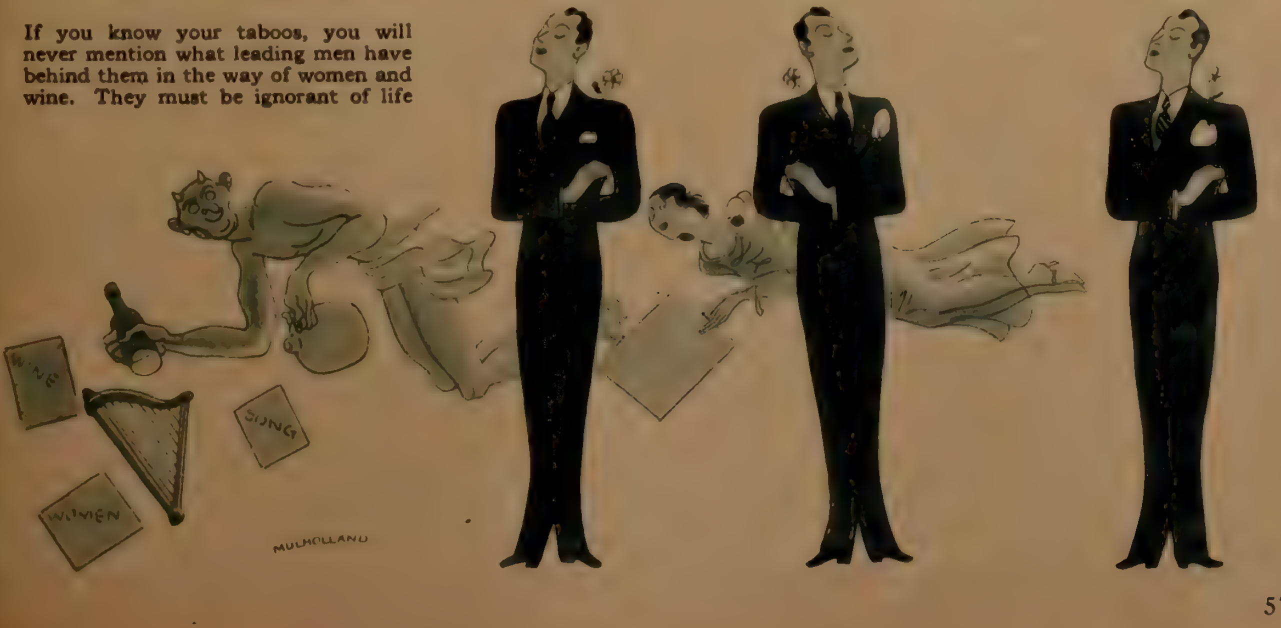
The Unpardonable Error

THE uncrowned queen of this land has her special taboos, too. It is none other than Mary Pickford, who doesn't want to be called a business woman. Anything but that. Artist, actress, woman, yes—but never does she want to be described as a lady of commerce. Her press-agent takes time off to tell you, too—sometimes pointing out in articles already off the press that the unpardonable error of calling Miss Mary a business woman has been made. All this makes life exceedingly difficult in taboo town.

Frequently, in the marts of the motion picture—in the publicity departments, to be specific—you will find neat little sets of taboos all framed and ready for quick reference. Mention of marriage is one; presumably because chastity is more to be worshipped by the public than conjugal bliss. This is a taboo that has descended from the Francis X. Bushman days when gelatin heroes were not supposed to have private lives—or wives.

There was the taboo concerning Nancy Carroll, whose bright screen ways were not to be dimmed by association with husband and child. Quiet requests were made to soft-

(Continued on page 89)



If you know your taboos, you will never mention what leading men have behind them in the way of women and wine. They must be ignorant of life

Menace or Messiah?

. . Eisenstein of Red Russia Speak His Piece .

By

DOROTHY CALHOUN

A great clamor has been raised by the professional protectors and protectresses of America at the entrance of Eisenstein, the Soviet motion picture genius, into these United States. A creator of strange, chaotic and powerful motion pictures baring the drama of the masses in the Russia of today, his influence in America is impossible to predict. But here he tells what he wants to do, what America should expect from him.—Editor's Note.

TO the United States of Soviet Russia a Messiah, to the United States of America a "menace," Serge Eisenstein is to his mirror a short, stocky man, 32 years old, with wild, appropriately red hair.

Discovered at the Paramount studios, where he was reading prospective scripts for his first American picture, he was explosive with epigrams, not bombs. As sane as you or I; perhaps saner. And intensely interesting—magnetic, dynamic, far-seeing, sensitive.

There is nothing of the gloomy, Tolstoyan soul-searcher about him. He is a laughing Russian—the new Russian, he tells us, of the post-Revolutionary era, more concerned with progress than his sick soul, more interested in tractors than destiny, more like the American of today than any other people.

"Only in America and in Russia is there anything important being done on the screen," he cries. "Call my pictures—'The Old and the New' and 'Ten Days That Shook The World'—call them propaganda, if you like. What is propaganda but an idea, an idea so strong that it must find outlet in artistic expression. Dante's 'Inferno' was nothing but political propaganda at the time it was written, aimed at his party's enemies. Much of the world's art had its origin in propaganda. You Americans use the word as if you were afraid of it!

The Butterfly Crusher

"IN Russia, the making of movies is under the supervision of the Department of Education, as it should be. Rightly, the Soviet recognizes the motion picture as the greatest available means of education and spreading thought. Here you do not realize the power of what you have. You use only one tiny bit of the possibilities of the cinema—like a tremendous machine put to crushing butterflies. There is nothing you could not accomplish with the movies—nothing!

"In Russia, we are making a new world with the aid of the cinema. Our peasants cannot read or write, many of them, but they can all understand pictures, and if bread is dear and they cannot afford meat or shoes, the government has seen to it that everyone can afford amusement. In the villages, pictures are shown free. In the cities, there are especial low rates to workmen's societies and no one need go without pleasure. You think my pictures are not very amusing perhaps? But you do not understand Russia.

"Your ideas of my country and its people come from books written in the pre-Revolutionary period. That time is gone, those people are gone. In those days, they asked questions, hopelessly, of Life, of God. Now we are finding the answers to those questions. The new Russian is

(*Continued on page 92*)

Hurrell

Robert Montgomery may be no second Jones, but he knows a hazard when he sees one. And with Dorothy Jordan playing up to him, he hopes there is something in the bag besides the clubs—for when a fellow is in "Love in the Rough," what earthly use is a mashie?

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

Above, a squadron of planes in one of the thrilling scenes of "Hell's Angels," featuring Ben Lyon and James Hall. At the right, Lew Ayres and Constance Bennett in a scene from "Common Clay." Below, Richard Barthelmess and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., make "The Dawn Patrol" worth seeing

It's Got That Kick

IT took four million dollars and three years to m this "Hell's Angels." With such a bally- abroad one couldn't blame the public for expect something worth while.

It doesn't fail. It impresses one as being about t most stupendous thing of its kind ever filmed. W emphasis placed upon its air shots I looked for sloughing-off of the story.

True it's just a poor prop to carry the thrills wi Ben Lyon, as the younger brother, eager for life a endowed with a dash of yellow, while James Hall is t upright youth who humanizes his rôle.

But after all is said and done, the picture com through with its sky scenes. We may have becon satiated with so-called "epics of the air," but this to them all—particularly in the shots of the Zeppeli There's your "Hell's Angels"—A picture well wort seeing.

Old—But a Natural

ONE might suspect that Constance Bennett wealthy young woman of the world an glamorous heart-breaker of two continents would not be entirely comfortable portraying the poverty-stricken, man-persecuted heroine o that hokum melodrama, "Common Clay." Bu the suspicion would be only half correct. Fo after a bit of floundering in the early sequences Constance succeeds nicely in putting herself in character. Her hesitation, however, is sufficient to permit Lew Ayres to steal first honors.

The picture is somewhat changed from the earlier screen and stage versions by the plastic surgery of the Hollywood scalpels, but the general contour is preserved.

The plot, you'll remember is about the unprotected working girl pursued—and caught—by divers villains. There's a child, a lover and a prosecuting attorney who doesn't surprise us a bit when he is exposed as Connie's unwed daddy.

Death Takes No Holidays

A VERY gallant drama, ably enacted by Richard Barthelmess, and an earnest, talented group of juveniles, "The Dawn Patrol" soars to a new altitude record for aviation photoplays. No women in the cast.

The characters are British fliers, hurried to certain death from inadequate aviation schools, and sent to meet destruction in ships all unfit to fly.

If the film has demerits they lie in the love of Hollywood for exaggeration. There is a deal of drinking, for instance. Not that the birdmen of battle flew into the cannon's mouth without a tilt with Bacchus.

But for all this, the drama is so tense, its characters so pitifully brave, that the production leaves its indelible impression upon the heart of the beholder. Mr. Barthelmess is superb. But fine as is his portrayal, he must share the ample honors with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Neil Hamilton, and the other youths in the cast.

Critic

THIS MONTH

Hell's Angels
Common Clay
The Dawn Patrol
Moby Dick
Manslaughter
Rain Or Shine

Love And The Law

MAYBE you remember the old, silent version of this picture, "Manslaughter." If so, you'll recall t as a distinct triumph for director Cecil De Mille. And for his stars, Tom Meighan and Leatrice Joy. Also ou will be able to compare it for yourself with the present sound edition in which the new favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fredric March, supplant the old nes.

The film fable is about the same. There have been some deletions, and some additions. Thus it must be the changing times that have robbed the thriller of its ensity. In these *blasé* days it is difficult to conceive f a District Attorney—or any public official—striving o convict his lady-love of crime rather than conniving o acquit her.

But if you can accept the premise, the production of "Manslaughter" will provide satisfactory entertainment. The cast is excellent.

Thar She Blows

TO those familiar with Herman Melville's great tale, the talkie version of "Moby Dick" will seem a pale parody. To others, who ike their movies moviesque, John Barrymore's atest should offer a reasonable amount of entertainment.

As in the silent version, the magnificent drama of sea adventure is secondary to a tepid romance—a romance Melville neglected to include in his story. Handsome John is again the hard-boiled tar who falls in love, then loses his eg to the White Whale, and lives only for revenge on the monster. This he gets—and the girl who has stayed young all these years.

The ship and whaling scenes are colorful, but John is ashore more often than not. Barrymore himself gives a great performance. Joan Bennett is as interesting a sweetheart as anyone could be, and Lloyd Hughes a convincingly jealous brother.

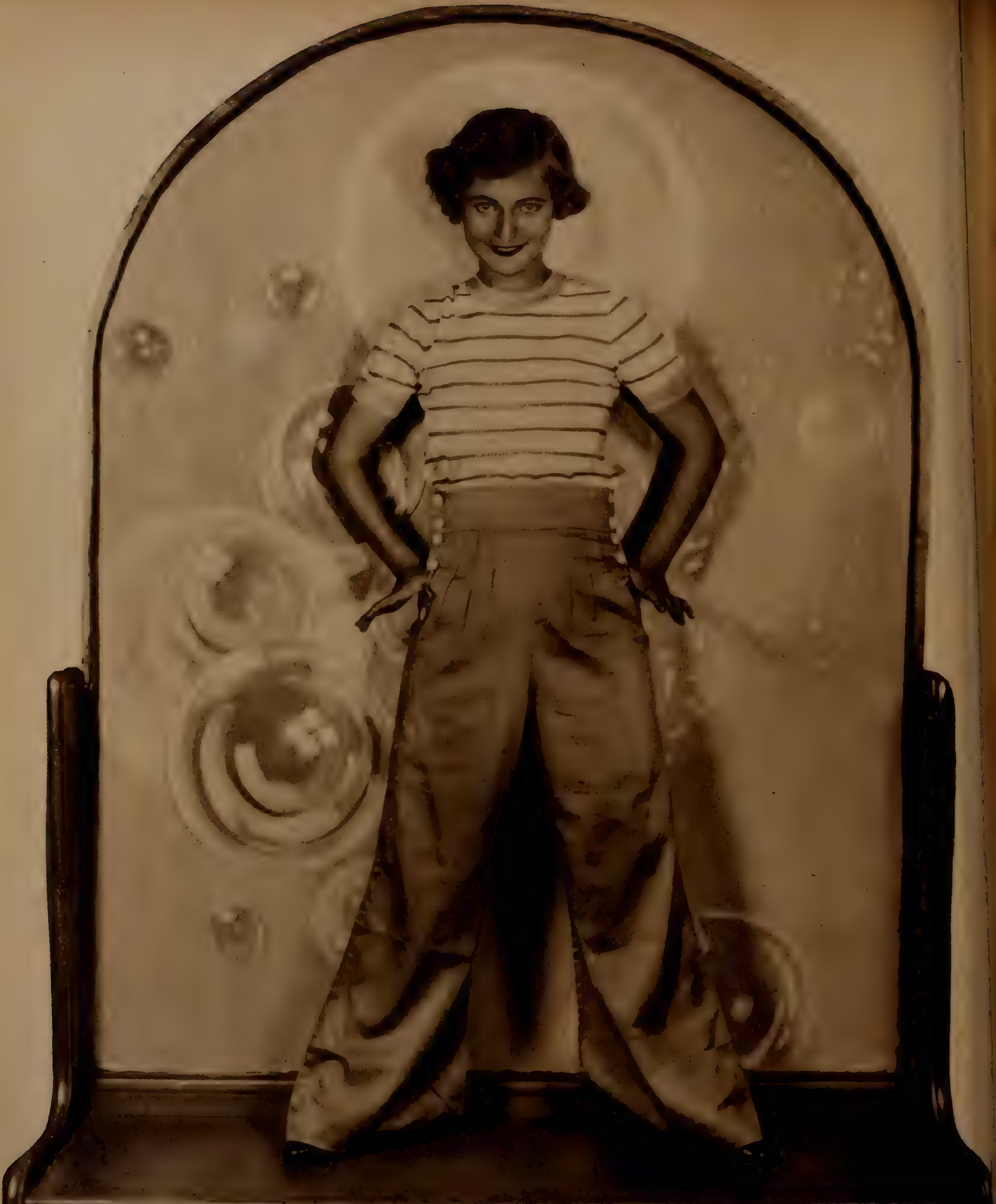
Cook's *Tour De Force*

JOE COOK will never have to imitate four Hawaiians again. He can move right out to Malibou and be a movie star. But if he does, it is to be hoped that he is provided with stronger vehicles than "Rain or Shine." The plot of this story, adapted from Cook's and another season's Broadway stage show, is watered so copiously as to prevent the star shining with his full brilliance. But nevertheless, he struggles manfully with the situation, and frequently triumphs.

It is a circus yarn with Joe foiling the villains and rescuing the heroine from a big-top fire.

The film boasts fine work by director Capra, and, on the whole, is a highly creditable achievement for Cook. The difficulty lies in the too lengthy footage devoted to many sequences, and the consequent slowing up of the entire production. This may be occasioned by the star's lack of film technique. In the theater he spends much time building up his laughs.

Above, Fredric March and Claudette Colbert contribute emotional moments in "Manslaughter." At the left, "Moby Dick" emerges as a talkie with John Barrymore supported by Joan Bennett. He also starred in the silent picture, "The Sea Beast." Below, Joe Cook and Joan Peers make merry in "Rain Or Shine"



Russell Ball

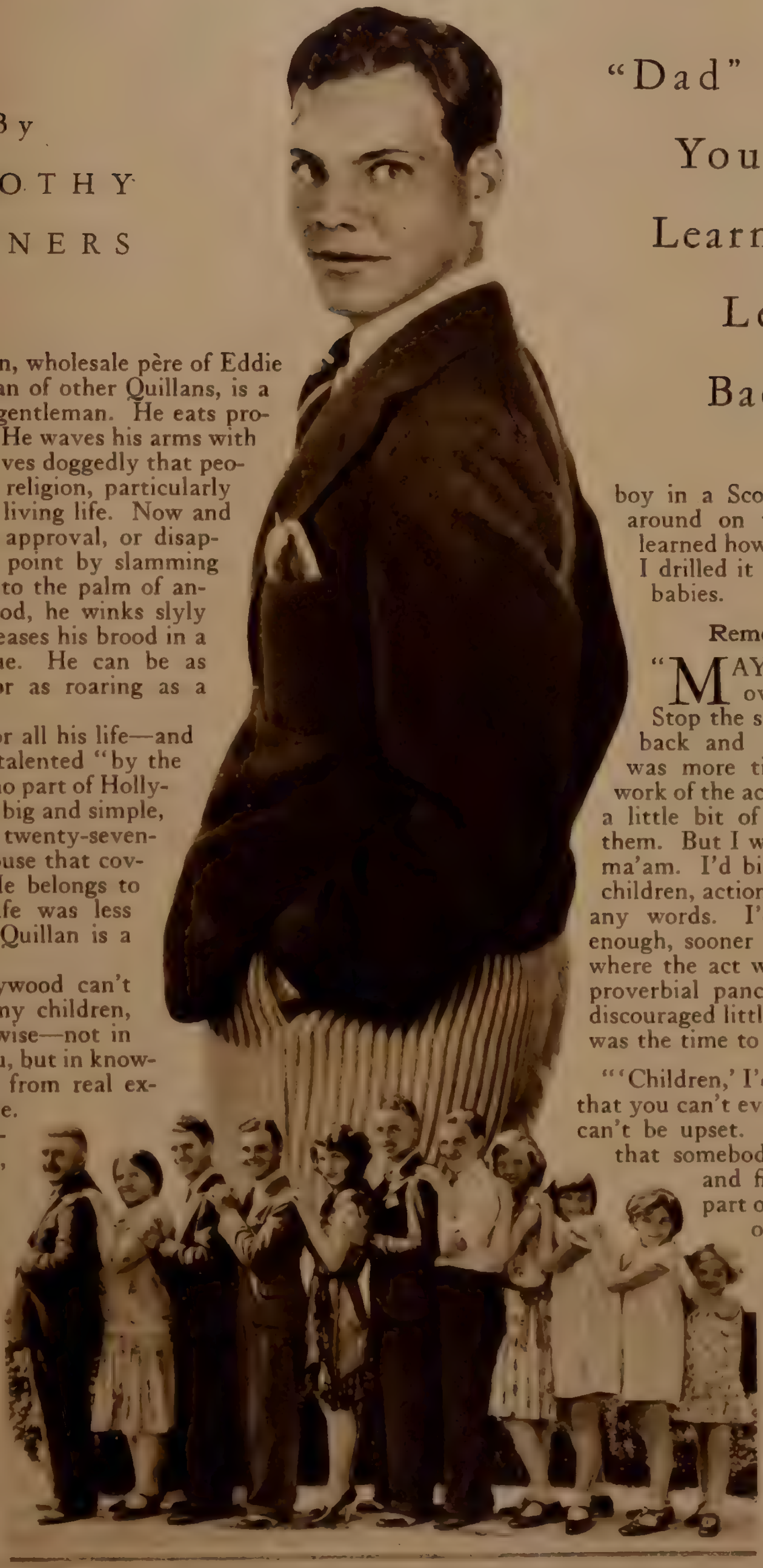
Back in the days when a tar could spit a curve into the wind, gals never turned thumbs down on the uniform. Maybe in those days sailors had pockets. But sea-crafty Lois Moran is finding ways to keep her hands occupied, between the buttons and "Tonight and You"

They Know A Thing or Two

"Dad" Quillan's Youngsters Learned Their Lessons Backstage

By

DOROTHY MANNERS



Ball

If you think the irrepressible Eddie ("who got a break") is one out of many, you are right, as you can see directly above, where "Dad" and Mrs. Quillan are backed up solidly by John, Eddie, Marie, Buster, Joe, Helen, Margaret, Isabelle and Rosebud

"DAD" Quillan, wholesale père of Eddie and the clan of other Quillans, is a grand old gentleman. He eats prodigiously. He waves his arms with Scotch gusto. He believes doggedly that peole are good and that religion, particularly his religion, is vital to living life. Now and hen, he thunders his approval, or disaproval, of some given point by slamming he fist of one hand into the palm of anther. In another mood, he winks slyly t his own quips and teases his brood in a oneyed Scotch brogue. He can be as ender as a woman or as roaring as a eacon.

He has been an actor all his life—and ll of his children are talented "by the Grace of God." He is no part of Hollywood. His heart is too big and simple, lmost as big as that twenty-sevenroom, old-fashioned house that covers his Scotchlings. He belongs to nother day, when life was less omplicated. "Dad" Quillan is a rand old gentleman.

He told me, "Hollywood can't ver do anything to my children, because they are too wise—not in book learnin', mind you, but in knowing life out of lessons from real experiences. Take Eddie. He ain't any more talented than my others, but he gets the break. All right. All right. That's the way things happen. But it won't change him any. He knows it for just what it is. A break. That's because he's a real trouper, not one of these upstarts that flares up without knowing what this business is all about. He knows that maybe to-morrow it may be one of his sisters or his brothers that's up. When Eddie was just a wee bit of a boy in a Scotch plaid skirt, swinging around on the vaudeville stage, he learned how uncertain the breaks are. I drilled it into them when they was babies.

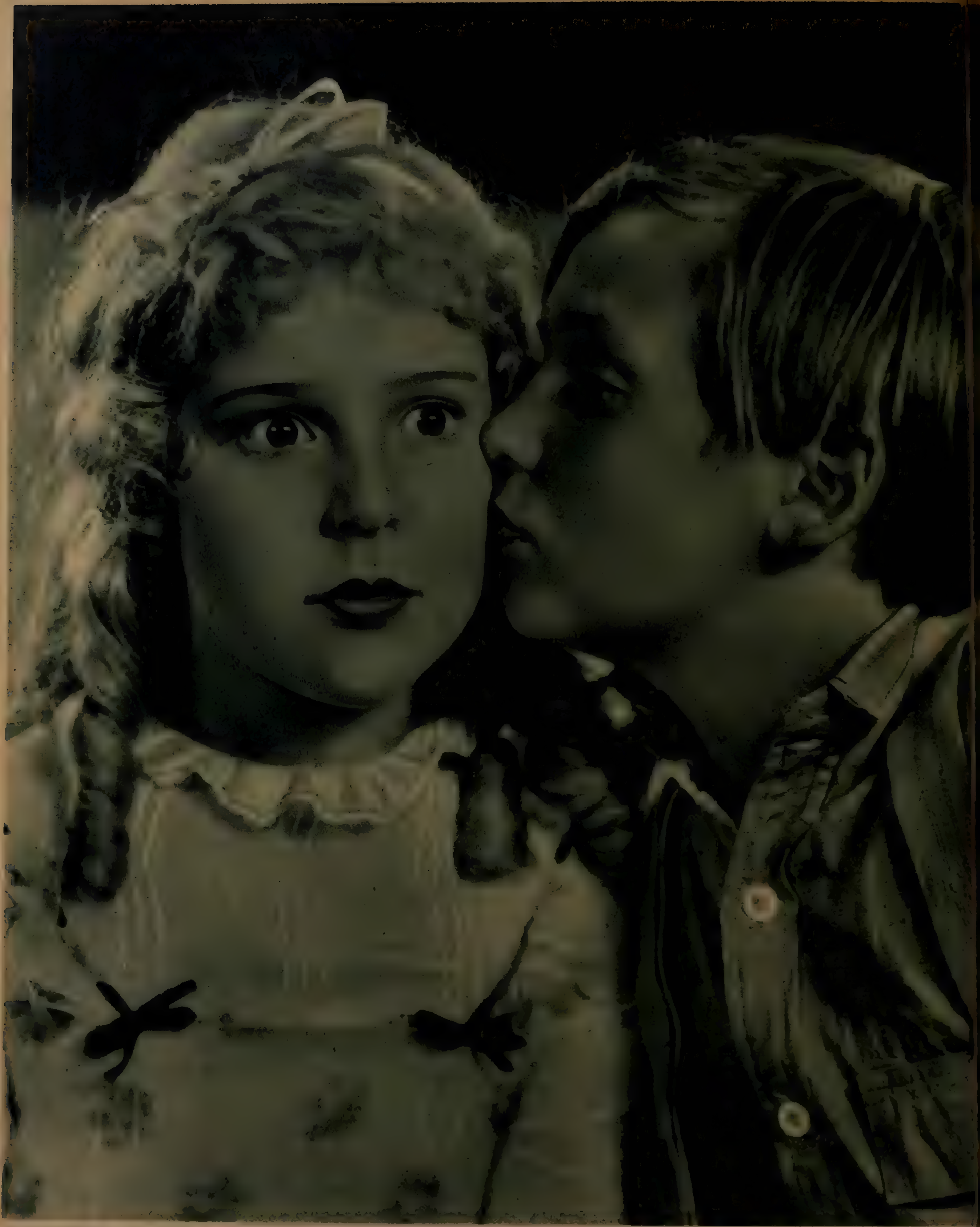
Remedies for Swellings

"MAYBE in one town we'd get over like a house afire. Stop the show. My tots would trot back and take encores until they was more tired from that than the work of the act. And maybe I'd see just a little bit of conceit cropping out in them. But I wouldn't say nothing. No, ma'am. I'd bide my time. In teaching children, actions speak much louder than any words. I'd just wait. And sure enough, sooner or later, we'd hit a town where the act would fall flatter than the proverbial pancake. Then I'd rally my discouraged little brood around me. That was the time to tell them something.

"'Children,' I'd say, 'it goes to show you that you can't ever get in a spot where you can't be upset. You ain't never so good that somebody in the world can't up and find you pretty bad. It's part of this game. It's also part of the game of living. When you get to the point when you can take the big spots along with the rough ones, and take them both alike, you'll be wiser than an owl.'

"I taught them to come into the theater quietly and be neat in their dressing-rooms and courteous to everybody, from the headliner to the stage-hands. Vaudeville people hate

(*Continued on page 87*)



Richee

Contrary to all movie tradition, the hero sees what he is doing when he kisses the heroine, and the heroine is caught unprepared. But this is the first time Jackie Coogan (fast growing up) has ever made love, and the first time Mitzi Green has ever heard of such a thing—all of which only makes them a better *Tom* and *Becky* in "Tom Sawyer"

Now Hollywood *Has* Grace

By

GLADYS HALL

And Grace Moore Has Hollywood

Milton Brown

HOLLYWOOD has gone Grand Opera.

Or can it be that once upon a time Grand Opera went Hollywood?

Certain it is that ever since Lawrence Tibbett, "The Boy Wonder," shook the rafters of the Met and the hearts of his enraptured audiences, the meticulous Met, hitherto given only to plethoric Italian gentlemen and frankly non-dietary ladies, went pretty completely Modern American. Some say commercial. No matter. What does matter is that on the tide of whatever-you-call-it such un-operatic-looking persons as Mary Lewis, Grace Moore, Marion Talley and others—home-grown products with home-grown voices—swept into the view of the charmed Diamond Horseshoe.

Tibbett is held responsible for the metamorphosis of the Met. He should also be held responsible for the metamorphosis of Hollywood. For, from the night when our little town went mad over "The Rogue Song" to the present day, producers have been going more and more Grand Op.

No longer do the old simplicities prevail. No longer can we settle down to a good comfortable chit-chat on Norma Talmadge's profile or Clara Bow's knees. Ah, no. We have joined interests with Gatti-Casazza and you could hardly suppose M. Gatti-Casazza to be interested in *knees*.

New horizons, now, a bit appalling. New interests, some of them over the heads of those of us who could learnedly discourse on the merits of Westerns versus slapstick comedies. New personalities to which we must grow accustomed and learn to like, as once we learned to like olives.

Grace Moore, M-G-M's importation (*via* a private car, a swanky party and all due publicity), is *very* Grand Opera, indeed. Lacking the once traditional tummy, she fills the bill in every particular, including a foreign accent.

She is also in the grand manner. She lives in an enormous ranch house with lofty ceilings and lighted candelabra. She speaks in a *soignée* fashion of her house on the Riviera and elsewhere. She is very, very Europe. Grand operatic gentlemen drop in for luncheon and there are cocktails and wines and such food as might give tummies to emasculate angels. The conversation, touching on the Larger Aspects, smatters of the League of Nations. Italian, Spanish, French, with a few words of homespun English for the unlinguistic Press. You have to pinch yourself to believe that you are really in sturdy old America and not in some foreign salon.

Secretaries bow attendance. Water taps are turned off when they annoy the diva. She speaks of spending a week on the desert in absolute solitude. She has a house at Malibu, where she takes her sun-baths, and her masseuse. She says the first thing she does, when she arrives in a foreign country or a new town or city, is to engage a masseuse and a tutor of the language. These two servitors are the indispensables.

Filmdom's Funny Foibles

SHE is amused at Hollywood, though (when we talked) still largely unacquainted with it. She thinks the complexes Hollywoodians get about themselves and about each other amusing. She likes Greta Garbo, Gloria

(*Continued on page 82*)

The BATTLE

Gary Cooper And
Fight To A
Without

If the Sharkeys and Schmelings decided things as do the Messrs. Cooper and Boyd in "The Spoilers," a foul would mean nothing, and the championship question would not still be a question. *Awrrk!* Bad Boy Boyd is having his head turned—off (above). But no!—he's up again (left), inviting Gory Gary to "take that—and *that*—you d— "

of THE DECADE

Bill Boyd

Big Finish

A Referee

Back in the days when men were he-men, the biggest and best fights were in "The Spoilers." First, William Farnum and Tom Santschi were at it; then Milton Sills and Noah Beery. And now comes a talkie bout to talk about, with Gary taking a crushing blow (above), yet fighting back (right), and breaking Bad Boy's esophagus

ARE YOU

By CEDRIC BELFRAGE

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley

IMAGINARY scene in a talkie:

Mr. A: "Do sing something."

Mrs. B: "I don't sing."

Miss C: "Then play the piano for us."

Mrs. B: "I don't play the piano."

Lord Q: "By Jove, then, strum us something on the uke."

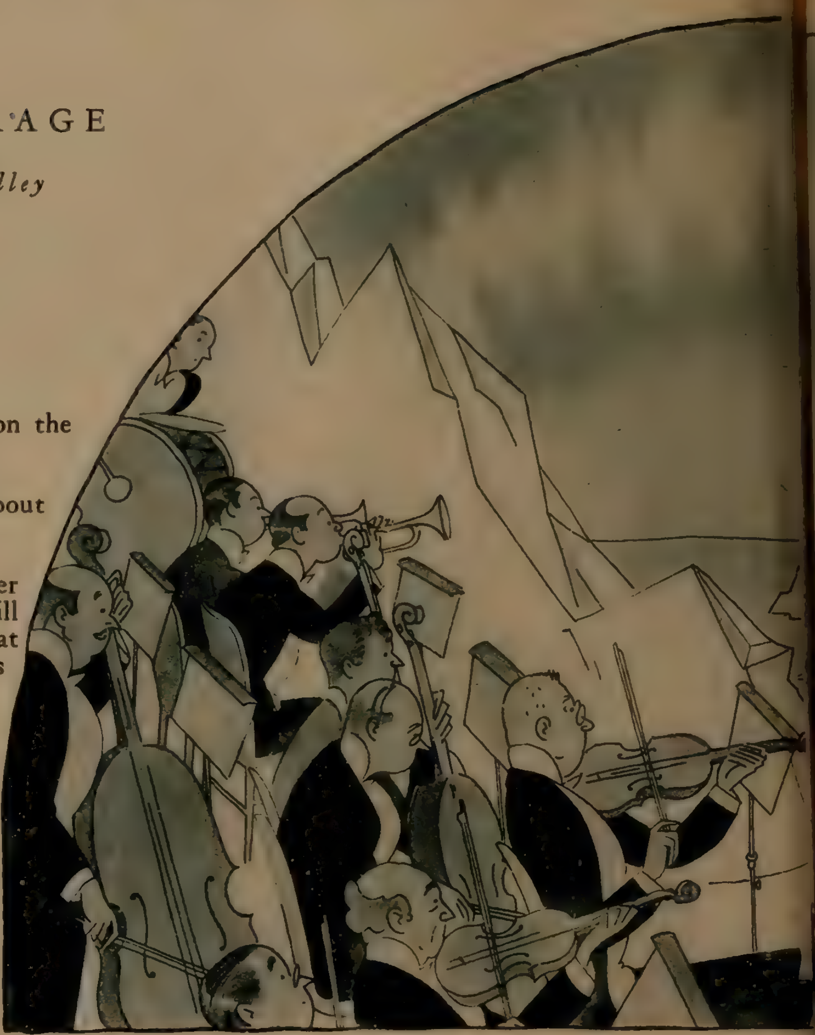
Mrs. B: "I don't strum the uke."

Marquis de Z: "*Mille tonnerres!* Zen 'ow about *quelque chose* on ze saxophone?"

Mrs. B: "I don't *quelque chose.*"

I said an imaginary scene. Such a thing has never happened yet in the talkies, and probably never will during the present generation. It is conceivable that our grandchildren, toddling around our gouty knees in the dim future, may tell us in their childish prattle of having seen such a thing at the picture show. But at the present stage it would be too much of a shock for the audience. All the hospitals in town would not be able to accommodate the cases of severe nervous shock which would result.

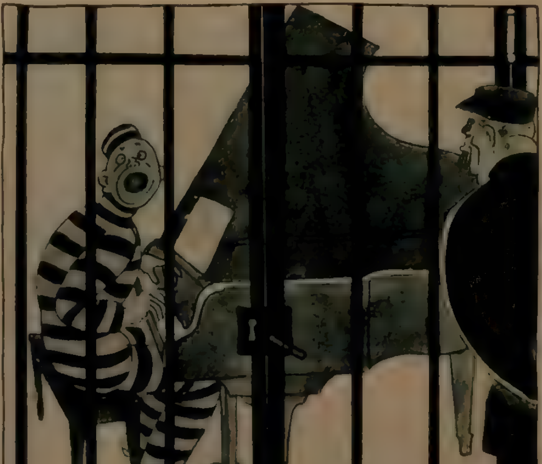
For when Mr. A asks Mrs. B to play or sing something, we all know that they have the voice-double or playing-double ready just behind the camera, and that without any banter or the slightest need for persuasion, Mrs. B will proceed to do her stuff.



Whether you are situated in the fastnesses of the desert, on the top of a mountain, or on top of the world, there is always a first-class symphony orchestra just outside camera range

Heroes Love Music

THE producers have it firmly fixed in their heads that all really nice people are musical. And to put up for the public's approval a hero or heroine who couldn't sing, play, strum or blow something—or whose double couldn't—would be courting disaster. It would be as bad, to their way of thinking, as having your hero make a noise like a bath draining out while imbibing soup. It would be as bad as having a detective come into a room with his hat off; in fact, it would be almost as disastrous as having a heroine who didn't long for babies and the love of a good man—I mean the love of a good man and babies—you know what I mean.



That is the great thing about being musical in the talkies. Instead of being denied your favorite music at such times, any instrument you may happen to play is always at hand

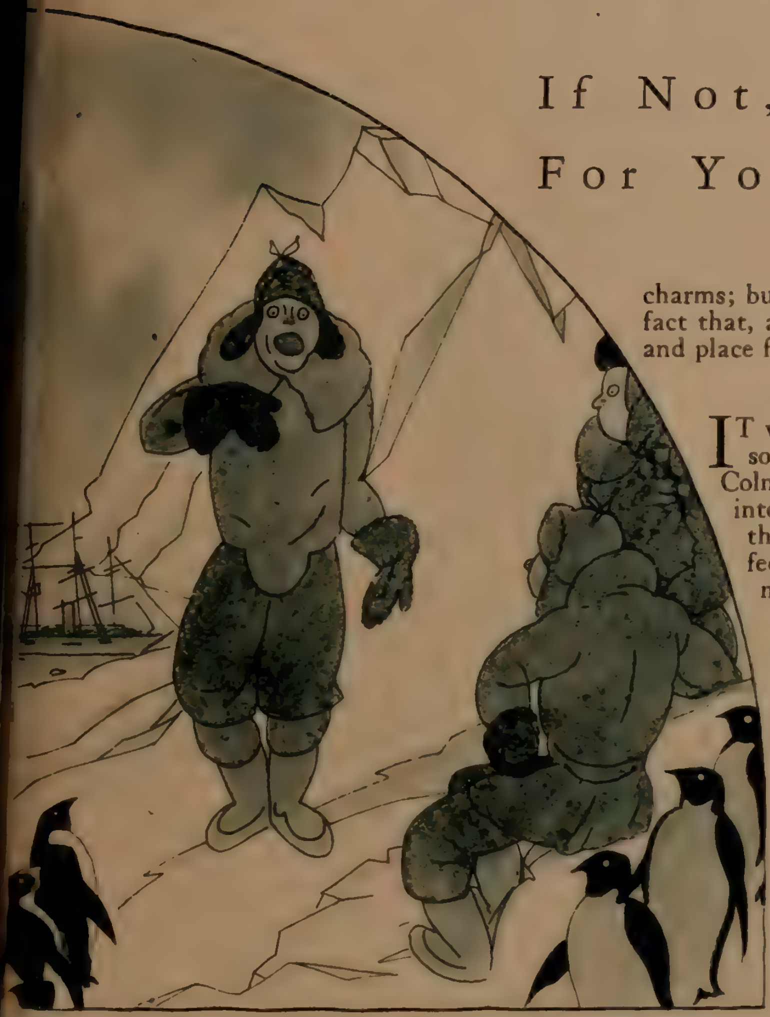
I am afraid the acquisition of noise by the movies continues to be a little too much for our producers. They are still very like children with a new toy. One kind of noise—the noise of people talking—isn't enough for them. They have to show off all the different sorts of sounds which their Tone and Phone devices are capable of reproducing. At first, of course, for no reason in the world they were always giving us close-ups of such pointless noises as donkeys braying and the striking of matches. They got over that after a bit, but music is just too much for them.

And So Do Villains

THE talkies now have people divided into two distinct classes: those who are musical and those who aren't. The latter class is simply no good. So there is no longer any difficulty in distinguishing between your heroes and your villains. All

MUSICAL?

If Not, There's No Hope For You In The Talkies



They were marooned somewhere near the Pole—cut off from all communication with the outside world. The director had been quick to realize that this was a time to bring in some music

the nice people play or sing, and the nicer they are the better they (or their doubles) do it. If the villain is shown playing or singing, you can always bet your last dollar that he will turn out at the end to be one of those sympathetic villains. He will gallantly refrain from stealing the heroine's virtue and will probably insist on presenting her with a check for a thousand dollars as a wedding gift for the nuptials with the hero.

Musical comedies, of course, are different; although the complicated ways they have of dragging in the songs and dances, to try to make them look like something out of real life, are fascinating to study. But even the straightforward dramas have their musical frills, nowadays. No big scene is considered correct unless suddenly, in the middle of it, one of the characters asks another to perform, which he proceeds with great alacrity to do. Often even the formal request is dispensed with, and somebody starts bellowing away without a word of warning. Music, as we all know, hath charms; but one can have too much of it, not to mention the fact that, as the undertaker said to the doctor, there's a time and place for everything.

Miracle Men

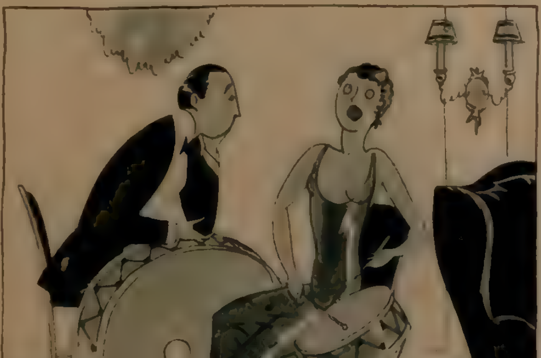
IT wouldn't be so bad if they didn't all sing and play so remarkably well. When, for example, Ronald Colman and his fellow-prisoners in "Condemned" burst into a marching song, that is reasonable enough. But that they should sing it in luscious harmonies, in perfect unison and in smooth, mellow voices is rather too much to swallow. Is it—can it be—that Sam Goldwyn and his colleagues are afraid lest, if the singing were done as it really would be done in real life, audiences might think it was seriously meant to be good music? I can hardly believe it, but I don't know what other explanation to offer.

The same applies to Universal's little opus entitled "Dames Ahoy," which opens up on one of Uncle Sam's battleships. The whole ship, from stem to stern, appears to be pulsating with gorgeous melodies. And the camera takes us for a promenade through the sailors' quarters, where every man is engaged in the production of some sort of musical sound—some singing in the most perfect harmonies, others by the dozen sitting around in a nonchalant way, playing ukes, saxophones, guitars, banjos, flutes, oboes, clarinets, violins, trombones, sousaphones and what-not. "Ah!" one thinks, "this must be 'Hit the Deck.'" But it isn't. It's supposed to be a straight comedy, and we are to think it is all quite real.

The ubiquity of musical instruments in talkies is definitely one of the new wonders of the world. If a producer has an actor in his picture who can play something, his talents are certainly not going to be kept from the world by any such little thing as the unlikeliness of his particular instrument being to hand.

Imagine, for example, the superb and mighty Cecil de Mille

(*Continued on page 93*)



To put up for public approval a hero or heroine who couldn't sing or play something would be as bad as having a heroine who didn't long for the love of a good man and babies

Hurrell

Not so Shy

Only By Name, And Not By Nature, Is Gus Shy

By NANCY PRYOR

MR. GUS SHY of M-G-M and "Good News," lately of Broadway and "New Moon," uses a phrase that is likely to crop up in his conversation anywhere. "Just to make a long story short," he says. And says it quite often. There's nothing new about the crack, but then, Gus has been putting it into practice for some time now.

He started on his career of brevity about twelve odd years ago by making a short name out of a long one. Much to his subsequent embarrassment, he was born Augustus Frederick Scheu (pronounced any way you can get at it). The "Gus" part came naturally as a nickname, and as *Shy* was as close as most people could get to Scheu, he decided to let it go at that.

As a name, it was neat and to the point. It aroused a certain amount of flattering interest when paged in hotel lobbies, and was short enough to be easy on the electric lights when he got around to figuring that far on it. Which wasn't until several vital incidents had marked his biography-in-the-making

In the first place, Augustus F. Scheu was impolitely, but quotably (his own quotes) "a young hellion" during the first twenty years of his life. It made it tough on a highly esteemed Buffalo family, who had twice seen Gus's grandfather elected to the Mayor's chair at the City Hall. In all the fair city of Buffalo only Gus remained unimpressed with the Scheu traditions.

No Lesson-Learner

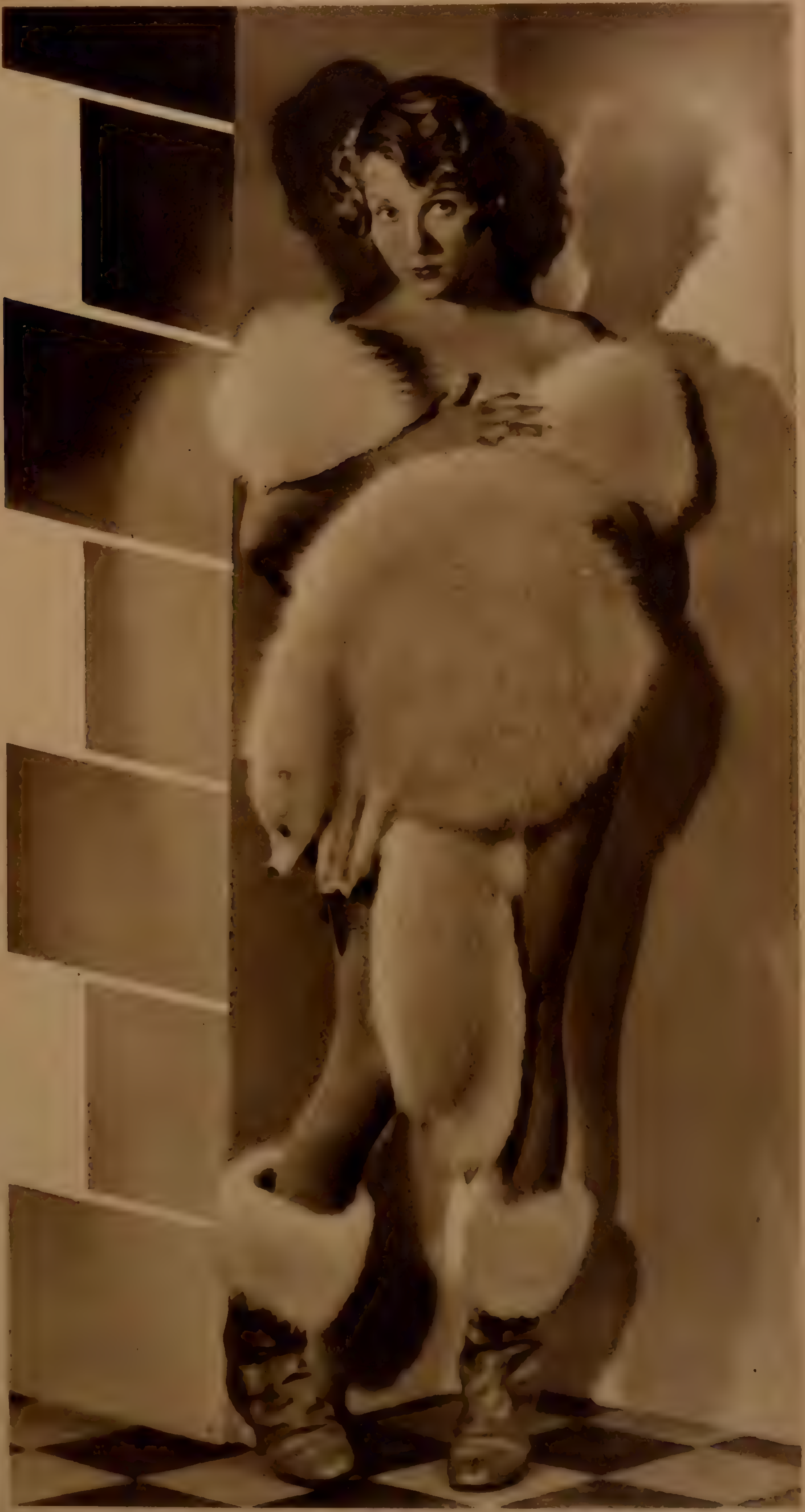
"I WAS the type," he explained, "that goes to prep school for the purpose of wrecking roadsters. As I look back, I can see I was *just the type.*

"Big scenes with the Dean with me on the receiving end . . . In on all the school frivolities, but slightly missing in the scholastic requirements . . . Long on 'ahs,' but short on 'A's.' If I was out for a letter, it wasn't the first one in the alphabet. I would probably have gone on and graduated with honors as the World's Greatest Fool, if something hadn't happened that hit me hard, right between the eyes: my Dad died. I quit school then and never went back. All the things it had stood for, to me, seemed meaningless. I didn't have the heart to play the clown any more, and I didn't know any other angle of school life."

He interrupted himself long enough to order a glass of plain water with lemon squeezed in it from a Goldwyn

(*Continued on page 88*)

FOX PASS



When a little girl can't keep something to herself, that's a *faux pas*. But this is something else again. Dorothy Lee, tired of frocks (she wore great long ones in "Dixiana"), is, for a change, wearing fox. She is at present wrapped up in "Half-Shot at Sunrise"

Bachrach

Hitting Thigh Spots

After eighteen days of Hollywood dieting (avocados, caviar, bismarck herring, *et cetera*), Dorothy Granger of Hal Roach Comedies thought to kill the fatted calf. But when she started working her weigh (above), all she lost was her balance

"'Tis better to have lost and loved, than never to have lost at all," says Dorothy, who is of the opinion that if the kind of exercise she favors (center and below) doesn't get her anywhere, there's nothing to be gained—except, perhaps, an eyeful

Portraits by Stax

OH, SO PLAYFUL!

The Boys And Girls Are Very Practical In Their Joking

By JACK GRANT

NOTHING provokes a true Hollywoodian quite so much as the merest suggestion of Eastern supremacy. If you want a heated argument, just intimate that Florida oranges surpass the California fruit. Or choose real estate or any like topic for debate. Your poor ears will be assailed by more statistics than you might suspect existed outside of the White House. Every man you meet acts like the oldest resident. Some have been here as long as a year. It must be the climate.

All of which serves as a preface to the arrival of one Joe Cook.

When Cook took his tour to Hollywood, it was for the announced purpose of recording on celluloid his successful stage antics in "Rain or Shine." Word began to get around, soon after his arrival, that the comedian is as completely mad offstage as he is on. Hollywood knew his reputation as an entertainer. It was to learn his proclivities as a host.

Joe gave parties to the film fraternity. He received them at his home in stockinged feet. He played all manner of practical jokes on his guests. He provided amusement that stopped at only one thing. Steadfastly, he refused to imitate four Hawaiians.

Tales of the Cook estate at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, were bandied about. Here, said those who had visited the place, Joe was at his prankish best.

It seems that Joe Cook has for years been engaged in collecting "objects smaller than a man's hand." An unparalleled collection, they say. His favorite pastime is assembling a crowd in his trophy room, the walls and ceiling of which are literally covered with thousands of "objects smaller than a man's hand." The game is to guess what Joe might have overlooked in his collection. They seldom catch him.

This Cook's Concoctions

FOLKS who know Cook intimately never pick up anything lying about his home, regardless of how commonplace it might seem. They have learned by experience that telephones spurt water from transmitters, musical instruments blow clouds of flour over their clothes and the most inoffensive-appearing things are ofttimes electrically charged.

Joe also goes in for trophies that have no practical-joking effects. As example, a baseball under glass holds prominence on his mantelpiece in the "gag room." A

LAND
MURRAY ROCK
MAGIC-LAND
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MAGIC LAND
MAGIC LAND

"If it isn't in the window, it's inside": the exterior of Magicland, which supplies the local jokesters with most of their little tricks. Out in front is Murray Rock, who advertises a free ring with every purchase and, bell in hand, makes good

Ann Harding is now living in a new house—a fact which obviously calls for some new surprise. This time, the telephone is the instrument of torture. You lift up the receiver, and immediately find yourself embroiled in a maddening conversation

The Favorite Indoor Sports Of Hollywood

The house that Jack built: Jack MacDermott believes that a man's home should be not only a castle, but a battleground. In more ways than one, it is Hollywood's trickiest house

Above, Jack MacDermott in his den, furnished from movie sets. In circle is the entrance to underground passageway, Below, in square, is the exit to this passagement. In circle, the dining-room—an old ship's hull

placard beneath it reads, "This is the only known baseball in existence *not* autographed by Babe Ruth."

The cocktail-shaker deserves a word. Ingenious, best describes it. Joe discovered, quite by chance, that those punching bags that grace penny arcades were operated by a complicated series of springs. He promptly bought one and dismantled the gauge by which the poundage of your blow is registered. In its place, he mounted a clamp. Thus the formula is simplified. The ingredients for the cocktail are simply poured into the shaker, which is then placed in the clamp. One punch at the bag suffices. The vibration of the springs thoroughly mixes your drink.

Now, in any other town but Hollywood, the weird antics of Mr. Cook and the stories of his New Jersey home would have been laughed off. Hollywood, however, chose to consider him a pretender to the throne of Practical Jokedom. Local talent included some uncrowned kings at that game. Every time a Cook anecdote was told, someone in the crowd seemed hardly able to wait for its conclusion to remark: "Yes, that's very funny—but what about the time Doug Fairbanks gave three newspaper men the juice on his wired couch?"

Crazy House

JACK MACDERMOTT'S home in the Hollywood hills has been another "I-hate-to-go-you-one-better-but—." MacDermott built the place himself. You need no assurance of that fact. One look at it is proof positive. No architect ever went that loco. It would have to be a scenario writer.

Each room is a separate building, gathered about what may be called a living-room, which also serves Mac as a study. Here most of his writing is done, performed or perpetrated. This room has five entrances, only two of which are visible—the front door and one leading onto the patio. A bookcase slides back to reveal the staircase to the roof and a sleeping porch. Another hidden passageway leads to the tiled swimming-pool. A well by the side of the fireplace takes you down a runged ladder to the subterranean labyrinth connecting all rooms.

If this sounds confusing, all I can say is: I'm sorry. As Mac himself explains, his home beggars description. You have to see it to believe it.

Take one bedroom, for example. Here an old fireplace arch is suspended from the ceiling of an alcove. The bed proper is built in the alcove with four steps on each side leading up to it. Underneath the bed and between the steps is the fireplace.

The dining-room is an ancient ship hull, sawed off at both ends. The rafters and side walls are the unboarded ribs of the vessel. Concrete now forms its anchor and base.

Drives Insanely

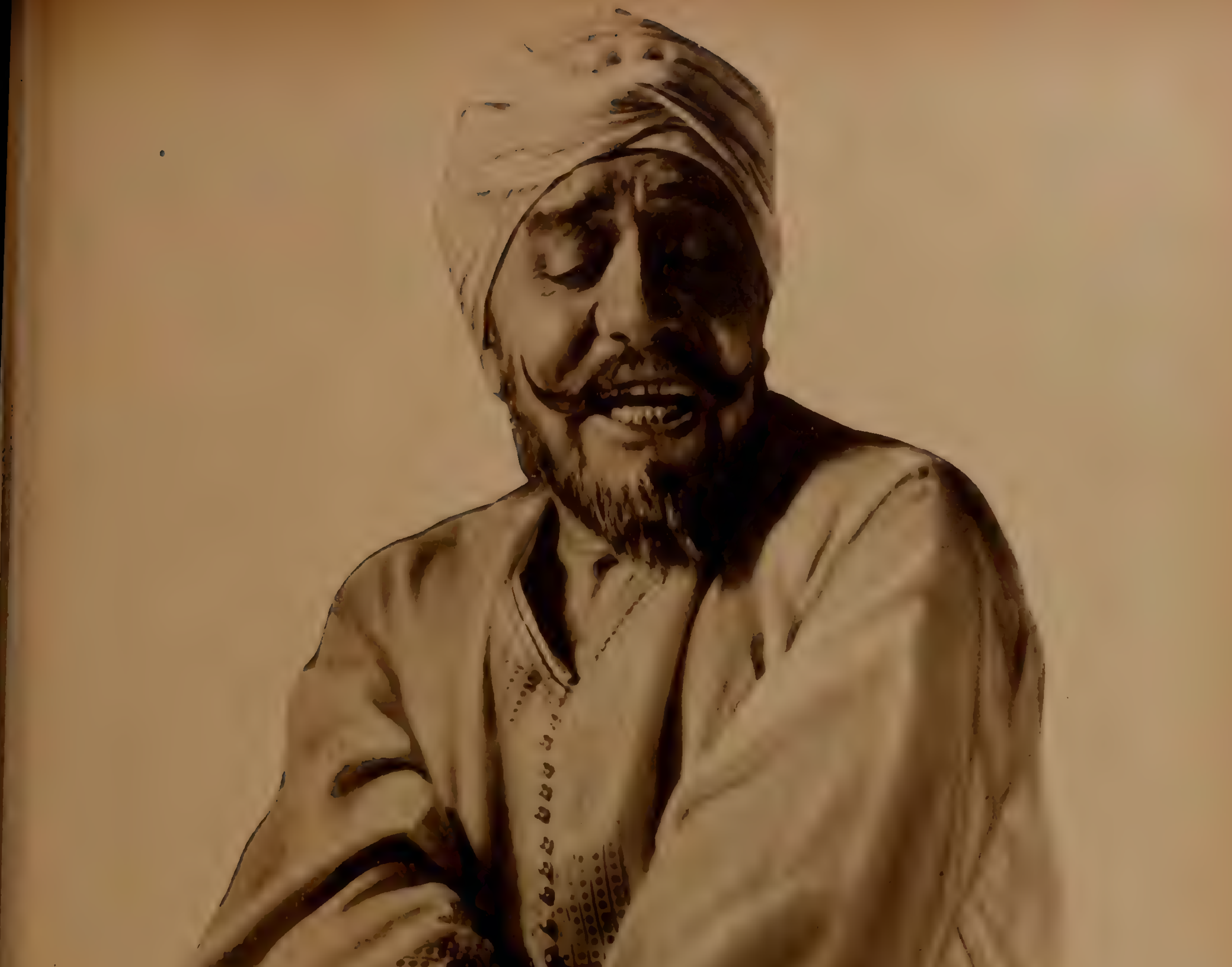
MACDERMOTT drives Fords exclusively. They are the only cars he will trust to carry him up his hillside. The Ford he owned before his current one was the despair of all his friends. One day, he discovered that the steering wheel was loose on the shaft. As he lifted it off, an idea was born. Taking the car to a garage, Mac had a knee drive installed for dual control.

Inviting folks for a ride, he would purposely drive recklessly, calling for the friend to remark, "I don't care much for your driving."

"You don't, eh?" Mac would reply. "Well, drive it yourself." And he would hand his companion the detached wheel.

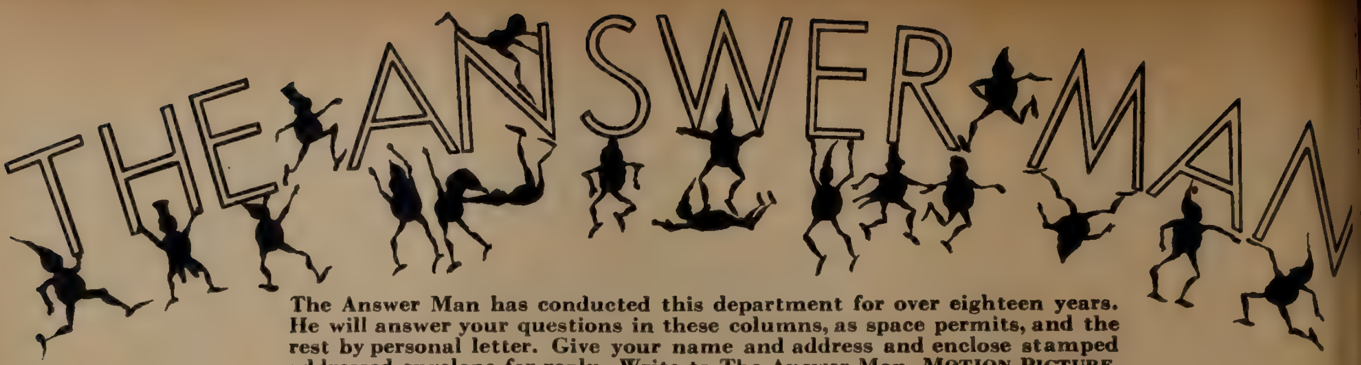
Usually it would take several seconds for the fact the car was apparently running wild to percolate. Then a

(*Continued on page 100*)



Longworth

Allah be praised!—that wily, uncouth fellow, *Hajj*, is outside the mosque again, looking for alms and anything else he can keep up his capacious sleeves. And by the beard of the Prophet, it is a happy "Kismet" that has Otis Skinner in it, proving with his light touch that beggars *can* be choosers



THE ANSWER MAN

The Answer Man has conducted this department for over eighteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City

RUTH CHATTERTON FAN—You bet I'm glad to hear from you! Drop in whenever you like. You know it's easier to paddle your own canoe than it is to get an outboard motor started. **Ruth Chatterton** was born in New York City, about thirty-one years ago. The month and day being Dec. 24. She is five feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Ralph Forbes**. Appearing in *Anybody's Woman*. **Gloria Swanson's** picture *What a Widow* was filmed at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif., but is under contract with United Artists.

GWENDOLYN—**Clara Bow** and **Fredric March** had the leads in *True to the Navy*. **George O'Brien** and **Sue Carol** in *The Lone Star Ranger*. **Zelma O'Neal** was born in Rock Falls, Ill., May 29, does not tell the year. She is five feet two and three quarter inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, has auburn hair and blue eyes. Married to **Anthony Bushell**; hobbies: visiting fortune-tellers, golf and bridge. Some of her most recent stage productions were *Good News* and *Follow Thru*.

BUDDY SMITH—**Harry Richman** is appearing in vaudeville at this writing. You may write him care Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit, 1560 Broadway, N. Y. C. **Harry** was born in Newark, N. J., Oct. 10, 1895. Real name is **Henry Reichman, Jr.** **Maurice Chevalier** is appearing in *The Playboy of Paris*, Paramount Studios. **Bert Lytell, Patsy Ruth Miller** and **Otto Matieson** are playing in *The Lone Wolf*, Columbia Studios, **Davey Lee, Jack Holt** and **Dorothy Revier** *The Squealer*.

MISS WRIGHT—You forgot to give your address. **Alexander Gray** was born in your town, Wrightsville, Pa., Jan. 8, 1902, he is five feet ten and a half, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Widower and has one daughter **Jean**. Educated at Central High School, Philadelphia and Pennsylvania State College. He taught grammar school and continued his voice study. He later taught in Northwest Military and Naval Academy. He won a vocal contest sponsored by the National Federation of Music Clubs. Has appeared in Ziegfeld Follies, *Sally*, *Tell Me More*, *Naughty Riquette*, and *The Desert Song*. Latest screen production is *Viennese Nights*.

ESTHER B.—**Catherine Dale Owen's** first picture was *His Glorious Night*, starring **John Gilbert**, and was released in Oct. 1929. That is her real moniker. **Lila Lee** and **Ann Harding** do not give out their home addresses. Write **Miss Harding** at the Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif. **Marilyn Miller, Lawrence Gray,** in *Sunny*. **Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin** and **Rose Hobart** *The Lady Surrenders*, Universal Studios.

Richee

Phillips Holmes is taking his work seriously these days and so you won't doubt it, he posed for this picture in a serious mood, but he is happy because he has been awarded some excellent rôles lately in "Grumpy," "Her Man," and "Barber John's Boy"

VIRGINIAN—**Walter Byron** was born in Leicester, England, June 11, 1901. He is six feet tall, weighs 163 pounds, has light brown hair and blue eyes. **William Powell,** Kansas City, Mo., six feet tall, weighs 178 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. **Lawrence Tibbett** is about thirty years old. Married, has two children, twin boys, **Lawrence, Jr.,** and **Richard. Jeanette MacDonald** is five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes.

NEW YORK FAN—**Lois Moran** and **Lola Lane** are five feet two. **Dixie Lee,** five three and three quarters, weighs 109 pounds. **Sharon Lynn,** five four and half, **Sue Carol,** five feet four and a h 120 pounds. **Jean Arthur,** five three, 1 **Clara Bow,** five three and a half, 1 pounds. Do you know that Ketc kan, Alaska, where Radio Pictur *The Silver Horde* is being film has never seen a horse? **Evel Brent** and **Joel McCrea** have t leading rôles.

MURIEL. — **Robert Fraz** played opposite **Clara Bow** in *T Keeper of the Bees*. **Donald Kei** in *The Plastic Age* and *Danci Mothers*. **Florence Vidor** a **Adolphe Menjou** in *Are Paren People?* **Bessie Love** and **Gre Nissen** in *The King on Main Stre* **Greta Nissen,** *Lost a Wife*. **Evely Brent,** *A Night Of Mystery*. **Bett Bronson's** latest picture released *The Medicine Man*. It is **Norma Brookenshire,** popular radi announcer, who does the announcin in the Vitaphone Varieties comed *The Fight*.

JUST MARY. — **Clara Bo** simply went on a diet to get bac to her present weight of 108 pounds **Alice Terry** is in France at thi writing. **Lois Moran, Lya d Putti, Jack Mulhall, Willia Collier, Jr.,** and **Clive Broo** appeared in *God Gave Me Twent Cents*. **Doris Dawson** plays opposite **Eddie Buzzell** in *The Roya Fourflusher*, a Vitaphone Varietie comedy.

MARY S.—**John Miljan** was born in Lead City, S. Dakota. **Miljan** was on the stage for fourteen years (1908–1922), covering almost in all its branches—road, stock and repertoire. Started his screen career with Fox in 1922 appearing in *Love Letters*. I would suggest you send along a self-addressed envelope for his complete list. He is six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, has brown hair and eyes and married to **Victorie Lowe,** non-professional. Hobby, horses and gardening. Playing in *Remote Control*. **Armida** in *Border Romance*.

MATILDA.—**Sharon Lynn** played opposite **Warner Baxter** in *The Coward*. The late **Marietta Millner** in *Drums of the Desert*. **Irene Rich,** *Craig's Wife* and **Martha Sleeper,** *Danger Street*. **Edna Murphy** and **Carroll Nye** in *The Black Diamond Express*, starring **Monte Blue.** Let's hear from you again real soon.

MARION G.—Well! I suppose you're saying, at last! But you know you have to wait your turn for your answer to appear here,

(Continued on page 90)

Paris . . . knows the way to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Massé tells how Parisian beauties have adopted this olive and palm oil method of cleansing . . . the treatment advised by 23,723 beauty specialists the world over.

Aid your beauty expert by using Palmolive. *"I advise all my clients,"* says Masse, *"Never use any soap except Palmolive. And those who follow that advice show the greatest improvement as a result of our own treatments."*

E. Massé

16 Rue Daunou, Paris

The exquisite "schoolgirl complexion" of the smart Parisienne is due, in great measure, to daily home treatments with Palmolive.

In the beautiful environment of the Place Vendome, Masse maintains his famous salon de beaute. To his establishment come Parisian women of distinction for beauty counsel and for treatment.

Emile Massé,
of Paris . . .
beauty artist of renown, whose clients number aristocrats from all over Europe.

Pezza, *of Naples*
says that soap and water cleanliness is essential to beauty.

Echten,
of Budapest
who advises two daily cleansings with a lather of Palmolive Soap.

Jacobson
of London
warns against soaps not made of olive and palm oils—and therefore approves most heartily of Palmolive.

MASSÉ . . . the famous Massé . . . and all his well-known Parisian colleagues, too, for that matter . . . has helped Paris find the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion."

Paris, where lovely ladies seem even lovelier because the whole atmosphere is charged with beauty! Paris, where experts like Massé actually receive visits from reigning queens. Where royal ladies, aristocrats, world renowned artists of opera and the theatre ask: How can I keep my beauty? What can I do, when I leave beauty-wise Paris, to keep my skin lovely?

Here, of all places, beauty experts are in demand. Experts like Massé, who is invited often to attend royalty; who once journeyed all the way to Cairo to give a beauty treatment to a well-known American lady; who has won prize after prize for his artful beauty treatments.

This home treatment

What Massé advises is an ever-so-easy home treatment. You may know it. All Paris does. Paris says it's the way "to keep that schoolgirl complexion." First, make a lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water (not hot, that may redden the skin). Second, with your finger tips massage this into face and throat, working the impurities out of the pores. Third, rinse off the soap with warm water . . . gradually colder and colder. There! Isn't that cleanliness delightful? And isn't your skin refreshingly smooth, rich in color?

The popularity of this home beauty treatment has made Palmolive one of the two largest selling toilet soaps in France.

You know, there are—all told—23,723 experts who advise Palmolive. They prefer Palmolive because of its unique vegetable oil content. So will you. Use it for the bath, as well. It costs but 10 cents a cake.

6155

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

How to be
FASCINATING

as told to KATHERINE ALBERT *by*

Anita Page

"FOR the girl who wants to be charming, one thing is essential," says Anita Page, the girl whose blonde loveliness has won her universal devotion on the screen. "*It's smooth skin!*

"No matter how lovely your figure—your eyes—your hair—you can't have that compelling *something* unless your skin is softly clear and glowing. And if it is, you're sure to be attractive!

"Screen stars, you know, have to keep their skin silky smooth and fine-textured every minute. Motion picture directors found out long ago that without lovely skin no girl can hope to win and hold the hearts of millions. The glaring close-up lights reveal even the tiniest flaw!

"Several years ago, some of us discovered just the care our skin needs to keep it always at its best—Lux Toilet Soap! Then more and more of the stars began to use it until now almost every girl I know in Hollywood is devoted to this daintily fragrant white soap.

"Catherine Dale Owen, for instance. Did you ever see smoother, lovelier skin? And Kay Johnson, too. They both use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

"Regular care with Lux Toilet Soap, that's my prescription for lovely skin—and *any* girl can follow it!"

Kay Johnson, M. G. M. star, has a skin of delicate beauty. "It leaves my skin so smooth," she says.

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Bessie Love, M. G. M.'s beloved blonde star, is one of the 511 important Hollywood actresses who are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap. "To the screen star lovely skin is very important," she says. "That's why I am so delighted with Lux Toilet Soap. It does leave my skin so smooth and soft."

Anita Page, the young Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star whose beauty has won millions of hearts, in the striking, luxuriously appointed bathroom especially designed for her and built in Hollywood. "I always use Lux Toilet Soap," she says. "It keeps my skin so wonderfully smooth."

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

Anita Page, you see, is one of the host of famous screen and stage stars who have found in this fine soap, so daintily white and fragrant, just the gentle care that is necessary.

Nine out of Ten Lovely Stars use it—in Hollywood —on Broadway—in Europe

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. It has been made the *official* soap in all the studios.

On Broadway the stage stars are so devoted to it, it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of the 74 legitimate New York theaters!

And even in the European capitals the screen stars, like their sisters in Hollywood, are now using it to keep their skin flawless for the close-up.

You will be delighted with Lux Toilet Soap, too. With the fresh smoothness it gives your skin, with its fragrant, generous lather. Use it for your bath and for your shampoo, too. Here's luxury such as you have found only in the finest French soaps! Order several cakes—today.

Catherine Dale Owen, lovely M. G. M. star, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy. It's so dainty and refreshing, and it lathers freely even in the hardest water."

Betty Bronson, both at home and on location, cares for her ravishingly lovely skin with Lux Toilet Soap. She says: "It certainly keeps my skin charmingly smooth and soft!"

Photo by Steichen, Hollywood

LUX Toilet Soap

Luxury such as you have found only in fine French soaps at 50¢ and $1.00 the cake . . . NOW 10¢

Glorifying The American Drun

(*Continued from page 33*)

him at the time. Every little thing is overemphasized for him. He becomes didactic, or profound or sentimental or puzzled—according to his nature and how much and how fast he has been drinking.

A Funny Way of Thinking

"JUST the way a drunk walks is funny to me. His center of balance, or something, shifts and he tips a little forward—or perhaps sways backward at the most astonishing angles. His face changes. It gets *loose*—the muscles sag.

"But it isn't the way a drunk looks that makes him funny. It's the way he thinks. His mind soars airily about from subject to subject. Small things seem vastly important to him. He gets profound. He is solemnly illogical and absurd and fantastic.

"I have always liked the story, which happens to be a true one, told by two gentlemen who were standing in front of the Lambs' Club one stifling night in New York. A drunk came walking down the street.

"He wasn't terribly drunk. He was in evening clothes, well-groomed, completely unruffled — just weaving a little bit in a dignified and polite manner. He paused and asked one of my friends the time.

"'Three o'clock,' he was told. He looked puzzled.

"'Three o'clock?' he repeated, a little fuzzily.

"'Yes.'

"'Three o'clock—when?'

"'Three o'clock in the morning.'

"The stranger pondered this for a moment. Then he had a bright idea. He burst into song. 'We've danced the whole night through—' he caroled. And proceeded upon his wavering way, singing merrily.

A Drunk Can't Play One

"THAT'S the sort of thing that makes them funny. Doubtless, he had some vague purpose in asking the time—trying to orient himself, or something. Then, when he heard that familiar phrase, it suggested something else to him and he was mightily pleased when he thought of that song. He was having a swell time!"

"Does it—would it—do you think it might—help you in your researches to get a little oiled, yourself, sometimes?" I suggested, with some timidity. Actors are so touchy about admitting that they ever take a drink.

This one laughed. "Not a bit," he said. "In the first place, you behave in an entirely different manner when you are really drunk from the way in which you pretend to be drunk.

"Besides, you are in no mood for self-analysis when you are drinking. And even if you could achieve introspection, you wouldn't be able to remember your conclusions the next day! You certainly couldn't play drunk scenes while you were drunk, yourself—because you would forget your lines and perform all sorts of absurdities that were not in the script.

Some Need It, Some Don't

"ALCOHOL is funny stuff. It ruins some—weak people. It is very good for others. I know men, brilliant men, who are so inhibited, so shy, that they just don't function or assert themselves unless they have a drink or two. It gives them confidence, inspires them. Those people need to drink. But the ones who can't drink a wee bit and then stop—shouldn't drink at all. We all know people of both types.

"But probably the thing that makes a drunk funny to a sober onlooker is the sense of slight superiority that the watcher develops. Psychologists say that it is the superiority feeling that makes people laugh. They like to see someone fall down in an undignified position. They like to see the pompous gentleman lose his silk hat. The more dignity an individual has, the more we like to see him humiliated. That's why it is such fun for the audience when the moral maiden aunt becomes inadvertently squiffed. We see her without her defenses. We catch her at something. She has been catching us at things for years (or she symbolizes someone who has) and we love to reverse it on her. If she makes a maudlin fool of herself—so much the better.

"We are all subtly flattered when we catch someone without his armor."

It Takes Technique

CHARLES RUGGLES, Paramount's super-alcoholic, apparently has not made quite such a concentrated study of his specialty as has McHugh. He declares that playing comic drunk rôles requires the sa technique that any other comedy part quires.

"If it is a funny character—and he funny situations with which to work—just the same as any other supposedly fun rôle," he remarked. "Alcohol merely gi the author an excuse to put his charac through amusing didoes. If he has be drinking, then it is logi for him to behave absu ly."

On-the-side lines: driven indoors by a light rain (let's call it a mist and give the Chamber of Commerce a break) during "Rivers End," J. Farrell MacDonald gets Charles Bickford's ideas

Ruggles seems to be tonished and, I suspect trifle dismayed, at bei cast so consistently for ebriated rôles in pictures.

"I played other thin besides drunks on the stage he protested, in a pain voice. "I don't see why should stagger forever pictures—"

He does not think th drunks are funny merely b cause they are drunk One gathers that he fin actual inebriates distinct *un*-funny—even a bit di tressing—when he encoun ters them in person. On cannot imagine him carrying his academic research to the point of gettin oiled, himself, in the inte ests of art. He is an earnes young man. But not *the* earnest!

No Longer Poison

THE attitude of picture toward liquor ha changed to a most surprising degree in the past two years. It used to be tha if a character took a drink or was portrayed as being intoxicated, he must necessarily either come to a bad end or see the error of his ways and reform before the final fade-out. It is undoubtedly a reflection of the change in the general public attitude in these latter days of Prohibition, when the hero can drink himself into a semi-coma through most of the picture—and yet get the girl and triumph in the end, without a sign of any intention to reform.

The Hays organization tells me that it frowns upon drinking scenes "unless they are necessary for characterization or to further the plot." Which would seem to admit almost any form of alcoholism. The Association also informs me that it views with disfavor "social drinking" upon the screen—that is, cocktail parties and things. Or anything containing the implication that constant imbibing goes on in the homes of the rich! Solitary drinking and drinking among the poor, it seems, are not considered as being bad.

The organization still prefers that drinkers should come to bad ends—as William Powell did in "For the Defense."

But the dear public, apparently, is willing for its heroes and its funny men to drink as much as they like and as long as they please—and seems to view them with a good deal of sympathy and understanding, if not a *little* bit of envy!

One wonders what the end will be. Will our romantic leading men all be wet?

Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*

RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

**"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."*

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Now Hollywood Has Grace

(*Continued from page 65*)

Swanson and Ronald Colman. She doesn't know whether she will remain indefinitely or not. And she won't know until her first picture, "Jenny Lind," is made and seen. If she doesn't like what she sees, there will be an end to it. And not all the king's horses nor all the king's Mayers will prevail one jot or one tittle. Ten minutes with Grace Moore can teach you that.

It is stated pretty definitely that she is to be teamed with Lawrence Tibbett. There will be a pair! Stormy, lusty, with fever and cold courage in their souls.

It is difficult to believe that Grace Moore is just one of us gals. An American girl born in the unpretentious town of Jellico, Tennessee. The mere fact that she was born where and what she was, and that in so short a space of time has become what she is, is a dramatic story in itself. Melodramatic, really.

Where She Found Her Voice

GRACE began to sing in the church choir at home. Like her fellow-Grand-Opper, Mary Lewis, she aspired to sing to the heathen Chinee. She craved to be a missionary and bring light to the pig-tailed brethren. Looking at Miss Moore, one inclines to believe that she would have been more likely to bring them another revolution. For she has honey-colored hair and amber skin, a seductive mouth and brilliantly blue eyes. The form of an earlier goddess and a radiation of danger about her. She is rendering unto Caesar to the extent of diet and Swedish massage.

After Miss Moore had lifted the souls of the Jellicoites by her hymns, she began to realize the limits of the little home-town. Her vasty wings began to grow and beat the confining air. That enormous impatience with things as they are stirred in her and was born. She went to study music at the Ward-Belmont College in Nashville, Tenn. And under the auspices of the college she made her first public appearance at the National Theater in Washington, D. C., where she shared the program with Martinelli. Musical critics were facetious and spoke of "the Lion and the Mouse." But hand-in-glove with their humor ran a note of genuine praise. And Miss Moore, her wings again beating too heavily upon her environment, ran away to New York. She had to run, because her family frowned upon her aspirations. They might have accepted grand opera, but neither Miss Moore nor her family looked so high or so far at that time.

In New York, for a year, Grace Moore ate humble pie and was hungry. She knew no one. She tried to know no one. She had borrowed money to live on and she lived on it—just.

Grace Moore is not the type to blush unseen for very long. New York was no exception. She always went about alone. She frequented small cafés where the great and near-great of the musical world convened. She sat apart and reverenced them—and smiled. And the smile penetrated the callous cuticle of the so-called inhumane city and Grace, before she was quite aware of events, was singing in the musical comedy, "Up in the Clouds." And making a hit.

The producer of the play thought he heard things of greater dimension in Miss Moore's voice. He sent her to see Dr. P. Mario Marifioti. Dr. Marifioti would have none of her. Probably she looked entirely too decorative to fill the shoes of a Tetrazzini. Miss Moore accepted his brusque dismissal by the announcement that she would sit in his studio until he took her as his pupil. She sat for three days. In order to get rid of that immobile presence, Dr. Marifioti took her on, and to-day, in Hollywood, still teaching her, he admits that he is proud of it.

Standing for no nonsense: it is fairly obvious that Mary Duncan is not under illusions or much of anything else, as a haremite in "Kismet"

Up Above the Clouds

GRACE MOORE made her first really big hit in the Music Box Revues of 1923, 1924 and 1925. She also appeared in "Hitchy-Koo" and other musical comedies, and on the concert platform. She had reached a spectacular spot. She was a Name. She was making money. She was comfortable. She had everything. Ambition, in most of us, would have been appeased, would have curled up by so luxurious a fire and gone happily to sleep.

But the ambition of Grace Moore is a hard and voracious thing. If there are higher heavens to reach, though the way should be through Hell, she would try for the heavens. Officials of the Metropolitan suggested that she abandon her career in its high hey-day, study for a year, at the end of which time, she might—or might not—be admitted to the Met. Here was a Heaven to try for! Here was a call to arms! Miss Moore turned her back on Broadway and the lights, and settled down to a year of intensive and unremunerative work.

She made the Met. In 1928. As *Mim* in "La Bohéme."

During the following two years, her greatest personal triumphs were as *Juliette* i "Romeo et Juliette," as *Marguerite* i "Faust," and the sensational *Manon* a the first performance of the Metropolitan this past season. Following the 1929 season, Miss Moore made a European tour. She appeared at the Paris Opera and the Opera Comique, and at the Cannes and Monte Carlo Opera houses.

And now, now she is in Hollywood.

There is courage in this girl from Jellico. Courage and storm and fever and no fear.

Her Private Public Opinion

GRACE MOORE very emphatically disagrees with Geraldine Farrar's pronouncement that opera is a dying form.

The amber-hued and trenchant lady said, "The various statements about grand opera dying have been made by artists who are doing their last mile. They are the old-fashioned performers, who cannot keep step with the spirit of to-day. The public is not as tolerant as it once was. The demands are greater, the sacrifices harder. *But, so long as there are beautiful voices in the world, opera, old or new, will live.*"

Grace Moore loves the opera. She loves the people of the opera. She loves the exactitudes, the sacrifices, the stern and unrelenting demands. At her luncheon table, the day we talked, were Giovanni Martino, the basso from the Metropolitan, young Martini, the tenor, and a distinguished conductor (from Chicago, I believe). She says the people of the opera are more fun to be with than any other group of people in the world. "They work harder, they play harder, they love harder, they live harder."

"Opera," Miss Moore continued, "is an exacting master. You cannot serve two gods, when one of them is opera. You live a life of perpetual self-sacrifice. In small ways and in great. You cannot smoke. You cannot play tennis or go in for strenuous athletics. You cannot talk too much, no matter how much you may enjoy chatting into the small hours, for talk is more exhausting for the voice than singing. Marriage is all but impossible for the dedicate devotée. Love is too exciting. A career should not come before the man you love and marry, and if you put the man before the career you are lost.

"There are tremendous compensations, of course. Opera is a rather more-than-liberal education. You must know the languages. You must know history, racial and musical. You have contacts with the finest and most interesting people in the world, in all walks. You know Europe and Europeans. You are everywhere received . . . ."

There *is* something about an opera singer . . . Jenny Lind and Jeritza, Melba and Bori . . . mysterious names, names to conjure with. Grand names.

Grace Moore may be loved or she may be hated. There could be no temperate middle ground. She is an intemperate personality. She is trenchant. She is aggressive. She makes herself felt, as well as heard and seen.

"I'm a helpless prisoner!"

says MYRNA LOY

"I'm caught! . . . in a spun-silk web! I'm held . . . in a star-dust rapture! I'm captive to a lilting mood! But I love my captor . . . I'll never escape. For this mood that's captured me is Youth itself . . . a mood which stole from a perfume bottle and entered my heart . . . surrounded my soul . . . and I surrendered! See, here's the bottle . . . there's the name — Seventeen — but wait! Not a breath of it — unless YOU *want to be carried away — too!"*

SEVENTEEN . . . not a perfume alone
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The ensemble idea is smart in toilet accessories, too! . . . so Seventeen's gay and lightsome fragrance has been breathed into each of these essentials: *Powders* . . . a face powder, bath powder and talcum . . . all charmingly packaged, all exquisitely soft, all faintly scented with Seventeen . . . a *Compact,* the smartest you've ever seen, in gleaming black . . . a *Sachet,* the subtlest way to perfume lingerie . . . *Brillantines,* one solid, one liquid, to restrain straying locks and leave a fragrance that's ever so elusive.

Hallelujah! *And A Percentag*

(*Continued from page 30*)

to prepare the setting for the arrival of the star, so do Aimee's assistants, headed by "Ma" Kennedy, precede her arrival in the church auditorium. They work the congregation into a frenzy of enthusiasm for the climactic moment. Then, with the folks on their feet, palms upraised, shouting "Hallelujah," the regal figure of the evangelist comes into view, colored lights playing on her gleaming white gown.

She dramatizes everything. Sometimes, even the devil, in red robes and with the well-known horns, appears on the platform, and Aimee, shouting maledictions and praise to the Lord, drives him away. Sometimes, she depicts the Gates to Heaven and the rocky path leading to them; sometimes, the Gates to Hell with its path of primroses. Greed, Lust, Pleasure, and other symbolic figures of her sermons are represented on the rostrum. When she returned from her harrowing "kidnapping" experience, she enacted the whole business out on the church stage.

Maybe So, Maybe Not

SOMEBODY once told her she had a voice like Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore combined. Someone else remarked that she resembled Texas Guinan.

"I don't know myself," she explained in repeating this. "You see, I don't go to the theater and I've never met Texas Guinan."

How does she reconcile her present plans for film-making with her preachments all these years past against that instrument of Satan, motion pictures?

In the first interview granted on the subject, she told me. Fondling a remarkably well-behaved baby on her knee, apparently as atmosphere, she went into action. Gone were all the vestiges of the shoutin', yellin', exhortin' preacher. For this rôle, she was a modest, demure little woman in a faded blue dress.

Belle Bennett could not have done it any better.

She looked between forty and fifty years of age, much more than she appears in photographs or from the church pulpit. The famous red tresses, which have figured so much in the public prints, were a light yellow. Aimee, without doubt, has blondined her hair. Instead of being heaped on top of her head, as once, it was combed straight from her face, parted in the middle and fell in long ringlets about her neck. Her voice was subdued and quiet. She seemed almost reluctant to say anything about herself. But not *entirely* reluctant—

A Heaven-Sent Opportunity

"IT will be God's work to me. It will be a religious effort. The talking picture is the greatest agency for the spread of the Gospel since the invention of the printing press.

Longworth

The witching houri: despite the penchant of turban-wearers for ladies large and lazy, little Loretta Young wins her way into the heart and harem of Sidney Blackmer in "Kismet"

"My first production will be based on my life in the service of the Lord. Everything—everything will be included. There will be scenes depicting the terrible prosecution suffered at the hands of the money lords, the liquor barons, the rum runners, the dope fiends, the agents of the underworld in Los Angeles, who had me kidnapped and set down in the desert. Yes, I suppose we will include my long and perilous walk across the sands.

"I would like to make something tremendously fine in the way of a picture. I would like good actors to play in it. My director? Personally, I would choose some one like Cecil B. de Mille or Lionel Barrymore.

"When I was set free by my kidnappers and the newspapers were full of my experiences, I was offered a million dollars by a motion picture company to screen the story. I refused. I could see no reason then for making a picture. To-day, I will make one—for the Glory of God.

"Talking pictures have changed everything. They give me an opportunity, through sound, to promulgate the Gospel as never before. After this production is ished, I intend to make a series of serm ettes. They will be released in the ei hundred and forty-two branch churches Angelus Temple all over the country."

She Lost Her Radio Voice

AIMEE was not at all nervous when took her first tests within the stu gates, she told me. had no reason to be developed, for tests were splend The evangelist pho graphed very well, deed. Her eyes w extraordinarily la and luminous. H profile was good. A her voice, the one th nearly blasts apart t radio loudspeaker, cords clearly and wi pleasant tonal qua ties.

The story goes th these first tests we accomplished at Te Art Studio, an ind pendent organizati where stages and can era equipment may rented for short perio of time. Aimee, rol ing up to the gates i a black limousine, ac companied by he daughter, Roberta, wa assigned to the sta dressing-room, onc occupied by Dolore Del Rio. The janito is grumbling authorit for the fact that Aime brought no towels.

Once before the microphone, she was apparently undecide what to say. Turning to daughter Roberta she said: "Shall I tell a story, or shall use a scriptural text?"

Roberta voted for the story. Aimee told one and so well, it seems, that since that day there has been no doubt about the picture being made—it just has been a question of when and where.

Aimee Semple McPherson is a great showwoman . . . and her name is known the length and breadth of America. Other evangelists have dropped more or less by the wayside, but Aimee flings out her banners and marches on. She ought to do as well in pictures as she has in the pulpit. If so, she's on her way to more success.

Although details of the business organization are a little hazy in the mind of a layman, it is said that the endeavor, besides being for the Glory of God, will be on a percentage basis. Universal at this writing will produce. The Angelus Picture Corporation and others will get a cut.

So, folks, get ready for the religious spectacle of all ages. The lady evangelist is breaking into screen drama. No doubt, she will be as colorful a figure there as she has been in countless newsreels already . . .

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The lessons come to you by mail. ney consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, and all the music u need. You simply *n't* go wrong. First u are *told* what to do. hen a picture *shows* u how to do it. Then u do it yourself and *ar* it. No private acher could make it ly clearer.

As the lessons connue they become easier d easier. For instead just scales you learn play by *actual notes* e favorites that formerly you've only *listened* to. You can't imagine what fun it is, until you've started!

Pick Your Instrument

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Violin
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Flute
Harp
'Cello
Guitar
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Mandolin
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You'll never know what real fun and good times are until you've learned to play some musical instrument. For music is a joy-building tonic—a sure cure for the "blues." If you can play, you are always in demand, sought after, sure of a good time. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

Never before have you had such a chance as this to become a musician—a really good player on your favorite instrument—without the deadly drudging and prohibitive expense that were such drawbacks before. At last you can start right in and *get somewhere*, quickly, cheaply, thoroughly.

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"I am making excellent progress on the 'cello—*and owe it all to your easy lessons*," writes George C. Lauer of Belfast, Maine.

"I am now on my 12th lesson and can already play simple pieces," says Ethel Harnishfeger, Fort Wayne, Ind. "*I knew nothing about music when I started.*"

"I have completed only 20 lessons and *can play almost any kind of music I wish.* My friends are astonished," writes Turner B. Blake, of Harrisburg, Ill.

And C. C. Mittlestadt, of Mora, Minn., says, "I have been playing in the brass band for several months now. I learned to play from your *easy lessons*."

You, too, can learn to master the piano, violin, 'cello, saxophone—any instrument you prefer—this quick, easy way! For every single thing you need to know is explained in detail. And the explanation is always *practical*. Little theory—plenty of *accomplishment*. That's why students of the U. S. School course get ahead *twice as fast* as those who study by old-fashioned, plodding methods.

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The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. A booklet has been printed, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," that explains this famous method in detail, and is yours free for the asking. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson, which *proves* how delightfully quick and easy—how *thorough*—this modern method is.

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When purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used for all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Any color—75c.

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Can They Stay Retired?

(*Continued from page 29*)

her, flickered out. She didn't do it. Didn't care. She went to openings and parties and tested the old life to the full. It was weighed in the balance with the Long Island farm and the baby—and found wanting.

Two Other Exceptions

PHYLLIS HAVER, our very own Phyllis, is a runner-up to Dorothy Dalton. Phyllis married Mr. Seaman of the canned goods clan. She lives in a luxurious pent-house in lower Manhattan. And only puts on make-up for the Four or Five Hundred. She has gone in for forestry, having planted sixty pine trees on the pent-house estate. Imagine *their* surprise! She drives a couple of swell cars, is in love with her husband and fairly purrs with contentment. She adores being just the Little Woman, for you *are* the Little Woman, whether you live in a pent-house or a cave.

Phyllis was recently in Hollywood for a visit. Phyllis—can you *get* it—who was as much a part of movies as the film used in the making. She didn't feel any yen to return. When any of the Hollywood boys and girls come to New York, she says, they always come to see her. She gets all the gossip, knows everything that is going on. It satisfies.

Constance Talmadge is living in our very midst. She is with us, but not of us. We almost never see her any more. Connie, who used to be the very heart of the heart of Hollywood. She is said to be more interested in reading Helpful Hints to Housewives than she ever was in reading reviews and fan letters.

There are always exceptions. To everything. Everyone knows that. But we believe that they *are* the exceptions. And there is still room for skepticism. For they are still young, and somewhere—far in the offing—there may shine a glimmer, a faint gleam, a hope, a dream . . .

Remade, Not Retired

YEARS ago, five, six or seven, Mary Pickford solemnly and consideringly assured us that she was through with kiddie parts and therefore through with the screen. She and Doug, she said, would eventually make one picture together, and then—farewell. Forever. She said that her small stature forebade her entering the dramatic field and that as childhood, even on the screen, must one day make way for maturity she, in turn, would give way to the inexorable hand of Time. She didn't. She hasn't. And now she admits that she doesn't want to. She says she would be utterly wretched, if she didn't have her finger in things movie. In order *not* to retire she has accepted and triumphed over the handicap of not being Garboesque in size.

Colleen Moore, shortly after her marriage to John McCormick, annually announced that at the expiration of her next contract she would retire, travel, have children, read books and "live private." Contracts kept on blooming like the flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra, la; and Colleen kept right on blooming with them. Colleen is no longer married. Colleen has, at this writing, neither conjugal nor cinema contract. But report hath it that Colleen is about to undergo a metamorphosis. We will see her rise, they say, a phoenix from the ashes of her adolescence. A new Colleen, with Depths, will be among us, to tarry a long, long while. We hope so.

PEOPLE conjecture about the beautiful Corinne Griffith. Will she stay as retired, as she says she will? Corinne says yes. Others say no. It would appear that Corinne is studying Voice and things. F haps for chamber music.

Years ago, Rod La Rocque sententiou assured me that he would work for f more years and then, when he had amas enough samoleons to go abroad, he wo live in India and Be Himself. You have had any picture post-cards from Rod s ing, "X marks my salt-mine. Wish y were here." Have you?

And speaking of the La Rocque fami Vilma Banky La Rocque recently and a very firmly announced that she was *throu* that she was going to stay at home and the little house *frau* she has always long to be, that she would go in for kiddies in Big Way and be a proper wife to Rodd Warner Baxter has stayed Vilma's ha from rocking the cradle for the time bei She is to play opposite the *Cisco Kid* in latest.

Lila Lee, when she married James Ki wood, resolved to abjure the grease-pai for all time. She would be domestic a have a few little Cuddleses of her ow Finances and things went flooey and it b came necessary for Lila to Do Somethi The screen was all she knew. She we through a period of desperation for fear s would *have* to retire.

Panic Time

BEBE DANIELS experienced somethi of the same panic during those da days prior to "Rio Rita." She knew th that anything she had ever said about r tirement, traveling, home-making was t bunk. She didn't *want* to be through. S knew that she had too much to give. Solitude and Europe and Improving One Mind—stale, stale, flat and profitless.

You will note that the resolve to retire is fragile thing, marked Unbreakable, but but crash into it with a swell part, a fatti contract, a Break, the need to economi or any other Fact of Life and hear the prett tinkling sounds the pieces make.

Marilyn Miller swears by all her god Flo Ziegfeld and First National, that sh will retire at the end of her next New Yor show and her next two pictures. She say she has *always* said she would retire befo the Public began to fidget and rustle its pr grammes. But how to know when tha dread hour comes? There are so man outs . . . A mosquito might have bitten th audience. A wind might have passed ov the house . . .

Zasu Pitts hopes to retire when she ha enough money to adopt several more chil dren and run a Nursery of her own. Ster lizing milk means more to Zasu than starrin in pictures. So says the unique Pitts.

MILDRED DAVIS became Mrs. Harol Lloyd. She dwells in marble hall She Retired. She had a baby. She says it orful. *Not* the baby—Being Retired. "Ha old has people to the house. They tal shop, shop, shop. Sets, and what happen in the studio. When all I can do is blea hopefully, '*Oh*, Gloria has a new tooth and hope someone will be thrilled to *hea* that Gloria has a new tooth. I feel so ou of things, not a part of anything, dumb! . . .

Mary Hay promised Richard Barthe mess, when they wed, that she would pe manently retire from both screen and stag She tried it. She *couldn't*. She picked up th pieces, professionally, and dropped the matrimonially. It sometimes goes like that

Maurice Chevalier told me that his wi is content for long spells at a time, and the for long spells at a time she is not content.

Can they stay retired?

I doubt it.

They Know A Thing Or Two

(*Continued from page 63*)

kid acts as a rule. Most stage children are resh and bossy. But not my Quillans. Never.

Business, If Not Pleasure

"I'D talk to them this way: I'd say, 'If you can't be well-behaved because it's he decent, respectable thing to do, then do it because it's good business. More flies are caught with sugar than vinegar. The more friends you got backstage, the better,' 'd tell them. 'Stay out of people's way. Keep out of the wings, unless you get permission to stand there. When you come off rom your act, hike to your dressing-rooms and get your make-up off and get out of the theater.'

"It ain't boasting, no, ma'am, when I say my kids were welcomed back to every theater they played more than once.

"I taught them, this, too: to take kidding well when the joke was on themselves—but to be careful about kidding other people. That's more important in Hollywood than any place in the world. The town is full of practical jokers, whose sense of humor isn't sufficiently elastic to see the point when it is turned on them. 'But when you're the goat,' I told my kids, 'grin and bear up under it.' There's nothing worse in the show business, or any other business, than the fellow who can't see the laugh on himself. If it doesn't do anything else, it tends toward good fellowship.

"As the boys grew a little older, the business of training them became a little more complicated. Say what we will for it, and I love it, nevertheless life in the show world is a little lax. The conventions are not as strictly adhered to as they might be. It ain't deliberate wickedness, but it's carelessness. It's easy to drift into the slip-shod way of dealing with things.

The Most Important Thing

"BUT before them constantly, I kept the example of the devotion between their mother and myself. Oft-times when I traveled with the act, Mrs. Quillan and I would be separated for months at a time. And yet never once did I let my children see me miss my daily letter to her. I read every word of the letters she wrote to us. I taught them that faithfulness to one woman was the grandest thing of God's scheme. Look at mamma sitting over there laughing at me, will you? 'You scalawag,' she'll say after you're gone, 'You old scalawag!' But she'll only say it with her lips. She knows deep down in her heart that what I'm saying is the truth.

"I taught them to respect all women. Like they would their own sisters. Maybe the girls they met didn't dress, or look, or talk like their sisters, but my boys learned to treat them as such. When a man loses his respect for womanhood, he loses his respect for himself!

"'Don't ever set yourself up to judge other people,' I'd tell them. 'Maybe they haven't the same religion as yours. Or the same ideals. Or the same way of seein' things. But judgin' is not for you. Take the good you can get out of them, and leave the bad alone.'

"I didn't say they couldn't go out at night after the shows. I didn't forbid them to drink. Or to smoke. I'm too old a dog not to know that forbidden fruit is the sweetest, ma'am. I just put a proposition up to them.

It Was Up to Them

"IF you go out and make fools of yourself,' I'd say, 'that's your business. You're

(*Continued on page 93*)

Her Hands

lovely as a bride's after 10 years' housekeeping

1920

". . thanks to LUX in the dishpan," says Mrs. H. W. Simmonds

THIS attractive young homemaker has done all her own work, having her hands in and out of the dishpan three times a day—for ten years. Yet they are soft and white and smooth as when she was married . . . "thanks to Lux."

"Washing dishes with Lux leaves my hands lovely looking"—Mrs. Simmonds says enthusiastically . . . "so smooth and white and dainty."

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Among thousands of young wives interviewed in 11 large cities, 96 out of every 100 use Lux—to keep their hands lovely . . . in spite of housework!

FAMOUS beauty shops — 305 of them — *advise* Lux for the hands! "With all our experience, we actually can not tell the difference," they say, "between the hands of the woman with maids and the hands of the woman who uses Lux in the dishpan."

They know that ordinary coarse soaps leave hands red and rough while the gentle, bland Lux protects the beauty oils of the skin, keeping busy hands smooth and white. Yet Lux for dishes costs less than 1¢ a day!

1930

Thousands of women who were brides ten years ago still have hands as lovely as on their wedding day — thanks to the magic of Lux!

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for washing dishes

For lovely hands · costs less than 1¢ a day

What makes china glisten?

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When is a stocking dirty?

Summer and winter we perspire. And perspiration *attacks* silk underthings, frocks, stockings. Wash out all these promptly after wearing, whenever possible.

How best to wash woodwork?

Suds get tired. To clean easiest, best, change suds often. For spots, apply soap directly to wood.

Is your cleaning done by noon?

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Not So Shy

(*Continued from page 70*)

commissary waitress. It turned out that he doesn't eat lunch. Not that he's afraid of avoirdupois, like Clara Bow, but after years of arduous exercise—dancing and making comedy whoopee—on the New York stage, the life of ease in Hollywood has robbed him of his appetite. "How these people out here can eat three square meals a day and do as little as they do" is beyond him.

The Bug Took Effect

"BUT to make a long story short," he continued, taking up where he had left off in his private life, "I went to work with my two brothers in my father's insurance business. Mother wanted me to. I guess she figured that if anything would sober me down, insurance would. Of all the businesses in the world, barring undertaking, that is foremost in taking out the kinks. But the stage bug had bitten me in prep school and I had footlight fever. I thought I was quite a funny guy and that Broadway was missing a good number. When I confided at home that I had made up my mind to go down and give Ziegfeld and George White a break, there was a row.

"Somebody kept bringing up the subject of money, of which I had an embarrassing shortage—the idea being that the family would not finance my apprenticeship days in such a harum-scarum undertaking. 'All right,' said little Gus, 'I won't take any of your money.' And the joke of it is, I nearly starved to death, carrying out that threat. That brings us to the point of Local Boy Turned Out In The Cold, Cold World, doesn't it? Even a comedian has to have his sob moments. Look at Chaplin, the greatest of them all.

"I could keep you here all afternoon, telling you the gory details of my Broadway reception. But to make a long story short, it was a cinch that Ziegfeld and White hadn't seen any of my prep school plays, and I kind of got the idea that they didn't care. Everybody patted me on the back and advised me to run home. Even if I *was* all I kept telling them I was, what good would it do me? There were a hundred thousand others like Gus. The only bright spot in that part of my private life was that I made a couple of good friends. One of them was Ned Wayburn, who staged dance numbers for Broadway musical money-makers.

A Fortunate Flop

"BY sheer dint of perseverance, I got a few bits to do in that greatest of all flops of Broadway, 'Town Topics.' Don't get it into your head that Hollywood is the only place where they can throw a million away. That baby was the most expensively mounted, elaborately cast waste of a million berries since we loaned our bank-roll to Europe. But it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the way I've always looked at 'Town Topics,' someone spent a fortune to teach Gus Shy a few details about show business. I had my eyes ears open all the time and tried to re a little of what I saw.

"It made me so ambitious that I deci to take a show of my own on the road. will get the extent of my ambition, whe tell you I didn't have a cent of cash in pocket when I was hit by this idea. take part of that back. I think I had ab a hundred and fifty dollars to my acco in the bank. But what's money?

"Believe it or not, but I got up a pre good show. My costumes were a kno out. They should have been. I bou them second-hand from somebody who swiping them from Ziegfeld, after one of show-girls had dropped a cigarette ash them, or something. Ziegfeld paid a cou of hundred for the outfits I was getting a couple of bucks. Naturally, I coul afford to have De Sylva, Brown Henderson, or Irving Berlin write the mu for the show. But what did I care? Th were working for me and didn't know I took all of their current song hits hummed them backward. I put it all gether and it spelled, 'Honey.'

It's a Gift—Plus Work

"I MANAGED my brain-child on tour through the sticks. Every n and then, when a comedian or a leading m would blow up on me, I'd step in and do part myself. I learned, among other thin that it is a gift, coupled with a lot of ha work, to be funny. But you can't let folks know you're working. It's got seem natural and spontaneous. All comedians I've ever known got their gr hairs trying to look nonchalant. That sh may not have been the best in the world, it taught Gus Shy a set of tricks that land him back on Broadway.

"To make a long story short," he peated, "I played the featured comic years in 'Good News' and had an equa long run in 'New Moon.' I was just g ting to the point where I could write out own ticket on Broadway when the mov came along. I don't know anything abo them. But here I am with an M-G- contract. I'm not worrying. I didn't kn anything about show business when started, either. When this studio offer me the chance to play my original Broa way rôle in 'Good News,' in the screen v sion of that musical, I figured that if I w ever going to make the dive, now was t time.

"I like it out here, all right. All exce one angle: this confounded sitting around doing nothing. I'm used to perspiring f my living. That's the reason I'm going dancing school and working out in t Athletic Club gym during my spare da between pictures. And that's that," added, just by way of making a long sto short, as he squirted another drop of lem in his plain water.

CORRECTION

In the story about *Mickey Mouse*, entitled "My Love Life And Other Things," in the August issue of CLASSIC, Ub Iwerks was referred to as "the originator of *Mickey Mouse*." We were in error. **Walter E. Disney** is the originator of *Mickey Mouse* and producer of the *Mickey Mouse* cartoons. Our sincere apologies to **Mr. Disney**, for not giving credit where credit is certainly due.—Editor.

Tabooed Topics

(*Continued from page 57*)

dal the matrimonial stuff on Nancy and present her as a vestal virgin, but Nancy d other thoughts. They were mostly out her small daughter, Patricia, and her ddy, Jack Kirkland, busy writing scena- s. And she expressed them. It was fficult to enforce the taboo and now all e world knows about Patty and Jack.

Heroes Must Remain Heroes

ANOTHER publicity department taboo deals with the morals of leading men. one of the baser instincts can be attributed them. They are as ignorant of life and hat makes the world whirl as that cap- in's lassie, Joan Lowell, ever was. They ow nothing of seduction or the harsher icks. Of liquor and its consequences, they e ignorant. To them, a "side car" belongs a motor-cycle. Only once did liquor ever nquer and that, in the minds of the taboo isers, was because it was the lesser of two ils. It was admitted, in a life story, that certain lily lad of the screen had sipped the ice of the corn; but the hearers had to pay price. For this admission, the word "fast" as to be deleted from the description of the t of young folks in which he had formerly aveled. The public's illusions must be feguarded at any cost.

Mr. Charles E. Mack, fearless in the resence of the leaping antelopes and angles his modernistic house, has a pet taboo hat makes him wish to mention not at all Ir. George Circe, who is the current Moran The Two Black Crows. Any mention of hat gentleman brings a drawling comment f "O-oah, tha-at's been written about SO uch."

Nick and Sue Stuart, before their mar- iage, grew panicky if they thought any sug- estion of the joint possession of a new urma rose-and-black motor vehicle was oing to be made public.

Silence Preferred

WHEN Mary Nolan, whose Broadway trade-mark was Imogene Wilson, as imported from Germany to play at elatines with the United Artist kiddies, a egular Chinese Wall of taboos was erected nd everyone was reminded that her name as Mary Nolan and nothing else. But with er skill as an actress increased, and her inema ability justifying all previous frolick- ng, it is now permissible to remember that he once answered to Imogene.

Some taboos are amusing. Others are ragic. Rock-ribbed is Bill Hart's refusal to alk about the short, pitiful matrimonial xperience he had. He is not anxious to gouge a painful wound. And Paul Bern, for ome reason, probably justified, refuses to e proffered to the press in an interview that aints him as the Father Confessor of Hollywood. Into his ears have undoubtedly been oured more sorrows, real and imagined, han would fill a library. Anita Page and Mother Pomares think it better not to men- ion Harry K. Thaw in connection with her screen career.

Ben Lyon, always gallant, retains lofty muteness on the subject of Marilyn Miller or any other of his affairs of the heart; and Charlie Chaplin is not to be wangled into chatting about his matrimonial endeavors. Harrison Ford is reluctant to discuss the aspects of his married life and whether or not he is divorced. As a matter of record, he is safely married. Jacqueline Logan draws a veil of secrecy over her marriage to Ralph Gillespie; and Madge Bellamy simply will not talk about her one flyer into matrimony with Logan Metcalf. Douglas, the Senior, would rather talk about Shakespeare or the Olympic Games than discuss his titled house guests.

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● **highlights of the NOVEMBER issue**

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 76)

unless you send a self-addressed envelope for a personal reply. **Jean Hersholt** is married to a non-professional, haven't her name. Ditto for **Jack Holt**. **Stan Laurel** to **Lois Neilson**. **Oliver Hardy**, **Myrtle E. Reeves**, professional. **Baclanova** is about thirty-one years old. Married to **Nicholas Soussanin**. **Jack Hoxie's** real name is **Stone**. **Gladys Brockwell** was born Sept. 26, 1894. Died July 2, 1929. **Frank Mayo**, June 28, 1886, not appearing in pictures at this time. **Winnie Lightner** was born in Greenpoint, N. Y., Aug. 17. Married and her real name is **Winifred Hanson**.

Q. M. W.—**John Garrick** has appeared in the following pictures: *The Sky Hawk*, *Fox Movietone Follies of 1930*, *Song o' My Heart*, *The Lottery Bride* and *Are You There?* Here are some of the new pictures we have in stock, **Winnie Lightner**, **John Garrick**, **Marjorie White**, **Lillian Roth**, **Catherine Dale Owen**, **Dorothy Lee**, **Sally Starr**, **Helen Twelvetrees**, **Fred Scott**, **Claudette Colbert**, **Bernice Claire**, **Frank Albertson**, **Regis Toomey**, **Charles Bickford**, **Phillips Holmes**, **Lew Ayres** and **Barbara Stanwyck**.

HAZEL.—**Alice White** formerly lived in Paterson, N. J., but couldn't tell you what street. Why not write direct to **Alice**, no doubt she'd be glad to tell you. She is appearing in *Sweethearts on Parade*, Columbia Studios. **William Boyd** in *Beyond Victory*, Pathe Studios. He does not give out his home address. **Eddie Cantor** has five daughters. Wait until you see him in *Whoopee*, United Artists Studios. **Buddy Rogers** has one sister, **Geraldine**, and a brother **Bh**, who is also going to appear on the screen shortly. **Bh** will be known as **Bruce Rogers** from now on.

SYLVIA.—**Ann Pennington** was born in Camden, N. J. She is four feet eleven and a half, has brown hair and eyes. Began her stage career at the age of twelve years as a member of a vaudeville team of three girls. Her stage revues include *Ziegfeld Follies*, several *George White's Scandals*, *Jack and Jill*, etc. **Marion Byron**, whose nickname is *Peanuts* and is one of the youngest and smallest actresses in motion pictures, is a graduate of the comedy lots in Hollywood, and her first big chance came when she was chosen leading lady for **Buster Keaton** in *Steamboat Bill, Jr.* **Miss Byron** formerly was in musical comedies in New York, playing with **Fannie Brice** in *Music Box Revue* and was chosen for the lead in *Tiptoes*, being taken out of the chorus for that honor.

MARIE OF BROOKLYN.—Do you know that the first all-Vitaphone Varieties program opened on April 19 at the Gaiety Theater (renamed the Roxy) in Melbourne, Australia? It is a two and a half hour picture-theater program made up entirely of Vitaphone Varieties, plus a news reel. **Jackie Coogan** was born Oct. 26, 1914. He is appearing in *Tom Sawyer*, Paramount Studios. **Frankie Darro**, Dec. 22, 1918, and is still growing. **Lila Lee**, July 25, 1905. **Marian Nixon**, Oct. 20, 1906. Appearing in *Adios*, starring **Richard Barthelmess**. **Marion Davies**, Jan. 3, 1900. Latest production, *Rosalie*.

MYSTERIOUS X. X.—What do you want me to do, be *Philo Vance?* **Richard Barthelmess** was born in New York City, May 9, 1895. He appeared on the stage in stock with his mother before entering pictures. Married **Mary Hay** in June, 192 Were divorced in 1926. Then to **Jessic Sargent** on April 20, 1928. Has a daught **Mary** about eight and a stepson abo twelve. **Dorothy Jordan** appearing in *Lo in the Rough*, starring **Robert Montgon ery**. **Richard Arlen** and **Mary Brian** *Social Errors*, Paramount.

BEE'S KNEES FROM CALIF.- **Frankie Dolan**, holder of the Pacific Coa flyweight championship for six years, playe the part of **Jack Oakie's** second in boxin scenes of *The Social Lion*. **John Barrymore'** real name is **Blythe**. **Eleanor Boardma** has two children. **Mabel Normand** wa born Nov. 10, 1897, and died Feb. 23, 193 **Greta Garbo** is five feet six. **Sharon Lyn** was born in Weatherford, Texas, abou twenty-three years ago. Playing in *Men o Call*, Fox Studios. The **G** Sisters' real name are **Eleanor** and **Carola Knospe**.

A CONSTANT READER.—Glad to hea that. **Claire Windsor** was born April 14 1897. Her son **Billy** is about nine. She i five feet six. **William Haines** played opposite her in *The Denial*, which was released i Mar., 1925. **Miss Windsor** is not appearin in any new picture at this writing. **Tim McCoy**, **Allene Ray** and **Francis Ford** have the leads in *The Indians Are Coming*, Universal Studios.

INQUISITIVE.—We have quite a few this month but let's go. You ask 'em and I'll answer. **Billie Dove** was born in New York City, May 14, 1903. Latest picture, *The Lady Who Dared*. You'll have to send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of the various films she has appeared in, there are too many to mention here. **Ramon Novarro's** latest production is *Call of the Flesh*. He was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899. **Nancy Carroll's** picture *Come Out of the Kitchen* was released as *Honey*. Now appearing in *Laughter*, **Fredric March** plays opposite.

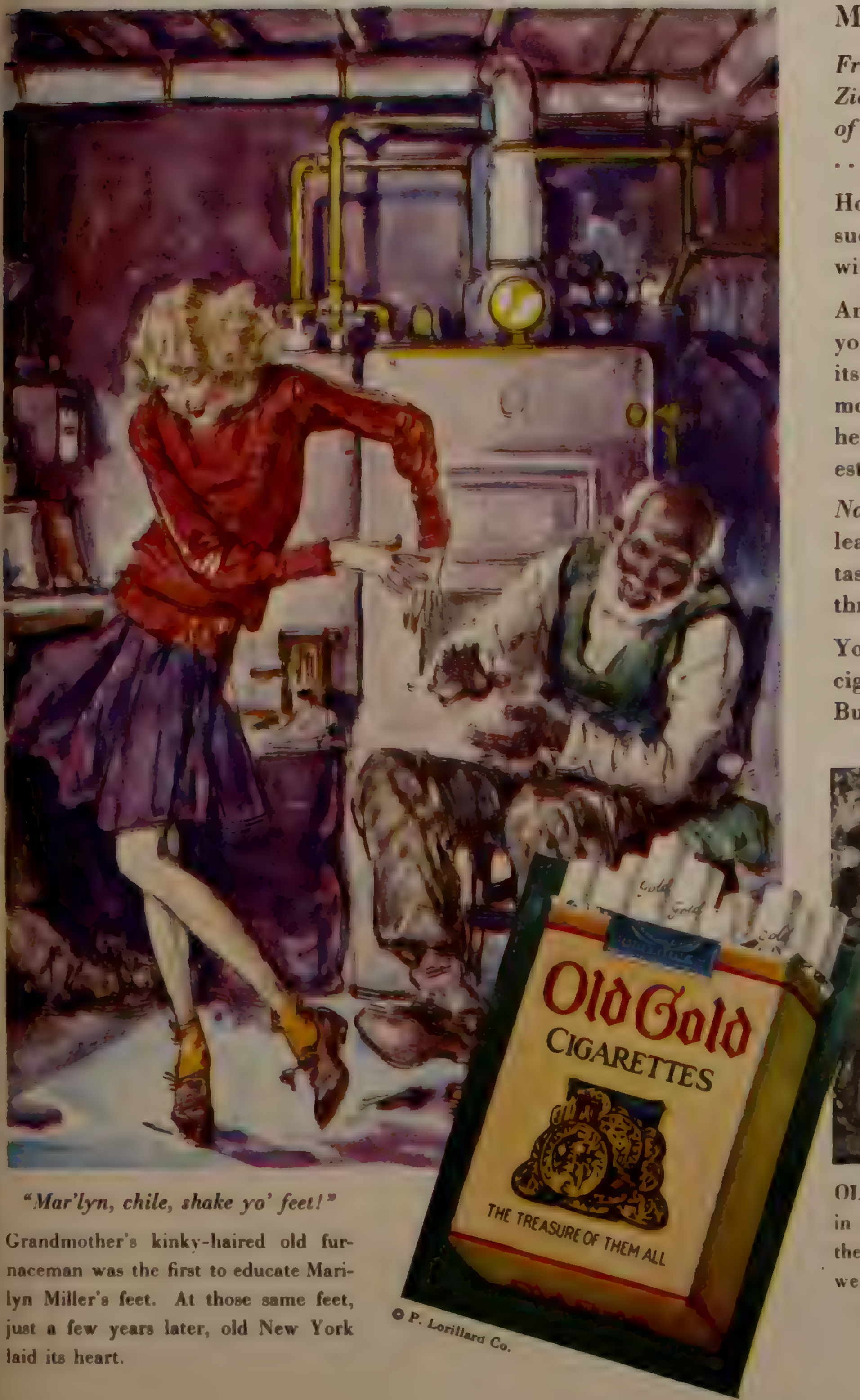
LOLLY POP.—They're good too. No! I don't like cod liver oil, who would! But I do like buttermilk. **Sally Blane** is not married and her latest flicker is *The Little Accident*, starring **Anita Page** and **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.**, **Lillian Gish** is still single. **Betty Compson** plays opposite **Gary Cooper** in *The Spoilers*.

NOZZY.—**Dorothy Janis** played opposite **Ramon Novarro** in *The Pagan*. His picture, *The Battle of the Ladies*, was changed to *Devil May Care*, **Dorothy Jordan** played opposite. *House of Troy* changed to *In Gay Madrid*. The theme songs were Into My Heart, Santiago and Dark Night. You refer to **Frank Merrill** and **Natalie Kingston** in *Tarzan the Mighty*. **Charles Bickford** is not married to my knowledge.

BOLES FAN.—**John Boles** was born in Greenville, Texas, Oct. 28, 1898. He is six feet one, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Marcelite Dobbs**, they have two children. **Boles**, graduate of the University of Texas and student under Continental masters, had appeared in *Little Jessie James*, *The Romany Love Spell*, *Kitty's Kisses* and other Broadway productions when **Gloria Swanson** lured him to Hollywood for the supporting rôle in *Loves of Sunya*. His first big success was as the Red Shadow in *The Desert Song*. Now appearing in *Gypsy Love Song*.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

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MARILYN MILLER

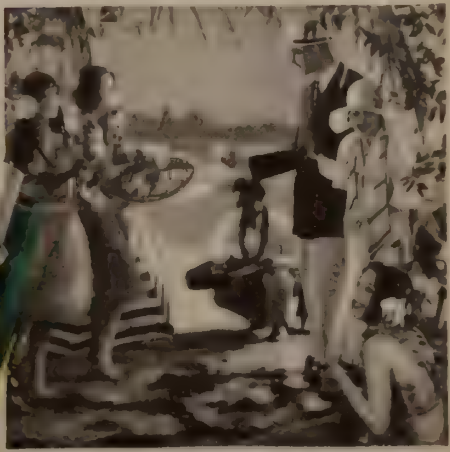
From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success?...*Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette . . . or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars.



OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

Jeanette Loff
Jack Oakie

These Pictures Are For You!

Twenty-four of them, all new poses, size $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 8 inches.

Yes, for you. We know that thousands of our readers are collecting pictures of the interesting men and women of the screen. You have your favorites. You are interested in the new feature players who are at the height of their popularity now. Surely you will want their fine pictures. Here are the subjects, all new poses:

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PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

o the heads of the boys who make the novies.

Several first-run theaters in Hollywood re offering free golf tickets with every heater ticket purchased.

* * *

ANTONIO Moreno was the only moving picture actor to be listed in "The Blue Book."

Maybe you think that didn't give Hollywood a start! Not that they were so amazed to find **Tony** among 'em, for the ascinating Daisy Moreno has long rated as a social light—but look at those who were eft out: **Mary** and **Doug**, **Will** Hays, Corinne Griffith, **Richard** Barthelmess and all the rest of the cream.

* * *

JOHN *Boles and* **Evelyn** *Laye humming a duet number in rehearsal.*

Marcelite *(Mrs.) Boles waiting outside the sound stage in her new limousine.*

Al *Jolson pulling a* **John** *Gilbert and refusing to be interviewed.*

Janet *Gaynor and* **Lydell** *Peck making up polite, but phoney excuses to a social invitation.*

Gary *Cooper bemoaning the loss of six precious pounds through overwork.*

* * *

IT was announced that Will Rogers' next picture would be titled "See America First."

Several weeks later, it was also announced that Universal was engaged on a picture, featuring **Harry** Langdon and **Slim** Summerville, to be called "See America Thirst."

Now comes word that Will's new picture is not "definitely" titled.

No wonder.

* * *

THE release of **Charlie** Chaplin's eight-reel picture, "City Lights," means something very definite to the future of the cinema. If it is an outstanding hit, we may expect several pretentious silent picture productions immediately. One big studio, I know, is holding several big silent stories, and stars, up their sleeve in readiness in case the first returns on **Charlie's** picture warrant optimism.

* * *

IN every way possible, Hollywood has done her dingest to wring out a gossip story about **Gary** Cooper's infatuation with June Collyer.

"**Lupe** and **Gary** are all cleaned up," the wags gaily assured each other.

If they are—they certainly are putting up a good bluff. To my eagle reportorial eye they seem even more devoted than ever.

So far as can be made out, **Gary** himself innocently started these rumors when he openly admired **June** Collyer and said he thought she was a beautiful girl.

Gary must have forgotten that a young man in Hollywood can't even *think* about a lady without starting something.

* * *

MARY Brian is gradually getting her hair shorter and shorter. At the first clip of the barber's scissors, **Mary** couldn't stand it any shorter than a very long bob.

Now she is wearing it at a flapperish ear-length.

"One more month," said **Mary** "and it will be a boyish shingle!"

Sanitary Protection *must* be inconspicuous that's why most women prefer Kotex

Kotex now has rounded, tapered corners which eliminate awkward bulges and assure a snug, firm fit.

THERE are times when you hesitate to enjoy sports to the fullest . . . unless you know about Kotex.

Kotex is the sanitary pad that is designed for *inconspicuous* protection. The corners are rounded and tapered. Sides, too, are rounded. It gives you complete security and ease of mind.

Wear Kotex without a worry, then, under any frock you possess. Wear it for sports or with filmiest evening things—and retain the cool poise so essential to charm.

Light, cool, comfortable

There's another way in which this careful shaping brings wonderful relief. There's no unneeded bulk to pack and chafe. No awkward bulges to grow terribly uncomfortable.

Kotex is always light, always cool, always comfortable. This is largely due to its remarkable filler — Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than cotton. This means your Kotex pad can be *five times lighter* than any cotton pad, with the same absorbency and protection.

America's leading hospitals—85% of them—choose this same absorbent for important surgical work.

Kotex deodorizes . . . keeps you dainty and immaculate at times when that is particularly essential. It is so easily disposed of.

You owe it to your comfort and good health to use this modern, safe, sanitary protection. Kotex is available everywhere. Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill.

IN HOSPITALS

1 85% of our leading hospitals use the very same absorbent of which Kotex is made.
2 *Kotex is soft . . .* not a deceptive softness that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.
3 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.
4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.
5 *Disposable,* instantly, completely.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Also regular size singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

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The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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Age——— Occupation——————

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Menaces Of The Movies

(*Continued from page 26*)

manager and producer. "Poor devil! He should have gone into something sure and permanent, like pictures." Now he is wondering if the miniature golf magnate is about to sympathize with him!

Threats and Counter-Threats

BUT don't get the idea that he is taking all this supinely, this picture magnate. At least, I don't think so—for an impressive amount of adverse legislation is being set in motion. Town councils, county boards of supervisors, State legislatures, are being invited to pass laws prohibiting this or that practice by the little golf-course. They should not be permitted to open too early or stay open too late; license fees should be so and so; this or that area should be closed to them, boards of control should investigate their morals. You know those things didn't just pop into the minds of the politicians. Someone put them there. You guess, Harold and Clara.

To meet this threat, the owners of miniature golf-courses have just banded together for defense against a possible movie monopoly of small golf-courses.

Incidentally, one of the contributing causes to popularity of the small golf-course is the opportunity to wear golf clothing. The department stores report an enormous increase in the sale of such garments. Jimmy, the shipping clerk, can buy a pair of plus fours at $4.78 and some glaring hose at $.87, while his old gray coat and cap and yellow shoes will serve nicely. Marge is more fortunate, for all she needs is a béret and some sport shoes and stockings

Then, at the beginning, the courses supplied the clubs. Now the smart thing is to have a couple of clubs of your own. They are on the market for as little as a dollar At first put out by the novelty factories. they are now being supplied by the big standard club-makers at the dollar price.

He'll Take a Chance Now

CHARLES Leonard Fletcher used to be an actor—and a good one—but of late years he has turned to golf instruction in Hollywood. He tells me that the small courses are breeding big-time golfers by the thousand. The fellow who has been too busy or too self-conscious to try on a real course will readily take a chance with the small one, and, finding it to his liking, buys into the big game.

And not only the amateur patronizes the small course. The real golfer finds it convenient and pleasant. Such men as Harold Lloyd, who has recently completed a splendid nine-hole course on his Beverly Hills estate, like the little game because they can be more easily with their friends. You see, real golf is inclined to be a lonely affair, but the little course is as intimate as a crowded rat trap.

It will be interesting to see how the picture people meet the new competition, present and to come. Ethically, the new amusement stands up well. It's public, out-of-doors, healthful and joyous. If only it doesn't develop endurance contests! That will come later.

Just a Few Figures

Small Golf		Motion Pictures	
No. of courses	37,000	No. of theaters	22,800
Est. attendance daily	11,100,000	Est. attendance daily	17,000,000
Average cost per round	$.25	Average admission	$.25
Est. daily receipts	$2,275,000	Est. daily receipts	$4,225,000

Hanging is good enough for her: the aviator wanted to start something, and even asked her to take the air, but Laura Lee isn't taking any chances with non-stop fliers

Are You Musical?

(*Continued from page 69*)

ing balked by anything like that! When wanted someone to sing "How Am I to now?" in jail, so that his hero and heroine uld make it a sort of love-theme-song in e later scenes, he was not perturbed by the ct that the average prison cell isn't uipped with a ukulele. A uke just ap-eared out of the nowhere to be strummed y the man in the next cell to Charles ickford, who, by an odd quirk of fate, hap-ened to have a voice of professional caliber.

That is the great thing about being musi-l in the talkies. Instead of being denied our favorite music at such times, any in-rument you may happen to play is always hand. If a grand piano or a harp had een called for in the "Dynamite" scene, I m sure De Mille would have seen to it that he particular cell in question was equipped ith one.

If you find it hard to sing without an ccompaniment at the odd moments when is called for in the talkies, do not despair. Whether you are situated in the fastnesses f the desert, on the top of a mountain, or n top of the world, there is always a first-lass symphony orchestra just outside cam-ra range, ready to give you the opening ars and help you right through your song.

In the Best Arctic Circles

THE best instance of this was a scene I saw being taken in a studio in England, short time ago. There were a half-dozen en marooned somewhere near the North Pole—cut off by the snow from all commu-ication with the outside world. The direc-or had been quick to realize that this was great time to bring in some incidental music, just to show there was still a sound track on the film. So, of course, one of the characters was turned into an ex-vaudeville performer; and the others with one voice clamored for a song. No sooner had they done so than an orchestra of sixty pieces struck up the first bars of a jazz number. Even as they played, the ex-vaude man was saying, "Oh, no, boys, you know I'm a rotten singer." The words were hardly out of his mouth when the orchestra came to where he was supposed to start singing; so without more ado, he sang.

If you're musical, the talkies are the best place for you. Anything from a symphony orchestra to a clarinet is always at hand.

They Know A Thing Or Two

(*Continued from page 87*)

growing up and you ought to know by now what you want out of life. I can't be always at your side, wiping off your mouths and setting you on your feet again. By now you ought to have some idea of the way you want to go in life and what you want to make of it.'

"That's what I'd say to them.

"'And don't forget that the Right Way is the easiest way, and the best way all along. Not because I'm telling you so. Try it for yourself. Words don't mean anything. Experience does. If you feel as good after a night of making a fool of yourself, if you look as good, if you can do as good work, if you are as proud of yourself, then go ahead. Don't forget you've only got so much to give to this business of living. Don't squander it—any more than you'd squander your savings in the banks.'

"No, ma'am, Hollywood can't do anything to my children. It hasn't to Eddie. Out at Pathé Studio, he may be one of their stars. But here, where his real life is lived, he's just one of the act."

Now... try Kleenex for Handkerchiefs

It is softer, more hygienic.
Ideal for colds, hay fever.

YOU know what Kleenex Tissues are . . . those soft, dainty tissues that smart and beautiful women are using to remove cold cream.

But did you know that Kleenex is rapidly replacing handkerchiefs among progressive people?

Kleenex is so much more sanitary. You use it just once, then discard it. Cold germs are discarded too, instead of being carried about in an unsanitary handkerchief, to reinfect the user and infect others.

And Kleenex is infinitely more comfortable. Every tissue that touches your face is soft, dry, gentle and absorbent.

Kleenex is the size of a handkerchief. It's very soft. Each tissue comes from the box immaculately clean and fresh.

You can buy Kleenex in a large or small size package at any drug, dry goods or department store.

The coupon below will bring you a generous sample, absolutely free.

Kleenex Company, Chicago, Illinois.

OFFICE WORKERS *find Kleenex invaluable for handkerchiefs, for applying make-up, for towels, and for removing creams after the daytime cleansing treatment which every complexion should have.*

MOTHERS *have discovered that Kleenex makes perfect handkerchiefs for children. What if it's lost? . . . the cost is not worth figuring. And think—no more washing of grimy little handkerchiefs.*

FOR HANDKERCH.

Kleenex comes in white, and in three lovely tints. Colors are guaranteed safe and pure.

FOR COLDS AND HAY FEVER. *Other people appreciate your use of Kleenex during colds instead of the germ-filled handkerchief, which is a menace to those about you.*

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Please send me a trial supply of Kleenex free of charge.

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City. . . . . *State*. . . . .

They both know their lines: Police Lieutenant Roy Harlacher, fingerprint expert of Los Angeles, helped another expert, Lon Chaney, brush up for his detective rôle in "While the City Sleeps"

Another Lon Chaney

(*Continued from page 41*)

His articles on penology, rehabilitation and kindred subjects, appear regularly in leading prison publications and are eagerly read and quoted by the inmates. A recent article in "The Island Light," the prison-published organ of the convict body of McNeil Island Penitentiary, has been translated for reprint in similar papers all over the world.

Chaney is often requested to address convict bodies, and this year, picture-making permitting, he will be one of the principal speakers on the program of the annual meeting of the Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League. These invitations come from the convicts, not the officials.

Only a man of broad understanding and deep human sympathies could thus merit the recognition, respect and confidence of two so definitely opposed factions. That Lon Chaney has found time to gain such eminence in so difficult a profession as that of criminology, in addition to his many other interests, is a tribute to the versatile mind behind the mask of his screen impersonations.

The Society He Enters

EVER the student, the seeker after knowledge of life, Lon finds far more pleasure in the study of the criminal, the hobo and the down-and-outer than in the society with which his position in pictures entitles him to mingle. This knowledge, gained by rubbing against the ragged edges of life, has kindled in him a sympathy for the underdog. To him, the man who has run afoul of the law is not a vicious individual to be segregated and treated as a mad dog, but a human being, like himself, to whom life has been unkind.

"Criminals and law-breakers," says Lon, "are uncomfortably (for some people) like ourselves. There is, of course, the occasional individual who is utterly depraved and inherently vicious, but even he is more a case for the psychiatrist than the penologist. Men on the inside of our jails are no more wholly bad than men on the outside are wholly good, and the line between the two is often faintly drawn.

"We need more correction and less punishment. If your automobile ceases to per form, you send it to be repaired, not punished. If your tooth aches, you go to a dentist—not to be punished (although you usually are), but to find the trouble and correct it. The man who runs afoul of the law has something that needs repairing and, like the man in the dentist's chair, he must undergo a certain amount of punishment in the process.

Honesty Could Be the Policy

"I'VE met and talked with hundreds of criminals, both in jail and out, and it is my firm belief that every man has an inherent desire to be a respected member of society. The man who goes to prison should be given an opportunity to equip himself to earn an honest living upon his release. His term should be devoted to educating him to take a decent place in society rather than a post-graduate course in crime, as happens all too often to-day. It is not an insoluble problem. Much could be done toward its solution by taking politics out of our prisons and placing their administration in the hands of those who have a firm, yet sympathetic understanding of the lawbreaker and his problems.

"The placing of police officers at school-crossings will, in my estimation, prove one of the most effective instruments in reducing crime among the growing generation. When I was a boy, the 'cop' was an individual to be feared and avoided. Mothers obtained obedience by threatening to 'let the policeman get you.' With a police officer at every school-crossing, children realize that he is a likable person, to whom they can look for protection and help. Don't tell me that they won't grow up with a different attitude toward the law, and the forces that represent it, than the past generations have!"

Tradition-Breaker

LON CHANEY has never lived the traditional life of the motion picture star. He prefers studying human nature in the raw to observing it half-baked. He sees more in a grub worm than in a butterfly,

(*Continued on page 97*)

JUNE COLLYER
POPULAR STAR

You too will be **HAPPY-** *with hair like this!*

To have lovely, lustrous, gloriously beautiful hair; to hear little whispers of praise; to feel admiring eyes charmed by the irresistible beauty of your hair—wouldn't this make you happy?

Your first Golden Glint Shampoo will make your hair lovelier than ever. *You'll see the remarkable difference the minute you use it!* Tiny dancing lights — rich undertones that hide from ordinary shampoos, blend with a soft loveliness to give your hair a wondrously beautiful effect. And how easy it is to use. You'd never think so small an effort could bring such delightful results. 25c at dealers', or send for free sample and letter of special advice.

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··30 DAY HOME TRIAL··

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Dept. L-31, Irvington, N. J.

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

medy tempo. They follow too closely the ift of the vaudeville skit. When some iginal mind combines the moving picture alities of action and the sophistication of alogue in one comedy effort, then is when e real laughs will start in sound comedies.

Good-Bye Acting, Hello Lines

AND where, Ladies and Gentlemen, in this new field are we developing true medians with original means of getting ughs? The new talking comedies have t so far given us one outstanding comedian comedienne. Where are the Harry angdons, the Mabel Normands, the Charles haplins, the Roscoe Arbuckles? What eech, so far has tickled our ribs like ose old shoes of Charlie's, like that funny addle of Arbuckle's, like that little wistful nile of Harry Langdon's?

In their place, we find legitimate dramatic ctors pinch-hitting with comedy lines for at old guard of comedy actors. The greatst dialogue writer in the world cannot ake laughs unless the man who says them funny.

I do not say, Ladies and Gentlemen, that is impossible for a great comedian to ome out of the talkies. I say he has not yet ppeared. Perhaps, some day in the not so istant future, there will be a funny little man who will spring up into our hearts ecause he talks funny. Perhaps he will lisp little bit. Or stutter. Perhaps there will e a little sobby catch in his voice that will make everything he says pathetically unny. And this man, whoever he is, will be the first comedian of the talkies. I do not doubt for a minute that this man, and this brand of comedy will be greater than anything produced from the field of slapstick—with the single exception of Charlie Chaplin, who will never be equaled in any medium.

In this strange case, friends, there is no verdict to be reached. The case is open and shut. The talkies have done away with Low-Brow comedy. You do not grieve. I do not. It was justifiable homicide. Let sentence be suspended on the New Comedy -until it has developed, as it surely will, that killing type of insanity that always gets a laugh!

Giddap! Hal Roach's youngest, up on one of Pop's funny folk, says the younger generation is riding high

FEW ARE FAT IN THESE DAYS

THERE'S A REASON

Have you noted how few people are now over-fat, as compared with years ago? Slender figures are the vogue. And they have brought to millions new youth and beauty, new health and vigor.

Look about you in any crowd, and you will realize that some new factor has been found. People are not starving to reduce. They are combating the cause of obesity, which usually lies in an under-active gland. Modern science has discovered the remedy, and physicians the world over now employ it.

A famous medical laboratory embodies the method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told the results to others. So countless people now reduce in this right and easy way.

The Marmola prescription is not secret. A book in each box states the formula, and explains the results. Your own doctor would probably prescribe the same help if you asked him.

No abnormal exercise or diet. Simply take four tablets of Marmola daily until your loss of fat proves that the cause is corrected.

Try Marmola, if you need it. Do this in fairness to yourself, your family and friends. Correct this wrong condition and note the amazing results. Life will bring you many new joys when you cease to overweigh. Start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at $1 a box. Any druggist who is out will gladly order for you.

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Dark Skin While You Sleep!

Banish blemishes, tan, moth patches, and skin eruptions—whiten sallow, muddy skin with this famous safe skin tonic-bleach—Kremola. Mail your name and address and Kremola will be sent you. We also will send FREE a $1 box of Cream Balm Tissue Builder. When package arrives, pay postman $1.25, plus postage. Use entire box. If not delighted, return jar and your money will be refunded. Address: Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MP-1 2975 Michigan Avenue Chicago—Write for free Beauty booklet

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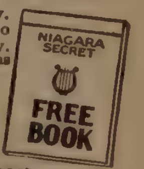
SIMPLE—EASY—DELIGHTFUL

Astonishing new way teaches you to play song hits perfectly. If you can hum a tune, the Niagara method teaches you to play by ear. No teacher—no previous instruction necessary. No tedious do-re-mi daily practice—just 20 brief entertaining lessons easy to master.

Learn at home in your spare time!

Be a master of jazz and melody. Learn the newest bass and syncopation styles—trick endings. Make yourself popular in any crowd. Send for the Free Book—"The Niagara Secret"—telling how. If 10c (coin or stamps) is enclosed you will also receive fascinating booklet on "How to Entertain at Piano". Send now!



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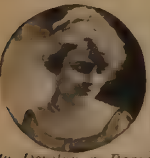

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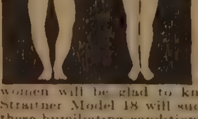

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The Land Of Liberties

(Continued from page 48)

his impulse. But, you see, R. K. O. has Richard Dix under contract and they are going to have to get someone from outside to play the wife. So—the emphasis of the story will just have to be gently shifted in order to give Richard more spotlight than the lady. Why should they waste spotlight on a borrowed player?

Miss Ferber naturally could not be expected to have these matters in mind when she wrote the book, since she would have no way of knowing who was going to buy the picture rights, or whom they would have under contract. So they have found it necessary to invent some extra incidents and scenes for *Yancey*, by way of indicating, in no uncertain terms, exactly who is the star of the picture.

Novelists should really make a little study of the star system, and write their stories accordingly. It would save so much subsequent trouble for the people who buy their books——

Anyhow, they brought a bevy of millionaire Osage Indians to Hollywood to play extra rôles at seven-fifty a day, as atmosphere. And they are interpolating the classic bit about the Indian who bought the hearse to use for a family car. I suppose they *couldn't* have missed that old one! (That, my children, is for "comedy relief.")

The delicate and complicated task of adaptation has been entrusted to Howard Estabrook, and I trudged over, a day or so ago, to see how he was getting on and to inquire how in the world he went about such a task. He was most helpful.

"First of all," he told me, "I read the book!"

Well, that was a surprise. I had never suspected that any adapter ever did such a thing.

"Then, we made a scenario of the entire novel. And we found that it would take at least three evenings to run the picture. So we went about deciding what parts of it to discard and how we could tighten it up to get it inside our time limit."

Now we were getting down to something. The discarding process has always intrigued me—it is usually so thorough.

"Now, the most important thing in any story is the conflict between *people.* No sweep of history, no locale, no background is important. It is the emotional clash of your characters that matters."

"Always remembering who is the star—" I reminded him.

"Exactly. Then there is censorship to consider. Situations to be suggested—deftly. A novelist can make his characters curse roundly, if it suits his purpose. We can't do that. We have to achieve our effects in some other way."

"But what if they are the kind of people who *would* curse?"

"They can't on the screen. There's no reason why they should!" he added, severely. "There is no reason to go into gutters."

I was squashed, and he continued, "So we write our story about our two people, trying our best to preserve the spirit of the book.

"That is our biggest task—preserving the spirit of the story we are adapting. The atmosphere, the feeling of a story is what people remember, much more than the actual sequence of events, as related in it.

"We stick as closely as possible to the central theme, try hard to preserve the feeling of the story, and discard as much extraneous material as seems necessary."

The process, as described by Mr. Estabrook, *does* seem a difficult and complicated one to me. But, I still insist, I find the finished product very surprising in a number of cases. And, despite what he says, I shou still imagine that censorship must prese its problems in adapting a good ma modern stories.

Sidney Howard, the author of "Th Knew What They Wanted"—the Pulitz prize play of a few years ago—told me th the Hays organization forbade making t play into a picture at one time.

"I went to see Will Hays, to ask hi why," Mr. Howard said. "And he told n that it couldn't be put upon the screen b cause an adulterous woman in the story w forgiven by her husband in the end! pointed out to him that there was a famo example, in the New Testament, of an adu terous woman who was forgiven—and th I had imagined that I was expressing a di tinctly Christian sentiment in allowing th character in my play to enjoy similar fo giveness.

"But he said it would never do to forgiv her on the screen—even if she suffered f her sin. No matter what happened in th New Testament. The censors wouldn't allow it."

Mr. Howard's play was made into picture recently, however — disguised, o course, under a different title. "A Lady t Love." It was tidied up by neatly amputating the sign and symbol of her misste (the baby) from the script, which left feeble story about nothing in particular But Mr. Howard did the adaptation himself, and I suppose he received a nic round sum for it, so he probably didn't mind. And I am sure my own distress mattered to no one.

Babies, as a matter of fact, present a host of difficulties. (On the screen, I mean.) In adapting the play called "Little Accident," they were obliged to marry the parents briefly, in the interests of propriety—and then to annul the marriage in the interests of the story. The wedding rather took the point out of the title, it would seem. And it is one of the few titles that remain intact.

Another thing which they simply can *not* resist is to make the sets look expensive, no matter whether they fit the story or not. In the original version of this same play, the young father fled with his baby to a shabby little apartment, where he attempted to care for her with distinctly makeshift equipment. Which created one of those homely, simple, amusing situations that are delightful. But in the screen version there is the most incredible modernistic hospital—not, I trust, like any hospital anywhere in the world. And the apartment to which he flees is startlingly ornate and enormous. The nursery would shed glory on any newly-made-millionaire's child.

And what is more, we find Zasu Pitts introduced as the plaintive nursemaid. This obvious afterthought, of course, not only adds elegance to the establishment, but also the "comedy relief," which *must* be there at any cost of credibility.

Remember Laurel and Hardy in "The Rogue Song"? Somebody had that bright idea after the picture was all finished, and the bewildered pair were simply poked into the picture to balance it.

It is explained constantly that a stage play has too little action for the purposes of the screen and that action must be introduced to break up the dialogue. But—there was "Journey's End," which received almost no adapting at all, but was shot almost exactly as it was presented on the stage.

And there was "All Quiet on the Western Front," which not only "kept the spirit" of the book—but actually told the same *story* that Remarque told. And that picture is getting along all right. I wonder if adaptations need be so elaborate, after all!

nother Lon Chaney

(*Continued from page 94*)

l is drawn to those to whom life had been kind, rather than to those upon whom its ssings have been showered.

During a recent visit to New York, his re time was spent in observing the faiars of the night court, in company with friend, Commissioner Enright. His inspicuousness, off the screen, enables him mingle freely with people without fear of ognition.

A part of his knowledge of the underworld , of course, come from books; but a far ater portion of it has come from his own sonal observations, made on park benchin cheap "flop houses" and other obscure ınts where the world's flotsam and jetsam ıgregate, tossed up by the tide of adsity. Many a "peterman," gunman and derworldling has spoken freely to a heavyuldered, roughly-clothed individual with ttered cap pulled low over strong, deeplyhed features, speaking his own language, d gone his way, little realizing that he has ıtributed something of himself to the ırvelous perfection of Lon Chaney's een characterizations.

"I shed no maudlin tears over our crimıls," is the way in which Lon sums up his titude, "but I believe that our entire titude toward the man beyond the law ould be just one thing—a square deal. he Golden Rule is still a splendid idea at doesn't grow old-fashioned; and man, ter all, is still his brother's keeper!"

Menace or Messiah?

(*Continued from page 58*)

mbitious, eager to learn new ways, better ays. For the first time in our history, the easants are looking up off the ground.

"You cannot make a new Heaven and new Earth in a day or a year—it takes enerations to straighten bent backs. But ıe motion picture is giving them someıing they have never had before—*Hope.* n my picture, 'The Old and the New,' you ave the whole story. The Old, men and omen no better than the beasts, tortured y a Devil, the implacable devil of the soil, hich must be turned by hand, seeded by and, reaped by hand; the New—*mahinery!* Men freed by tractors. Instead of ighteen hours a day in the fields, *six.*

"Picturesque? Of course, the Old order vas picturesque—shawled women flailing he grain with sticks, peasants in blue louses cutting the fields with sickles! But he world wasn't made for the tourists to ake snap shots of.

"You should watch an audience of easants seeing 'The Old and the New,' seeing with their own eyes the great beautiul powerful machines sweep in an army ıcross the grain fields, doing their work for hem. None of your American movies ever had such a breathless audience. They understand dimly that it means what even the Revolution didn't mean for them—*Freedom.* Time to live like human beings, to enjoy life. Time to learn.

"What will they do with this freedom? Who knows what the leisure of two hundred million people may mean to the world? Motion pictures can teach them what to do with their new hours of life, perhaps. But first to give them these hours! This farm I showed in my picture was the first to be turned to the great experiment of co-operation. It is the largest farm in the world. A hundred tractors work it! So many were not needed, but when it means success to the experiment, the Soviet is lavish. They provide more tractors than

(*Continued on page 103*)

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The Most Dramatic Moment Of My Life

(*Continued from page 39*)

boy with whom I had been friends ever since our childhood. We had been raised on neighboring estates and at an early age our nurses had brought us together for an afternoon of play. We had grown up and, I believe, even verged on a puppy-love affair. Then I had gone away to the stage. . .

I hadn't seen him again until the second day out on my trip to France. He had developed into a charming, delightful boy and we had a wonderful time with deck games and dancing until the boat landed. Then we separated and I had all but forgotten him. And now, here he was in trouble!

Strange Justice

SUDDENLY, he gained a semblance of consciousness and tried to tell us the remainder of his story. He had been thrown into jail for stealing a car that had been stolen and recovered *eight months before he had ever set foot in France!* That may seem impossible. But let me remind you that a person accused of crime in France is guilty until proved innocent! And besides, there seems to be no such law as our American *habeas corpus* that gives a prisoner the right to an immediate and impartial trial. No, on the contrary, France brings her prisoners to trial when the spirit moves her! I could see that the only way out was for the boy to escape the country inasmuch as they had stripped him of his passport and without it he had no way of proving his entrance into the country.

He explained that most of his belongings were still in the little room he had taken, when he arrived in town the day before. It had been difficult to locate me and he knew that he had been followed almost every time he had set foot outside his lodging place. But I had a plan. We would call the taxi-driver at the hotel and ask him to help us. It was arranged that he should take the boy to the vicinity of his room and let him out—then drive to a safe distance and wait. I gave the boy all the ready money I had with me; he thanked me, and we said farewell.

Kidnapped by the Law

BUT if I had had any idea that our *adieu* was to be in any way permanent, I was sadly mistaken! The taxi man returned to me at five o'clock in the morning with the story of the attempted escape. He had driven the boy within a block of his room and let him out. About fifteen minutes later, he saw my friend approaching the machine with a bag and just behind him were two official-looking gentlemen who had suddenly taken an interest in his movements. As the young man opened the door of the cab, one of the men stepped forward and slipped handcuffs over his wrists. Inasmuch as the driver had the motor running for a quick start, he had managed to get away. That was all.

I was frantic. My questions fairly tumbled over each other. "Where was the young man now?" "Did the two men take him back to the village thirty miles from Paris?" The poor dazed driver could not help me, so I sent him away, with the warning that he be on hand in case I should need him.

As I search my mind for the most dramatic moment of my life, I find that it is almost impossible to choose any *one* moment from the week that followed. That week was one dramatic moment after another. I shall try to give them to you as they happened to me.

First, I knew that I must have help. After all, I was but an American woman alo in Paris—and that was not such a brig outlook for a boy in grave trouble. Tr I had several friends in Paris; but they we friends I had never thought I would ne to call on. Now, I needed them most drea fully. I set the wires of the hotel burning my haste to get in touch with the Americ Embassy, the Consul, the French Suret and as many more official agencies as I cou think of at the moment. For I had receiv word that the boy was being held at t most terrible of all French prisons—Sant

Could I see him? No! It was absolute impossible. No one could see him. I begg the American Consul and the Ambassad to do something. But it seemed a hopele task. The boy was now under the status an escaped prisoner—a far, far more da gerous predicament than his original tro ble. By pulling every possible string, I ma aged to send him food and clothing; but for seeing him and letting him know a frien was active in his behalf—never! I migh have saved myself the effort of sending th food and clothing. I learned later that h never received them. The guards saw t that.

After the third or fourth day of beggin and pleading, using tears and smiles wher I thought they would do the most goo things began to take shape. I was informe that everything was being done to arrang the matter of my seeing the boy. In Amer ica, I suppose that would be easy—too eas and matter-of-course to be in any way dra matic. But France is quite different.

My "Trial"

I appeared before austere French gentle men in fancy uniforms; I dined with th American representatives in Paris; I ha audiences with every person of political im portance in the city. And at last I was tol that my request was to be put before th High Tribunal. At the time, I had no idea what this could mean—but I was soon to find out.

My hearing was set for an early hour in the morning. A special messenger conducted me to the "trial," and I was so frightened by his imposing bearing that I almost gave up the whole thing on the spot. Right here is where I want to say that my "trial" before the Tribunal was *one* of the most dramatic moments I have ever experienced.

I was led into a regular courtroom with a judge, jury and guards. I can't possibly describe it to you so that you might understand the pomp and ceremony that must be gone through before such a permission as I sought may be granted. But it was much more impressive than any famous murder trial in our own country—of that, you may be sure. I was required to take the stand and testify, as were all the important personages whose aid I had enlisted in favor of the boy. At last, a decision was reached.

I was to have the opportunity to visit him in Santé—but only through a heavy iron netting. I was not to attempt to get any closer than that. Then, after a half-hour talk by the judge, in which he went to great trouble to tell me just how great was the privilege (mentioning the fact that I was the only woman alive who had ever been granted such an extraordinary permission), I was told that I was to go to the prison at sundown the next evening. At last, the climax to a week of drama: to be the only woman alive ever to descend into the bowels of that Hell-on-Earth—Santé!

I don't believe I slept a wink that night

(*Continued on page 101*)

Gilding The Lily

(*Continued from page 51*)

Melody," memorable as the first fine talkie, was when Bessie Love shut out the cacophony of the stage, eliminated the strident, wrangling voices of Anita Page and Charlie King, and was left alone in silence. For an appreciable time, during which you might have heard a pin drop there wasn't a sound. The audience was fascinated, hypnotized. Then, low and throbbing, her sobs broke the spell.

The most thrilling, spookiest moments in Harold Lloyd's "Welcome Danger" were those in which he and the comedy cop wandered about the Chinese den without a murmur. These incidents always came between sound factions and were so carefully timed that they stressed the most amusing bits of business in the picture. Lloyd, himself, was quick to sense that silence is golden on the silver screen, and, as he will tell you, he has made the most of it.

Gloria Swanson's record-breaker, "The Trespasser," was skilfully knit with a fine thread of silence running like a clear still brook through a forest of sound. The tragedies of the heroine she portrays were made more poignant because the deepest dramatic moments were filmed without the aid of the mike. And Gloria is so impressed with the effectiveness of such treatment that "What a Widow" was made with the value of silence in mind.

It is, perhaps that the talking screen has given a new spark of naturalness, of reality, of life, to motion pictures—in bestowing upon it the ability to portray the contrasts between sound and silence that exist in all nature. The great moments of real life are met in silence. Men and women do not vocalize under the influence of deep emotions. The mysteries of life and death are faced silently. The ecstasies of love transcend the possibilities of verbosity. Life's crises come shrouded in silence.

Alice Joyce, intelligent interpreter of many rôles in the silent drama, upon the stage, the talking screen, and, indeed, in life itself, believes silence is sound's greatest weapon. As to its realism, she cites a drama of her own life which found her small daughter close to death. Following a consultation of physicians, the chief of these advised her that the child's life hung by the proverbial thread. She greeted the announcement with silence, and not until the shadow was passed was her heart-stabbing emotion voiced.

Among his souvenirs: Burton Holmes, now making short travel features for M-G-M, has won medals, globe-trotting

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Oh, So Playful!

(*Continued from page 74*)

mad scramble to get the steering wheel back.

Without a companion in the car, Mac varied the stunt. Seeing friends on Boulevard, instead of waving his hand, he waved the wheel.

But we were talking about houses, weren't we? You have heard about Calvin Coolidge's electrical rocking-horse. Did you ever hear of Winnie Sheehan's electrical rocking-floor?

Reports vary about the operation of this mechanical phenomenon. I should like to give it to you straight but somehow or other, no one I know on the Fox lot ever heard of it. Strange!

The consensus of opinion seems to be that Sheehan has a button hidden as a false screw in the electric wall switch. He turns on the lights and, at the same time, the device which rocks the floor. The appliance has a two-fold purpose in practical joking. It makes a swell earthquake for out-of-town guests. It serves equally well in stretching the effects of a pair of highballs into the simulation of a mild snootfull.

How to Lose Your Friends

SEVERAL Hollywood jokesters have swimming-pools with false sides, which throw unsuspecting guests into the water, fully dressed or not. Breakaway furniture which collapses beneath one is so common it needs no detailing.

Jimmy Cruze indulged in several evenings of fun at the expense of his guests and lost a friendship or two for his pains. Cruze had a microphone in his garage connected to the loudspeaker of his radio. Hiring a small jazz band and an announcer, he prepared to entertain.

In the course of the evening, the radio was tuned in on a program purporting to be from KFWB, the local Warner Brothers' station. The band played a selection and the announcer got in some choice gossip about picture people in general, and some of the listening guests in particular. Much of his juicy scandal struck too near home to be comfortable. The interspersed band numbers relieved the tension slightly and allowed Jimmy a chance to communicate with the announcer to prompt him for the next outburst.

The hoax was not revealed until after one irate gentleman had left the house posthaste, headed for the real KFWB studio to revenge himself for the insinuations broadcast. He did not return that night—or since.

In the den of the new house occupied by Harry and Ann Harding Bannister is a telephone not listed on the records of the 'phone company. As the receiver is lifted, a pleasant voice asks, "How are you to-day?" Most guests, by the way, answer the query. A moment later, the voice says politely, "Now if you will deposit a nickel, I'll try to get your number."

This is a bit unexpected on a private wire and while the disconcerted caller is fumbling for change, the voice declares harshly, "Cut out this stalling or I'll disconnect the 'phone." There issues further abuse in the same vein, but as Bannister usually cannot help grinning, the tip-off ends the conversation. The device is, of course, merely a phonograph record, so adjusted that the lifting of the receiver sets it in motion.

They Stand for Doug

NEARLY everyone in Hollywood has at one time or another sat in Douglas Fairbanks's hot-spot couch. They sit to rise again, but Doug's wide grin immediately dispels resentment. He has played this prank on all comers since his earliest days in pictures. There must be thousands of other electrically wired seats in Hollywood studios and homes, but his is the most famous. To the best of anyone's knowledge, Doug has used the device only once in anger.

Three newspaper men called on Fairbanks to ask questions about a matter he considered private. He received them with a glint in his eye and asked them to be seated, maneuvering meanwhile so that they all sat on the couch. Doug stepped on the juice. The trio rose as a man.

"Going so soon?" Fairbanks inquired politely. "Well, if you must. Your business is concluded, I suppose. You came for a shock and you got it."

William Haines, although an incorrigible practical joker, has very few appliances around his own home. He did, however, fix up a house once for newly-wed friends. Returning from their honeymoon, the bride and groom found it impossible to open a window or door of their new Beverly Hills home without setting off sirens. The more they searched for the source of the contacts, the more confused they became. Unless they read this, they may never know who was responsible for their discomfort.

Monkeyshine Business

HOLLYWOOD supports a Boulevard store, called Magicland, which is devoted to the furthering of practical jokes. Its proprietor, Murray Rock, is a jovial gentleman whose whole life is dedicated to magic and joking.

He even perpetrates gags on his customers, posting a sign in the window advertising a free ring with every purchase. Bell in hand, he makes good.

The shelves of Magicland are filled with a wide assortment of jokesters' delights. There you will find rubber soap; golf balls with concussion caps that blow them to bits when hit; loaded cigars and cigarettes; soap that conceals lampblack so that the more you wash, the dirtier you get; playing cards that explode when cut—in fact, every conceivable item of waggery and some inconceivable ones.

Murray Rock has a large acquaintance in the picture colony. He serves their parties in jokes much as a caterer serves them in food. Marion Davies calls up to say she is giving a party for six. Will he send out something?

Let's see—what shall it be? The choice is narrowed down somewhat. Miss Davies is a steady customer. She has had rubber wafers, flannel pancakes, fly pins to stick between sliced bread, sugar spoons that break to spill sugar everywhere, and reversed salt and pepper shakers. Dribble glasses that have fine holes around the rim to spill liquid on the drinker are too commonly used. What shall it be?

Marion may get floating sugar, a substance that looks like the real thing, but will not sink; or perhaps a set of those spoons that melt away in hot coffee or tea. Or, again, Rock may invent something absolutely new.

He Knows Them All

FAREWELL dinners for brides or grooms are one of Rock's specialties. Bebe Daniels's and Hoot Gibson's were recent ones. Gibson has been a steady patron of Magicland ever since Rock's loaded cigarettes cured people on the lot of bumming from Hoot. A service like that is signal.

For those who may doubt the shop's patronage among the film fraternity, Magicland has a whole wall of autographs. You will find the signatures of such play folk as

(*Continued on page 101*)

The Most Dramatic Moment Of My Life

(*Continued from page 98*)

waiting . . . waiting . . . The following day was spent in a cold terror of excitement, anticipation and dread. The thought uppermost in my mind was that I had spent a week of my stay in Paris, arranging something that would probably be so horrible that it would remain in my memory the rest of my life. It never occurred to me that my fears were really well-founded. But I was to learn in a few hours that I was incapable of fearing sufficiently to cope with the reality. I had no way of realizing that I was to witness a scene that my imagination had no possibility of visualizing. I was to have a sought-for look at Hell!

The immensity of the situation began to dawn on me as I was led through the outer office of the prison, and began my journey into the depths. Will you believe me when I tell you that in this day and age this prison is still run in the same manner and by men dressed in the same uniforms as it was in the Sixteenth Century? The interior of Santé is guarded by tall, uncouth ruffians in brightly-colored suits of the dark ages before the French Revolution. Not armed with revolvers, but with long muskets equipped at all times with bayonets—sharp bayonets that these ruffians are ready to put into use at the slightest provocation.

Slowly, by the light of a tall candle, we were advancing toward the dense and musty depths that had been conceived in the mind of an early French king. At times, the light was extinguished by a sudden draft of damp air. . . And as I walked on, petrified with terror, I heard the scurry and swish of gutter rats and bats as they brushed my feet or whirled past my face. Have you ever been icy-cold with fear one moment and feverish with stark horror the next? If you have had such an experience, you have been through a Santé of reality!

Forgotten and Lost

BUT, suddenly, as if to make the situation even more terrifying (if possible), I began to hear voices—rather, shrieks and moans—terribly intensified by the cold air and echoing walls and dripping water. They were the screams and mouthings of men turned to animals under the most grueling test of human sanity ever invented. A cry in the dark has always paralyzed my heart, but what I heard in the depths of Santé were the uncontrolled screams of man-made animals. In revolt. In pain.

I was almost in a state of collapse when we came at last to the deepest caverns of this ancient prison. I could dimly see, by straining my eyes, that directly ahead of us, in the distance were the cages of the imprisoned men.

And now, for a moment of drama of the type that has never been acted.

There before me, in the dim and shadowed light cast by a flickering candle, stood the boy. My powers of description leave me in this attempt to give you even a small conception of the reality. He looked at me—or did he stare?—with the eyes of a man lost to the world of the living. His eyes strained against the light that glowed in the shape of a candle, because (as I was to learn later) Santé is forever in darkness. The half-naked animal who stood next to the boy was an insane man convicted of murder fourteen years before. Believe me when I tell you that he was frothing at the mouth!

A Women Among Madmen

NO sooner had the rest of the convicts in this Hell become used to the glare than they realized that I was a woman—the first woman many of them had seen in twenty years! There were gibberings, at first, of disbelief, then awful howls of pent-up emotion and passion. The dirge of womanless men! How I managed to retain my balance while I talked to the boy (who perhaps couldn't hear), I have never been able to fathom. Possibly, it was just the starkness of the reality that gave me a new set of nerves . . . new to women.

As I tried to convey some of the hope for his release that was in my heart, fifty insane criminals howled and cried an obligato. The miserable harmony of forgotten men. One of those who used his lungs a bit more lustily than the rest suffered a bayonet in the stomach. Soon I turned and motioned to the guard and we started our return march from the valley of the damned. As we went through the first iron gate, I turned for a parting glance at the horror I had just witnessed—gloomy, and now by the fading light of the candle, dank, hopeless. . .

Thus ends my most dramatic experience. The boy was released within a week after my visit. His family never knew of his terrible experience and I never told them. Every year, no matter where I am, that boy sends me a heart-felt message of gratitude for what I did for him in Santé. He is a man reclaimed, but a man with imperishable memories.

I have never been called upon, on stage or screen, to portray such drama as this—and I hope I never shall. I am sure that such nerve as I found myself possessed of in the depths of Santé is visited upon a woman but once!

Oh, So Playful!

(*Continued from page 100*)

Charles Chaplin, Clara Bow, Al Jolson, Lon Chaney, Richard Barthelmess, Conrad Nagel, Marion Davies, William Haines, Sue Carol, Priscilla Dean (upside down) and even One-Eyed Connelly. More amazing still is George K. Arthur's tight-fisted scrawl.

Rock's clients have their preferences in the type of joking material they desire. Gertrude Olmstead runs entirely to eatables. Sue Carol also prefers table tricks. The rubber pads that she inflated to make her guest's dinner plates jump about were a distinct success.

Jimmy Hall gave a series of three parties with material picked up at Magicland First, he entertained gentlemen of the local press; then, the Paramount publicity crew; and, finally, songwriter denizens of Hollywood's Tin Pan Alley.

Murray Rock and his Magicland are becoming a Hollywood institution. With such a strong bulwark, the West stands ready to repulse Eastern attacks from such pretenders to the dynasty as Joe Cook.

Our position, I must admit, has not always been so impregnable as it is now. Only a short time ago Magicland was unknown. When Rock first posted his shingle, saying "Magicland will soon open here," a lady from Hollywood dropped in to ask where his subdivision was located.

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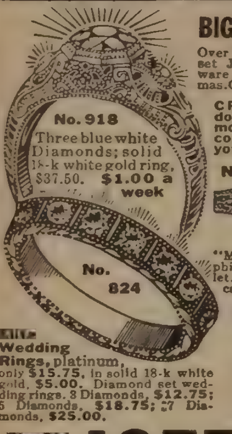

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It Pays To Be Poor

(*Continued from page 52*)

advised me to give a party for the press, which I did. I invited twenty-five people. I counted seventy-two—and they wrecked the house. They consumed cases and cases of liquor, and broke everything we had. I said, 'Never again!'

"After that, I watered the garden, and suffered terribly.

"Then one morning I went to a pre-view of 'Alibi' at the Chinese Theater. I couldn't sit through it. I left in the middle of the picture, went home, and started packing. I said to Susie, 'Get ready. We're going back to Broadway today.'

"Just then the 'phone rang. It was Roland West. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'Packing? I thought so. Well, hold everything. We're coming right over.'

He Became an Investment

"HE and his wife came over. 'We're going to New York to-morrow for the opening of '"Alibi,"' Roland said, 'and we're taking Susie with us. You can stay here and take care of the baby.'

"'You're going to work. I'm going to put you under personal contract for a year, and we'll see what we can do with you.'"

Chester protested. "I can't let you burden yourself with me. I've been here four months, and it looks as though I'll never get a job. You'll just be paying me out of your own pocket."

"I've never yet lost money on anything I invested in," retorted Roland, "and I won't now."

What happened after that is history. "Alibi" was a big sensation, and the personal hit made by Chester Morris was an even bigger one. The studios, which had been apathetic toward this gifted player, began fighting for him.

From the time that contract was signed, Chester became an obsession with Roland West. The director has carried benevolence and paternalism to an extreme. He has handled Chester very astutely, thought everything out to the smallest detail. He has loaned him to nearly every big studio in Hollywood—studios with many different releases—with the object of having him reach all the fans.

He reads all Chester's fan letters, studies the trend of their opinions and guides his career accordingly.

No Longer a Villain

CHESTER established himself in crook rôles. But Mr. West won't let him play any more. The public is tired of them, according to all the signs. The fans are always writing, "Why don't you let him get the girl for a change?" So Chester's going to be allowed to capitalize on some of that personal charm (refined for "sex appeal") that has been almost forgotten in the general enthusiasm for his acting.

Mr. West manages everything. All Chester has to do is to receive a small check every week. That's the beginning and end of his business worries.

But don't think Roland West is fattening on the thousands of dollars Chester now earns. This is one personal contract that will never end in a lawsuit. West gets nothing out of it but the fun of seeing what he can do with a boy who was turned down by every studio. Chester gets every penny of the huge salary Mr. West has managed for him—but not just yet.

"I'm not going to let you make a fool of yourself, the way I did when I first began to make money," Roland told his protégé. "You're going to get just enough to live on reasonably, and I'll invest the rest. When you have a trust fund of one hundred thousand dollars, it'll be time enough for you to handle your own money."

At the end of five years, the Morrises, who will still be in their infancy, will have one hundred thousand in the Bank of Italy, and another hundred thousand in a Canadian bank. The principal goes to their son Brooks when he is thirty-five.

And Chester intends to collect an extra thousand on the deal by winning a bet he made with Roland that he can keep up his modest living for the five years. Smart man, that Mr. West.

Meanwhile, Susie runs her house on fifty dollars a week. "You can't do it!" her friends assure her. "But I do," says Susie firmly. She does, and very nicely too, from what I could gather. They have a nurse for the baby, a maid named Tina who is very versatile, and maybe some more concealed about the house.

Chester consults Mr. West about everything he does. He let them buy their house, which used to be his. He let them buy a car apiece. He's even letting them have another baby.

He allows them enough to keep the little Brooks in night-overalls, or whatever you call them. Brooks is a whimsical child, very smart for his age, blond like his mama, and with a charming social instinct. At the age of two, he already knows how to totter over to the smoking stand and pass the cigarets to the assembled guests, with a perfectly devastating smile.

He can articulate something that sounds like "Daddy," and naturally Chester takes great pleasure in hearing him say it as often as possible.

"Good-night," lisped the little heir, as he took off for bed.

"Good-night, who?" prompted Chester.

"Good-night, who," said Brooks obligingly, and went romping up the stairs.

Why They Like Hollywood

EVERY Saturday, the Morrises go to the Wests' beach house at Castellamare, and stay until Monday morning. Every Tuesday, the Wests have dinner at the Morrises. Those are their most important social engagements, and they're perfectly contented.

"I was playing in 'Yellow' when I married Sue," Chester explained. "The show had already run for seventeen weeks and seemed set for a long and prosperous run, and I thought it was safe, so I said, 'Come on,' and we got married.

"The next night the two weeks' notice was posted."

They had a miserable life for a long time afterwards. The City Marshal was one of their frequent callers—collecting the rent. Food was none too plentiful, and they experienced all the other horrors familiar to impulsive young couples.

That's why they don't mind living on Mr. West's pittance. That's why they love Hollywood, their house, their view, and their garden. You might almost say they have a swimming-pool—in a way. Monta Bell has a house a little below them on the hillside, with a pool placed conveniently under the Morrises' window. Chester is thinking of constructing a chute.

Their cars aren't Lincolns. They're Dodges, to be frank.

They've just built a barbecue oven in the yard, but they haven't enough money left to buy the meat.

Just two kids trying to get along.

But when you see them swinging happily down the boulevard, hand in hand, you sigh and think—wouldn't it be wonderful to be poor!

Menace or Messiah?

(Continued from page 97)

necessary, the precious benzine is spilled by awkward hands on the ground—never mind! It is a baptism. Only a beginning, but in the next five years there will be twenty-five such farms, and then others—and others. Red Russia is turning green at last.

"You shall see these pictures, and so understand what is the truth about the greatest experiment ever tried by any people. Not one of your writers yet has seen Russia as she really is since the Revolution. Those who visit my country go first to the cities, to Moscow—always overcrowded, now ten times more so. They do not understand that the cities mean nothing; that crowding and hunger and the rest of the miseries they note down mean nothing; that it is in the great countrysides that the Communist experiment is being worked out and is succeeding. We in Moscow do not mind standing in line for our bread, and even going without enough bread, because we know what is happening all over the land. We know that they are learning to raise bread enough for all. The Russian people—I say it honestly—are happier than they have ever been before.

America Has Not Suffered

"IT is not an individual thing that is happening in Russia to-day. It is a mass drama. That is why I make pictures of the masses. Here in America, I do not know. You Americans are not accustomed to thinking in terms of people, of humanity—but of individuals, yourselves, your neighbors, your latest newspaper hero. Your pictures do not interpret America as a whole. Except, perhaps, those of King Vidor. You have other great directors: Milestone—but he is a Russian; von Stroheim and von Sternberg—but they are Germans.

"I should like to hope that I might show you in a motion picture, to yourselves, a great chaotic country, thinking along a thousand lines, instead of groping toward one common idea, seeking many things instead of one ideal. I have seen your unbelievable cities. I have watched pigs cut up into tiny bits in your slaughter houses, and tiny bits of iron flung together into automobiles in your factories. I have spoken to your students at the universities. And so far I do not find a mass movement in America. Perhaps you have not suffered enough yet.

"Talkies? To me, dialogue is a childish use of the great power of the microphone. Motion pictures still must move. They have no call to be poor imitations of the theater, which in itself was always a poor imitation of Life. But Sound—that is different. That is marvelous.

"When we can add to our motion pictures the sounds of life—the sounds that are not national, but understandable to all the peoples of the world—then we shall begin to make good motion pictures at last. The sounds of rain on the ground, of breathing crowds, of cries of joy and grief, and that most dramatic sound of all—the sound of the machines that are modern gods come to free humanity. It is these that the talkies mean to me. We have here in the movie studios not a completed thing, but a crude beginning whose end we hardly dare to prophesy."

So You Take the $1,500--

And trot around the globe . . .

Or buy that Straighter Eight . . .
Or save the old homestead . . .
Or start the new one . . .
Or—but you have your own ideas.
You know what you could do with it.

And don't get cynical.
You won't have to work for it—
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Then, 50 for $10 each—
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And 250 for $1 each.

$5,000 in all.

If Time is Money,
Don't lose any.
Turn in a hurry
To Pages 40 and 41
Of the October

MOTION PICTURE

Black And White Read And Write

(*Continued from page 6*)

around wildly with a pencil and pad in his hand,—or a detective who doesn't wear his hat in the house.

How long will it be before the directors realize that the smiling negro mammy with the red bandanna around a fat, kinky head exists today only in the ads of pancake flour? And honestly—college men and women don't dress like the rah-rah boys and girls of the John Held, Jr., illustrations.

Perhaps at one time there was an excuse for those things; but with the marvelous possibilities of the talkies today, there is no need for it. Such exaggerated, stereotyped characters.

I hope I'm not misunderstood in this criticism; it is merely a suggestion. If I meant that there were no excellent shows with marvelous acting and all other things that go to make an artistic production, one could truthfully call me the proverbial fault-finder. But many good shows are ruined by these exaggerated portrayals. Why not tame them down somewhat or forget them entirely for a while?

Thomas Downey

Enough of This War Stuff

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am the mother of one of the boys buried under the poppies in Flanders Field, and I am wondering why it is that the movie producers insist on giving us war pictures. Although the war has been over these many years, still my son is very near to me and very dear to me and every time I see a war picture my mind travels back to that terrible time when so many fine, honest boys lost their lives.

I do not go to war pictures when I know what they are, but I have seen two or three within the last few years that I had no idea were along that line. The picture sounded interesting from the name so I went only to find a repetition of what to every mother who lost a son is a nightmare. Is it necessary to bring back all these memories? Cannot we be left with the thoughts of our sons as we knew them and not the thoughts of them over there dying by the thousands?

Mrs. S. A. R.

Wants Some Light on a Dark Subject

Evanston, Ill.

Well, I'm still trying my darndest but I can't get a little match to light up my whole room at night. They can do it in the movies though. The darling heroine jumps up in the cold night, clad in a half yard of lace, and lights a match to see what time it is, being quite sure it is past midnight. Lo and behold, the whole room is filled with light. Nell, or perhaps it's Mary, blows out the match to find herself in utter darkness. But she isn't surprised a bit, it's a movie and she knows her movies. Don't get me wrong. I have respect for the beloved screen, but things like that should not be overlooked.

Margaret Egan

Another harried heroine takes a rest cure: when Mona Maris can get away from the Hollywood villains, she hits for the hills and her new estate, eighty miles from it all

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Likes Polly Because She Has No Gilded Cage

Winston-Salem, N. C.

As the majority rules, am confident I am oicing the sentiments of the people when I ake this assertion that we are all fed up n these much exaggerated mystery stars ho live in dreamland and you should not xpect us to soar the clouds and be enranced with these well advertised celebrities ny longer, as we are human and like a eal kick out of a picture. I never miss an pportunity of seeing Polly Moran, for her cting becomes vitally a part of her and her udience feel the greatest thrill they have ad since they last saw her, Polly brings us own to terra firma when she drops that ower jaw, twists her apron and hands us *her* ine. Oh! what a scream she is, but when she ets in double harness with Marie Dressler, "Ain't We Got Fun." Please give us more ike this Polly that is not in a gilded cage. don't suppose this type of a letter is much n demand. *Mrs. Jack A. Cooper*

Keep On With the Talkies But Take Out the Color

Los Angeles, Cal.

I'm really not the type that writes complaining letters to newspapers and magazines. In fact, I don't recall ever having written one before, so whether I have S. E. will be a matter of no small conjecture until I see what happens in this instance.

(Just a moment, please. I want to point out that any alleged thoughts put forward here are my own and do not represent the ideas of the world at large.—)

Talking pictures are the movies' greatest boon; color their greatest curse.

To take them up in order. Talkies have supplanted the pictures themselves as the infant industry. Reproduction is not perfect, nor does anyone expect it to be at present. Radio was far from perfect when it was as young as sound pictures. But in time I have no doubt it will be perfected.

At the same time, producers have a tendency to stilted action. One of the attractions of pictures was its ability to change scenes. If all the action is to take place in two or three scenes, we might as well return to the legitimate.

As to color. It's not natural and I don't think it should be inflicted on the public until it's perfected. *F. S.*

One character in search of six authors: Aileen Carlyle, quaint newcomer, specializes in dialects, all kinds

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42

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Make a practice of reading the advertisements. They save you time and energy and worry. They make it easy for you to be an expert purchasing agent for your family corporation.

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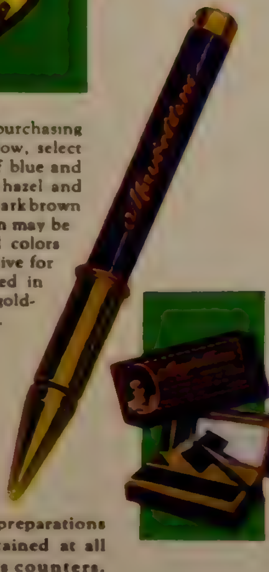
Call on the proved counsel of the advertisements
. . . read them regularly!

R. R. DONNELLEY & SONS CO., CHICAGO

Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .

Maybelline Eye Shadow
BROWN

WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eye Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eyes of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.



Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters.
Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then — they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant — to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

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Maybelline

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En Route

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TURKISH & DOMESTIC
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VEMBER

25¢

S-M

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Menaces Of The Movies (Television)

Putting Them Back Into Circulation

Dorothy Lee

SOME OF TH
TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION

BRIGHT LIGHTS, with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIAN** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures), Technicolor Sequence: **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles "Buddy" Rogers and Nancy Carro (Paramount); **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell an Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernic Claire and Walter Pidgeon (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHT** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cant (Samuel Goldwyn—Florenz Ziegfeld).

Marion . . . .
as she *is*

Through even the gray, shadowy limitations of black and white films, the color of Marion Davies's personality reached out and touched the hearts of millions.

Now, you have a chance to see that colorful personality *without* limitations—in Technicolor. To enjoy to the full the radiance of a charm that has won her unique position in filmdom.

With Technicolor's aid you see, at last, reality on the screen. Color—lavish, laid on with Nature's true touch—fires your imagination. You see the stars as they really are.

MARION DAVIES gives the screen one of the finest performances of her colorful career in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's musical vehicle—"The Florodora Girl," embellished with Technicolor scenes.

in Technicolor

THE FALL SEASON STARTS WITH 3 OUTSTANDING FOX TALKING PICTURES

THE SEA WOLF

FROM a shabby shop on the East Side she fought her way to power and luxury as the greatest modiste on Fifth Avenue. Calculating and crafty, she was never beaten till she opposed her son's love for a penniless girl. IRENE RICH in the great role of her career; H. B. WARNER magnificent as the suave financier who tries to buy the son's sweetheart; RAYMOND HACKETT as the boy. Directed by Guthrie McClintic.

ON YOUR BACK

JACK LONDON'S greatest story given life and voice. Human passions in the raw battling to a stupendous climax as a brave boy, a wayward girl and a demon sea-captain meet their destiny on a sealing ship where man-made laws are laughed to scorn! An outstanding cast including MILTON SILLS, Jane Keith and Raymond Hackett. Directed by ALFRED SANTELL.

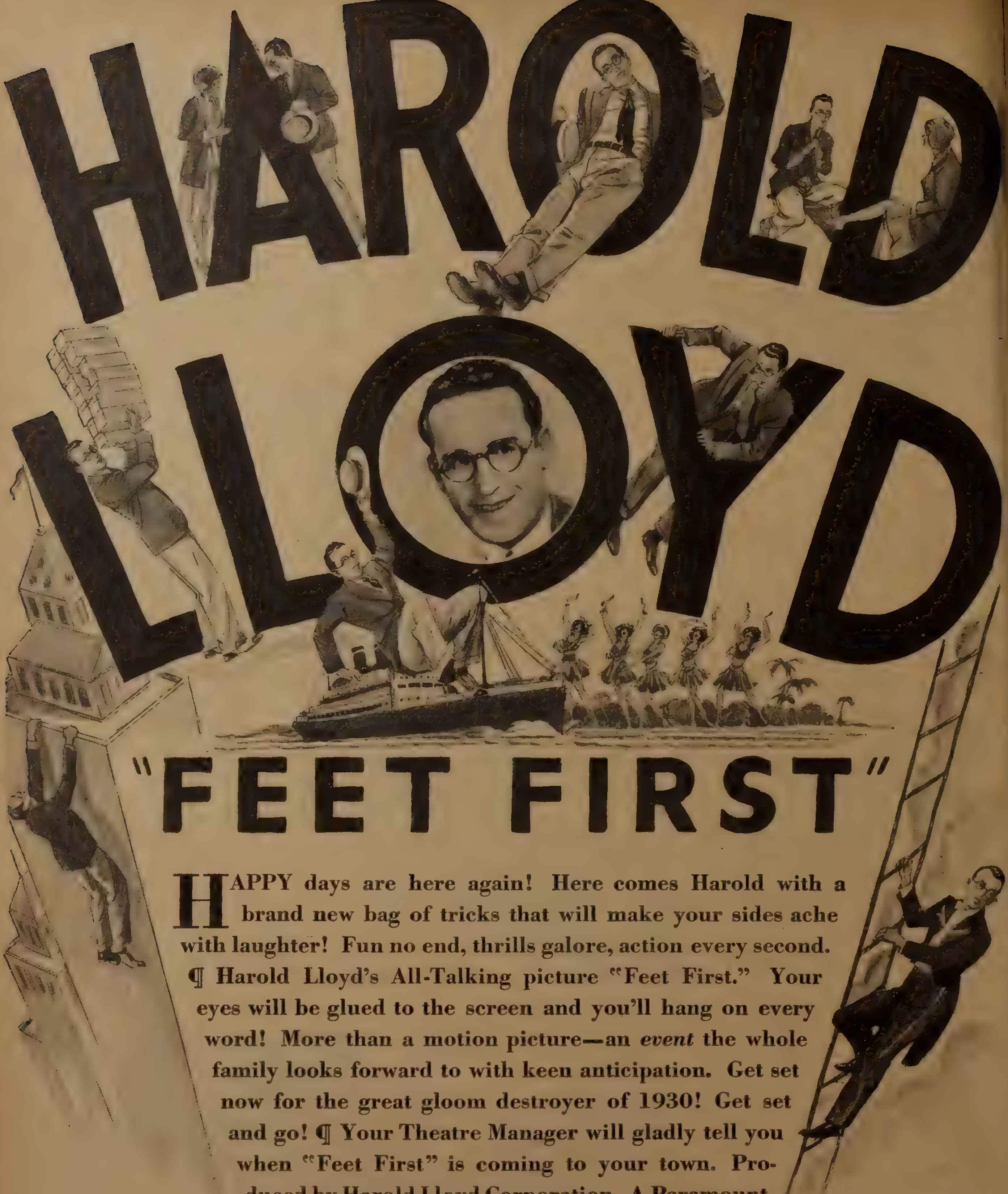
SOUP TO NUTS

RUBE GOLDBERG—you know Rube—comedy cartoonist specializing in nutty inventions—has turned his talents to the talking screen with riotous results. Stay away from Soup to Nuts if you can't stand mirthquakes. Here's a new kind of flesh and blood comedy—seven reels of goofy entertainment with a dash of song. Introducing to the screen Ted Healey and his racketeers. Also Frances McCoy, Lucile Brown, Stanley Smith and Charles Winninger. Story, dialog and gags by Rube Goldberg. Directed by Benjamin Stoloff.

Your favorite entertainment

FOX

MOVIETONE PICTURES



HAROLD LLOYD

"FEET FIRST"

HAPPY days are here again! Here comes Harold with a brand new bag of tricks that will make your sides ache with laughter! Fun no end, thrills galore, action every second. ¶ Harold Lloyd's All-Talking picture "Feet First." Your eyes will be glued to the screen and you'll hang on every word! More than a motion picture—an *event* the whole family looks forward to with keen anticipation. Get set now for the great gloom destroyer of 1930! Get set and go! ¶ Your Theatre Manager will gladly tell you when "Feet First" is coming to your town. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corporation. A Paramount Release. ¶ *"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"*

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Paramount Pictures

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PARAMOUNT BLDG., NEW YORK

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

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Cover Drawing of Dorothy Lee by Marland Stone

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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BLACK & WHITE
READ & WRITE
h.o.h.

Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER
Eulogy to Lon Chaney

New Haven, Conn.

The grim reaper has struck again. This time robbing the screen of its finest character actor. The tragic death of Lon Chaney has left a void which cannot be filled. Modest and unassuming, "The Man Of A Thousand Faces," as he was sometimes called, was devoted to his art and always attained the height of perfection in the characters he portrayed.

We all know that he was not a vain man as was proved by the fact that he didn't mind creating the grotesque characters which he played so well. He stopped at nothing to gain reality and to make his characters just as atrocious as the story called. He saw to it that every detail connected with the rôle was properly attended to. Pride would not have permitted any other actor to undertake such morbid parts, yet Lon Chaney played them for many years and would have gone on for many more years if the curtain of death had not been drawn.

Moviedom will not soon forget *Tito* of "Laugh, Clown, Laugh" or *Echo* of "The Unholy Three" or *Quasimodo* of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" and his famous *Mister Wu*, "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Phantom of the Opera."

His untimely passing is mourned by his millions of loyal fans. *E. L. B.*

$10.00 LETTER
Has the Inevitable Happened?

Corona, Cal.

Unless I miss my guess, those pearly gates of filmdom are growing more fastidious as to just what scenarios they allow to slip within. The discard undoubtedly boasts many a trifling, rehashed, musical comedy which (thanks to the powers that be) didn't quite crash the line of "those accepted."

I believe that the public has finally grown wise and decided that he's pretty weary of false eyelashes, tap dancers, and glamourous finales. Today's theater-goers want a little more of the real thing—life! No, I don't mean great quantities of tears, battlefields and corpses, or over-done domestic tragedies, but some honest-to-goodness character acting, acting that demands all the finest abilities of a player.

Perhaps a great many people fulfil the threadbare qualifications of an ability to dance, sing, and reveal a pleasant reflection in the looking glass, but it takes an H. B. Warner or a Belle Bennett to "get" an audience as these two did in "Wild Company" and "Courage."

These shallow, plotless talkies in which real personality is shoved to the background to give the center of the stage to a gymnastic heroine or a waxed hero have a tendency to flood the market. On the other hand, pictures like "The Big House" and "All Quiet on the Western Front" are my idea of number-one films. These pictures are real, dominated by figures that live in one's memory long after recollections of dazzling choruses and novel songs have faded. I'm not advocating an entire leave of absence for our musical comedies, but I would like a few less and more character stories. *Maxine J. Stickle*

$5.00 LETTER
In Regal Splendor

Oakland, Cal.

After hiking for hours up Persian carpets, past expensive paintings and draperies, in and out of beautifully colored lobbies and waiting rooms, being dazzled by glistening crystal lamps and hand carved ivory woodwork, passing gaudy uniformed generals and fancy dressed guides, saluting whenever anyone came by, past gold, diamonds and precious stones, I finally got into the auditorium part of the theater. Sweating past rows and rows of plush and deluxe leather seats, I finally landed in a cubby hole and lay down exhausted from the strenuous climb, and not caring if I never saw the show.

The theaters nowadays are more beautiful and massive than any European opera house or Oriental palace. This was a novelty for a while. The pictures no longer attracted the crowds because they all had the same plot hashed over and over again, so the producers set out and built a flock of Buckingham Palaces costing more than the contents of the United States Treasury, to draw the public. The people went to the theaters, not to the shows and after a while the novelty of grand shrines to the gods of the flicker wore off, so the writers and head men in the mecca of pictures are again wracking their brains trying to think up another kind of bait.

When at last I reached the seat assigned to me by admiral something-or-other, what kind of picture do you think I saw? A villain had the mortgage on the farm and was going to throw the girl out into the snow when the hero rushed in and paid the sum. 1850 stuff, dressed up! I fainted outright and the Alpine climbers miles below me were still showing the faithful to their seats! *W. C. H.*

$1.00 LETTERS
Feeling of Friendship Created by Talkies

Albany, N. Y.

Perhaps the most vital and perplexing question in the world today is—how to maintain peace among nations.

Wars are caused largely by fear and distrust, and these in turn are caused by misunderstanding. It is perfectly natural for the people of one nation to misunderstand those of another, there being differences in language, customs and ideas.

With the advent of the "talkies," the foreigner has become a very much more real person to us. We hear him speak his dialect, and it amuses us; we hear him express his ideas, and begin to understand him. He is, after all, we discover, just a human being like ourselves, with the same hopes and aspirations.

With understanding, fear and distrust fade away, and are replaced by a feeling of friendship and good-will, and the way is paved for a lasting peace. *M. E. Bates*

Doesn't Fancy New Faces

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am just about discouraged trying to find a picture in which I am sufficiently interested to want to see and I don't doubt but that there are plenty of other fans who feel the same way. The theaters have been deluged with such names as Fannie Brice, Lawrence Tibbett, Ted Lewis, Winnie Lightner, Harry Richman, Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray—and others. These names draw to a great extent in the theaters of large cities, where they mean something to the people, but do they attract the smaller theaters and the smaller towns? And even though I do live in Philadelphia, I am not particularly interested in these stage people. When I go to the movies I want to see the players I have known and have appreciated. I want to continue to see films containing such names as Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, William Haines, Vilma Banky, Bebe Daniels, Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, and so on. I want to see the youthful good looks of such attractive personalities as Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, Buddy Rogers, Loretta Young, Grant Withers, Nancy Carroll, Norma Shearer, and I want to see and hear *plenty* of them!

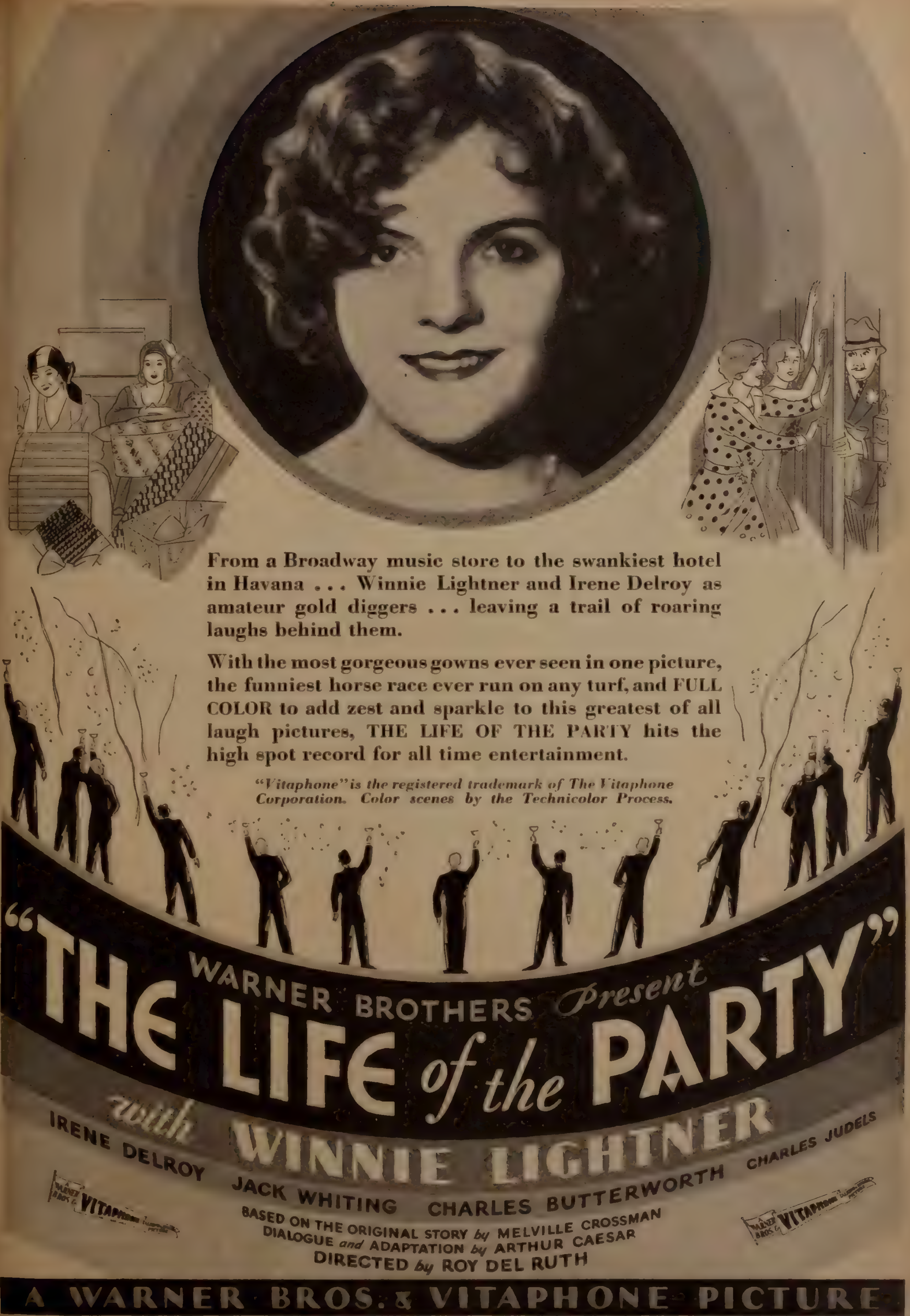
The producers are forcing new faces (and very trying they are in most cases) and new voices on the movie audiences and I can't see or hear where these new faces and new voices are any better, in most cases, than the established favorites. Moving picture audiences prefer to see the regular stars rather than new talent, and that the reason they are not seeing them in the talkies so much as formerly is *not* because these stars have failed in the new era, but because the producers are determined

(*Continued on page 103*)

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S.E., you stand in line for one of the prizes: $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S.E. But if you win a prize, or your letter is printed, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.



From a Broadway music store to the swankiest hotel in Havana . . . Winnie Lightner and Irene Delroy as amateur gold diggers . . . leaving a trail of roaring laughs behind them.

With the most gorgeous gowns ever seen in one picture, the funniest horse race ever run on any turf, and FULL COLOR to add zest and sparkle to this greatest of all laugh pictures, THE LIFE OF THE PARTY hits the high spot record for all time entertainment.

"Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation. Color scenes by the Technicolor Process.

WARNER BROTHERS *Present*

"THE LIFE *of the* PARTY"

with

WINNIE LIGHTNER

IRENE DELROY

JACK WHITING CHARLES BUTTERWORTH CHARLES JUDELS

BASED ON THE ORIGINAL STORY *by* MELVILLE CROSSMAN

DIALOGUE *and* ADAPTATION *by* ARTHUR CAESAR

DIRECTED *by* ROY DEL RUTH

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

LAST MINUTE NEWS

THE stork has been about the most active bird noticed on the motion picture horizon. The house of **Thalberg** has been recently visited and **Norma Shearer** has a new rôle—that of motherhood, to add to her career. The baby has been named **Irving** for his daddy. It won't be long now, before **Miss Shearer** will return to the screen. In fact, she's contemplating "Susan Lennox" before Christmas time . . . **Florence Vidor**, too, caught a flying visit from the stork, who left a little daughter for **Mr.** and **Mrs. Jascha Heifetz** . . . The house of **Carl Laemmle**, also is casting eyes heavenward for the appearance of the bird. **Carl Laemmle, Sr.**, delayed trips East awaiting the arrival of his grandchild.

CUPID at the present time seems to be running the stork a pretty close race. **Thornton Freeland** and the former **June Clyde** have been honeymooning in New York where they came to attend the opening of "Whoopee" . . . And the cables are being watched for word of the wedding of **Agnes Ayres** and **Lewis Milestone** who have been abroad for some time. . . . **Lupe Velez** and **Gary Cooper** are again giving evidences of being ready to walk altarward. . . . **Vivian Duncan** and **Nils Asther** are up to their neckings in wedded bliss now that they are returned to Hollywood from their honeymoon. .. **Mr.** and **Mrs. Jack Pickford** too, are giving Montmartre diners an opportunity to see how happy they are, now that they are married. . . . And to prove that marriages in Hollywood sometimes "take," **Lilyan Tashman** proudly displays a beautiful diamond and jade bracelet given to her by **Edmund Lowe** to celebrate their fifth wedding anniversary!

Dyar

Keeping his head between them: and with Betty Boyd, new comedienne (left), and Frances Dee, his new leading lady, both pretty close, that's no effort for Charles Rogers in "Along Came Youth"

LON CHANEY, "the man with a thousand faces," left almost his entire estate of over a half a million to his second wife **Hazel** and donated a single dollar to his first wife. . . . Among those who do not bow to each other when they meet on Hollywood Boulevard are **John Barrymore** and **Lowell Sherman**—just friendly brothers-in-law! **Dolores** and **Helen**, the sisters, it is noticed, are bowing coolly, too. . . .

BETTY COMPSON and **James Cruze** may no longer be married but they manage to work mighty well together before the microphone. **Betty** has the leading rôle in "She Got What She Wanted" which **Jim** is directing. . . . Society is taking up the movies in a big way with Mrs. Glaezner, the wife of the vice-president of Cartier's, making her debut in "Sin Takes a Holiday." **Kendall Lee** is the name selected for movie purposes. **Kendall**, by the by, is an intimate friend of **Constance Bennett**. . . . Society will have to move several paces backward, however, with kings going movie in a serious way. The Kings of Siam and Abyssinia both lend attentive ears and eyes to the talkies and are having their palaces wired to show them.

NANCY CARROLL is in New York to work at the Paramount Long Island studio. Then, too, she has another interest East—her husband's new play, "Frankie and Johnnie". . . . **Joan Crawford** keeps on being a modern maiden in "Girls Together" but in "Within the Law" will become serious for the first time. . . . **William Haines** plays opposite her in this picture, following his gangster rôle in "Gentlemen's Fate" . . . . **William Farnum** is scheduled definitely to return to pictures. "The Painted Desert" will be his next venture. . . . **Mary Pickford** won't abandon the talkies for the stage, but will do "Kiki". . . . **Charlie Chaplin** will make a personal appearance in London when "City Lights" is world premiered.

CONRAD NAGEL has been in New York a' seeing things of nights. He surely was entitled to all that he could see, for this was his first vacation in six years. . . . **Ann Harding** and **E. H. Griffith** will go abroad to do the scenes for "Rebound." . . . **Al Jolson**, too, sailed to make a film in Germany. After that's attended to, he will make "Sons o' Guns" in Hollywood. And they do say that the mammy singer has refused a Palace Theater offer of $12,000 a week. These are happy days for **Al**. . . . **Clara Bow's** red head has been seen bobbing around at first nights in New York. She is vacationing a bit before starting work on a really serious picture at the Paramount Long Island studios . . . **Colleen Moore** and **Virginia Valli** are in New York. **Colleen** to start rehearsals in her musical comedy . . . **Claudette Colbert** is another New Yorker. She will be noticed round about the town for some time after that world trip which landed her in Paramount studios on Long Island just as the first autumn leaves fell. . . . **Dorothy Arzner** reached New York to direct the first **Colbert** eastern picture.

THE ships news reporters are being kept busy by screen celebrities hopping on and off the big liners. **Dorothy Mackaill** got all caught up on that London vacation and spent a few busy days in New York before the long trek to Hollywood and a new long-term contract with First National. . . . **Lily Damita** left that dear Paris and will celebrate her return to the movies by making a picture with **Al Jolson** when he finishes showing Germany how to sing a mammy song. . . . **Ivan Lebedeff** popped into New York for a little visit before boarding the *Isle de France*. . . . **Mr.** and **Mrs. Morton Downey, Barbara Bennett** are ready for points West after a London season. . . . . **Archie Mayo** will be among those present when the *Bremen* puts out to sea. . . . **Lillian Gish**, forsaking the movies permanently, returned on the *Paris* for another trial on the Broadway stage. . . . **Albert Lewis** will find himself among American vacationers abroad these crisp fall days. . . . **Hal Roach**, on the other hand, is taking up aviation in a serious way. Traveled from the coast all the way by plane for the polo matches and then hopped off to Boston for a brief spell just to prove how air-minded he is.

THESE hospitable shores are being invaded by foreign actors who are finding Hollywood streets paved with gold—something like the days of '49! **José Crespo** is back from Mexico where he retired when it seemed as though the talkies had banished foreigners. Now he is back and doing nicely, accent and all for Spanish versions of M. G. M. films. . . . **Barry Norton**, from the Argentine, **Lupe Velez** from Mexico, and **Lupita Tovar** are others who find their foreign tongue an asset instead of a liability. . . . Germany is sending a mighty contingent. "Those Who Dance" alone, features **Carla Barthell, Lizy Arna,** and **Anton Pointener**. . . . **Lotti Loder**, straight from Unter den Linden is another seemingly permanent guest out Hollywood way. . . .

The **ONE** *story that held millions breathless.... The* **ONE** *girl who could bring it to vivid life ...*

BELASCO'S epic story of the strangest gamble a woman ever made. Strangest stakes ever left to the fate of cards. Strangest climax in show history as the 'golden girl' gambles the one time in her life—for love—And *cheats* to win!

Twelve stirring situations all brought to you with the artistry, charm and compelling beauty of—

ANN HARDING *as*

The GIRL *of the* GOLDEN WEST

JAMES RENNIE · HARRY BANNISTER

Based on the play by DAVID BELASCO

A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON *Production.*

A FIRST NATIONAL AND VITAPHONE PRODUCTION

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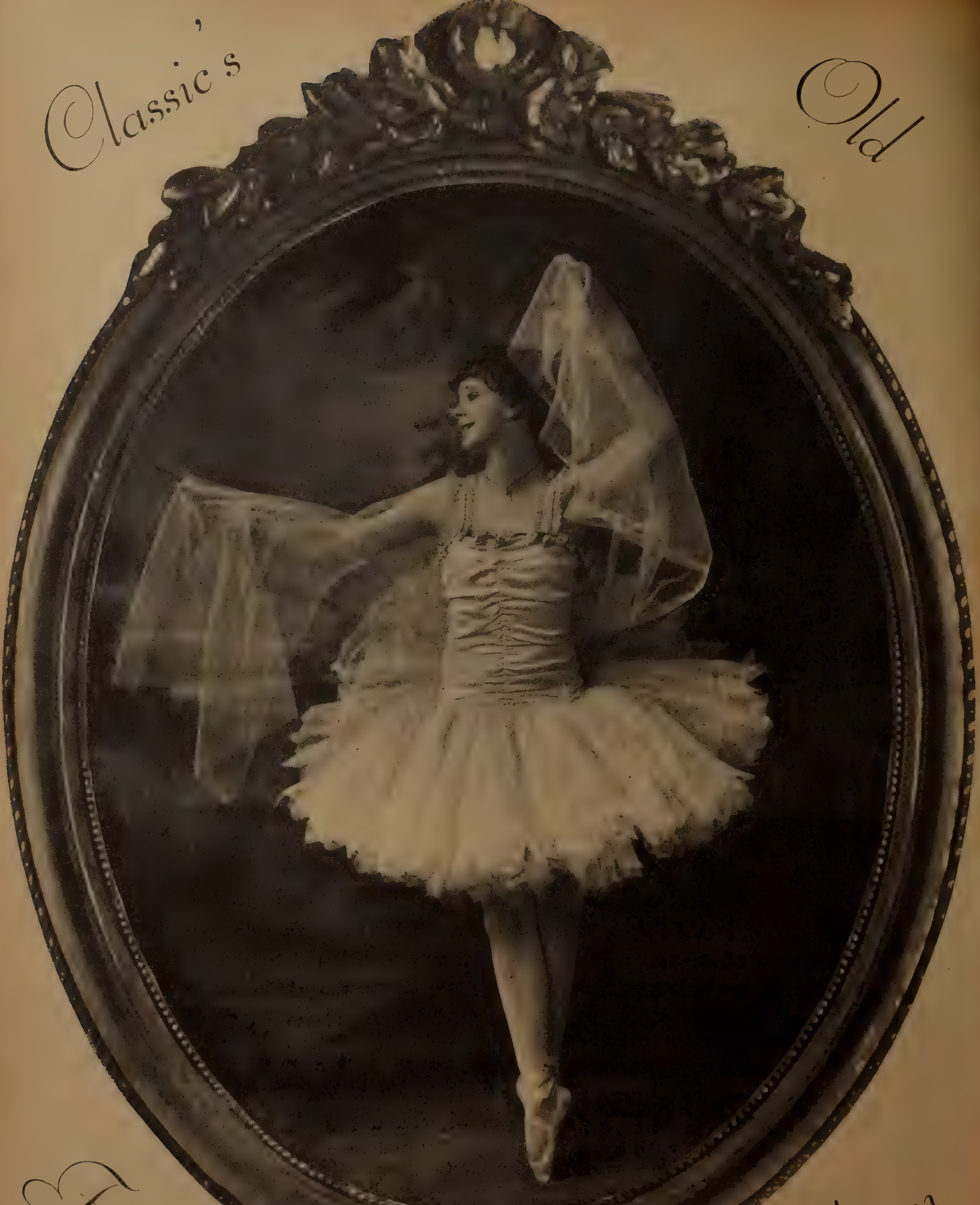
Classic's Old Family Album



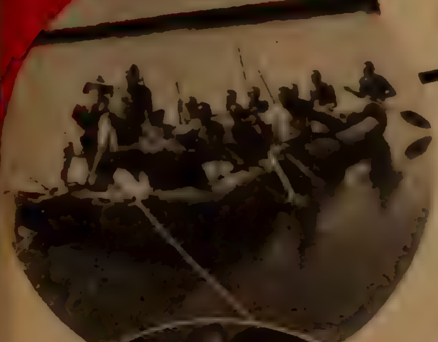
White

Back in those ballet days, she may have been on her toes, but, being just one of a family of acrobats, she had her hands full every time she was in a picture. She did not stand out as *Marilyn* Miller

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE PICTURE OF ALL TIME

TRADER HORN

FILMED IN
THE WILDS
OF AFRICA!



Directed by W. S. VAN DYCK
who made "WHITE SHADOWS IN THE SOUTH SEAS."

THE MOST AMBITIOUS PICTURE UNDERTAKING SINCE BEN HUR!

PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production . . . the greatest thrill picture ever shown! *From the famous novel by Trader Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*

with
Harry Carey
Duncan Renaldo
Edwina Booth

METRO-GOLDWYN-MA

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

I'M IN Nevada.
AS I write this.
WITH MY typewriter table.
BESIDE A window.
WHERE I may look out.
ON LAKE Tahoe.
AND IF I wished.
I COULD step outside.
AND THROW a stone.
INTO CALIFORNIA.
AND IF it happens.
YOU REMEMBER "Lightnin'"
AND OLD Bill Jones.
FRANK BACON played.
YOU WILL recall.
THE SCENE was laid.
ON THE border line.
OF THE Reno state.
WITH ITS quick divorce.
AND THE Golden state.
THAT LIES westward.
AND ANYWAY.
I'VE COME up here.
WITH A lot of my neighbors.
FROM HOLLYWOOD.
AND FOR three days.
AS I write this.
I'VE BEEN running around.
AS A hanger-on.
KEEPING OUT of the way.
OF CAMERA men.
AND MICROPHONES.
AND MOTOR trucks.
AND BIG sound trucks.
THE WHILE Will Rogers.
AMBLES AROUND.
AS "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
AND LOUISE Dresser.
WHO PLAYS Ma Jones.
THE WIFE of Bill.
SMELLS OF his breath.
TO ASSURE herself.
HE HAS been drinking.
OR HASN'T been.
OR WHATEVER it is.
SHE WANTS to know.
AND ANYWAY.
AS I wander around.
FROM SHOT to shot.
I THINK always.
OF MY friend Frank Bacon.
WHO DREAMED out "Lightnin'"
UP HERE in the hills.
OF THE High Sierra.
WHERE WE are now.
AND AFTER a lifetime.
ON THE stage.
TROUPING ABOUT.
THROUGH ONE night stands.
AND HIS hair grown white.
AND HIS gentle face.
MARKED WITH the years.
THAT HAD come to him.
TOOK HIS manuscript.
AND THE hopes he held.
FOR "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
AND CARRIED them back.
TO NEW York town.
AND SOMETIMES dreams.
REALLY DO come true.
AND FRANK'S dream did.
AND ON a night.
AT THE Gaiety.
AND THE usual crowd.
THAT COMES to see.
ANOTHER FAILURE.
OR BY kind fortune.
A SUCCESS perhaps.
THIS UNKNOWN actor.
TO THE most of them.
UNHERALDED.
AND TO fame unknown.
ADDED THE name.
OF "LIGHTNIN' Bill."
TO THE famous rôles.
OF AMERICA'S stage.
AND THOSE of us.
WHO HAD known Frank.
THROUGH HIS wandering days.
AND THERE were a few.
WHO SAT out front.
ON HIS opening night.
WE CRIED a little.
IN THE joy of it.
AND ANYWAY.
IT WAS Frank's big night.
AND FOR three years.
HE STAYED right there.
AT THE Gaiety.
LOOKING FORWARD.
ALL THE time.
TO TAKING Bill.
OUT INTO the West.
WHENCE HE had come.
BUT HE didn't get there.
FOR ON the way.
HIS LAST call came.
BUT IF it is.
HE CAN look back.
I THINK perhaps.
HE WILL be glad.
THAT WE'RE all up here.
IN THE hills he loved.
AND THAT Bill Jones.
IS BACK again.
WHERE HE was born.
I THANK you.

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FRANK CAPRA for

DIRIGIBLE

With JACK HOLT and RALPH GRAVES

From Lieut. Commander Frank Wead's great story. Mr. Capra directed "Rain or Shine," "Flight," "Submarine," "Ladies of Leisure," etc.

HOWARD HAWKS for

THE CRIMINAL CODE

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JOHN BLYSTONE for

TOL'ABLE DAVID

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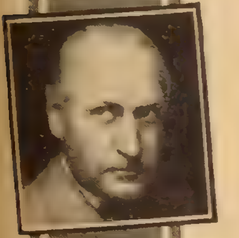
VICTOR FLEMING for

ARIZONA

Written for the screen by Jules Furthman from Augustus Thomas' greatest outdoor play. To be produced on an epic scale. Mr. Fleming directed "The Virginian," "Common Clay" and others.



JOHN ROBERTSON for

MADONNA OF THE STREETS

With EVELYN BRENT

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LIONEL BARRYMORE for

A GREAT PICTURE

With BARBARA STANWYCK

(Watch for announcement of title.) The greatest star find of years in a smashing drama made from a tremendous story. Mr. Barrymore directed "The Rogue Song," "Madame X" and many others.

Meet Miss Columbia

LESLEY BETH STOREY of Brooklyn, N. Y., winner in Columbia's great nation-wide search for "Miss Columbia." She has been awarded a week's contract at $250.00 and a free trip to Hollywood. She was the selection of the New Movie and allied magazines.

Runners up for honors as Miss Columbia, all of whom have been awarded Majestic Radios, were: Dorothy Dawes, Brooklyn, N. Y., nominated by *Film Fun*; Dorothy Brown, Des Moines, Ia., *Screen Romances*; Jean Eckler, West Palm Beach, Fla., *Motion Picture Magazine*, Donna Barton, Tulsa, Okla., *Motion Picture Classic*; Vera Martin, New York, N.Y., *Screen Book*; Bernice Maiwald, Laconia, N. H., *Motion Picture Stories*; Meta Diane Neuburg, Tuckahoe, N. Y., *Photoplay*; Mercedes Janet Rice, Banning, Ga., *Screenland*.

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Ask your favorite theatre when these pictures will be shown.

Facts *and* Figures

Intimate Items About Pictures, Past, Present And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

EXPERIENCE, said the old copybooks, is the best teacher. Well, perhaps—but in the light of the recent effort to have the moving picture companies provide stock market facilities on the West Coast, it begins to look as if some of those October scars are beginning to heal. Whatever might have happened to the big industrial stocks, the picture securities are showing signs of life. Here is the result of a recent survey made by the Los Angeles Stock Exchange:

Of the total membership of the Exchange, 83% had transactions in RKO Securities, 80% in Fox Film, 79% in Warner Brothers, 69% in Paramount-Publix, 67% in General Theaters Equipment, 54% in Loew's, 49% in Pathé, 16% in Columbia and 14% in Universal. That would seem to show that the picture industry hasn't sunk so low in the affections of the investor as the calamity-howlers would have us believe.

ONE of the reasons, possibly, is that the picture companies manage to pay respectable dividends. Paramount-Publix, just as an example, announced net profits for the first six months of 1930 of $8,434,000. Unfortunately for the Gloom Guard, that record is just 65% better than for the corresponding period of 1929. The thousands of stockholders naturally decline to take seriously all the wild tales of disaster that are abroad.

AND don't get the idea that better business is confined to one company. It isn't. RKO earned net profits of well over $2,000,000 for the first half of 1930, as against a little more than $600,000 in the first six months of 1929. The quality of some of the pictures may be terrible; possibly the public is getting awfully tired of them; and it may be that the players ought to be sent back to the rolling mills or the soda fountains or whatever, but—somehow the yawps carry little influence in the face of the financial facts. So when someone tells you about the number of studios and theaters closing down, lift one eyebrow and remark: "Oh, yeah?"

THREE bandits fell into one of the most common of errors the other day—the error of believing that a millionaire carries cash with him. They held up Douglas Fairbanks, and in his own home. Douglas had no money on him. He had to brouse and scratch around the house for some and finally rounded up a total of $27. The chances are that a very rich man handles less actual money in the course of a year than the garage man or the dressmaker. He does not need it because the greater number of his business transactions are based on his credit. There was that time when John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had to have $3.75 and could find only eighty cents in his pocket. So, Bandits, don't waste your valuable time on Rich Folks. Go after the Little Fellow.

P&A

Figures and a fact: when Le Roy Prinz, staging a new revue in a Los Angeles theater, issued a call for chorus girls, more than 500 wanted work. These are the lucky few who found it

EVERY now and then, some one goes into hysterics over "monopolies" and "trusts" and "octopi" and what not. Usually, it is one of our moronic legislators at Washington trying to convince the folks back home that he is awake and on the job. It is just lately that the Western Electric Company and the General Electric Company have been put in the monopoly class and accused of dividing up all the theaters, to the exclusion of everyone else, in supplying sound equipment.

A few days ago, I hunted up a list of all the manufacturers of such equipment. There are just ninety (90) of them. They have the oddest names for their product. For example: Amplion, Beltone, Cinevox, Dramaphone, Electrofone, Filmophone, Halgrophone, Kinotone, Lifetone, Mellaphone, Norophone, Orotone, Picturfone, Q-Phone, Radiotone, Speakaphone, Talkafilm, Ultraphone, Vocaphone, Wonderphone.

(*Continued on page 16*)

Doctors Show Talkie Stars How To End COLDS in a Few Hours

ALICE WHITE
Starring in
Sweethearts on Parade
Man Crazy
The Naughty Flirt

TEMPTING taste! Surprisingly quick relief! Then the joy of facing the microphone without fear of spoiling a picture by the sniffle of a head cold, the husky hoarseness of a chest cold or the static-like discord of an untimely cough.

This, briefly, is the new experience told by scores of "talkie" stars.

For doctors have shown the way to quickly end head colds, coughs or chest colds. And at the first sign of a cold players are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Soon the cold is gone! For this hospital certified remedy has been chosen by physicians as the best of different widely used methods to treat colds. Test cases have proved that it gives the quickest, surest relief.

ROBT. ARMSTRONG
Starring in
The Record Run
Dumbbells in Ermine
Lookin' for Trouble
Beyond Victory

Robert Armstrong Finds Quickest Way to End Colds

ROBERT ARMSTRONG for example, had a severe cough caused by neglecting a chest cold. Examination showed that his breathing passages were congested, his throat was inflamed by constant coughing and his voice was hoarse.

Then he was given double strength doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion started clearing up, then a spoonful every two hours.

In just an hour or so the medication began to relieve congestion. Breathing became easier; the spasmodic attacks of coughing ceased and by dinner time he was feeling like a different person. When friends arrived for bridge that evening his hoarseness had almost entirely disappeared. The next day he was delighted to find that Cherry Pectoral had cleared up the cold so that his voice was in condition to go ahead with the picture.

LILA LEE
Starring in
Second Wife
Misbehaving Ladie
The Unholy Three

Alice White Used Cherry Pectoral to Get Rid of Cold Caught at Dance

ALICE WHITE is still another, like Lila Lee, Roland Drew, Nancy Drexel, Robert Montgomery and scores of Hollywood stars, who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds disappear after a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"During a recent dance", says Miss White, "I became overheated on the dance floor and walked out on the veranda to cool off. As a result I caught a severe cold. The next day my head and chest were so congested with cold that the director advised me to stay at home. He realized that my hoarse voice would simply spoil the picture.

"By evening the cold was worse and I was advised to take Ayer's Pectoral every 15 minutes until congestion began to clear up, then once every two or three hours.

"By night my fever was gone. I was able to sleep without coughing. The next day my voice cleared up so that I could work—and in just a day or so I was astonished to find that all trace of the cold had disappeared. No wonder Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a necessity to players, especially now that talkies demand that one's voice be kept free from the effects of a cough or cold."

ALEC FRANCIS
Starring in
Case of Sergeant Grischa
Captain Applejack
Outward Bound

* * *

Ayer's Pectoral was hospital certified as the best of the different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds because it gave the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety. It is now featured by all leading druggists.

FACTS AND FIGURES

(*Continued from page 14*)

WHILE sound pictures have eliminated hundreds of good folk from the studio payrolls, they have given other specialists their chance. For instance, there is little Charlie Gamares. Charlie used to put in most of his time painting portraits, but now he's a gorilla specialist. He makes gorilla costumes and paints the faces. Then he puts on a suit and "gorills" in a most convincing manner. Once Charlie was satisfied with a very modest daily fee. Lately he has demanded $500 a day.

And there is Count Cutelli, who will guarantee to imitate any noise you can name. He doubles for frogs, animals (any kind), seawaves, motorboats, hurricanes, steam whistles, airplanes, babies and most kinds of machinery. And about seventy-two other noisemakers are listed in the studios, ready to imitate anything from a slowly creaking door to a loud noisy elephant trumpet.

P&A

Los Angeles doesn't have any honest-to-goodness free lunches, but the hordes of always-hopeful unemployed—like this one outside Warner Brothers Studio—call themselves the "breadlines"

I'M not sure whether the efficiency principle will do the picture business any good or not. The half-dozen companies putting forth newsreels use up about 10,000,000 feet of film each year. But—and maybe we should be thankful for this—only 500,000 feet ever reach the theaters. Think of the thousands of naked babies, Japanese fishing scenes, and bathing girls we have been spared.

And the average director uses up about 50,000 feet of negative film to get the 7,000 feet you finally see on the screen. Before the talking pictures came along, he used to shoot several times that amount. In "Ben Hur," Fred Niblo shot 750,000 feet of film to get the 12,000 feet that made the eventual picture. Imagine the feelings of the financial and engineering sharps who broke into pictures within the last two years! No wonder the sanitariums were overpopulated for months!

TIME was when you could scare a theater-owner into convulsions by telling him that this or that was not interesting the children. But lately he doesn't scare so easily, because he has discovered that about 5% of his patronage comes from persons under 16 years of age. Columbia University in New York analyzed a theater audience for a week. In that time, 150,000 people passed through its doors. Of the total number, there were 8,250 under 21 years of age: only a small number being children.

And another odd circumstance was discovered. Children under 12 years remembered very little of the details of any picture, but they disliked the wrongdoers very positively. But how they liked heroes! Lindbergh, Tom Mix and Doug Fairbanks outclassed all the villains and bedimmed all the crime.

ANYONE who doesn't think that talking pictures have changed the character of theater audiences might do worse than consider how greatly studio fan mail has changed. Not the mail addressed to the players, but that coming to the studio itself, and generally dealing with criticism, suggestion, advice, encouragement.

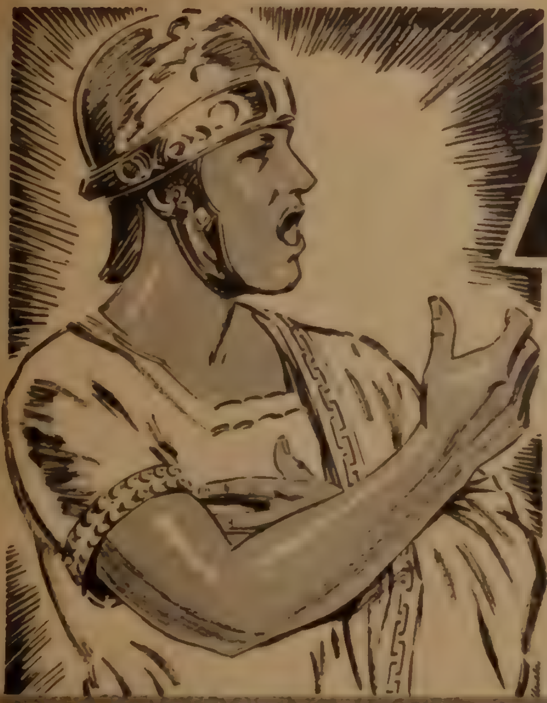
Two years ago, the average big "lot" had from 500 to 750 letters a day. Now, such concerns as Paramount, Fox, M-G-M and RKO get as many as 1,500 each, the greater number being quite sane in their comments. The studio folk believe the intelligence of the picture public is on a higher level since the talkies came. Rude persons like H. L. Mencken insist that it had to go up since it could not by any possibility fall lower.

THE financial firm of Halsey-Stuart and Company have made a survey of the picture business and find that the investment in theaters and exhibition equipment runs to $1,250,000,000. That means that more than 300,000,000 people have to slip their admission fees over the glass shelf every year just to pay the interest on the investment.

Put it another way: every twentieth one of you pays the interest; every seventeenth person pays for the profit; and the rest just pay to keep the machine going.

A PRODUCER showed me his cost-sheet for a new feature picture not long ago. It was a seven-reeler, and the total figure ran to just $478,099.51. He mentioned that it had been 37 days in the making. My mind went back to the earlier days of the picture business, when I dropped in at the old Solax studio in Flushing, L. I., and found the entire staff—of seven people—in a heavy conference. They were half-way through production of a one-reeler, and the cost to date had been $850. They had found that they couldn't tell the story in one reel. It would have to be two, and that meant more than $500

(*Continued on page 106*)



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to blend with your complexion

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There is only one TANGEE
Be sure you see the name
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Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. Also the same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

Based on a marvelous color principle, Tangee changes as you put it on . . . and blends perfectly with your individual complexion, whether blonde, brunette or titian.

For Tangee gives a natural glow without thickness or substance . . . permanent, with never a trace of grease or smear. The exact shade of this glow depends both upon how much Tangee you apply and upon your own natural coloring.

Tangee keeps lips lovely all day long. Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base . . . it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And it lasts twice as long as other lipsticks.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET
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THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. M. C.-11
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Rouge

Russell Ball

LOIS MORAN

Once the daughter of *Stella Dallas,* Lois seemed destined to be a sad child forever. But in the talkies she was allowed to grow up and smile—and was, happily, "Not Damaged"

Richee

Yes, he is collegiate—despite the fact that from Hollywood High School he went into stock company, and from that school into the movies. An apt pupil, Stanley Smith now is going up the scale, with lovelight in his eyes

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

THE drama of Lon Chaney's life fulfilled the requirements of tragedy. It was a drama of pity and terror.

Born of parents who could neither hear nor talk, he was able to speak to them only in pantomime.

Leaving school at the age of nine to care for his ill mother, he was only beginning his self-education.

A circus contortionist, a comedy dancer and actor in small stock companies, he was eventually stranded in California. Too poor to return East, he wandered to Hollywood.

Always an experimenter with make-up, even in his scene-shifting days, he produced such startling effects, when the opportunity came, that they called him "The Man of a Thousand Faces." And the title was a handicap.

Until his appearance without make-up in "Tell It to the Marines," the critics were loath to call him a great actor. Before the critics, the public saw the genius behind the masks.

Idolized beyond most stars, he never became wealthy. He shunned publicity and poses. Wealth, as compared with sincerity, meant nothing to him.

A creator of grotesques, he was grotesquely oblivious of the effect on his frail constitution of some of the painful harnesses he wore, of some of the make-up chemicals that he breathed.

One of the most eloquent of actors, all but one of his pictures were silent. And that one cost him his life.

Last month, it was our sad fortune to publish what was destined to be the last magazine interview he gave—an interview that told of his little-known friendship for society's debtors. It was titled, "Another Lon Chaney."

It was an unfortunate and ironic title. There is no other Lon Chaney. There never will be another.

· · ·

ROME had its Mæcenas, Hollywood has its Howard Hughes. And a royal spender he is. Didn't he go to every possible trouble, and to every possible expense, to make "Hell's Angels" a great spectacle? But it was the picture, not the story, that cost him money. The story, unless Hollywood is mistaken again, came from the bargain counter; he economized in the wrong direction.

· · ·

MARY PICKFORD and Arch Selwyn, New York stage producer, apparently got together and had a nice little chat. They announced that the party of the first part would star on Broadway this winter for the party of the second part. Now Mary announces that she has changed her mind, is going to film "Kiki," instead. Or isn't she? Or is she? Heads we win, tails you lose.

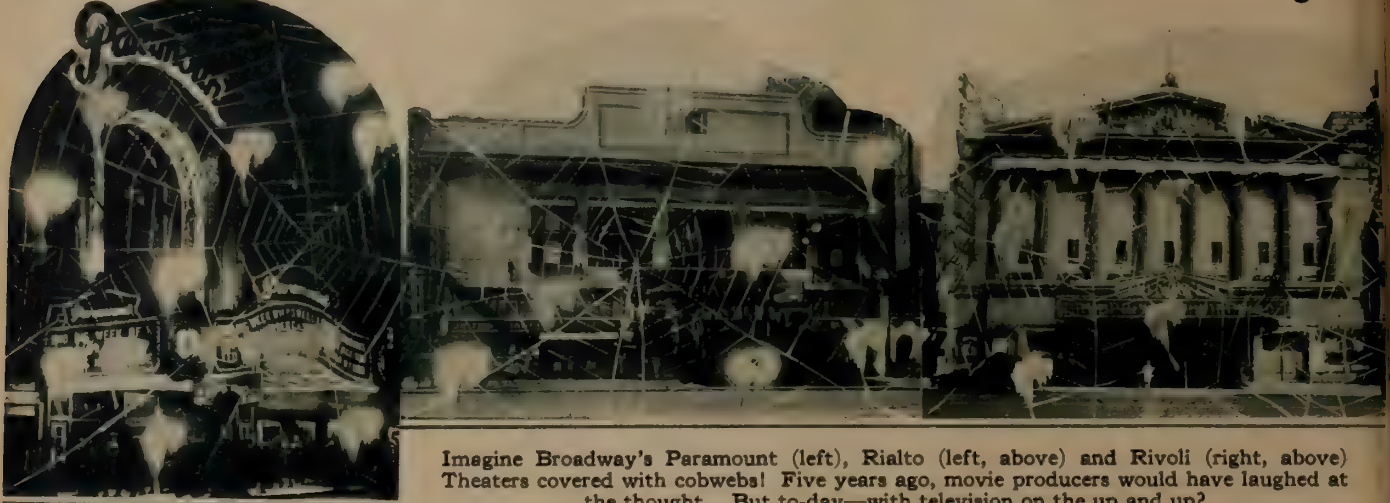
· · ·

FRANCES DEE, an extra girl, is spotted by Maurice Chevalier, and becomes his leading lady. Roy Radabaugh, a struggling young local sculptor, is given a chance to change his name to Richard Cromwell and become *Tol'able David*. A personable young film salesman, renamed Kane Richmond, will be the champion of "The Leather Pushers." Wayne Morrison, carrying some scenery past Raoul Walsh, is persuaded to become John Wayne and the hero of "The Big Trail." Sounds easy, doesn't it? Accidents *will* happen, even in an unemployment center like Hollywood. The approximate ratio is: once in ten thousand times.

· · ·

ALL is milk and honey now at Fox, for Janet Gaynor has returned. And just in time, too. Maureen O'Sullivan had almost been made into a starring partner for Charles Farrell. As for the vivacious Maureen, it would look as if the luck of the Irish has deserted her. On the other hand, she now may have the chance to be herself—a very different personality from the wistful Janet.

MENACES *of*



Imagine Broadway's Paramount (left), Rialto (left, above) and Rivoli (right, above) Theaters covered with cobwebs! Five years ago, movie producers would have laughed at the thought. But to-day—with television on the up and up?

Where Is Television?

THERE is no use at all in disputing the power of the press. Generally, that power is quite reasonably and accurately used, but occasionally the sensational orgy of headlines is about something of which they know little or nothing, and the result is frequently unfortunate. These news jags usually concern scientific matters.

There's television, for example.

A combination of one Greek word and one English word, presumably intended to indicate sight at a distance; it is just now rather upsetting to the minds of motion picture producers, theater owners and investors in picture securities—to say nothing of those well-disposed folk always anxious to pioneer with their dollars. (Confidentially, the last-named are known in Wall Street as "suckers.") Actually, however, television is intended to describe any process by which a person at one place—Chicago, for instance—can see what is going on in another place—let us say New Orleans.

The picture business is often the last to know about the inventions which may affect, or even revolutionize it. For five or six years, the talkies were being perfected in the experimental laboratories of electrical companies, before the picture producers woke up to what was going on. And when they did wake up, their first reaction was one of terror. The new is always threatening! It is said on reliable authority that several of the biggest motion picture executives went to the Warner Brothers and remonstrated with them, begging them to hold off sound a while longer and save the equipment and investment of the studios. Is it possible that television is being delayed purposely for fear of its startling possibilities?

Why Movie Men Look Harassed

Another disturbing thought occurs. If we are to distribute by radio-television, is it necessary to go to the trouble of putting the picture—or all the pictures, rather—on celluloid film at all? Why not good stock companies at various strategic points, with their performances broadcast—televisionally?

Then what happens to the motion picture studios and their enormous equipment and investment? What happens to the motion picture stars? This thing begins to look rather terrifying to the industry!

Rumors of its perfection are legion.

Recently, in Schenectady, the General Electric Company experts put on a demonstration, during the course of which a musician was dimly seen waving his baton and directing an orchestra whose music poured forth from a loud speaker—the picture appearing on a small screen.

A very few miles were bridged in what was frankly an experiment. Earlier, the Bell Telephone Company's radio laboratory at Whippany, N. J., had broadcast some television pictures at more or less regular intervals, and these had been picked up by experimenters at various points.

In Washington, D. C., C. Francis Jenkins, one of the inventors of the motion picture projector, has done considerable television work. And in England, J. C. Baird has made more than a little progress in transmitting recognizable likenesses over various distances. Add some German and French experiments and you come to the following conclusion.

It is possible to transmit by radio waves some reproductions of current events. And there are amateur radio sharps at work all over the country, striving to produce good television results. Also—and this is stated without any prejudice whatever—a number of astute and long-visioned gentlemen have anticipated the scientific situation by organizing commercial companies to manufacture and sell television apparatus for the home. Two such television receivers were exhibited at the May convention of the Radio Manufacturers' Association at Atlantic City.

Also, stock in television companies is for sale!

Looking Back Five Years

A FEW days before this article began to roll off a typewriter, I set afoot two simple inquiries, just to check my own information. I felt certain that the whole television situation was altogether too chimerical in its present stage of development to warrant the wild press tales I had been reading. I felt—and still feel—that any-

the MOVIES

White

Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater in Los Angeles (left, above) and the Metropolitan Opera House (right, above) are two of America's best-known show places. Are they destined for the television spider's web? David Sarnoff (right) is optimistic

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

thing like a true commercial development that would put current events or pictures in the home, as current music is broadcast to-day, is a long, long way off; and that the present state of the art will not justify a tithe of the newspaper claims. But I wanted to be sure.

Let us first have a little history. Five years ago—in May, 1925—I visited David Sarnoff, then vice-president and now president of the Radio Corporation of America, and said:

"Do you see television on the commercial horizon?"

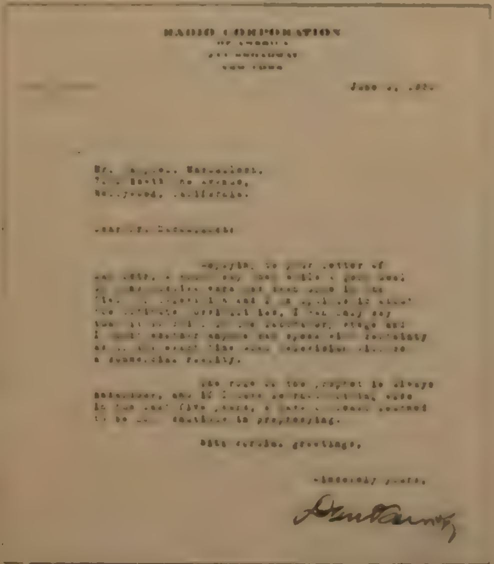
"Yes. Probably in five years," he replied. "I say that, considering the progress made by radio in four years, and always with certain reservations."

Mr. Sarnoff Is No Prophet

SO I inquired again of Mr. Sarnoff, this time in May, 1930, and he wrote:

"While a good deal of constructive work has been done in the field of television and I am optimistic about the ultimate possibilities, I can only say that it is still in the laboratory stage and I doubt whether anyone can speak with certainty as to the exact time when television will be a commercial reality. The rôle of the prophet is always hazardous, and if I have learned nothing else in the last five years, I have at least learned to be more cautious about prophesying."

So, I had one confirmation, and here is the other, from a man who—because of certain professional relationships—must remain in the background. (A man, by the way, whose inventions are in use in the transmission of photographs by trans-Atlantic communication; whose developments are in use in making talking pictures, and whose television work has been in association with one of the foremost experimenters in America.)



Partly Possible

"TELEVISION—of a sort—is commercially possible to-day," he said. "But when I say that, I mean that it is feasible to place a simple subject before a televisor and to transmit—either by radio or wires—that vision. However, neither the subject nor the audience will be enthusiastic about it. The subject won't like the heat from the amount of light that is necessary, and the audience won't be very appreciative of the ill-defined, uncertain picture on a very small screen.

"Unfortunately, television is not like photography, which is more or less an instantaneous process—a flood of light reflected in various intensities from an object or objects, and falling simultaneously on a sensitive emulsion to be recorded as one effect. Television is to-day a building-up process, and the more surface it is necessary to display, the longer time is required to build it.

"The only television principle with which I am familiar is that of the scanning disc. There is no need to go into detail, but until this scanning process—which involves time—can be replaced with some method which requires no time, relatively speaking, there will be no wide commercial application of television on a practical scale."

Television Movies?

THE other well-touted phase of television has to do with the transmission of motion pictures. To-day, this is not practical in anything like a commercial sense. Nobody knows when it will be. There are such elemental and experimental things as "radio movies," which are merely minute silhouettes or outlines; but they are experimental and nothing else.

A New Menace To Worry Producers And Players

The motion picture difficulty is apparent from the expert remarks just made. If it takes an appreciable time to transmit—televisionally—one small picture, how much more time will be required to transmit twenty-four pictures? The problem is put that way because, in every second of time on the motion picture screen, twenty-four distinct and separate pictures are shown and removed. Each requires a distinct time to build.

Still, a very small device might change all this, and make television a practical reality. And we are an ingenious nation. Whenever we need an invention, there is almost always someone to invent it. At any moment, someone may supply the missing link to complete television. Possibly to-day—*now*—it has been invented!

Looking Far Ahead

LET us take a long look down the corridors of the future and imagine what may occur when it is possible to transmit both current events and motion pictures by television.

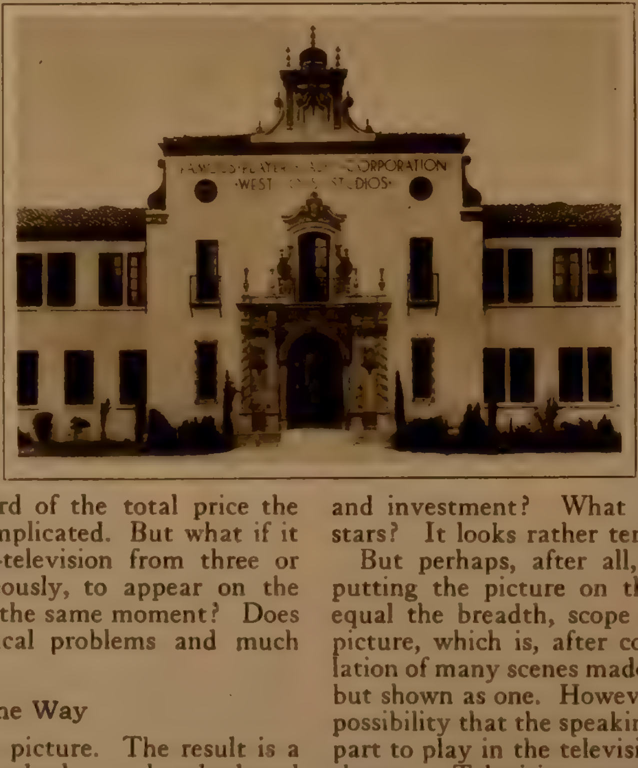
To begin with, the first, or current events division, may affect the newsreels to some extent. If there is a football game on New Year's Day at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, it may be possible, ultimately, to transmit every detail as it occurs. At three in the afternoon in Pasadena, it will be six o'clock in the evening in New York and eleven at night in London, while in Tokio the hour will be six in the morning. Perhaps the time difference is not important, but the problem of assembling a number of interesting current events into one progressive program is another matter. So, possibly, we must fall back on the transmission of motion pictures, even for the newsreel.

No one doubts that the distribution of any product is a grave and intricate problem. Getting a single motion picture production to the various theaters where it is to be shown costs almost a third of the total price the theater pays for it. And it is complicated. But what if it could be transmitted by radio-television from three or more central stations simultaneously, to appear on the screens of subscriber theaters at the same moment? Does not that eliminate many physical problems and much duplication of film?

Obstacles in the Way

A STUDIO makes a motion picture. The result is a negative. From this, a hundred to a hundred and fifty positive prints are made at a cost that runs into thousands of dollars. Thirty-two exchanges or branch offices—manned by managers, salesmen, inspectors, clerks—handle the film, and the express company ships it here and there. That's where the thirty per cent. distribution cost goes.

What is to become of all that labor and profit on print making if we transmit by radio-television? But radio transmission also costs money. A good radio station easily eats up a quarter of a million a year in operating costs. And all theaters in one time zone may not want to run the same picture, so it may be necessary to transmit ten or twelve different pictures to satisfy them. Perhaps a hundred or even two hundred different pictures are shown in a single time zone now.



Radio came, and the studios still stood. Talkies came, and the studios remade themselves. And now television is almost here—a threat to even such potent studios as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (above) and Famous Players-Lasky (below)

But a dozen different pictures will also require a dozen different stations operating on a dozen different wave lengths. The Eastern zone may be transmitting eleven pictures at seven o'clock to-night, while the Chicago zone is delivering twelve. Unfortunately, radio impulses don't stop sharp at zone limits, so instead of those twelve channels you may need fifty or more, and then what becomes of the regular radio programs?

Disturbing Thoughts

SHORT waves, says some-one. Perhaps, but from the row that has been going on in Washington over the allocation of these, any effort to grab as many as fifty for picture transmission will precipitate a riot.

And another disturbing thought occurs. If we are to distribute by radio-television, is it necessary to go to the trouble of putting the picture—or all the pictures, rather—on celluloid film at all? Why not good stock companies at various strategic points, with their performance broadcast—televisionally?

Then what happens to the motion picture studios and their enormous equipment and investment? What happens to the motion picture stars? It looks rather terrifying to the industry!

But perhaps, after all, it will be better to continue putting the picture on the film. The stage can never equal the breadth, scope and epic sweep of the motion picture, which is, after completion, merely the accumulation of many scenes made at many places at many times, but shown as one. However, don't let us lose sight of the possibility that the speaking stage may have an important part to play in the televisionally equipped motion picture theater. Television would then be a *Frankenstein*, destroying the very business which created it.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Helen Twelvetrees has become decidedly fashionable. Several studios would like her to step out with them. But after being Universally liked in "The Cat Creeps," she became engaged to Pathé again, and, when last seen, was still theirs—standing out in "The Painted Desert"

Chidnoff

Putting Them Back

Practice Makes Perfec Marriage

By HELEN

HOLLYWOOD probably has more divorces per square inch than any other city of its size in the world. It is one of the things for which it is famous. (I hope you don't think I'm boasting—it's *true!*)

We *go in* for divorce, as it were. We do it with finesse and finish. No people anywhere, I'll wager, think up neater or more adroit "grounds" for the thing than Hollywoodians do. "Mental cruelty" is the usual charge made by wives desiring to achieve the single state and generously willing to save their husbands' feelings, when the allegations are reported in print. And the things they say!

After this is accomplished, of course, the two members of the team are automatically put back into circulation. I mean they are open to new offers. Available for re-sale. A trifle shopworn, perhaps, and rumpled. But really better than new, because they have had the advantage of practice.

As a matter of fact, this practice business makes amateur competition difficult in the marriage marts of Hollywood. What chance do you think a person has, who has never been married, in comparison with all these agile people who have been at it off and on, for years?

It is much the same situation as that of an unknown and untried actor trying to compete with an experienced and famous one who is "between contracts." Experience counts, my dears, in marriage—as in acting.

The Problems of Comebacks

GETTING back into circulation successfully is a fine little problem in itself. Not that one's status is at all questionable in these circles, as it may still be in some repressed and backward quarters of this earth. (I wouldn't know about *that!*) But it is a little bit precarious.

Unless one has kept one's hand in (of course, a flock of them have), one does not know exactly how—er—*good* one is going to be when one achieves the single state and—uh—looks about for new prospects. It is a bit worrisome, wondering whether the old appeal is as potent as ever and whether one shows one's age very much, and so forth.

The effect of newly acquired singleness varies considerably with individuals. Naturally.

For instance, I think divorce has been very becoming to Colleen Moore. She has positively *bloomed* since her separation from John McCormick. She has bought a lot of new clothes—sloofy, sophisticated clothes, if you please. No more

Now that Charlie Chaplin (upper left) and Betty Compson (left) are back in circulation, Lita Grey Chaplin (upper right) and James Cruze (below) are victims of partial eclipses

Into Circulation

In The Hollywood Market

LOUISE WALKER

simple, girlish effects for her! And she is wearing earrings and large, alluring hats and things.

She looks almost grown-up, these days, and she dashes about to parties as she never did before. She is surrounded constantly with swarms of personable and eager young men, plying her with compliments and making her easily the belle of any gathering

All Play, and No Work

SHE has not worked, either, since the separation, and one gathers that she doesn't care in the least whether she makes another picture soon or not. She seems to be having a gay and frivolous holiday—from matrimony and from pictures, simultaneously. And it is certainly agreeing with her.

'Snice.

Betty Compson has bloomed considerably, too, since her divorce from James Cruze. She seems to be seeing a good deal of young Hugh Trevor, who gooples at her in the most flattering manner, if you know what I mean. It's a sort of gee-but-you-are-beautiful-please-be-good-to-me expression.

It is very satisfying for a freshly circulating young woman to acquire a handsome and devoted escort right away. It is reassuring. Besides being most convenient.

Betty, I imagine, is enjoying being "company" instead of "hostess," for a while. One of the things about which she complained in her life with Jimmy, you know, was the frequency and overpowering size of his parties. The Cruze household was simply overrun with oddly assorted guests most of the time. And Betty grew pretty tired of it, I can tell you.

So, naturally, after she returned to circulation, she preferred circulating as a guest, herself, for a time. You really can't blame her. And she seems to be having a lovely time.

Far From the Madding Crowd

BILLIE DOVE acquired a *most* desirable and devoted escort as soon as she was divorced, too. Howard Hughes, who is not only wealthy, but also is a power in pictures—the sort of chap who can Do Things for an ambitious young screen beauty. (She acquired a gorgeous sable coat at the same moment—which caused just *such* a twittering among Hollywood gossips.)

But Billie didn't "go social" and butterfly a bit when she emerged from marriage. On the contrary, she withdrew to a house somewhere in the hills above Hollywood and wouldn't tell

(*Continued on page 88*)

When Colleen Moore shook off the shackles (top right), John McCormick (top left) faded into the background. As did Irvin Willat (below) when Billie Dove (right) was free

The Legendary Barrymore

Our Foremost Actor's Greatest Rôle Is---

John Barrymore

By JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

MORE than any living Thespian, John Barrymore is a legend.

His greatest rôle, close friends and associates think, is—*John Barrymore.*

Into no *Hamlet*, no *Richard III*, has he poured the romance, the waggish humor, the cynical honesty, the utterly unconventional, colorful individuality that make his own character his masterpiece.

Art? Inheritance? Product of environment? No one knows, Barrymore least of all. Either his character is an excellent work of art, or a gesture of Dame Nature, bent on creating one really human actor!

About his private-life character, a rare group of anecdotes has collected, many of them unprintably bawdy or profane, but all of them delightful. They have followed him around the world, accumulating steadily since his earliest days as a vagabond actor, newspaper artist, and ne'er-do-well sponger on friends and famous relatives.

Some of his most whimsical pranks are very recent, despite the fact that there are people in Hollywood—where, probably, his choicest episodes have been enacted—who claim he has turned business-*Babbitt* and very-proper married man.

Probably the *Babbitt* pose is just another prank.

To the Ladies

THREE beautiful and voluptuous Hollywood film actresses have separately remarked that, while Barrymore is not an accomplished lover, he is an ideal husband. None of them was Dolores Costello, the present Mrs. Barrymore, which caused an old friend of the actor's to remark:

"If John heard that, he'd cock up one eye with that shrewd, devilish look of his and say: 'But how can these ladies judge?—I have never married them!'"

If Barrymore's later episodes were more amusing and colorful, some of his earlier ones were charming. He admits, for instance, that as a boy he was a much more prolific liar than his contemporaries, and that he was not unversed in theft.

Once he stole his Grandmother Drew's jewels to buy a rosary for a female many years his senior, with whom he fancied himself in love. Something of the actor's character is expressed in his remark about the incident:

"What strange inroads religion makes into the minds of the young!"

It was quite some time later that he played the stellar part in the rape of the sword from the hand of the figure of Victory, which surmounted the old Dewey Arch in New York. Three news-

(*Continued on page 93*)

Otto Dyar

Putting Off The Dog

Not that *le Chevalier* ever put on the canine. *Maurice* knows and likes his public too well for that. He is simply trying to kid a pal into believing that Paris is a doggier town than Hollywood—and that there even *les chiens* are mad about "The Playboy of Paris"

It was fairly obvious, when he all but walked away with "The Grand Parade," that Fred Scott was not only going to "Swing High," but would be going to the front. And in "Beyond Victory" he arrives—a little surprised to find that it wasn't more of a battle

THE WALTZ DREAMER

And California Sunshine Helps Oscar Straus To Dream

By
MOLLIE MERRICK

Longworth

LIGHT luncheons with heavy lions make food for much of our Hollywood thought.

Since local producers acquired the habit of reaching out into the world beyond cinemaland and lifting the great from their secure retreats—for all the world like a conjurer nipping a rabbit out of thin air—you can choose your lion with impunity any day, on any lot.

Having progressed through an artistic appreciation with Mahonri Young, and a bit of dramatic dilettanting with G. A. Sil Vara, Oscar Straus claimed attention as most-famous of the musical group to be snared from the Old World.

It is a far cry from a Paris atelier to a concrete cubicle on a Hollywood studio lot. But Oscar Straus (not related to Johann Strauss, and spelled with one S) likes it. He says so—emphatically.

Don't think we arrived at this conclusion within the half-hour following our introduction. The great musician smiled upon being presented, gave me the genealogical and spelling rubrics of his name, then lapsed into a profound and restful silence, the while we progressed through endless commissary tables to our allotted one.

The Dream Waltz

OSCAR STRAUS stood out in my consciousness chiefly as composer of "The Chocolate Soldier." He it was who had given the world that waltz of maximum sex-appeal:

"*Come, come, I love you only—*
My heart is true;
Come, come, my life is lonely—
I long for you.
Come, come, naught can efface you;
My arms are aching now to embrace you;
Thou art divine!
Come, come, I love you only—
Come, hero mine!"

Such things as this, I had concluded on the long drive to Culver City, are written out of burning temperaments. Are written in torrential tantrums. Have a fourth-dimensional significance. The genius through whom such perfect rhythm reaches earth must have a transcendental quality.

I murmured something of all this as the waitress passed us the studio menu. Mr. Straus, a delicate look of concern on his fine worn face, did not answer immediately. A significant silence lay between us. Then:

"I am perplexed," said Mr. Straus, with the level-eyed passivity of a child, waked from deep sleep: "I am perplexed to know just what to say."

He dropped his eyes to the menu; then raised them to the blue-and-white waitress:

"It is very confusing. Do you think I would like the stuffed pig's knuckle?"

The Release Words

SHE thought Mr. Straus would like it very much indeed. She was gone an incredibly short time, but the interval did not furnish me with any key to the mystery of genius. A gentle coma had descended upon Oscar Straus. It was broken only by the arrival of the dish in question and my asparagus vinaigrette.

The composer of "The Chocolate Soldier" studied the

(*Continued on page 86*)

Join The Navy

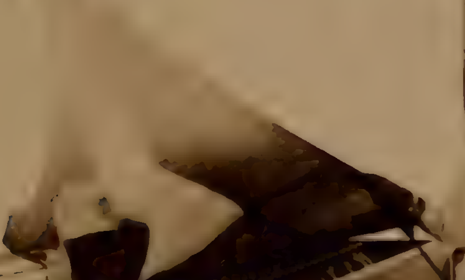
Loretta Young
Favors Naval

For a steady diet, there is nothing like Hollywood—but Loretta wanted to know how the Navy reduces. So she boarded the *U. S. S. California*—and became a flag-waver (top right). For she heard (top left and above) what radio operators take, and discovered (left) another way to get light

Portraits by Elmer Fryer

--And See Stars

For One, Reduction



Calling on a battleship is one thing Loretta obviously enjoys (top right). But all of a quarter-mile from shore, she had a hard time getting her bearings (above) until she started to run up all the signal flags (top left) and was bluntly told where she was. Then it was taps for Loretta (right)

CLASSIC

CASE VII

COURT REPORTER: ROBERT FENDER

Modern Youth may be guilty of speeding, of musical murder, and of assault and battery on the good old Mother Tongue. But are the bright-eyed youngsters guilty of everything they are accused of by their model elders? How about these charges against the youth of that so-called modern Babylon —Hollywood? William Janney and his cronies are here to tell how innocent they are.—Editor's Note.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEY: Do you stand for youth?

The Defendant: I do.

P. A.: Well, sit down. (*Turns to courtroom for appreciation of his little joke. Gets booed. Continues:*) Maybe you don't know it, but we, the people, feel that the youth of today isn't so much.

Young Bill Janney: You'll have me crying next—

P. A.: And that it can easily be found guilty on at least four counts—

Janney: Let's have 'em. One at a time—

P. A.: —and that you'll have to talk awfully fast to do any good for yourself. In the first place, we believe modern youth, especially modern Hollywood youth, is headed straight for hell.

Janney: Mr. Prosecutor! Please! Your language! Remember there are gentlemen in the audience. (*Turns to courtroom.*) Will Messrs. Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and Arthur Lake please present proof that they are gentlemen?

(The Messrs. Gleason, Bakewell and Lake present *prima-facie* evidence.)

They're Hardly Themselves

JANNEY: I might as well explain. I brought these gentlemen along as witnesses. At this very moment, they are in the audience disguised as each other. William Bakewell, for instance, represents Russell Gleason, who is disguised as Arthur Lake. Mr. Lake, in turn, appears in my likeness, while I—Gentlemen, very few know this—in reality, *I* am Greta Garbo.

P. A. (*with tears streaming down his face*): As God is my witness, I've been a cad. *Can* you ever forgive me?

Janney: Youth is quick to forget. All is forgiven.

P. A.: Good! And now let's get on with the trial. Personally, I'd like to get to the beach. May I ask Witness Russell Gleason to step to the stand?

(Russell Gleason advances, doing a soft-shoe dance.)

Clerk: Will the witness repeat after me: "I, Russell Gleason, being of sound mind and body and all that rubbish, do hereby swear and so forth, that I will speak the truth, only the truth and nothing but the truth, unless I think of something better?"

Russell: You took the words right out of my mouth.

Clerk (*to P. A.*): He's O. K. Shoot.

P. A.: My charge against you, as a representative of Hollywood youth, is that you waste time, our most valuable possession. Is that right?

His Idea of Fun

RUSSELL: That's right, except that it's wrong. My time is pretty well divided. Work claims most of it. The rest I spend at playing as hard as I can play. I've found that's necessary.

P. A.: Ah, yes—*playing!* Your idea of the best time in the world is to dawdle away time in a night-club, possibly?

Russell: Sorry to disappoint you, but *no.* There will be lots of time for that when I'm *your* age. Right now I'd rather meet interesting people—all I can. If you've got your pencil and paper ready, you might write down that Russell Gleason says that his idea of the best time in the world is to listen to those brighter than himself. I know of

Holds Open Court

The Charge: . . . . Modern Youth Is All To The Bad

The Plaintiffs: . . . . Their Elders

The Defendants: . . . . . William Janney And Pals

Ball

Three of the younger set defending modern youth are Arthur Lake, William Janney and Russell Gleason, who, striking a counselor's pose, is shouting "Answer 'Yes' or 'No!'"

othing better than to sit y while my maw and aw and their friends say hings. That exhilarates me quite a lot more than Hollywood gin, even if it were gin.

P. A. (to William Janney): Do you believe that?

Janney: I happen to know it's true. Meeting, listening and talking to interesting people is Russ Gleason's major sin.

P. A. (disgustedly): Witness dismissed. And now may I ask Mr. Arthur Lake to ooze forward? (Mr. Lake does so, with variations. He looks a little tired, and the Prosecuting Attorney, noticing it, attacks him with:) Tell me, Mr. Lake. What did you do last night?

Arthur Lake: Well—Mom's got an ulcerated tooth and—

P. A.: Very interesting, Mr. Lake. *Very* interesting and a little touching, but what has that to do with you?

Arthur Lake: Nothing, except that I spent the night supplying her with hot towels.

A Little Wink Is a Big Sin

THE Prosecuting Attorney is embarrassed. (Hastily runs through notes, then:) What would you say if I charged you, as one of the young men of Hollywood, with being excessively wild?

Arthur Lake: I'd fight that charge. I am not wild. And neither are the boys I know. We haven't got time to be wild. When we are older and have arrived, we may have time for that. But right now there are too many necessary things to do.

This is a tough age—the toughest in history. Whatever we do, we must do it just a little better than the rest, if we want to keep up. Of course, that is particularly true of this business, but it applies in every other as well. I know of ten boys in as many different businesses. About half of them are college graduates, yet every single one of them is attending night school. They work all day and study half the night. And, if on the way home at night, they stop to wink at a girl, there are a thousand reformers and professional meddlers all ready to jump in and brand them "wild." It's a business—

P. A. Then you would place this age above past younger generations?

Arthur Lake: I would, I do, I have. If the present crop of young ones weren't a lot busier, wiser and brainier than those before them, they'd just naturally go under, they couldn't stand the racket. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to *my* work—

P. A.: Which is?

Arthur Lake: Studying my present part, rehearsing my next picture, taking instruction in voice, dancing and foreign languages, looking out a little for things at home and—

His Elders Were Joy-Killers

P. A.: Enough! Witness excused! But before this court adjourns, I'd like to ask Mr. Janney to call Mr. William Bakewell to the stand.

Janney: How about it, Bill?

William Bakewell: I'm almost there. Mr. Prosecuting Attorney, you may fire when ready.

P. A.: As one of the younger set, I charge you with lack of ambition and aim in life. What is your answer?

William Bakewell: Just this—that if I listened to the

(*Continued on page 99*)

CIRCULATION
MORON TWO
MILLION

THE DAILY

MOVIE STAR
AT PARTY;

IF IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD, IT'S NEWS - - - MAYBE

THE bigger the name, the better the story. But the name does not have to be big, the story does not have to be good. All that is necessary is a Hollywood dateline. And you are sure to read it.

It has become a racket, this business of Hollywood headlines. For years, newspapers all over the country have been breaking out with stories, which, had they not emanated from Los Angeles' best-known suburb and had the smell of picture studios, would have been lost in the news agencies. For years, the names of prominent picture stars have had more linotype used on them than any other class of public figures. They are front-page news.

Editors themselves commented on this fact when Rudolph Valentino and Charles Eliot died on the same day. The actor's death was retailed to the public in streamers across the front page of every newspaper in the country, while the obituary notices of the president emeritus of Harvard were included among others on inside pages.

Clara Bow takes a room in a Texas hotel and a reporter assumes that she is there to pay hush money to a local dentist's wife. Wham! The explosion of the hot story is echoed in eight-column headlines all over the land.

STEPPING OFF?

P&A

Clara Bow, Hollywood's flaming youth, here to see "friends," would not confirm or deny her coming marriage

INJURED

Carsey

Vivian Duncan, screen siren, accuses Rex Lease, movie hero, of blacking her eye at gay Hollywood party last night

Rex Lease, a minor actor, takes a sock at Vivian Duncan, herself hardly a national figure, and in Hollywood the story holds page one for three days running. If the principals in the brawl had been an iceman and a maid, the news would have been lost with the fire report on page 12.

Lina Basquette takes poison, and Mussolini's threat of war on France is pushed behind the sport pages to make way for front-page sob-stories of the domestic tragedy.

Why Is It?

YOU are the reader of a magazine devoted exclusively to information, gossip and pictures of Hollywood celebrities. You buy it in preference to any of a dozen periodicals in which you would conceivably learn who rules the United States and why, and other great big, two-ton facts.

Do you know exactly why your interest is so much keener in what fan writers have to say about Greta Garbo, Clara Bow and Company than in any discussion H. L. Mencken might stir up about Senator Jazzbo in his green-covered American Mercury?

It's not because Hollywood is better publicized than Washington. There are three active newspapermen, writing from the Capital daily, to every Hollywood reporter. Ten words go out over the telegraph wires from the Senate Press Gallery to every one that's written for publication from Hollywood.

And yet almost any newspaper reader can tell you the name of John Gilbert's present wife. Few can quickly name the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, even if he did almost become President.

What's the answer?

An erudite editor of one of Mr. Hearst's news-

TERROR

EXTRA
FINAL EDITION

BEATEN ARREST ACTOR

By

WILBUR

MORSE, JR.

papers for "People Who Think" recently tossed off what is possibly the answer.

"What the public is most interested in reading are stories of blood, love and money."

Granting that the New York *Times* and the Baltimore "Sunpapers" are circulated for the most part among people who want either to look at the pictures in the rotogravure sections, or read about the love-life of penguins at the pole, an acceptance of this eagle-eyed editor's policy explains a lot about the newspaper stories just now emanating from Hollywood—and the public's unquestioned interest in them.

It explains why our shy and retiring stars of the silver screen, try as hard as they may, can't keep off the front pages.

For in the imagination of millions of newspaper readers, both those who think and those who merely look at the pictures, Hollywood is a symbolic center of those three interesting phases of life: blood, love and money.

Combine the frequency of murders—dramatic murders; and suicides—tragic suicides; with the imagery of most picture stars as worshipers of Venus and Bacchus, and children of Crœsus, and you can understand why the "people who think" regard Hollywood as the world's most fascinating source of news about blood, love and money.

You Imagine You Know Them

THERE is another reason why this land of oranges and applesauce is the shadowy windowshade for so many eyes, the keyhole for so many ears.

One of the principles upon which several great newspapers have built staggering circulations is printing names, names and more names. For example, old Mrs. Jones, of 6054 Yasmine street, is always more interested in reading that Mrs. Hawkins at 6062 Yasmine street, fell downstairs and broke her ankle, than why King George caught influenza.

Now, it's a fact that constant attendance at the movies, and constant worship at the shrine of some cinema star, result in a feeling of almost personal intimacy with the actor or actress. That's why a minor picture actor gets a hundred times more fan letters than the most famous matinée idol of Broadway.

Any newcomer to Hollywood will tell you that he almost involuntarily said "Hello" to the first picture personage he happened to meet on the Boulevard. He had a subconscious feeling of knowing the player. Similarly, that subconscious feeling of knowing the stars personally after seeing them so often, suffering with them, loving with them—on the screen—stirs up in Mrs. Jones almost as neighborly a response to the printed name of Ronald Colman as that of Mrs. Hawkins.

Their neighborhood movie theater is the center of so many millions of people's lives, then, that news of the stars they see there, and of the town where the stars live,

(*Continued on page 98*)

UNHAPPY

Freulich

Lina Basquette, film star, playing tragic rôle in real life, takes poison. Hospital physicians say she will recover

THRICE HAPPY

P&A

Jack Pickford, brother of Mary Pickford, screen star, with his bride of yesterday, Mary Mulhern, Broadway actress

Spanish Mainly

After all these torrid years of sailing the cinema seas, Lupe Velez at last has wind of a boatload of bullion coming her way. And is it going to get past her? Not while she is on deck—a star boarder, with mischief in her eyes, and with her hands full

Portraits especially posed for Classic by Gene

The Kid *Also* Talks

Jackie Coogan Is Back From School For "Tom Sawyer"

BY

NANCY PRYOR

SIXTEEN years old; a fresh sprinkling of freckles across his nose; seventy-five hundred dollars weekly in salary; an avid appetite for toasted cheese sandwiches, plus chocolate milk-shakes—and Jackie Coogan is back for the talkies. The Kid, himself, is soundng his *a's* and clearing his juvenile throat for the microphone.

For six months, the Paramount company held up the production of the talking "Tom Sawyer" until Jackie had finished his term of second-year high school—which shows how excited that astute company became over the prospect of Jackie's return to the fold.

On the other hand, Jackie is not so excited, viewing the entire situation with disconcerting calm and professing neither nervousness nor excitement in the new adventure with the mike. Sure, the picture's all right, but as a topic of conversational interest it isn't one, two, three with the excellence of toasted cheese sandwiches as fried by the Paramount chef—or, if you like, the relative nonsense of diets and dieting.

"I like plump women," he remarked, gravely examining his cheese sandwich in all its glory. "It makes them more appealing. For instance, you," he glanced casually at me, as though summing up my possible height, "could weigh a hundred and forty pounds and look great. You didn't know that, did you? Why these women want to diet, I don't know. If they'd only bother to look at a weight scale and find out what their normal weight is, they wouldn't bother with this starving stuff. Over at school, we have a weight scale, so I know all about that."

Polite Wandering

BY some miraculous cooperation of conversation and mastication that first sandwich had disappeared and Jackie gave his order for a second. I think he ate three altogether, with two tall glasses of milk-shake. I took it that the weight scale over at school allowed Jackie several pounds leeway which he was trying to make up in a hurry, though I thought him rather plumply-pleasing already.

But come! Wasn't it just *too* exciting to work in "Tom

(*Continued on page 94*)

Gordon

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Fryer

All dressed up with plenty of places to go: Ona Munson (above), mourned on Broadway, is all wrapped up in her new work, enjoying "Going Wild" and being "The Hot Heiress"

Bredell

Sitting up exercises: Lillian Roth (left), having reached the top of the ladder, is resting on air—keeping in shape to off-balance Jack Oakie in "Sea Legs"

HOLLYWOOD is intrigued with this month's gossip of the Two Broken-Hearted Young Men. **Gavin Gordon** is supposed to be one of them. **Lew Ayres**, the other.

The stories are romantic.

Gavin, they say, fell desperately in love with **Greta Garbo** during the filming of "Romance," and that his so-called "overacting" in that film was prompted by a heartfelt, but hopeless infatuation for the glamourous Scandinavian. Anyway, close friends of the young man say he is going through a heart-breaking experience with unreciprocated love.

On the other hand, no one in Hollywood is more disturbed over this gossip concerning **Constance** Bennett and **Gloria's** Marquis—then young **Lew** Ayres. He really likes Connie an awful lot, does **Lew**.

• • •

A FRIENDLY argument was taking place at the anniversary dinner of **Marian** Nixon and **Eddie** Hillman as to which one had given the other the more elaborate gift. A stray remark of **Sue Carol's** just about cinched it:

"Well, **Marian** can ride around in that Packard phaeton she gave **Eddie**. That's a typical wife's gift to her husband—something she can get some good from, herself. But **Eddie's** never going to get any wear out of that diamond bracelet he gave **Marian**!"

• • •

HOLLYWOOD is set and determined to "engage" **Josef** von Sternberg and **Marlene** Dietrich with matrimonial attentions, which might be all right if the lady did not have an undivorced husband in Germany.

There is no doubt but that the Paramount director is deeply devoted to his fascinating star, but something tells me the wedding bells will not ring any time in the immediate future.

The gossips have it that **Marlene** is none too happy in Hollywood. She has a small daughter in Germany in whom all her interests are centered. By the way, she pronounces her first name—**Mar-lana**.

• • •

PATSY *RUTH MILLER attracting much attention in a stunning green evening gown at the Olsen Supper Club.* **Carmelita** *Geraghty, equally effective in ivory satin, at the same place, in the same party.*

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Phyto

Via New York and London, Claire Luce (above) finally arrived in Los Angeles, the world's largest city (in area), where, she was told, she should enjoy "Luxury"

Fryer

Not posing for that old college wheeze—"Does your girl smoke?" "Almost": Ines Courtney (right) is simply looking right smart for a newcomer in "The Hot Heiress"

Richard *Arlen autographing an album for a check-room girl.*

Mary *Brian wearing a coat valued at thirty-thousand dollars for fashion pictures.*

William *Boyd burning his hand badly in an attempt to keep an extra man from striking a match on a box of explosive.*

• • •

AFTER a year of somewhat strained relations, Sue Carol's mother has at last put her official blessing on the union of Sue and Nick Stuart.

She remembered their wedding anniversary with a beautiful gift of silver service plates that are the pride and joy of the new Carol-Stuart home.

Sue was so thrilled and happy that she called Chicago immediately to thank her mother.

• • •

BETTY *COMPSON and* **Richard** *Dix dancing at the Cocoanut Grove.*

Hugh *Trevor in the same party.*

Jimmy *Hall,* **Merna** *Kennedy and* **Bobby** *Agnew at a Hollywood picture show.*

Louise *Brooks back in Hollywood going places with* **Connie** *Talmadge's former boy-friend,* **Eddie** *Kane.*

Mary *Eaton and* **Millard** *Webb and* **Sally** *Eilers and* **Hoot** *Gibson in a spirited game of contract bridge.*

THEY tell this one on Lowell Sherman:

The last time Lowell was crossing the Atlantic, a gay party of his friends were also aboard. The evening before the boat was to dock, the party gained momentum and a very good and noisy time was being had by all. About twelve o'clock, Lowell retired for what he termed "a little rest." An hour later he returned, fully dressed and complaining.

"Really," he drawled, "you're making a dreadful amount of noise. I can't sleep." After about ten or fifteen minutes, he again left the group to make another effort to sleep. This attempt was equally unsuccessful. So he dressed and came back again.

"Honestly," he said, as only Lowell Sherman could say it, "not only are the people on this boat being disturbed—but *other boats* are complaining!"

• • •

JEAN *HARLOW, in the most beautiful evening gown of the season, stepping out with* **Ernie** *Torgler, young broker.*

NEWS AND VIEWS OF

Loretta *Young congratulating* **Douglas** *Fairbanks, Jr., on his new starring contract.*

Joan *Crawford beaming with pride at her husband's success.*

Lawrence *Tibbett lunching in a vivid bathrobe in the M-G-M café.*

• • •

THE feud between **Cecil de Mille** and **Charles Bickford** evidently hasn't extended into a family affair, for **William de Mille** has selected the virile red-headed boy for the lead in "The Passion Flower."

Bickford and **Cecil de Mille** reached some sort of heated misunderstanding during the filming of "Dynamite" that has never been cleared up. The story goes that De Mille made a characteristically sarcastic remark about **Charlie's** acting ability and, in place of cringing (as most of them do), the Bickford fellow came right back with some equally sarcastic reference to De Mille's directorial talents.

• • •

"I AM still engaged," confessed **Lily Damita**, to the Parisian reporters on the occasion of her return to her native city, and spoiled it all by adding: "But I cannot tell you my fiancé's name. By the time you would have published the news, I might have changed it."

• • •

KAY *FRANCIS "fishing" quarters out of her fan mail letters.*

M-G-M café waitress on her way to **Greta** *Garbo's dressing-room with a bottle of near-beer.*

John *Boles, his wife and four friends in a heavy Black Jack game at Malibu.*

Janet *Gaynor receiving the press at a "make up" luncheon at the Fox Studio.*

Maureen *O'Sullivan and* **John** *Farrow dining at the Cocoanut Grove—and very mutually interested, too.*

• • •

GLORIA and the Marquis de la Falaise, etc., have reached a definite parting of the ways.

Several weeks ago, before the arrival of **Hank** in Hollywood, **Gloria** gave out an interview in which she said she hoped her titled husband would not want a divorce. She said she was perfectly content with their marital relations, even though it meant that **Hank** lived his life in Paris, while Hollywood claimed most of her time.

Evidently this long distance romance did not appeal so much to the Marquis. He had been in Hollywood only a day when both he and **Gloria** verified reports of their separation.

Hank's first official call in the film city was on **Constance** Bennett.

• • •

NOT more than a week after the parting of **Gloria** and **Hank**, the lady's first husband, **Wally Beery**, confirmed reports of divorce proceedings in his own household. **Wally**, stout villain of the screen, merely says that the present Mrs. Beery is "just going away." No, she isn't coming back. That's all, thank you.

Fryer

The voice with the grin wins: besides being young Doug's young stepfather, Jack Whiting gets a kick out of working at "Top Speed" and other things, after Broadway

Having won his spurs, Robert Montgomery is beginning to look more and more like a fixture on the West Coast. He has just lassoed another big part in "War Nurse"

HOLLYWOOD TODAY

Wally and **Arita** Mary Gillman have been married seven years. They met when **'Rita** was an extra girl and Beery was *King* in **Doug** Fairbanks's "Robin Hood." She is one of the most beautiful blondes in Hollywood.

• • •

JEANETTE *LOFF wearing amber-colored finger nails to match an amber bracelet.*

Lupe *Velez, suffering from a nervous headache, crying softly in her dressing-room.*

Joan *Crawford, young* **Doug** *and* **Lawrence** *Tibbett lunching together.*

Hedda *Hopper being offered the job of social correspondent for a movie book and almost taking it.*

• • •

BEBE DANIELS' best girl-friend, **Marie** Mosquini, is going to take a fling at the talkies in "New Moon," which co-stars **Lawrence** Tibbett and **Grace** Moore.

Marie is all excited about it—and so is **Bebe**. These two became fast friends, way back in the Hal Roach days when **Bebe** was leading lady to **Harold Lloyd** and **Marie** supported **Snub** Pollard.

Since **Bebe's** marriage to **Ben Lyon**, **Marie** has been making her home with **Bebe's** mother, who is not only one of the most popular human beings in Hollywood—but the best bridge player.

• • •

LUPE VELEZ now comes out in print and says: "Gary and I were never in love—we are just good friends!" Which may mean one of several things: . . . the beginning of the end of their romance . . . a temporary quarrel . . . or just an attempt to throw off the reporters who insist they are married.

Maybe they were "never in love," but I can well remember when **Lupe** used to cry "Garree, I loff you" at the top of her lungs on the slightest provocation.

• • •

CLARA BOW has undergone a radical change in her personal wardrobe. While **Clara's** clothes have always been vivid, she has never been a candidate for the title of "the best-dressed woman in Hollywood." And yet, in her last couple of public appearances, **Clara** has looked very smart, and incidentally, prettier than she has in years.

One of **Clara's** new outfits is a fawn-colored Fall suit with which she wears two perfectly matched silver fox furs; an Oxford-gray hat and a smart envelope-bag. **Clara** cut a dashing figure when she wore this outfit to the studio. The general run of surprised comment was: "Well, for goodness sake—"

• • •

AGAIN Paramount comes to the fore with the most dashing bit of publicity news of all. To quote:

"A princess who claims descent from that famous siren of history, Cleopatra, is Hollywood's latest royal visitor.

"It is no visit of state that Princess Athena Pïearibes is making in the film city. The lure of talking pictures brought her. Like many another possessor of a proud title,

(Continued on page 89)

In the fore-ground: having at last found a golf course just her size, Marjorie White is being Tommy Clifford's age for an afternoon and exercising her voice

Dyar

No, he is not paging Lupe. Nor is he inviting a molar expedition. After a hard day's work in "Morocco," Gary Cooper's vocal organs simply need a good, long rest

A Dog For

With dog comedies on the up and up, M-G-M now has enough canines to match Anita Page's every mood. When it's excitement she wants, as above, *Big Boy* is all set

But if she feels a flirtatious pout and a sirenish mood coming on, only little limpid-eyed *Oscar*, at top left, is a match for her in side-longing looks and posing

And then there come those inevitable moments when Hollywood is as boring as a poor movie, and she needs a sympathetic pal like tired and true old *Brownie,* left

Every Mood

When a girl has been featured in one good picture after another, and is wistfully waiting for stardom, it helps to have a watchdog like *Buster*, above, also alert

And when she is in one of those "love me, love my dog" moods and wants to look downright hard to handle, it's *Bozo*, top right, that growls out the danger signals

Then, of course, there are times when coy, winsome tactics are diplomatic, and bright little lop-eared *Sandy*, right, is one friend that is quick to catch on

Portraits posed exclusively for Classic by Clarence S. Bull

Clara's New Beau

By

DOROTHY

MANNERS

Gilbert, Gary, "Vic" Fleming, Harry - - And Now Rex, In The Order Named

UNLIKE Harry Richman, there's no danger in his eyes, *Cherie*, but maybe Clara doesn't care. On the contrary, his eyes are quite blue and guileless and he uses them for smiling.

He isn't smarty, or sophisticated or night-clubby. Dinner coats make him mad and just average coats make him uncomfortable. For the sort of social life he covers in his daily routine, a sweater serves all purposes nicely.

Three or four years ago the Fox Company jerked him up from cowboy-ing in Buck Jones unit and starred him after changing his name to Rex Bell. He does not look like a cowboy and so his pictures of wild West life were not particularly successful. He looks like a typical Hollywood juvenile.

His hair is black, though it used to be blond. This sudden change of coloring threw several newspaper reporters into a raft of subtle and sarcastic comments. "He dyed it to please Clara," quoth one sister with a giggle up her sleeve. As a matter of fact, he dyed it because his hair was so sun-faded it registered in streaks for the camera. The dye job he considers entirely unsuccessful. As soon as Nature permits, he will again be a blond—streaks and all. "He's dyed his eyebrows and plucked them, too," gleefully reported the same lady who called attention to his hair, and this, too, was supposed to be in honor of Clara. The truth is, when he dyed his hair, he got the dye all over his face, including his eyebrows, and he looked so "villainish" with scowling black brows that he tried to rub off the dye with pumice stone. When that wouldn't work, he yanked them out!

Romance has always beckoned to Clara Bow, the promising protege of Madame ("The It Woman") Glyn. But life is never dull for a girl who has one pressing (or even depressing) engagement after another. Her first beau was Gilbert Roland, then came Gary Cooper, followed by "Vic" Fleming, the director—and the one and only Harry Richman. The latest to receive Clara's favors is Rex Bell, the former cowboy actor

She Speaks His Language

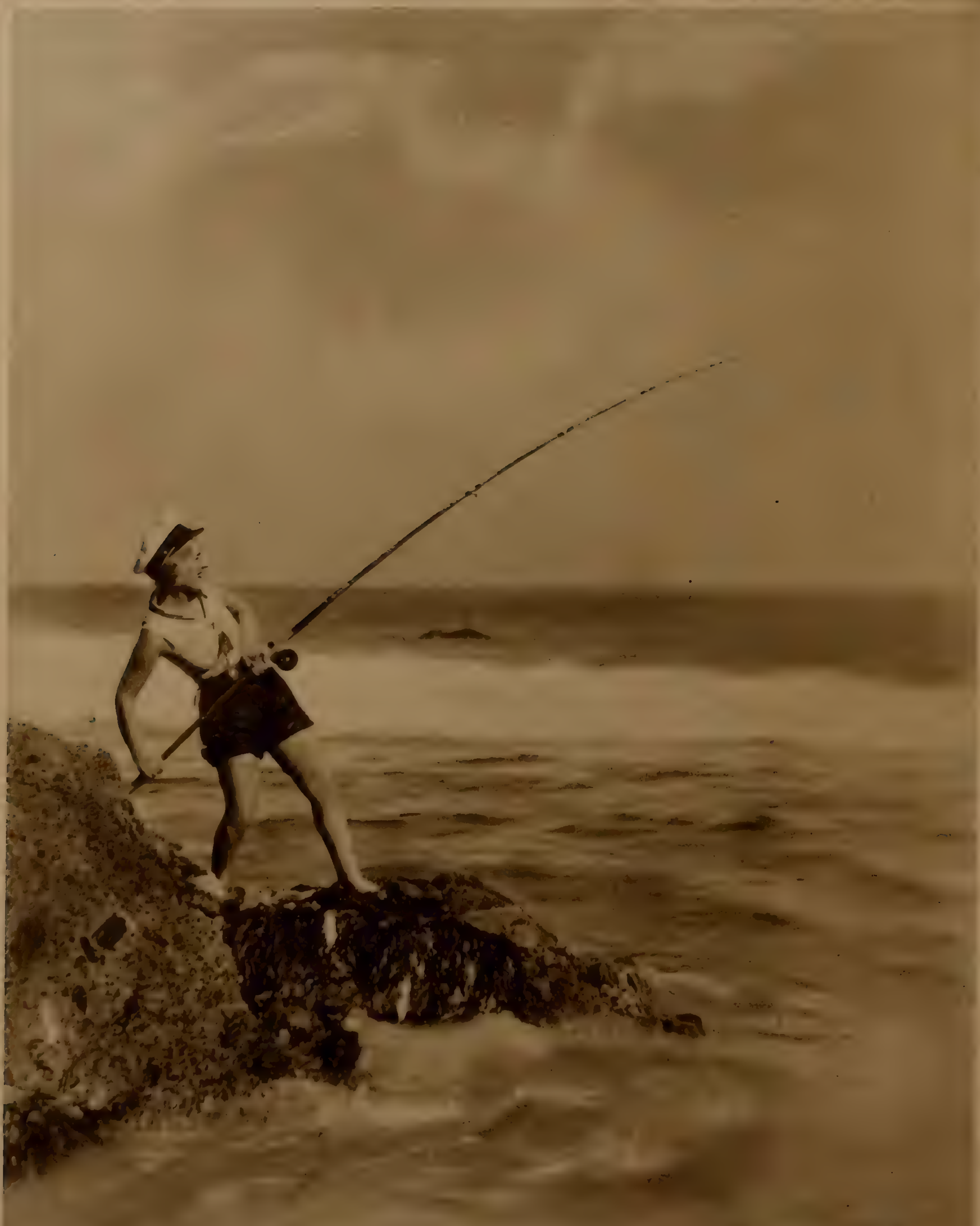
HE'S really a nice kid, eager and friendly and enthusiastic like a young pup. He insists he hasn't had much education and doesn't always speak "proper English." That is one reason he is so attracted to Clara. She didn't have much education to start with, either, but it's "wonderful how she's learned about—things." She never, never makes a mistake in grammar. And she helps Rex with his own little difficulties, too. Whenever he starts a sentence with "It don't" or some other phrase that grates on Clara's educated ear, she makes him go back and start all over again.

He's been hanging around Hollywood

(*Continued on page 97*)

Elmer Fryer

As a pirate, James Rennie cannot be kept down. After all those years that he was anchored in New York, it seems good to get up with the sea-gulls to look out for his fortunes. Right now, there's a ship coming in, and, being *Captain Blood*, he's certain it's going to be his



Elmer Fryer

When she and Universal parted, Laura La Plante expressed a belief that there were other fish in the sea. And if appearances aren't deceiving, she was right. Not conscious of being on the rocks, she is, at the present moment, in a position to land a number of things

The R*est* of Lady Peel

Beatrice Lillie Gives An Interview Between Winks

To

HALE HORTON

"LADY PEEL," I inquired, politely, "just how does the Lord react to your camera sittings?"

Having seen that sad-faced elfin-like creature, Beatrice Lillie in a "Charlot's Revue," I knew her to be something of a drollster, and subtle as the wind. So when I had been informed by the efficient Fox publicity force that she might be found in her dressing-room-bungalow, I had legged it across the hot lot and at the moment was peering eagerly through a screen door, behind which I presumed my quarry was lurking.

"Camera sittings?" came a voice. "Camera sittings? I rather fancy I miss your meaning. Furthermore, I'm not Miss Lillie, but rather her secretary, Miss Walsh, and Miss Lillie's husband is a baronet, and not a Lord, and at present Miss Lillie is sleeping. Won't you come in?"

So I entered; and she reluctantly pushed me through another door, where I found my objective stretched out comfortably on a couch. With one eye, she peered at me gloomily. Her face was shaded with sorrow; and I couldn't help noticing that she appeared to advantage in green pajamas. However, out of deference to her exhausted condition, I postponed my question relative to the aforementioned sittings.

"I suppose," she sighed, "that we must talk about something. It's customary, isn't it, Walshie?"

"I fear that such is the custom."

Suggesting the Impossible

"THEN"—and Miss Lillie indicated a chandelier composed of pink grape-vines, intertwined with daffodils and purple roses—"let's discuss *that*."

Obviously, it was impossible. I told her so. With a shrug she went back to sleep, Miss Walsh went into a trance, and your correspondent took advantage of the resulting lull by mulling over a few facts of Miss Lillie's life.

Recalling, for instance, that she was the result of a union in Canada between an Englishwoman and an Irishman—and she's really comparatively young, her birthday having fallen on May, the nineteenth. Even at so tender an age, Miss Lillie has done rather well, as she actually broke into the "writies," not so long ago, with an article on "Should a Husband Eat Breakfast Alone?" She, herself, however, seldom eats breakfast, with the exception of a pot of tea, and she usually takes it in bed. On the few occasions when she has felt the urge for an early morning repast, she is reported to have shown a decided preference for kippered herring and cold canned tomatoes, which are as good reasons as any for abstinence.

In spite of later success, her first attempts at connecting with the stage met with repeated failure; she argues that she was simply "no good." Finally, she connived an introduction to Charlot, with whom she obtained an audition and a three-year contract—and it differed from the typical talkie contract in that it contained no six-month-option clause.

Her first big part was in a play called "Now's the Time," aptly titled by an electrician, one presumes, for the lights went out the moment her number commenced—and stayed out, until she had left the stage.

The Lyons' Share

AFTER a few more plays, she came to Los Angeles, in vaudeville, and every night during the run, Ben Lyon and his Bebe sat in the front row, wearing long, black beards at which they would stroke, until Miss Lillie had miraculously finished her appearance. No doubt deeply affected by this hairy reception, she trotted back home and got married.

(*Continued on page 84*)

He Acts Natural

By

GLADYS HALL

Which Explains Some Things About Jack Mulhall

Bachrach

YOU can*not* get Freudian about Jack Mulhall. Ah me, what is there to write of when you are dealing with the sunny simplicity of soul of an Irish-American from Wappingers Falls, N. Y.? How can you go on and on and *on* about a movie actor who has no dim and dark abysses into which the peering pen can pry and probe? A movie actor who has no complexes, scandals, skeletons or sins? A movie actor who, Heaven help the hapless scrivener, is crazy about his son, his wife, his home, his garden, tennis, golf, swimming, travel, work, mankind. 'T'ain't fair.

Jack has no bone to pick, no axe to grind. Hollywood has done right by him. Producers are good fellows. His fellow actors—and actresses—give him the breaks. Critics are fair. Aooow!

Times may have changed for some folks. They haven't changed for Jack Mulhall. Or rather, he hasn't changed with them. He rides in motors and airplanes. He talks with the talkies. But he has remained, at heart, the James Whitcomb Rileyish barefoot boy who trudged the sunny, dusty roads of Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

A young veteran. A ruddy-haired candidate for the Grand Old Army of the Reelpublic. Seventeen years of movie molehills and mountains finds Jack still in the midst of us, still on top, talking away with the best of the Broadwayites and the other survivors of the fittest.

Only One Full-Grown Dislike

JACK hasn't been downed. He is never discouraged. He believes that men are his friends until they prove to be the contrary, which they don't. He believes that women are more saints than sinners, and if they aren't, he doesn't want to hear about it. He has a lot of lusty likes and few, if any, dark dislikes. The only one full-grown enough to talk about is his detestation of Little Folks with Big Heads. The sort who are touching you one year and lolling about in their Rollses the next year, looking very distingué or what-have you and saying faintly, "Aow, how ju du"?

Jack is one of six rampaging Irish-American Mulhalls. From Wappingers Falls, N. Y. He still believes in the tenets and the toys of his boyhood. A boyhood hymned by James Whitcomb Riley. A boyhood where the lads hiked

(*Continued on page 80*)

Our Own News Camera

Richee

Gone are the long, dark shroud, the scrawny figure, and the wizened face. This is 1930, and to bewitch anybody nowadays, Clara Bow reveals (above), a girl has to have something besides black cats

Hand in hand: Fred Scott, who first swung high in "The Grand Parade," is glad to meet someone else who is famous after one picture—Jean Harlow (below), only a Chicago society girl before "Hell's Angels"

Ball

Dyer

She has a good time all the time: when she isn't confounding interviewers with spelling tests, Mitzi Green (above) is looking for more conquests in apple tubs and *Tom* (Jackie Coogan) *Sawyer*

Bjerring

Pleasure bent: even as genial and successful a dog-trainer as Rennie Renfro (below) has to be sat on every so often, what with the way he works them to supply demand for M-G-M's canine comedies

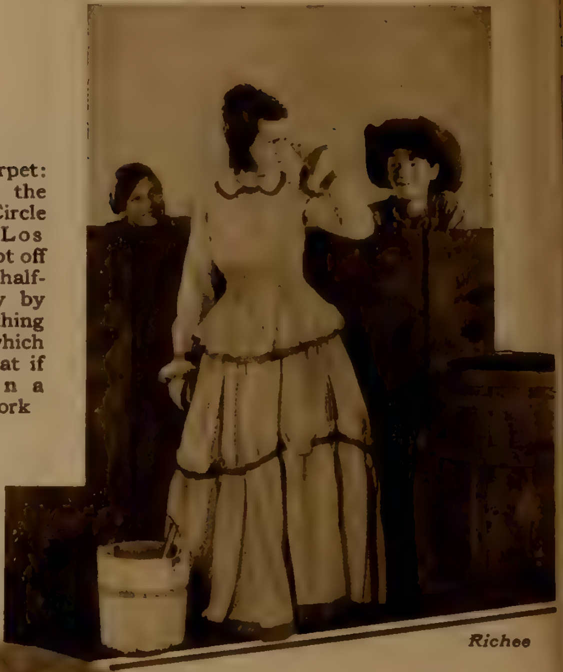
Hendrickson

"It's beastly hot," pants *Oh* (that's his name), Sue Carol's favorite sitting bull (all movie dogs talk, you know), but Sue is keeping cool, even if she is *Amos 'n' Andy's* leading lady

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Up on the carpet: usherettes in the Fox Carthay Circle Theater in Los Angeles are kept off their feet for a half-hour each day by this sort of thing (left). All of which only proves that if you work in a movie, you work

Wenger



Richee

A slight oversight: *Aunt* (Clara Blandick) *Polly* overlooks her specs (above) to find *Tom* and *Huck Finn*, to the amusement of Jackie Coogan and Junior Durkin, who are America's best-known boy friends in the talkie version of "Tom Sawyer"

Two little *hips* and a big *hooray*—and they are the least you can give to see Barbara Lee (left) in "Whoopee," the wow musical comedy. And she is only one of Mr. Ziegfeld's gifts to Hollywood

Most of them build swimming pools, but newcomer Claire Luce (above) preferred a fish pond. Then, no one could possibly call her a bathing beauty, and she would keep out of deep water

Not-so-heavy thinker: the first talented German to enter American talkies, Marlene Dietrich (left) is, figuratively speaking, wondering how she can be in both Hollywood and "Morocco"

Richee

English

You know how salt acts on cucumbers? Well, offstage, cool-as-a-cucumber Charlie Ruggles (above) is taking no chances on getting pickled. It's under the water, not the weather, for him

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN

Stax

Families will be families (right): on one of those Sunday afternoons they always spend together, this is how they looked to a snapshot fiend: (front row) Robert Armstrong, Mrs. Gleason and son Russell; (back row) Mrs. Armstrong and James Gleason

As the movie producers say, there is more than one way to get around a runt golf course: and little Dorothy De Borba, new addition to Our Gang (above), is in a position to show you how, Chubby being able to stand a little more weight

Jazzbohemian: having played in enough successes to be able to afford a playhouse all her own at Malibu Beach, Raquel Torres (above) defies anyone to teach her how to get the blues

There are more ways than one to avoid getting cold shoulders in Hollywood: and Albertina Vitak, soloist dancer (right), reveals how warm she is in the snow number of "The March of Time"

Hurrell

Hawaiian News Bureau

Surf bathing in Hawaii: Harold Lloyd, out to show his company a good time between scenes of "Feet First," gives them a taste of the sea and how Hawaiians go places and do things

Just to prove what bally, silly things hats are, anyway (Hollywood doesn't wear them), William Janney gets under Claude Allister's tall English topper (right), and Claude goes collegiate

A "VILLAIN" *Smiles* --

But Paul Lukas Does Not Like To Do It

By GLADYS HALL

Dyar

A TRAIN pulled into the Hungarian capital Budapest. A bell rang. A whistle blew. Passenge dismounted. A child was born.

The child was Paul Lukas.

The date, May 26. The year —— he should tell! Aren "villains" ageless?

He remains an only child.

He has no living relatives. Only in-laws.

When he began his career in the theaters, he change his name to Paul Lukas. He doesn't tell his real one.

He has been called "The Hungarian Lew Cody." H has also been called "The Hungarian John Barrymore. Because he has played rôles similar to the latter. Becaus he somehow suggests the former.

He resents both "compliments." Feels that Messrs Cody and Barrymore doubtless resent them also.

He wishes to be Paul Lukas, himself, or no one at all

He is militantly individualistic. Probably an egotist.

He doesn't believe in "second Valentinos" or "thir Mary Pickfords."

Labels, tags, stereotypes and formulas are taboo.

He is six feet one and one-half inches tall Weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds stripped. Has curious hazel eyes. Brown hair receding. A generous, predatory nose. A sophisticated, adult mouth.

Hardly Practical

HE flew to the interview. That is, flew to the nearest alighting place. Arrived breathless, clad in a wind-breaker and knickers. Dropped to one knee and kissed the hand. Which (the knee-dropping) goes the Lebedeffs, the Asthers and the Schildkrauts one or two better.

He believes that American men are too practical. Too generous with money and too grudging with romance. They haven't enough time to drop on knees and kiss hands. A pity. Beautiful women do not like practical men—until they have experienced impractical men, and then it is usually too late for them to be choosey. Plain women like practical men even less.

When in school, he was the head of all dramatic clubs, amateur theatricals and sing-songs, if they have such things in Hungary. He thought himself pretty good. So did his admiring fellow Thespians. He still does. They still do.

American film actors and Hungarian stage stars are responsible for his being in our midst. He saw the work of both and knew that it was his work.

He prefers the stage, but asked me not to mention it.

His father had a big advertising business. He naturally wanted his only son to join him. His only son tried it and stuck for a month. Was ineffably bored, pleasantly regretful, and departed. This was after he had risked his life for his country. He felt that he had earned his freedom.

His Front Lines

HE was in the War and did his best acting in the trenches and thereabouts. Served a goodish time and had enough of it. Didn't want to die. Too much to do. Too much to be alive for. Was "taken" with shakings and tremb-

(*Continued on page 101*)

A "VILLAIN" *Laughs* - - -

And Lew Cody Laughs Till It Hurts

By GLADYS HALL

LEW CODY . . .
With, I should say, less to smile about.

Lew has been generous with Life. He has poured generous libations of heart and purse, of friendship and love. Life has been generous with Lew. Money and ame and friendship and the fleshpots. In all, I shouldn't wonder, but the essentials. Those simple, homely things that remain with a man for his comforting when the leshpots have lost their savor.

Lew has given Life some tough pummelings. Life has retaliated in kind.

The last bout, it looked as if Life would come off a smirking victor. Death so near to him. Illness. The end of a contract. The need of Beginning Again after traveling a long and arduous road. From the days when matinée girls in White Plains hugged a debonair photograph to their palpitant bosoms and murmured "Lew . . ." to the days of Aileen Pringle-Lew Cody comedies, when the daughters of those same palpitant bosoms likewise murmured "Lew . . . ."

Lew has busted back at Life and, at this writing the odds are even, with Lew a bit to the fore.

Laughter That Hurts

LEW sits in his patio in his own backyard. He wears a silk kimono and an African sun helmet.

The patio is carpeted with beach sand. Back of it there is a pool. Over the pool and to the rear is a sign. It reads, "Ye Comfort Station."

On either side of Lew is draped a beauteous damsel or so. Aged nineteen. He calls them "old hags." And laughs. The laughter is impersonal enough to hurt.

Lew is going through all tricks that have lost their savor. He is amused. He is no longer bemused.

Probably James is the only human being who means very much to Lew at the present. The one who is close and familiar and necessary. James is the negro man Lew has had for years. And James refers to Lew and himself as "We." He says, "We are going to have our pictures made . . . We have been sick, but we're better now . . . We don't want a day off . . . We go down to Central Avenue and gets into trouble. That is no place for us. Here is where we belong."

The only time James uses the first person singular is when he refers to "My car."

The Unwelcome Guest

IF AN envious guest suggests to James that there might be more money and more leisure elsewhere, James says, "We will have to talk that over, suh," thus panicking the disloyal guest, who incidentally, is a guest in one house no longer.

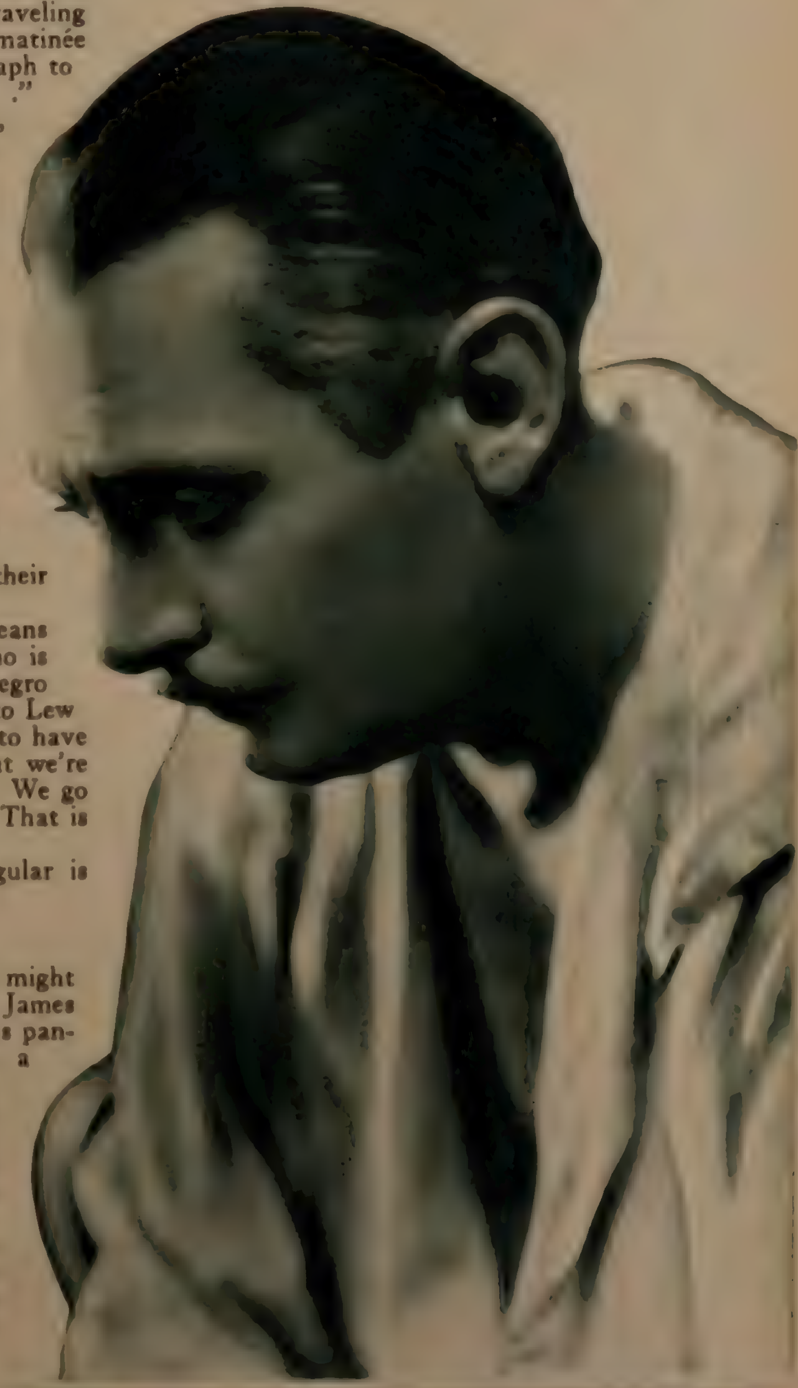
Lew commands loyalty. Or he doesn't command it. He just plain gets it. Deserved or not, there it is, unwavering, long-lived and wholly unequivocal.

"We" play tricks. Lew and James sit in the sun and spin tricks to trap the unwary guest.

The radio plays. There is a pause for a station announcement. The announcer says, "If anyone knows the whereabouts of Gladys Hall, last seen driving toward Beverly Hills, will they kindly report to headquarters?"

This is usually good for a slight fainting fit or a

(*Continued on page 100*)



MEET THE KILLER

Edward G. Robinson Is Hunted Down And All But Fingerprinted

By ALLEN ERWIN

Fryer

When he expresses himself as *Little Caesar* (as at top), you'll forget that he wouldn't know a gangster if he saw one

BANG! *Bang!* A fancy little gat responds to Edward G. Robinson's trigger finger. The rival gangster gasps, clutches his side where the bullets are supposed to take effect, writhes a bit, and falls in the heap he has rehearsed twenty times. Something's got to be done about that fall; it's still far from perfect.

The juvenile's eyes pop convincingly, but noiselessly. He's hiding behind the curtain, and you can just bet he's seen everything. He'll make a mental note of all this. Then, when Edward G. decides to give him the works, he'll remember the advice of Miss Stufflebean, his dear old Sunday School teacher, get smitten with noble intentions, vow to travel the straight and narrow, and be properly relieved when his moll arrives with the dicks, right when Mr. Robinson is all ready to take him for a ride.

Foiled again! But Edward G. doesn't give a hang. He just doesn't seem ever to learn his lesson. He simply packs up his greasepaint, brushes his pearl-gray spats, sends the foppish striped suit with the yellow waistcoat to the dry cleaners, and moves to another studio, to do his dirty work all over again. Being depraved is paying awfully well this season.

It Pays to Be Bad

ROBINSON'S success in the portrayal of gangsters will probably make him the successor of Eric von Stroheim as the man you love to hate. He has worn a groove in his trigger finger and his income-tax report has become something for experts to worry over.

With only six pictures completed, his salary is already substantially more than that of most of the handsome youths whose spines shiver, cinematically, of course, when he is perpetrating one of his expert treacheries.

The handsome youths receive hundreds of letters from loyal fans. Letters which have long since ceased to give them any pleasure; mash notes from adoring high-school girls; timid compliments from married women in the outlying districts, which thinly conceal the fact the present husband hasn't quite fulfilled the qualifications of romantic idealism.

Robinson's letters from screen fans can be counted upon his fingers. Yet no actor in Hollywood can derive more enjoyment from fan letters.

He would like to receive mash notes and hear women say, "There goes Edward G. Robinson. Isn't he handsome?" He'd simply eat it up and work like the devil to live up to the part. This matinée-idol complex, with a face the Fates meant for leers, is his major incongruity. He thinks he's a very complex person, but his other incongruities exist mostly in his imagination.

Not At All Bashful

HE is frankly egotistical. Extremely proud of his accomplishments during sixteen years spent on the stage, he knows he's good and he likes to hear people say it.

He doesn't just want publicity; he craves it. Craves it so much that, shortly after his arrival in Hollywood he

(*Continued on page 96*)

Warm But Not Bothered

Summer may be past, but Leila Hyams is still basking in the sun. Even the climate is agreeing with her—that she ought to be colorful as John Gilbert's girl in "Way for a Sailor"

Hurrell

LAURENCE REID REVIEWS THE NEW PHOTOPLAYS

The Celluloid

Above, Bebe Daniels has a colorful rôle in her new film, "Dixiana," supported by Ralph Harolde and a singing and dancing ensemble. At the right, George Arliss (excellent as usual) and Betty Lawford in "Old English." Below, Walter Huston as Lincoln at Ann Rutledge's bedside, with Una Merkel playing the part of the tragic sweetheart

Confetti Time in N'Orleans

"DIXIANA" has its good points. And some nic curves, too. The latter are contributed by Mrs. Ben Lyon—Bebe Daniels to you. The former include some colorful ensembles, a handsome production a few pleasing songs, the presence of those "cuckoos," Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, a show-stopping interpolation by the tap-dancing Bill Robinson, and a hip-hip-hurrah performance by Ralph Harolde, one of the most up-'n'-coming menaces in movieland.

The film is obviously designed to follow in the footsteps of "Rio Rita." But it fails to attain the excellence of that picture. And, moreover, it is a year later.

Bebe is cast as a song-and-dance girl in a Louisiana carnival. Love comes. And also conflict. Then finally there is a spectacular sequence in the colorful New Orleans gambling resort of the villain, lots of Mardi Gras stuff, a duel and a final clinch.

Another Cameo for Arliss

WHEN it comes to exquisite character etchings, Mr. George Arliss is undoubtedly the finest artist yet to give his talents to the screen. In "Old English" this first gentleman of the cinema bestows upon his ever-increasing public another boon in his conception of the doughty ageling whom he created in the theater.

"Old English," be it known, is the nickname of a British octogenarian who has known his wild oats during the reign preceding that of the dear late Queen. Yes, he has had his moments. And as a result is equipped with a fine set of grandchildren whose 'scutcheons are crossed with the bar sinister. The film deals with his guileful plan to provide for these illegitimate darlings before departing this world on the final great adventure. There is a villain in the piece.

The tale is somewhat outmoded if judged by current cinema standards. There is a dearth of action, and just the suggestion of the usual "young love interest." Betty Lawford and the young woman who is socharming as the Irish maid stamp themselves with the hall-mark of talent.

The Great American Film

ITS producers call it "the most important picture in fifteen years." But the mighty film drama, "Abraham Lincoln," is more than this. It is the outstanding contribution of the cinema to the great collection of *Americana* preserved by camera and celluloid for future generations. And it is the *magnum opus* of the "Old Master," David Wark Griffith.

There is inspiration in every chapter of the film story which traces "The Emancipator" from the lowly cabin of his birth to the high places of world fame and universal recognition. In telling his tale, Griffith has stressed the humanity of his hero. His theme is Lincoln, the Man—rather than Lincoln, the Legend.

It is perfectly cast, with Walter Huston making himself immortal in the title rôle, and Una Merkel, as the tragic *Ann Rutledge* whom Lincoln loved and lost.

Critic

THIS MONTH

DIXIANA ABRAHAM LINCOLN
OLD ENGLISH MONTE CARLO
ROMANCE ANIMAL CRACKERS

Garbo at Her Best

IT is probable that her latest—and greatest—photoplay, "Romance," marks the zenith of Greta Garbo's glamourous career. For it is impossible to imagine a finer portrayal than that offered by the "White Flame." So if you want Garbo at her best—seek and see "Romance."

The film is an almost literal transcription of the play which brought a decade of fame to Doris Keane. Greta is that turbulent-souled singer, *Rita Cavallini*, who finally yields her heart to a youthful cleric.

Garbo plumbs new dramatic depths. She adds new charm to her attractions, and is very much the star of the production. But the very sure support of Lewis Stone adds to the excellence of the lavishly mounted production. The selection of Gavin Gordon as the priestly lover is less fortunate, but the shadow of the great Garbo softens the glare of his defects.

Triumph for Director and Cast

AFTER all's said and done, "Monte Carlo," Ernst Lubitsch's latest, is a musical comedy. It is something of a triumph for the director, for his light, skilful touch is apparent in every sequence. But the picture itself lacks the broad appeal which has distinguished his most popular efforts. Now and then the production fairly sparkles. But there are frequent intervals of darkness between the lightning flashes.

The plot is one of those things about a dashing nobleman, wealthy, of course, who disguises himself as a hair-dresser in order to gain access to the affections and the boudoir of the beautiful, haughty and impecunious Countess. The story provides the leading players with opportunities for several songs—solos and duets. And the casting of Jack Buchanan, the London-New York stage favorite, and Jeanette MacDonald, in the leading rôles, assures tuneful vocalizing, and a certain grace and graciousness that must be listed among the chief charms of the production.

Lunatics at Large

SOME of the funniest fumadiddles of filmdom are presented by those hilarious hoodlums, the Four Marx Brothers, in their new mirth-movie, "Animal Crackers." There's no more sense to the talkie than there is to its title. But if you want to laugh until the tears wash the blues away, this one is just what the doctor ordered.

The plot of the piece is lost somewhere in the shuffle. Or, more probably, Groucho, Harpo, Zeppo and Chico sneaked up on it in some dark corner of the studio, and tossed it bodily out the window. In any event, it is lost, strayed or stolen. And no reward offered. The brothers work singly and in bunches to bring you a conglomeration of gorgeous nonsense. And if you fail to giggle with glee at their antics, better have the funny-bone examined immediately.

Above, Greta Garbo has a wistful moment in "Romance"—with Lewis Stone trying to soothe her. At the left, Jack Buchanan and Jeanette MacDonald carry on a frolicsome scene in "Monte Carlo," a talkie which gives the English actor a chance to do his stuff. Below, the four Marx Brothers make a talkie of their stage hit, "Animal Crackers"

JOAN CRAWFORD

discovers new silverware treasures in "PIECES of 8"

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

•

The Viande Knives and Forks and companion pieces for her table.

That very modern young lady, Joan Crawford, appears in the role of that dashing pirate girl, Johanna Silver, the symbol of 1847 ROGERS BROS. famous "Pieces of 8."

For Joan . . . like thousands and thousands of other modern young women, has discovered the new Viande pieces for her table. The silverware treasure of this modern age. Knives with long handles and short blades. Forks with long handles and short tines. And the companion pieces . . . salad forks, salad knives, butter spreaders and dessert forks.

And, of course, her silver is in "Pieces of 8." Eights of the essentials . . . dinner knives and dinner forks, 8 tea spoons, 8 dessert spoons . . . and a sugar spoon and a butter knife. And the most delightful of all . . . this gorgeous array of America's oldest and finest silverplate in the newest Viande shapes and forms . . . costs but $49.50.

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Viande Knives, Sixes, $15.00 . . . Eights, $20.00
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Silhouette pattern.

The Viande Knife, U. S. Patent Applied For.
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Viande
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JOAN CRAWFORD, starring in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "Our Blushing Brides."

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE

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Write International Silver Company, Factory E, Meriden, Connecticut, for booklet Y-57, "What the well-dressed table will wear in silverware."

They're *in the* Barkies Now

It's Time To Wish You Could Lead A Dog's Life

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

JIGGS

JIGGS'S SON

THERE has been much ado in the past year or two about new players. Actors hitherto unknown on the screen have startled us by arising to abrupt prominence in talking pictures.

And now Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has signed a whole new stock company of some forty or more promising players—all at nce. It is a novel arrangement all around. The young ctors live all together on an elaborate country place ut in the San Fernando Valley.

They are carefully watched. Their diets are rescribed for them individually, by experts. They are kept in excellent physical trim and hey have rehearsals of one sort or another very day of their lives, whether they are ctually at work on a picture or not.

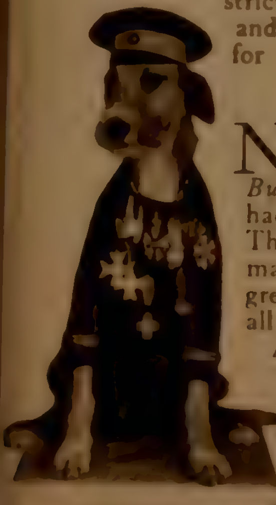
No gay night-life in Hollywood or them. No parties or cocktails or rich food at the Cocoanut Grove. They go to bed at undown and take regular xercise and study their ôles. They live for their Art.

Sounds like a dog's life, doesn't it? But they do not appear to mind. After all, you know, f one is an Artist—and if one's rations are of the best and if one's directors know all those sensitive little spots back of one's ears where one likes to be scratched—well, one can put up with some restrictions. A bone and a ball and a soft bed. Reward enough for a good little dog, any day.

Above, the Marie Dressler of the Barkies

They Know Their Movies

NOT all of these players are newcomers to the screen. *Jiggs* and *Buster* and several of the others have had valuable screen credit for years. They even enjoy voluminous fan mail. And must needs send out a great many photographs to admirers all over the world.



WHIPPET

Buster—that tall, lean, aquiline leading man—comes from a long line of stage people. His father was once a male star. And famous, too. But now, *Buster, senior*, is getting a little gray and grizzled and has developed unmistakable jowls. So he is relegated to "character rôles" and must leave the romantic parts to his promising son!

I hesitate a little bit to reveal that the lovely, languishing, blonde lady—the Greta Garbo of the "barkies"—who will play Greta's rôle in the forthcoming canine version of "Anna Christie"—is known, most inappropriately, as *Oscar*. Sometimes, *Oscar* dons male attire and portrays a young man. It all depends upon the requirements of the story. And all the artists are very nice, indeed, about doing whatever they are asked to do.

Jiggs, in particular, is an old hand at the business. And I am sure you never saw so versatile an actor in your life. He plays old men or young flappers with equal verve and enthusiasm—his portrayal depending largely upon what sort of costume they give him. And, of course, what sort of voice.

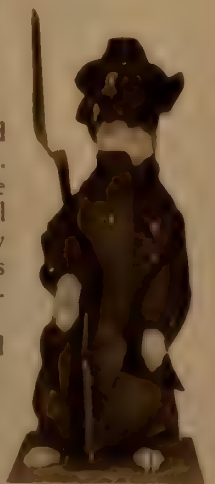
Four Legged Humans

FOR the present series of pictures is an innovation. *Jiggs* and *Buster* and *Oscar* never were permitted to *talk* before. Their articulation was restricted to well-timed "woofs" and nicely modulated "grrrrs!" Now, if you please, they have human beings to talk for them—as well as to sew and cook and valet. They have voices and costumes and characterizations to consider. They have become people.

And do they like it? Well—yes and no. They love their Work, of course. But, naturally, it is a little hard to share the spotlight after one has been the real star of all one's pictures. They are nearly as apprehensive about finding their voices on the screen as some of our silent picture human actors were.

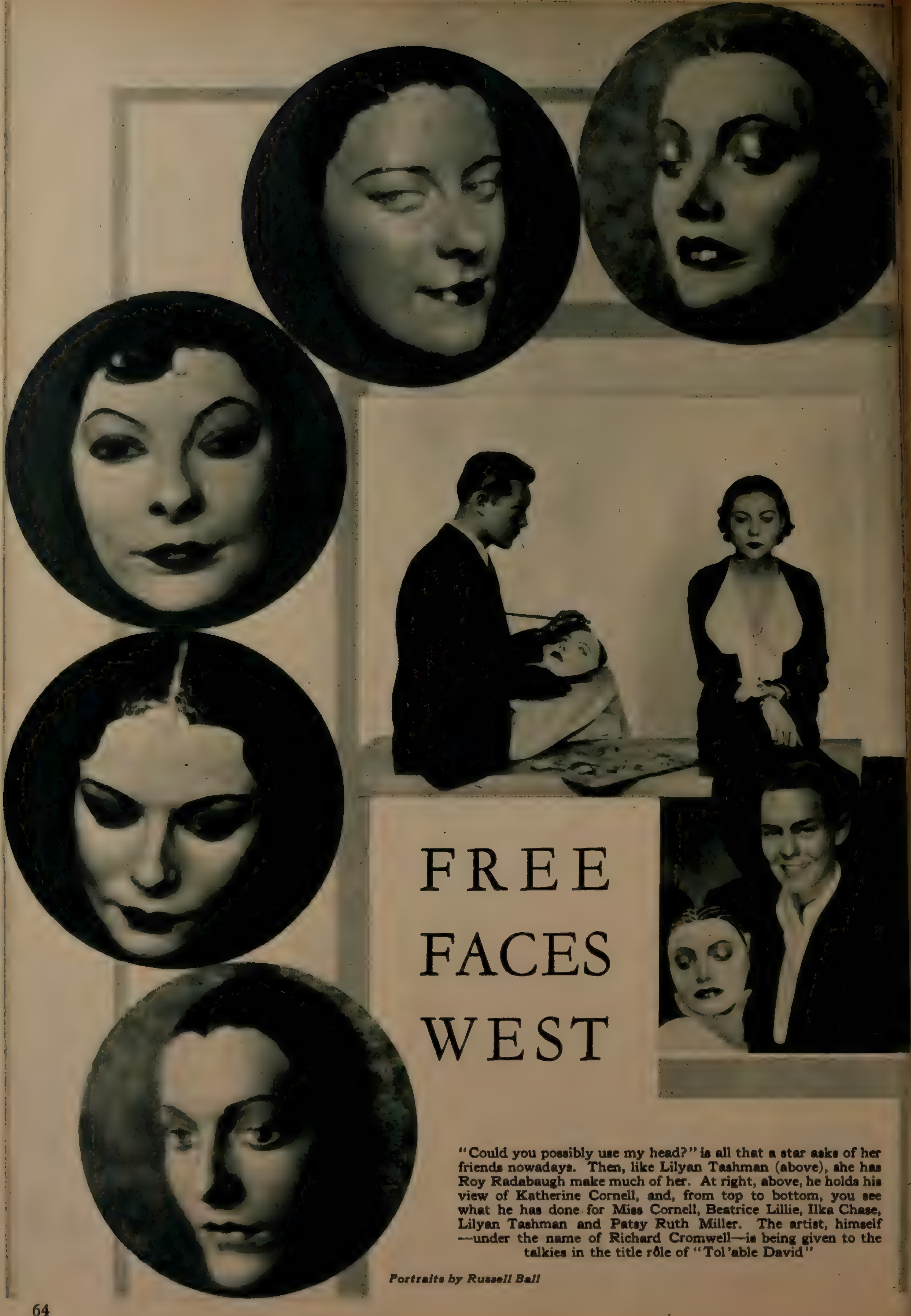
Their two directors, Jules White and Zion Myers, tell me that they have had a deal of *bona fide* artistic temperament to cope with in their work with the four-footed geniuses. The old troupers in the company never had to work with other

(*Continued on page 82*)



BUSTER

FREE FACES WEST



"Could you possibly use my head?" is all that a star asks of her friends nowadays. Then, like Lilyan Tashman (above), she has Roy Radabaugh make much of her. At right, above, he holds his view of Katherine Cornell, and, from top to bottom, you see what he has done for Miss Cornell, Beatrice Lillie, Ilka Chase, Lilyan Tashman and Patsy Ruth Miller. The artist, himself —under the name of Richard Cromwell—is being given to the talkies in the title rôle of "Tol'able David"

Portraits by Russell Ball

She Longed *To* B*e* Liked

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

But Now Rose Hobart Is Wiser

ROSE HOBART used to have a frightful inferiority complex about her mind.

This may seem fantastic to nyone who has talked with her ince she came to Hollywood. After a great success in "Death Takes A Holiday" in New York, Rose came West to play the rebellious Janet Gaynor's part in "Liliom." And in the studios, without exception, people have found her one of the most self-assertive and confident young women that ever came to town.

But it's true that up to a year ago Rose thought she was dumb. She believed her opinion was worthless, that almost anyone knew more than she did. She was afraid to speak up in any company, too timid and self-disparaging to express an idea on any subject.

Then she went to a psychoanalyst—and he, so to speak, gave her back her mind. Realizing at last that it's a pretty capable one, as minds go, she's like a child who has just learned to swim. You can hardly get Rose out of the water. Exercising that brain, displaying it to a surprised and slightly resentful world, is her favorite sport.

With a degree of introspection that has hardly ever been equalled, she has been examining herself to see what she is like and what can be done about it. She finds she can trace all her characteristics back to the unhappy experiences of her childhood.

A Statue of Freedom

"I'M extravagantly independent, for instance," she said, "and I have a fierce desire for security and all things that are sound and stable. That's all because of my precarious childhood."

She was born in New York, and spent her first seventeen summers in the artists' colony of Woodstock, Vermont. Both her parents were musicians, both were French, and both were extremely erratic.

Rose Hobart, who came from the New York stage to play opposite Charles Farrell in "Liliom" (as below), replacing the absent Janet Gaynor, would like to return to New York. Her reason: she wants to act

"When I was still in my early teens, they were divorced—at a time when divorce was considered not quite the thing. I can remember, in school, being looked down on a bit, for that reason. That was probably the beginning of my inferiority complex.

"I was sent to many different schools. I never stayed more than a year in any one. I just began to get comfortable, to know the girls and to settle down, when I was whisked off to some other part of the country. And I never did finish school—which was one reason why I was so ashamed of my mind.

"When I was very young, I was sent to stay with my grandmother in France, to study piano. I was expected to become a pianist, but I never wanted to. I loved the harp. If I had been allowed to study the harp, I would have kept on with a musical career."

In spite of herself, Rose became an accomplished pianist, and still takes her music pretty seriously.

Beyond a Doubt

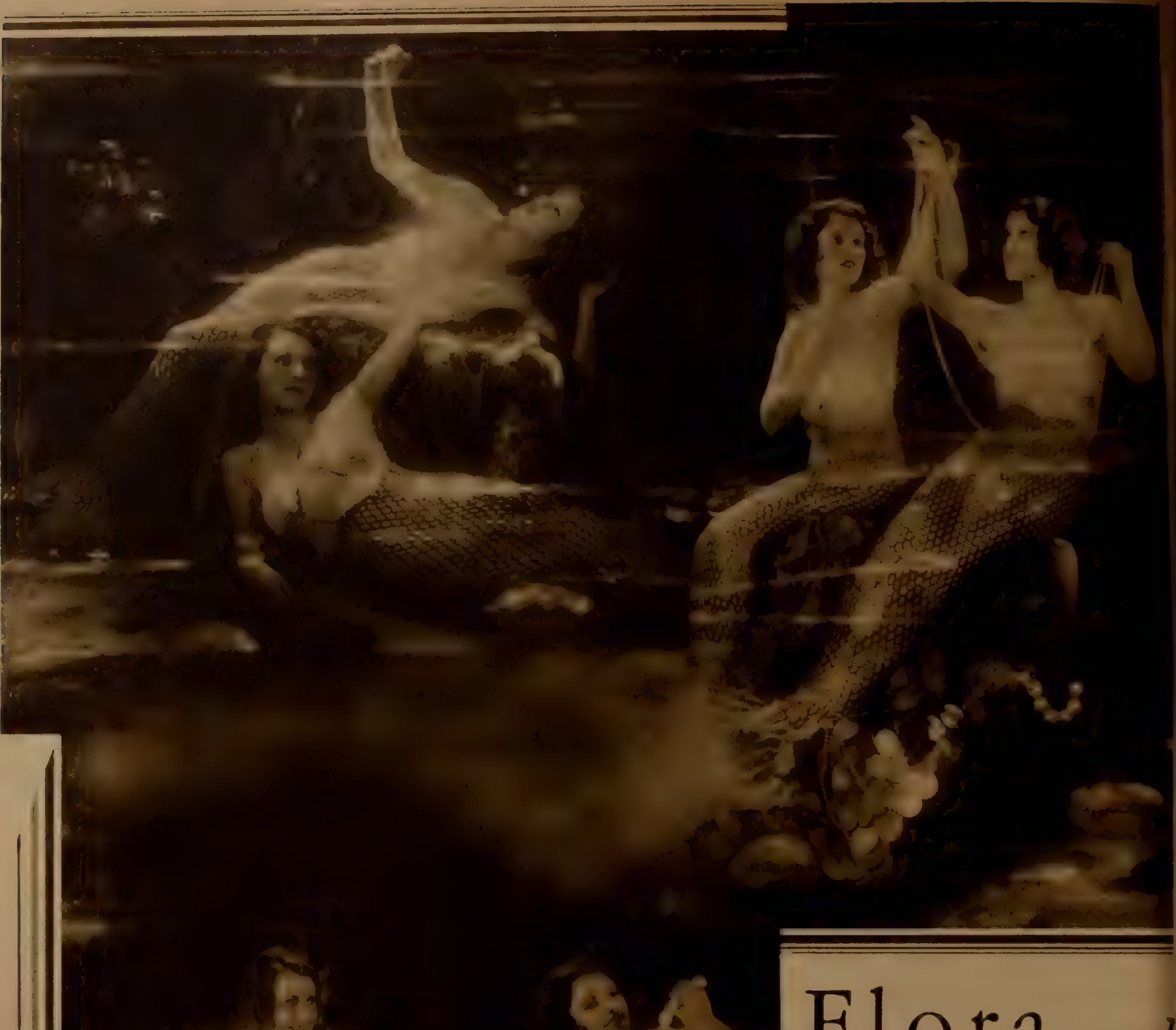
"BUT I didn't like piano, and I longed to go on the stage. I was always sure I could act, and I've never had one moment of doubt about whether I was good or not."

Her stage career began with a season in Chautauqua, when she was fourteen.

"I got the job myself. Mother didn't object, because she was divorced by that time, and anything that brought money into the family coffers was all right. I made twenty-five dollars a week, and sent ten dollars home. I don't know how I ever did it, but I had as much fun on that tour as I've ever had in my life. And even then, I got very good notices."

She spent several years retiring to Woodstock when she

(*Continued on page 102*)



Flora and Lillian Roth Are Sunk In

It wasn't that Frances Dee and Lillian Roth couldn't show finesse without fins, but you know how girls are never contented with what they already have. So Paramount floated them as mermaids, and now they are bubbling over with contentment (top left), learning the ropes (above) and stealing some other sirens' stuff (left)

Portraits exclusively by Otto Dyar

Otto Dyar Photos

Fauna

and Frances Dee

A Rock Garden

On the surface, Frances's interest seemed to be in "The Playboy of Paris" and Lillian was working overtime on "Sea Legs." But at the bottom, their only thoughts were (as above) of the waves in their hair, and (top right) of the two best-looking jewel cases in Davy Jones's locker, and (right) of how much they could stow away

How *to* Treat

At the left, three of the chorus of "Dixiana" who lend a military flavor to a song number. Above, an ensemble of Fox Movietone girls who appeared in "The Golden Calf"

Among Other Things

Names, Never

BY CEDRIC

AMONG the things in American life which are getting bigger and better, in this rapid-moving era, are chorus-girls.

We all know, of course, that they are getting bigger. Has not the Great Flo himself handed down from Olympus the edict that Miss 1931 shall display "womanly curves"?

But the trend toward the better is as pronounced as that toward the bigger. Chorus-girls are getting refined; half of them use broad "a's" and practically all can understand the long words in Will Hays's speeches. A totally different class of girl is drifting into the work. And the result is that chorus masters are having to use an entirely new technique in dealing with their high-steppers.

Hollywood, as ever, leads in the new movement for more refined language from chorus masters. With the craze for backstage pictures and musical comedy talkies, the chorus became one of the big items of a picture studio. And you could trust Hollywood not to put up with any rough talk in front of young and (often) innocent girls.

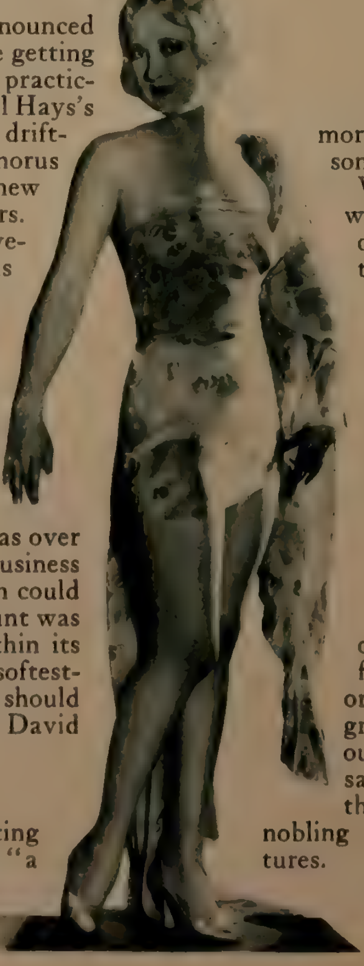
The order went forth for a Kindness to Chorus-Girls Week; and so instantly and surely did the idea catch on, that after it was over you found all the chorus directors in the business vying with one another as to which of them could coo the softest. Soon the house of Paramount was proudly announcing to humanity that within its doors was to be found "Hollywood's softest-spoken chorus master." His name, which should be emblazoned on the scroll of history, is David Bennett.

Praiseworthy Girls

AND what results Bennett is getting through his policy of giving his girls "a rest and a cheering word of praise when they are tired"! It's a pleasure to work with such a fine, good-humored gang, he cries delightedly. And personally, we can well believe it.

Well, in our restless and inquisitive way, we went ahead and made a survey of conditions in other Hollywood pastures where ladies of the ensemble do their gamboling. What we found will prove a veritable sock in the kisser for those gullible movie fans (their name is legion) who believe chorus masters behind the cameras talk to their girls as do the ones which the cameras show us on the screen.

We found, to be notably brief, a consistently lofty tone in the relations of chorus directors and their minions. We found that the average chorus director in the talkie studios neither chews, spits nor swears at his work; that eight times out of ten he takes his hat off when riding in the elevator with girls of his troupe; that he addresses them by their first names, not as "you with the fat thighs" or collectively as "a rheumaticky bunch of grandmothers." And the bouquets he hands out to his girls, when an interviewer comes sailing by! It almost makes you blush to hear them. But it is a blush of pride for the ennobling and purifying influence of the talking pictures.



At the left is Betty Recklaw, a charmer in the "Dixiana" chorus

Chorus-Girls

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have had dancing ensembles for several of their pictures. Above, a group of girls about to step their routine. At right are three other girls from "Dixiana"

Never Call Them Think They're Hard

BELFRAGE

On Their Honor

JUST as an example of the way things have changed—I'm willing to bet that nobody thought there was such a thing as "a sense of honor" among chorines. Yet that is what Russell Markert, who trained the girls for Universal's "King of Jazz," found it expedient to appeal to. Markert knew all his girls by their first names and made a sort of family matter of the work. And the girls looked on him as a pal of the higher and better sort, and didn't slack on the job. Markert never had to call upon the Deity to make the girls put vim into their high-kicks. He just told them what to do, and they were too dashed decent not to put all they had into the execution of his commands.

Then you can toddle over to First National and seek out His Excellency, Larry Ceballos. And what do you find? The same spirit of friendliness, co-operation, shoulder-to-shoulder and give-and-take, only perhaps more so. Now Larry admits that there are chorines deplorably lacking in the fine new spirit. Often they are extremely clever, but they find it impossible to conquer the demons, disobedience and unpunctuality. Then they have to go. But Larry has weeded all such poorly greased parts from his high-kicking machine long ago; and, to-day, his girls on both Warner and First National lots are one and all of the highest type. According to Larry, the modern Hollywood chorus master's task is an easy one, so far as getting work out of his girls is concerned. A kind word here, a beaming smile there, and everything goes forward without a hitch.

Helen Fairweather, at right, a decorative member of First National

Blushing Beauties

PARAMOUNT may have Hollywood's softest-spoken chorus master, but R-K-O has the most refined set of girls in town, if we may believe Pearl Eaton, directress of high-kicks for that emporium. Pearl spent many weary weeks separating sheep from goats, and interviewed four thousand girls to get a chorus of forty. The group finally selected was made up of girls of such a high type that when Ivan Lebedeff was brought up and introduced, and kissed their forty right hands, all but three of the girls rushed off and buried their heads in their mothers' laps. Pearl Eaton immediately knew that all was well.

She proceeded from the first moment on "Kindness to Chorus-Girls" lines, and everything has been hunky-dory right along. Not only has she encouraged her girls with kind looks and words, but she has given each of them a chance occasionally to do a specialty or speak a line or two. As a result, she has made herself securely popular. The girls will do anything for Pearl Eaton, and you have only to watch them at work to know that the very idea of harshness or strained relations between Pearl and girl is unthinkable.

All of Hollywood's chorus directors agree that there's just one reason for the change in chorus-girls—competition. The glamour of the studios attracts so many girls that there

(*Continued on page 95*)

It's Free *and* Easy

If You're Sure You're Broke, Come To Hollywood

By

ROBERT FENDER

You will find solid comfort in Pershing Square Park (above), where Valentino, among others, waited to be discovered; and (below) in Hollenbeck Park, which was Gary Cooper's first Hollywood home

HOLLYWOOD may not be one of the best things in life, but it's free. And easy. Easy, that is, to work for a gratuitous living.

Are you weary of supporting yourself? Then come, as did Rudolph Valentino, Ricardo Cortez, Gary Cooper, Grant Withers, Jim Tully, director Bill Seiter and others—oh, *many* others—to the town that will *support you!* Are you yearning for a screen career? Then come to this cockeyed town and earn while you yearn.

Rudolph, Ricardo, Gary, Grant, Jim, Bill and those others have demonstrated—nay, conclusively proved—that all a man needs he can get here for nothing. You don't believe it? Then you're my man. Move that ashtray over where you'll have a chance of hitting it. And settle down for a little read.

First of all, what does a man really need? Assuming, of course, that he already has at least one pair of trousers, he needs: (1) Food, (2) Shelter and (3) Amusement. Bring those trousers with you to Hollywood. Also bring what will pass as a dress suit. And a razor. Your arsenal is now complete. Hollywood and its gravy is now yours for the taking.

How about getting free food and shelter in Hollywood? The town has no breadline. And even if it had, one would hate to forget oneself to the point of using it. *Vulgar* breadline. But there's still that question of free board and room. Very well. Jim Tully, himself, points the way.

Like this: turn up at a star's or near star's house with a strange tale—*any* strange tale that will make you out an "interesting person"—and let things take their course. Tully, you remember, used the hobo story. It worked. Everywhere, he was accepted as that interesting hobo fellow. He simply made a racket of romanticism. Food and shelter followed. No less a personage than Charles Chaplin took him into camp and saw to it personally that he ate regularly and slept soundly. The fact that he was badly stung for his trouble; that Tully later came out with articles that bit the hand that fed him, has no place here. Enough that Tully got all the free meals and drinks out of Hollywood that he could use.

Too, there was the bright youngster who turned up in Hollywood with a fake title, to the delight of his stomach. This chap posed as a nephew of Franz Josef of Austria. Hollywood couldn't do enough for him. For three solid months, he ate and drank the best the town offered. At the end of that time, someone bothered to look up his credentials. Result: Franz Josef's "nephew" went back to his old stand at the soda fountain. But it was good while it lasted.

(*Continued on page 90*)

MARK TWAIN'S BOY

Richee

When Junior Durkin was given the rôle of *Huckleberry Finn* in the talkie rendition of "Tom Sawyer," no complaints were received at Paramount. He may have grown up on Broadway, but, like *Huck*, he is a constant waif—partial to open collars, mussed hair, dirty nails, mumbly-peg and whittling. Not to mention Mitzi Green, "Tom Sawyer's" *Becky Thatcher*

First, a broken slate; next, a broken doll; and then a broken heart. All to the sad—that's Dorothy Jordan, the only grown-up little girl in Hollywood who can revel in minor tragedies. Now she has a part in "Dark Star." And that is another break

Little Sob-Sister

Ladies *of* "Whoopee"

And Their Frank Opinions Of Hollywood Men, Morals And Movies

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Gregg Toland

Bobbe Weeks—"rabid on the subject of sunny Hollywood, even if she is Ziegfeld's favorite chorus girl"

Four little "Whoopee" girls, dimpled of knee,
One didn't show—and so there were three.

THE first to arrive was a pert-eyed youngster named Bobbe. Bobbe Weeks—"and please don't spell it 'Bobbie!'"

The second was a languid, fresh-peach edition of a blonde named Virginia Bruce, Hollywood's own contribution to the ranks of the show girls, and she had never seen Broadway past Seventh Street, Los Angeles.

The third was Georgia Lerch, formerly of George White's Scandals, and she looked athletic. Brown and firm. Pale blonde hair against healthy skin. Friendly, this one, and gently humorous.

The fourth never did show. But no one was surprised. "She wouldn't!"—in friendly little giggles—"Probably lost her lip stick"—"Didn't set her alarm clock for 4 P.M."—"Maybe she thought it was some Thursday next week!"

"Oh, well," grinned a Bright Young Man—who has been associated with Follies, Scandals and Hollywood show-girls all through the production of Sam Goldwyn's "Whoopee"—"Maybe it's just as well. Get 'em all together at once and they're liable to kick each other in the chin."

"Whatta you mean—'kick each other in the chin?'" I demanded suavely, lowering my lorgnette. "Don't tell me that the cherubs actually fight among themselves!"

But They Have Differences

"COME to think of it, I don't believe they actually came to blows," went on the Bright Young Man. "But what can you expect of a dozen beautiful gals thrown together for three months? All sizes, all shapes, all types of them. Blondes, brunettes and red-heads. Wisecrackers, ingenues fresh out of the syrup, and now and then a couple who know what it's all about. No two of them talked up the same street.

"There was Muriel Finley, a Ziegfeld Follies girl, imported for 'Whoopee'—she could hardly wait for the picture to be over to blow! It didn't take that snappy child long to shake the Hollywood dust from her French heels and catch the first train back to what she called a Real Town. She didn't get any words mixed up in her chewing gum on what she thought of Hollywood shortcomings: the men were handsome, but poor and uninteresting, the places were dull—and the work!—well, who ever heard of getting up at 8 A.M.?

"Mary Coyle was only slightly less vehement. Mary was Fifth Avenue, if I ever saw it. She might have learned to like it out here a little better, only she had a perfectly good husband back in New York, and he and the bright lights were calling.

"On the other hand, Bobbe Weeks—you'll meet Bobbe—a California convert if I ever saw one. Rabid on the subject of sunny Hollywood, even if she is Ziegfeld's favorite chorus girl and the cleverest little dancer in

They Disagree About The Town

D. W. Griffith thought Virginia Bruce (at top) looked like Lillian Gish, and Irving Berlin told her she would get the breaks. But Virginia wonders. While Georgia Lerch (at bottom) is wondering if she can winter in New York and summer in Hollywood

Kenneth Alexander

anybody's 'line.' Mix in Virginia Bruce (a Hollywood brand of show-girl about as sophisticated as *Elsie Dinsmore*) and Georgia Lerch (witty, experienced and clever and knows show business from A to Z) and about eight other equally varying types, opinions and lingoes—and what have you? Not a sorority!"

Broadway? Forget It!

I WAS just nodding my head on the idea of seeing the ladies in "relays" when Bobbe Weeks arrived.

She's cute, she's pert, and was she excited! About two hours previous, a "call" had come through from Warner Brothers which meant that she was awarded a six months' contract with that company and a chance to settle in Hollywood. "Gee," she breathed, "Gee!" Her eyes are blue, but her hair is black and straight. A white *béret*, well back on her head, was an unconsciously striking effect. She settled deep down in a chair and hunted feverishly for an illusive package of cigarettes with fingers that shook slightly. Why not? Wasn't she sure of six months more in Hollywood—and who knows? Maybe she would click and remain in "Paradise" the rest of her life.

"Sure, I'm crazy about it here! I didn't know there was any place like this before. Everything about it is just like in a story book. I sent my regrets to Broadway the minute I got off the train.

"Broadway excitement? Say, Broadway wasn't so exciting to me. I was a chorus girl and don't ever let anybody tell you that a chorus girl's life isn't hard work. I used to be so tired after the evening performance I'd run right home to mother. They tell me that there are some awfully exciting night-clubs and whoopee resorts going along Broadway for the people that have time to get around to them, but I could count the night-clubs I've been in on one hand.

Out Where Men Are Pale

"HOLLYWOOD is my idea of excitement. You keep the kind of hours out here that don't leave you too tired to have a good time in the evening. I've seen more night-life in Hollywood than I ever ran across on Broadway.

"And the men—well, believe me, there's a great difference in the men. All Broadway men look alike to me. They're all one type. Slightly oldish, but well massaged, immaculate dinner clothes, gardenia in the lapel, and reeking of some sort of barber's tonic. They're good spenders and don't bat an eye at putting on the dog, but what's that in comparison to a Hollywood boy who is good-looking, dances well, and furnishes several honest-to-goodness laughs throughout the evening?

"Hollywood men are more sociable, if you know what I mean. They don't only take you out—they go along with you! On the other hand, if a girl goes out with a typical Broadway man, she's sort of a hired audience and spends a bored evening listening to his latest escapades on the Stock Market."

Bobbe shot a polite, but feverish glance at a wrist watch and said something about a test down at Warner's. If it was all right with everybody, she thought she'd better be dashing along. "Hope I see you around," I called after her rapidly vanishing figure. She stuck her head back through the door, grinning like a little imp, "I hope you see me around Hollywood the rest of my life," she agreed and disappeared.

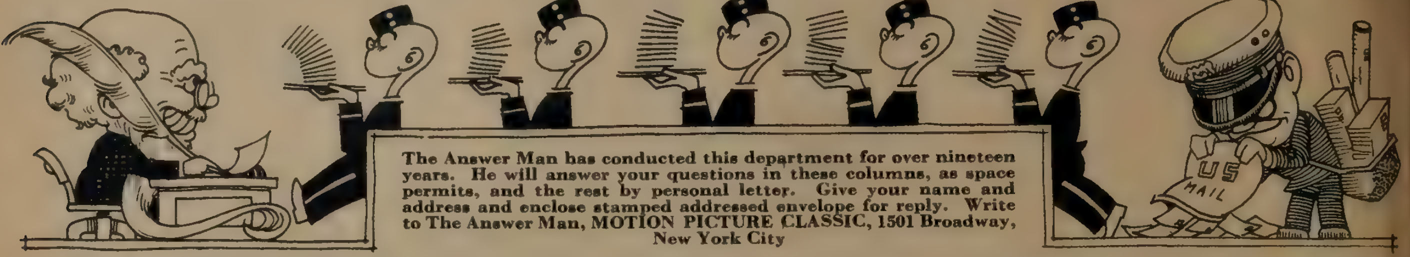
After Bobbe's electric now-you-see-her-and-now-you-

(*Continued on page 96*)

Bert Longworth

This business of shooting up in the marshes of Hollywood is just too ducky for words, hints the (or *de*, if you insist) coy Laura Lee. The little dog laughs to see such sport, knowing that left handsome Laura isn't aiming to bring down anything but houses in "Going Wild"

THE ANSWER MAN



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over nineteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

UNA—**Rudy Vallee** was born July 28, 1901, and is five feet eleven inches tall. **Mitzi Green** was born in New York City about nine years ago and her real name is **Keno.** She is not related to **Harry Green. Evelyn Laye,** London, England, July 10, 1900, five feet five, blonde hair and blue eyes, real name **Froud.** Appearing in "Lilli," United Artists Studios. **John Boles** plays opposite **Miss Laye,** in this production.

SALLY ANN — These obstacle golf courses ought to be good training for householders who have to get the coal past the furnace door. **Helen Foster** is very much alive to my knowledge. **Clive Brook** was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. His latest picture is "The Greater Love," starring **Ann Harding. Ruth Roland,** San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 26, 1892. Appearing in "Reno." Has auburn hair and blue eyes. **El Brendel,** Philadelphia, Pa., March 25, 1891, five feet eight, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and eyes.

GLADYS—**Bert Lytell** was born in New York City, Feb. 24, 1885. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 153 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. He has been married and divorced from **Evelyn Vaughan** and **Claire Windsor.** His present wife is **Grace Menken.** Has been appearing in pictures since 1917. Latest production "Brothers," Columbia Studios. **Stuart Erwin,** Squaw Valley, Calif., Feb. 14, does not tell the year, five feet nine, weighs 165 pounds, red hair and grey eyes.

AMELIA—The girls who appeared in "Safety in Numbers" were **Kathryn Crawford, Carol Lombard** and **Josephine Dunn. Nils Asther, Charles Bickford** and **Raquel Torres** in "The Sea Bat." **Helen Kane** was born in New York City about twenty-two years ago. Real name is **Schroeder. Lillian Roth** is not married or engaged, appearing in "Animal Crackers." **Catherine Moylan,** Dallas, Texas, about twenty years ago, five feet two and a half, weighs 108 pounds, has blonde hair and green eyes.

JONORA—**Art Acord** was born in Stillwater, Okla., Feb. 19, 1890, he is six feet one, weighs 185 pounds, has light hair and blue eyes. He is divorced from **Edith Sterling** and **Louise Lorraine. Agnes Ayres,** Carbondale, Ill., April 10, 1898, five feet four and a half, weighs 125 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Real name **Agnes Hinkle. Mary Brian** was loaned to Warners to appear in "Captain Applejack." She is now appearing in "Social Errors," Paramount Studios. We do not answer questions pertaining to the religion of the stars.

ARTHUR—**John Mack Brown** was born in Dotham, Ala., Sept. 4, 1904. He is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Married to **Cornelia Foster,** they have a daughter. His first picture was "The Bugle Call," starring **Jackie Coogan.** Latest flicker "Great Day," starring **Joan Crawford,** Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. **Helen Foster** is about twenty-three years old, five feet tall, weighs 102 pounds.

MARION—**Colin Clive** was born in St. Malo, France, Jan. 21, 1900, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Jeanne de Casalis.** "Journey's End" is the only picture he has appeared in up to this time. **Bernice Claire,** Oakland, Cal., March 22, 1909, five feet two and a half, weighs 116 pounds, has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Real name **Bernice Claire Jahnigan.** Next picture "Toast of the Legion."

Richee

It's no fish story that Jeanette MacDonald managed to get away by herself and reel in a mountain trout before she started work on "Stolen Thunder"

JUST BOBBIE—**Barry Norton** hails from Buenos Aires, Argentine, June 16, 1905. Real name **Alfredo de Biraben.** Playing in the Spanish versions of "The Benson Murder Case" and "East Is West." **Janet Gaynor,** Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 6, 1907. **Richard Cromwell** and **Joan Peers** are playing in the talkie version of "Tol'able David," Columbia Studios. **Kay Francis** and **Walter Huston** in "The Virtuous Sin," Paramount Studios. **Edna Murphy, Kenneth Harlan** and **Gertrude Astor** are playing in a mystery serial "Finger Prints," which is in production at the Universal Studios.

PHYLLIS—**Greta Garbo** was born in Sweden, Sept. 18, 1906. She is five feet six, weighs 126 pounds. **Bebe Daniels** first name is pronounced Bee-Bee, not Bay-Bay. **Jetta Goudal,** Ja as in jail, Goo-dahl g as in good. **Raquel Torres** is not married. **Armida** is appearing on the stage at this writing. **Ronald Colman** was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. **Constance Bennett** and **Adolphe Menjou** are playing in "Sin Takes a Holiday."

FLORENCE—Gosh! it would take me a month of Sundays to give you all the biographies you requested. However, here are a few of your favorites. **Charles Rogers** was born Aug. 13, 1904, he is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has black curly hair and brown eyes. **Lupe Velez,** Mexico, July 18, 1909, five feet one, 105 pounds, black hair and brown eyes. Real name **Villalabos. Joan Bennett,** New York City, Feb. 27, 1911, five two, 100 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. **Constance Bennett** is about twenty-five, five four, 99 pounds, blonde hair, blue eyes. **Ruth Chatterton,** thirty-one, five feet two and a half, 110 pounds.

BARBARA—**Ralph Forbes** hails from England, born Sept. 31, 1898, he is six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes. Has been married to **Ruth Chatterton** since 1924. Appearing in "Her Wedding Night," starring **Clara Bow. Bert Wheeler** was born in Paterson, N. J. Hobby is six-day bicycle races. Stage experience began as prop boy with a stock company in Paterson, and later became a member of that company. Has appeared in the "Ziegfeld Follies," Gus Edwards Revue, vaudeville, and the stage and screen version of "Rio Rita." Receives his fan mail at the Radio Pictures Studios.

PUSS FROM MONTANA — **Gary Cooper, Myrna Loy, Patricia Archer, Lane Chandler, Helen Lynch** and **Kathlyn Williams** are some of the players who were born in Montana. **Bebe Daniels** was born in Dallas, Texas, Jan. 14, 1901, she is five feet four, weighs 123 pounds, has black

(Continued from page 104)

In Spain . . . beauty experts *insist* *on olive and palm oils* to keep that schoolgirl complexion

Specialists in beauty culture – 23,723* of them, the world over – agree on this one way to keep skin lovely.

Tejêro advises you: *"Massage a fine lather of Palmolive into the skin – so – rinse it off with refreshing clear water–to icy-cold temperature. There! that leaves the skin smooth, fresh and lovely."*

Luis Tejero

TEJÊRO, whose beauty salon is visited by many of the most important women of Spain. At right is shown the facade of Tejêro's establishment.

Evidence of that schoolgirl complexion is found over and over again in the olive-tinted, warm color of the lovely Spanish senorita.

SEILER, *of Geneva, Switzerland – who joins 23,723 beauty specialists in recommending Palmolive.*

DON'T think, just because nature is so kind to sunny Spain, that the lovely Spanish senoritas can afford to neglect their complexions. Tejêro, the well-known Barcelona beauty specialist, will tell you otherwise.

With the Spaniard's fiery spirit, he becomes indignant when his smart clients don't follow his advice. "How dare you mistreat your complexion," he storms, "when it is so easy to use this twice-a-day treatment?"

Treatment advised by 23,723 specialists

You know the treatment to which he refers. It is stressed by 23,723 beauty specialists — the world over. Before all else they emphasize the need of a pure soap and water for foundation cleanliness. And every single one of them considers Palmolive best.

In 16 countries, women are told to "keep that schoolgirl complexion" by the daily use of this vegetable oil soap.

Simply massage a fine lather of Palmolive and warm water into the face and throat. (Don't use hot water—that is apt to redden and irritate sensitive skin.) Rinse with warm water, then colder and colder. Use that as a basis for makeup. Never fail to observe this rule of cleanliness before retiring.

P. S. Because Palmolive is so inexpensive it is the natural choice of experts as a bath soap, too. It protects sensitive skin from irritation.

*by actual count

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Broadcast every Wednesday night – from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over station WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Retail Price 10c

How to be

AS TOLD TO KATHERINE ALBERT

BY Bebe Daniels

"HOW to be captivating?" Bebe Daniels smiled a deprecating little smile as she considered my question. But when she began to speak her appealingly beautiful brown eyes were thoughtful.

Betty Compson
Radio Pictures' star

And then I learned this lovely actress feels emphatically there's one thing has more to do with a girl's attractiveness than any other charm—*a beautiful skin—clear, soft, smooth.*

How alluring in any girl! How sure to win admiration! And to the screen star, Bebe Daniels earnestly explained, a skin of breath-taking loveliness is really *essential!*

"Only the girl with smooth skin," she said, "need not fear the relentless eye of the camera. For even the cleverest make-up will not suffice under the searching lens of the close-up.

"That is why," she went on seriously, "many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features.

"Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely."

Anna Q. Nilsson
Lovely blonde star

Hollywood's favorite beauty care

Bebe Daniels, you see, is one of the 511 beloved Hollywood actresses who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

Fascinating Anna Q. Nilsson . . . cunning little Sally Blane . . . vividly charming Betty Compson . . . exquisite June Clyde . . . Actually 98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen are kept silky-smooth by this soothing, fragrant soap.

Lux Toilet Soap is just like the expensive soaps you get in France, Hollywood says. And the lovely stars use it regularly at home and wherever they're making pictures as well.

They like its dainty fragrance, and the quick, generous lather, even in the hardest water . . . And, above all, the exquisite softness it gives their skin.

So enthusiastic are they, indeed, that Lux Toilet Soap has been made the official soap in *all* the great film studios.

Sally Blane
Radio Pictures' Player

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 are devoted to Lux Toilet Soap.

On Broadway the stars of the outstanding stage successes, too, use it. And since so many of them are playing in the talkies, with so many close-ups, they are more than ever grateful to this delicately fragrant white soap!

The European screen stars, too—in France, in England, in Germany—have now adopted it. *You* will be just as delighted with it. Order several cakes—today.

June Clyde
Radio Pictures' Player

LUX Toilet Soap

CAPTIVATING

Photo by Bachrach, Hollywood

BEBE DANIELS, fascinating Radio Pictures' star, in the luxurious blue and silvery gray bathroom which is one of the most beautiful seen in Hollywood. She is one of the 511 important actresses there who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, both at home and in their dressing rooms. "*Many girls lacking great beauty but possessing lovely skin,*" she says, "*have passed on the road to fame the woman with perfect features. Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping the skin smooth and lovely!*"

Bebe Daniels

First Sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway

—and now the European Capitals . . . 10¢

He Acts Natural

(*Continued from page 52*)

to the ole swimin' hole and, on Big Days, two miles barefoot along a dusty road to where the mighty Hudson invited their stripped, skinny adventuring bodies. That was Something, back in the days when neither airplanes, movies, radios nor Mr. Ford had made the world safe for democracy. The days when petting was unknown and the Village Drunkard was the only guy who had ever heard of prohibition.

He Did Everything But Act

JACK went barefoot through the long, clover-sweet summer days. Barefoot with an old straw hat flapping atop his shaggy head. In the winters, he wore hip-boots and shoveled his way to the little red schoolhouse. He and his lusty brothers and his buxom sisters and the neighbors' kids. He had a silent, tight-lipped, big-hearted father, who didn't talk much, because he didn't get a chance. He had a comfortable, kindly mother who knew nothing of cocktail parties, Bridge games or *Œdipus* complexes.

Jack nutted in the autumn and berried in the summer. He got the kick of his life, when along about spring, the Performing Bear came to town, heralded from afar by that piercing, mysterious whistle that can mean only one thing in all the thrilling world. To this day, Lon Chaney makes a poor second to Bruin dancing on his short hind-legs.

Kornman

He did it for the kiddies: after "Safety Last," you might have thought Harold Lloyd would never be so screamingly funny again, but in "Feet First" this is only one of the ways he saves himself for the cause of American humor

Yessir, that was a boyhood as *was* one. Santa Claus coming once a year, faithful and dependable. The long dusty roads to trudge down, with Adventure's shining face at every turnstile. A happy boyhood in a normal, Irish-American family under a sky where God in his heaven ruled the best of all possible worlds. The last family in the world to suspect that they had a potential *movie actor* living in their midst.

And So He Became An Actor

TO-DAY, one of Jack's brothers is an engineer and the other a salesman, I believe he said. His mother and one sister are living, too. They may not quite understand the mysteriously gifted brother who is known, now, to so vast a world; but they see all of his pictures three and four times and they talk about him in that proud, family boasting way so good to hear.

Jack had often thought he would like to be an actor. He'd heard tell of 'em. He hadn't an idea how to become one. A Mulhall *wouldn't*. Then a small carnival company came to town. It looked fun. It was even better'n the Performing Bear. (Large praise.) Jack attached himself to the motley little crew and assisted the Houdini of the outfit in taking white rabbits out of his hat for the bewildered joy of the gaping townsfolk. It was even more fun to see the goggle-eyes of the good people, credulous and clamoring.

Jack trekked with the carnival until he got to Passaic, N. J. A long way from home. Seein' the world, that was. For Jack had never been on a railroad or a trolleycar. He had never been to New York City. He had never been inside a real theater. The Mulhalls never were great hands for traveling.

In Passaic, Jack got himself a job with a stock company at the Whitehead Op'ry House. And there he received his first instructions in the ancient art of mumming. Jack had never thought about having to *learn* to act. You were just *yourself*, weren't you? You did things all folks do, so that all folks may weep with you, or laugh with you, as the case may be. If you were Jack Mulhall, did you have to be Edwin Booth or someone? Fantastic, but apparently you did . . . .

Jack learned his artistic alphabet and remained—Jack Mulhall.

One season of that and then he joined a Ned Wayburn show on Broadway and played bits. At that time D. W. Griffith was looking for talent for the old Biograph Company, cradle of so many luminaries. He spotted young Jack and his Irish laughter, and young Jack packed his duds and moved over to Biograph. He played his very first part, a small one, in a company boasting Lionel Barrymore, Lillian Gish, Antonio Moreno, Bobby Harron and Micky Neilan. They were all swell to him back in those days. They are all swell to him now. There are mechanical changes, says Jack, but the heart is in the same old place and *stays there*.

His winning Irish smile purchased him a ticket to California when the Biograph moved West.

Jack is a young veteran of pictures. He has been through the mill and back again. He has sky-rocketed up and he has ker-plunked down again. He has been leading man for both Constance and Norma Talmadge. He has, for years, played *I-spy* with stardom, waiting just around the next corner. No sooner did he catch the elusive fey by the shirt-tails than along came a Valentino and sent the world mad over Latin heroes with sloe-eyes. No room then for an honest Irish-American from Wappingers Falls. Jack found himself side-switched to melodramas and serials. And he took it all on the chin and bided his time. In a couple of years the public right-about-faced again and wanted their Irish-American back. They knew what he was all about. The boy from Wappingers Falls, who spoke their language, who laughed over what they laughed over and wept as they wept. Jack, on one of these tides, was signed by First National, was with them for six or seven years and ended his contract as a star.

Jack doesn't believe in wearing out your welcome in any one spot. If he has any advice to give to young men who want to know all about Hollywood, it is to say '"Don't let them get tired of seeing your face around." When that time comes, as come it will, Jack believes in moving on. He moved out of First National with the idea of free-lancing. He didn't get a chance. R. K. O. reached out for him with stardom as a bait and "The Fall Guy" was his first picture under the new contract.

Acting Himself

JACK hasn't changed. He isn't going to change. He still believes that acting is being yourself. He talks on the screen as he talks at home, when he is not on exhibition. He believes that people want human beings and not mannequins who say "How ju du" on the screen and "Begates" off the screen.

He lives in a charming home, attractive but not bristling with butlers, swimming pools, marquetry or Gobelins. He wants to build a home down Santa Monica way. It is his dream to get it all paid for, his garden planted and enough money so that he will have the sufficient sum of two thousand dollars a month whether he ever works again or not. That, he says, is ample for any family. He wants to travel and to live long whiles in different countries, until he gets the feel of them. He wants to get his son, thirteen, by his first wife, started in life, and educated. He keeps him now, away from Hollywood and the pseudo-sophisticates of the studios. He loves his wife, his son, his home, his work, his fellow-men—and he doesn't invite his soul and ask: Why?

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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

6219

They're In The Barkies Now

(*Continued from page 63*)

dogs before. They have played scenes with people. And when a dog appears upon the screen, naturally all eyes are attracted to him—human-canine relations being what they are—and the two-legged creatures, striding about, become mere props.

Jiggs and *Buster* and their experienced colleagues have not cared at all for the idea of working with others of their kind. They have been nervous and "edgey," Mr. White and Mr. Myers inform me. They resented, in a truly artistic fashion, the presence of other dogs on the set and were distinctly irritated by the attention paid to the interlopers.

Their Solid Comforts

ALL this, despite the fact that their prestige was nicely upheld in all the arrangements made for their comfort. Each star and featured player has his own "dressing-room," sacred to him. It might look like a mere little dog-house to you. But it is a dressing-room, nevertheless, and each of the favored little animals has one to himself.

And just let some other dog-actor try to usurp it! Just let him *try*—

"They surely know their own pens and guard them jealously," Mr. White told me. "I think a dog's sense of property must be one of his strongest instincts. You should see the fireworks, if we try to put one dog's costume on another! They can smell the difference, you know. And how they resent it!"

The company possesses a wardrobe containing over a thousand costumes—carefully tailored to measure. And quite a chore it is to get them dressed in the morning, too. Although they put up with it more calmly now than they did at first—and don't spend a lot of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's valuable time trying to scraffle out of their trousers backward as they did when they were first introduced to them.

All kinds of sanitary precautions are carefully observed. It would never do for a prominent actor to acquire a flea that would impel him to pause in the midst of an important scene and scratch his ear!

Luckier Dogs

ELABORATE arrangements are made to insure the most comfortable temperature of the atmosphere in which the little actors work. Expensive cooling systems were installed upon their stage during the warm weather this summer. Electric fans hummed incessantly and fresh, iced water was supplied at regular intervals.

They worked for very brief periods with frequent stops for rest and relaxation. You see, if a dog becomes overheated or excited, he pants and his red tongue hangs out—and his efforts to portray human beings are not convincing.

"We only let them pant," Mr. Myers explained, "in the love scenes."

I have seen highly paid human actors, working under the augmented lights used for color-photography, who would have sacrificed dollars and dollars if they might have been treated with as much consideration as are the stars of "the barkies."

The attitude of the dogs toward their work is pretty similar to that of human actors. They do it for what they get out of it. A little bit of beefsteak. A puppy biscuit. A tiny tidbit of sugar. One of them refuses to work at all unless someone shows him a ball—and his reward, upon completing a scene to the directors' satisfaction—is a hilarious chase after the rolling, red rubber sphere. The general idea is the same as that of any other actor.

"Imagine tossing Charles Bickford a biscuit if he did a scene well!" someone said to Mr. White.

"Well—imagine offering him an extra five thousand berries!" he retorted. "It all depends upon what a person wants—"

Know When They're Good

LIKE human artists, some of the dogs work better for one man than for another. Mr. and Mrs. Renfro, who are not only trainers, but also own and supervise the kennels where the dogs live, both have their favorites who will work for no one else. There are four or five other trainers, each of whom is responsible for a special group of dogs.

The little chaps know all the signals and when the director says, "O. K. Cut!" they all drop to their four feet and scamper off the set. However, if he remarks, "That's lousy! Once more," tails hang between legs and the actors register deep shame.

The pictures, of course, are shot in "silents" and afterward the voices are "dubbed in" on the sound track. It is quite a nice problem for directors and supervisors to select human actors whose voices and deliveries are suitable for little dogs who are, in turn, portraying human beings.

The stories are all essentially satirical. Yet the human actors who furnish the lines must take them as seriously as possible. It is this very seriousness, in playing melodrama (they are nearly all melodramatic, you will observe), that makes the thing amusing when the voices seem to come from dogs, wearing clothes and occupying sets, fashioned in miniature imitation of those used in serious human drama. If the actors who speak the lines play their rôles "straight"—those voices coming, apparently, from the small creatures who look so ludicrously human in their artificial trappings and who are still so obviously lovable little dogs, will be grotesque enough.

There is a note of irony in the story of the girl who worked for years trying to achieve a career in pictures—and who has settled down at last, for the time being, anyhow, to be a voice for a dog!

They also tell a story of a stock company actor who came to town to break into the movies, and brought his dog along with him. At first, they lived in a rooming house; then they slept in various parks, and took their meals at the back doors of restaurants. The actor couldn't even get on the waiting lists of extras, and he didn't have the nerve to introduce himself and his story to some magnanimous star. And then came a day when it rained, a limousine passed them, a head peered out, and said, "Ah—a new face!" It was a producer. He bought the dog, took him home and made him into a star. Now the actor is a dog-biscuit salesman.

When a bark means a bite: the dogs jump at every chance to eat (above) from the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Rennie Renfro. Below, Mr. Renfro teaches Buster to put his best foot forward

A studio executive, noticing that his small daughter had stopped asking him for movie money, investigated.

She told him, "There's too much talking, and nothing doing."

The executive considered this a tip. He immediately began campaigning for a series of action pictures.

The children must be brought back to the theaters!

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Pictured at the left are Seventeen Perfume, Seventeen Sachet, and Seventeen Face Powder.

6209

Seventeen

The Rest Of Lady Peel

(Continued from page 51)

For a honeymoon, she and the Bart, Sir Robert Peel, motored through the south of France for a while and finally took the boat for New York. It was then that she propositioned Ziegfeld for a job of work, and Ziegfeld said thumbs down, proving that even Ziegfeld's not immortal. Faintly piqued, Miss Lillie returned to London, gave birth to a son, and played in "Up in Mabel's Room." Then the World War broke out. During the War, she devoted her talents to entertaining the soldiers in London. It was shortly after this that she annexed that bodyguard with the freckled face and the name, as advertised, of Katherine Walsh, who acts as secretarial-manager, companion and interpreter.

After being starred in several "Charlot's Revues," she returned to Hollywood and made "Exit Smiling"—"which is just what I did," Miss Lillie has said. "At least, in so far as the movies were concerned. It was pretty terrible, don't you think?"

But since the advent of the talkies she has been called again to the land of sunshine, sunshine and sunshine, where she is making "Are You There?" for Fox—the studio taking advantage of her subtle, whimsical humor by having her jump into a haystack with Ham Hamilton, execute a burlesque adagio dance and sing in the bathtub.

Unheard-of Society

BUT so much for the mulling. After all, I was squatting in Miss Lillie's bungalow for the sole purpose of discussing things pertinent; and it may have been the bathtub allusion that reminded me of that all-important problem, society. And again, of course, there may have been no connection. However, when I suggested the subject of society, Miss Lillie rose up on an elbow and studied me curiously.

"Society? Society? I had no idea there *was* such a thing. . . ." And once more she sank back on the couch.

"The line of demarcation is rather faint," Walshie admitted, deftly catching up the thread of the conversation, "but I presume society exists—even in Hollywood."

"Hollywood," Lady Peel muttered, without opening an eye. "Hollywood. It's rather different from London. Am I not right, Walshie?"

"Quite, Miss Lillie. But I might elaborate a bit."

"You may do anything you want to," was the smothered reply, "if you'll only be quiet about it."

"They are so filled with energy around this studio," was Walshie's comment, "that Miss Lillie scarcely has time for a wink—ah, now she appears to have dropped off to sleep. But about Hollywood and London: It's not that Miss Lillie objects to Hollywood people. She has some nice friends out here, like Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess, Miss Swanson, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon, not to mention several others. But she feels that friendship, in Hollywood, depends more on what you *do* than what you *are*. Do you follow me? This is not to her liking.

The Noble English Stage

"AND Miss Lillie's ideas on friendship are consistent with those of the entire English aristocracy. You will find more tolerance among the aristocracy, and society, of England toward actors and actresses, for this same reason—but of course I'm referring to the legitimate stage—than you will find among the, ah, society of America.

"This also is due in a measure to the fact that our stage has more prestige than the American. You will even find titled personages in some of our choruses! Without doubt, if pressed, we could put on a musical comedy with an all-aristocratic cast, if that is the phrase. On our stage, you will find people like Lady Peel, Lady Ashley, Lady Innes-Karr, who is the wife of Lord Innes-Karr, Lady Windham, Lady Tree, wife of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, and a number of others.

"Furthermore, when our stars are accepted socially, they are accepted completely and not held in the light of paid-entertainers, as is the rather unique custom in America. Let me again point out that over there you are taken for what you *are* and not necessarily for what you do. The fact that Miss Lillie married Sir Robert Peel, fifth baronet of England, in no way furthered her social standing. She attended the Prince of Wales' garden parties before she married Sir Robert; and, indeed, has attended them since."

"Bravo, Walshie!" came a faint, jumbled whisper. "Now tell him about the party-crashing."

Whereupon Walshie allowed her rather severe countenance to melt into a toleran grin.

Too-Informal Hollywood

"MISS LILLIE is amazed by the hordes of uninvited guests that crash parties, and by the nonchalant manner in which invited guests bring their friends. Apparently, a host is deeply wounded unless a number of unexpected arrivals are announced. Such a procedure seems in some vague way to stamp the party with exclusiveness. Now in London, when a host invites ten guests for dinner, he expects ten and not thirty. Ah, yes, Hollywood's a bit too informal for Miss Lillie. . . .

"However," she quickly added, "Miss Lillie likes any place in which she is kept busy. The truth is that on a number of occasions she has admitted to being deeply affected by Hollywood. . . ." A faint shudder coursed through Lady Peel's green-swathed body.

After a few moments, the ensuing silence in the hot studio bungalow was broken by Sam Wurtzel's pleading voice: "Say, Miss Lillie," it went, "can't you please be on set in fifteen minutes?"

Tortuously raising herself to an elbow, Miss Lillie opened an eye.

"But when am I supposed to sleep? I worked until seven o'clock last night and now, when it's barely noon, you want me to appear on the set again, or rather in a bathtub. Are you a slave driver?"

Mr. Wurtzel looked like a man who thought seventeen hours' sleep should be enough for anyone, even Lady Peel, but he discreetly bowed out with, "Then come whenever you are thoroughly rested, Miss Lillie."

Ah, Yes, Her Husband

AND before she could close her eye, just in fact as she was reestablishing somniferous relations with the couch, I admitted my curiosity as to whether or not she would come back for another picture, after, of course, visiting her husband in London.

"Yes, if this picture's any good, I'll be back. And if it's as bad as my other ones, I shall, most definitely, remain in London and confine myself to the stage. It surely will be nice seeing my son again. . . ."

"But about your husband—"

"My son," she iterated, "is a darling boy. The name is Robert; and at present he's in school in Switzerland."

Deciding to press my point in a roundabout fashion, I displayed an interest in any thoughts she might have, relative to the Hollywood divorce situation.

"Are they caused, for instance, by excessive temperament?"

"Bunk," was Lady Peel's emphatic retort. "It's just the old cry for new faces."

Then quickly I sank the hook: "Is there any truth in the rumor that you and the Bart are separated by something substantially more impassable than the Atlantic?"

"Getting a divorce in London," Walshie replied, for Lady Peel had promptly fallen asleep, "is comparable to signing your own death warrant. And we did so enjoy our interview. . . ."

As my reply was mocked by a faint, tremulous snore, I clutched at my hat, and silently tiptoed away.

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What to do?

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For a more beautiful complexion, try some of the many suggestions in our booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

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To have beautiful hands, never wash them casually. Scrub them well. Rinse them thoroughly. Dry them completely. (See booklet).

The way to loveliness is in this book

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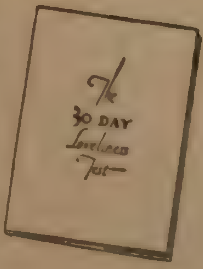

What is loveliness? Let's see if we can't list some of the precious ingredients. First, isn't loveliness a quality of "inner spirit," made up, in turn, of things like pride in self, and confidence? (Here, surely, is the truest source of poise and personality).

Next, isn't loveliness better health . . . disclosing itself in many ways, as in skin that is clear and tinted naturally, hair that has a luster, and eyes a sparkle. Third, loveliness undoubtedly is charm of dress . . . style, neatness, immaculacy.

Loveliness is all and principally these things. Don't you agree?

Then possibly you will also hold with us that right in your own home, in your bath tub and basin, in your laundry bag and dresser drawer, are vast possibilities for you of greater loveliness.

But where to start! What, precisely, to do! Isn't that the big problem?

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The Waltz Dreamer

(*Continued from page 33*)

situation gravely and hesitated to begin.

"I am disappointed," he confided. "It doesn't look at all as I had imagined it. But—" with a sudden flash of optimism—"it may prove a pleasant surprise. Your dish, now, is highly ornamental—*stunning*, I should say."

An inner demon goaded me. "Ya-aaa-ah!" it taunted, "are you to be beaten by a pig's knuckle?"

"Come, come," I murmured. (I was about to add, "this won't do.") But the words released something in the genius brain:

"Now *that* was a lyric," said Oscar Straus, abandoning the pig's knuckle with a suddenness typically male. He kissed his finger tips. . . .

"Ah, that indeed *is* a lyric! A man can write real music when he is furnished with such lines. I am not writing just now. I am waiting for the book. This business of fitting words to music which is already written doesn't suit me. I must fit my music to the words. That is as it should be.

"Arthur Schnitzler's story, 'Daybreak,' is to be my vehicle. It is a magnificent thing. We shall, I dare say, denature it a bit for movie uses. The end is far too strong for *opera bouffe*. But once I get the book—the music will fly, with all this sunshine . . ."

Sunshine Music

SUNSHINE, it seems, does wonders with the *genus* musician, of which Oscar Straus is a shining exemplar. Twenty-five years of musical composition have rendered him adept at this art which burns fitfully in the breast of the proselyte. He wrote the musical score of "Danube Love Song" in a fortnight.

"It caused the rumor that I had left Warners before my work was finished," he said. "People did not believe such a score could be written in so brief a period of time. But sunshine—that speeds things up. . . ."

About us were the heterogeneous human assortment of studioland. Joan Crawford, chrome-faced and scarlet-mouthed in make-up. Roland Young, his greasepaint meticulously protected by a neckerchief. Dr. Marafioti of the Metropolitan, in close conference with as many lovely ladies of the cinema as could insinuate themselves into his presence during the duration of his luncheon. Julia Faye, Bessie Love, Anita Page—each coaxing a bit of the famous voice doctor's time. Comedians in outlandish costumings. The violent rubaceous color-harmony of Charles Bickford. Troops of little blondined angels. A dark-eyed vampire quite obvious in her black velvet and sequins. And, smiling blandly among them, Oscar Straus of Wien, composer of "The Chocolate Soldier," "The Waltz Dream," "Mariette" and a score of immortal things. . . .

Even Better Times To Come

"RECORDING," says this genius with the perfect musical ear, "is amazing. The Hollywood studio product is far finer than what we hear in theaters at the present time. But, in the future, theaters of ideal size and with ideal acoustical requirements will give the entire country the thing we have here. Then we shall hear music!

Ray Jones

Before he became the sensation of 1930, Lew Ayres was a blues singer. So you'll have to believe that he can play the organ and mandolin, as well as the radio and phonograph

"It is more difficult," says Oscar Straus, "to write music for a talking picture than for a legitimate performance. On the legitimate stage, you only need a couple of song hits. The rest may be interesting material in which the choreography or the scenic investiture carries the interest. But in the talking picture, every song must be a hit, else it goes flat.

"In the theater, to begin with, you have the orchestra, which plays the overture. The overture is a general assembly of all the airs which are to run through the performance. The audience is more or less acquainted with the music, therefore, before the performance begins. When the number presents itself, it is, to a certain extent, familiar.

"Now, in the talking picture, the song breaks on the consciousness of the audience when the number begins in the performance. It comes cold to them. It must be a fulfilling melody, else they will not catch it at a single hearing. And we do not repeat *ad infinitum* in talking pictures as we have developed the habit of doing on our stage."

Talkies with Overtures

"THAT is food for thought," said I. "The day comes then, when the talking picture of musical type will begin with an overture, for all the world like the legitimate performance. The orchestra will play the overture as the people find their seats. There will be no attempt to divert them on the screen. The melodies will sink into their consciousness as they do in the theater. And prepare a way for themselves against the time when they occur in the picture."

"Precisely," said Oscar Straus with a gracious wave of his fine nervous hand.

On his fourth finger was a heavy gold band with a huge embedded emerald. It was reminiscent of the lavish emeralds on Fyodor Chaliapin's large white hands. A series of initials in black enamel script, on either side of the stone, gave it an old-fashioned solidity. But there is nothing old-fashioned about Oscar Straus.

For many years now he has had his atelier in Paris. The Wien of his birth, once the gayest and most captivating city of the earth, he finds too sad for musical composition since the War. He has a son, Irving, who will soon come to Hollywood. Irving, at seventeen, has gained recognition for his jazz compositions. He is an expositor of the *môde moderne*.

Because of this, he and his father do not discuss music, although they are vitally interested each in the other's work.

"I am of another generation and of another school," says Oscar Straus (with one S), "so we would only get into useless argument."

Hollywood an Experience

HOLLYWOOD is colorful and fascinating, because it is new and utterly different from anything Oscar Straus had ever seen. A creative person lives by his experiences. He has never before lived in a land where oil derricks pierce the horizons. Nor has his music before been written in a bungalow adjoining Buster Keaton's. One writes under terrific pressure in Hollywood: Oscar Straus likes that also.

"Mariette" was done in Paris with Sacha Guitry and Yvonne Printemps. There, one knows, if the music is good at all, *la* Printemps will carry it through to a Parisian triumph. Here, one does not know. One has no idea who the leading lady will be. Or the leading man. One does not know the reactions of producers, of audiences. Everything is foreign and fascinating and life-giving to the creative person, because of the novelty.

By this time the stuffed pig's knuckle was no novelty to Oscar Straus of Wien, Paris and Hollywood. The waitress bore it away with a flourish worthy of the *Reserve de Beaulieu*, instead of a commissary dining-room.

"It was most intriguing," said Oscar Straus with a gentle air of complacence. "*Most* intriguing."

I looked up with a thank-you on my tongue. It is not often an interviewer is so complimented by a great man.

Oscar Straus of Wien was speaking to the waitress. His charming reference was for the stuffed pig's knuckle.

I pocketed my pride. After all, genius is genius and one must not expect weighty compliments at light luncheons with heavy lions.

We rose. We made our way toward the exit. He was bowing and smiling to friends and acquaintances.

We were outside, outside in the melodious sunshine. Somewhere, a strain of jazz tinkled. It seemed incongruous—with Oscar Straus about—that anyone could be playing harsh music. But Oscar Straus did not seem to notice.

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Putting Them Back Into Circulatio

(*Continued from page 29*)

anyone her address or telephone number. She used to be seen at parties and in cafés a great deal. But not since she is single. One hardly ever sees her now.

You can never tell how it will affect them. One of the most curious of Hollywood customs, it seems to me, is that of announcing people's "engagements" to people who are still entangled in matrimony elsewhere. This usually presages a forthcoming divorce, of course.

Engaged? Well, Hardly

WHY, the rumors of Constance Bennett's engagement to Gloria Swanson's "Hank" flew so thick and fast—long before Gloria had ever admitted that there was even a shadow of a rift in her marriage—that Constance was obliged to make official and firm denials in the public prints. I may be old-fashioned or something, but it still seems funny to me to talk of being engaged to some other lady's current spouse.

There may have been something to it, at that. Anyhow, the effect of the separation on the Marquis de la Falaise has appeared to be a chronic attendance upon Miss Bennett ever since he has been in Hollywood this time. Gloria has not appeared in public at all.

Kay Francis, too, has denied emphatically that she is engaged to Ronald Colman—which seems logical to me, since he, in turn, denies that he is even contemplating a divorce from his wife.

Hordes of men prefer to "circulate" in a semi-wedded state, such as Ronnie enjoys. They think it saves them a deal of trouble with ambitious young women who would like to collect for breach of promise or something. Ronnie has frequently said that he considered it "a very good thing" for him to publicize the fact that he is married. Plenty of them feel the same way about it.

That is, they want all the safety of the wedded state but none of the responsibilities. It makes circulating so much safer!

Distress Calls

THEN again, some men are suddenly overwhelmed with their own helplessness after the tie is broken. Ernst Lubitsch had to call his wife to help him find a suitable house and to interview prospective servants for him, after they parted. He simply could not cope with domestic details alone at all.

She had to select a comfortable home for him and see him nicely settled in it before she could proceed with the divorce!

And another newly bereft husband of my acquaintance rushed to his erstwhile wife in dismay one night, begging her to tie his dress tie for him. He was starting his circulating and had an engagement to take a blonde to dinner—and he simply could *not* manage that horrible dress bow! The wife was nice about it. But I'm afraid she giggled.

Of course, some of them leap so quickly from marriage to marriage that there is practically no interim for circulating at all. Hardly anyone knew that Sue Carol had a husband somewhere back East. She engaged to Nick Stuart so long. And we hardly recovered from our astonishmen the announcement of her divorce before were gasping again at the news that she Nick had been married for weeks. You never know *where* they are!

Married Before You Knew It

NO one in Hollywood knew that J Winton was divorcing Charles K yon until they read of her marriage in N York to a broker or somebody. It see that the ink on the divorce decree scarcely dry before the wedding was acc plished.

Sometimes, it almost seems as if the malities of divorce had been overlool entirely—the things move so swiftly. Th was a lot of ado when John Barrymore m ried Dolores Costello, because no one heard that he was divorced from his ot wife.

Ruth Chatterton and Ralph For lived apart for about a year and both them were considered distinctly eligib And Hollywood was just *that* disconcert when they suddenly decided to resume th lives together. Ruth explained that th found that they didn't have nearly so mu fun apart as they did together. Apparent circulating lost its charm, after a time.

Charles Chaplin always gets very moro and lugubrious when he is divorced a evinces all sorts of symptoms of being woman-hater. Or at least, a distruster of t sex. But he gets over it after a while. least, he always has. He says that he w never marry again.

Farewell, 1930 Style

THE Eddie Sutherlands introduced neat new wrinkle into divorce custon the other day when they entertained what they called "a separation party." was a sort of début-dinner for both of the—at the Embassy Club—to announce their friends that they were returning circulation.

They said that they had decided separate, but before they did it, they wante to entertain the people who had been nic to them while they were married to on another. All very amiable and friendly.

Generally, the "ex-es" remain upo pretty good terms with one another an display the friendliest sort of interest each other's affairs of the heart.

I heard a young wife announce her im pending separation only recently by sayin brightly, to a friend, "My dear! I think yo have always been a little interested in m husband. Well—you may have him now I'm going to divorce him. I think you an he would make a splendid couple—he' *such* a nice chap, you know. I think yo would get on very well, and I'd like to se you both happy and settled!"

The strange part of it is that I think sh meant it. Her concern for her husband wa sincere. She was putting him back int circulation and she wanted him to be content.

The county clerk writes them into marriage--
The judge writes them out of it—
The press-agents write the papers—
And the papers write the news.
And, somewhere in the shuffle,
The stars lose their individuality.
If you want all the news, and
The personalities, too, keep pace with
Motion Picture CLASSIC

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 45*)

the princess has been forced to make her own way in life.

"Princess Athena is not without her small court in Hollywood, however. The Arabian musicians, with whom she is appearing in the Foreign Legion picture, 'Morocco,' address her by her title and show her the deference they consider her rank. To them, she is 'our princess.'"

• • •

JACKIE *COOGAN spurning the white-tablecloth brigade of the Paramount café and eating with the technicians at the counter.*

Joan *Crawford*, **Douglas**, *Jr.*, **Kay** *Hammond*, **Ruth** *Roland and* **Ben** *Bard among* **Ann** *Harding's guests at a theater party.*

Sally *Starr and* **Fred** *Scott at the same play.*

Sally's *supposed-to-be boy-friend,* **Eddie** *Quillan, escorting his Mother and Dad.*

• • •

SEVERAL Hollywood globe-trotters have recently returned to the home fold, singing the praises of London, and telling of the gay receptions they were accorded there. Heretofore, Paris has always been the favorite playground, but London seems to be stepping right up when it comes to entertaining visiting movie stars.

Marion Davies made a personal appearance in the city of the fogs, and thousands of "conservative" English folk stampeded the entrance of the theater and the "bobbies" had their hands full, holding the crowd in check. When **Marion** made her appearance upon the stage, the entire audience rose and cheered.

Charlie King was another visiting fireman to bring back glowing tales of his London reception. And while **Buster** Keaton insisted he was on a vacation and refused to make personal appearances, he was not without his share of traffic-stopping, himself.

• • •

DIET continues to be a favorite subject of Hollywood conversation. The Eighteen-Day diet is dead and buried. Lamb chops and pineapple are as out-of-date as last year's hat. All you hear about now is—soup and buttermilk.

Winnie Lightner introduced this one, I believe. Anyway, whoever introduced it, soup and buttermilk is the last word in weight-reduction conversations.

• • •

NORMA *SHEARER cabling good wishes and congratulations to* **Talullah** *Bankhead the night she opened "Let Us Be Gay" in London.*

Certain film producer wondering if the life story of **Jeanne** *Eagels would make suitable material for a movie.*

John *Boles teaching his small daughter to swim.*

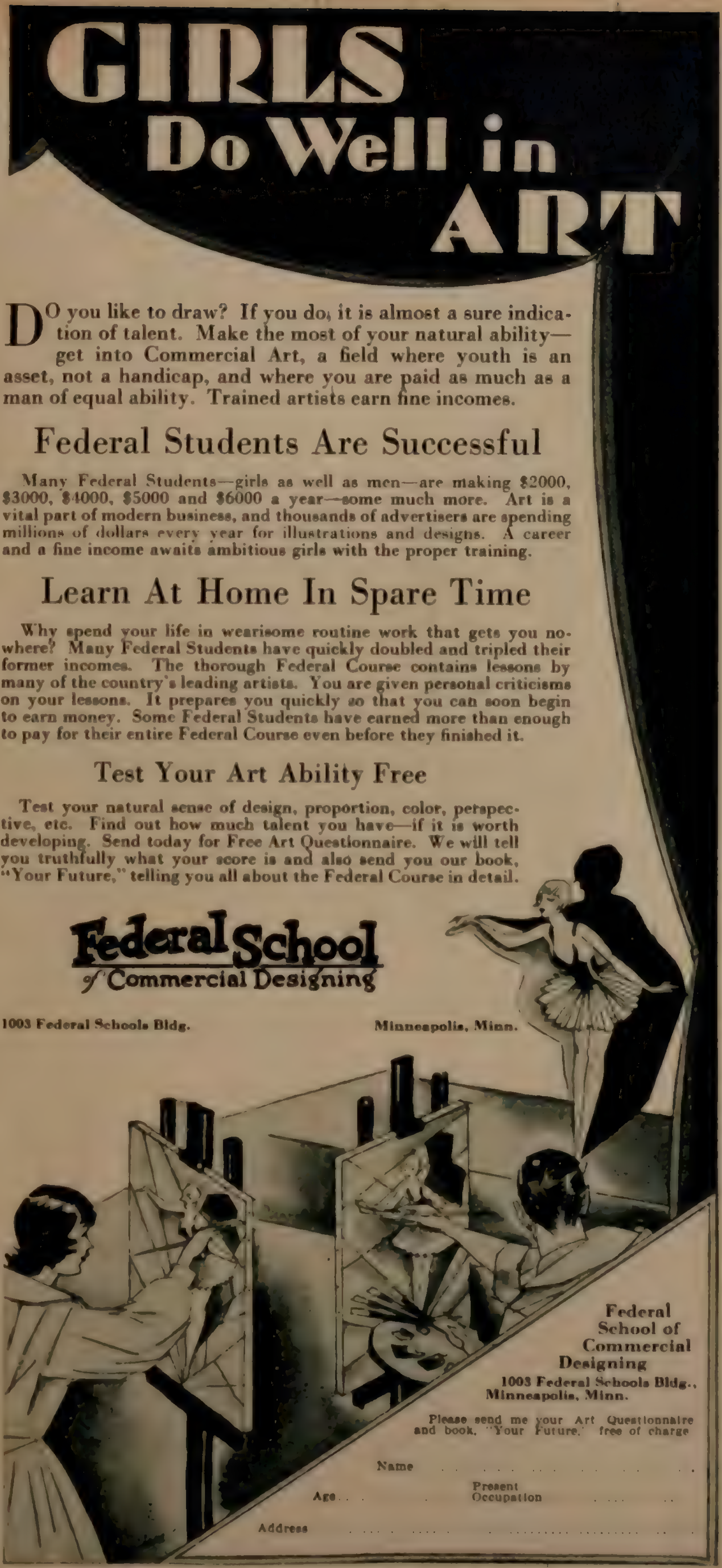
Lilyan *Tashman and* **Edmund** *Lowe waltzing in the Blossom Room.*

• • •

THE latest feminine adornment in Hollywood is the beret. Not that the beret, *per se*, is a novelty. But the top-piece in question heretofore has been something to wear for sports—not here, there and everywhere.

Hollywood just can't be bothered by being formal. Let Paris decree straight and narrow lines, and Hollywood promptly gives its belt a good healthy pull. Let Parisian couturiers stock up with large hats and Hollywood dons the smallest thing it can find.

Now the girls aren't wearing hat brims around their faces, but little wavelets their best friends never knew they had. And you hear that femininity is coming back.



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Please send me your Art Questionnaire and book, "Your Future," free of charge

Name . . . .
Age . . . . . . Present Occupation . . . .
Address . . . .

It's Free And Easy

(*Continued from page 70*)

First-Class Rackets

AND although Hollywood has been fooled that way many times, it's still a Grade A racket. You, too, should pick up a title on the way out. Most any title will do as far as Hollywood's concerned. Oh, yes—and a family crest would be nice, too. Spend about twenty minutes figuring one out before you start. You can use it here in place of a meal ticket.

However you work it, as romantic "hobo" or titled "nobility," be sure to bring a good supply of sarcasm. Criticize continuously. Find fault with the food, furniture and *filet mignon*. Question your host's taste in drinks, drapes and dressing-gowns. Be nasty. Be impossible. Raise trouble with Hollywood and the movies. Your host, instead of kicking you out, will titter, gasp and straightway announce you as a Great Man—one with the courage of his convictions. You're made.

Still another way of gathering in the gratis groceries and shelter is to park on the porch of some star until he asks what it's all about. That's your cue to crash out with the story of how you've come clear across the continent just to see him. Soon after, go into your faint. You'll be taken in and nursed back to health—a long slow process. Long and slow, that is, if you're at all clever.

Or, if you prefer, begin loading up the star with news of the home-town. Funny as it sounds, that also works. Your average actor is provincial to the point of hick. Bring lots of news of the home-folks to the folks in Hollywood. Soon after, if you see any more food you'll scream.

Keystone

Another good stopping-place, before you get acquainted with some star who will be delighted to hear your story, is Westlake Park. Grant Withers always preferred Westlake

Parking Allowed

PERHAPS you'd prefer not being made part of a Hollywood household. Perhaps the outdoors is strong within you as it was within Gary Cooper, Grant Withers, Rudolph Valentino and Bill Seiter. It was for you, then, that Hollywood and Los Angeles made their parks. With our mild temperate climate (you've surely heard of our mild, temperate climate), you'll find our public parks to be perfectly delightful living quarters. It's simply a matter of picking your favorite.

Westlake Park, for instance, has the lake. This is favored by those in whose blood runs the call of the sea. Grant Withers is said to have preferred Westlake. Rumor has it that the soft lap-lapping of the waves on the shore helped his insomnia. Pershing Square Park, across from the fashionable Biltmore, has always rated highest with those having a social standing at stake. Valentino is said to have liked it. Valentino is said also to have preferred the newspapers there; excellent for wiping one's face after a hurried wash. Late editions, goes the anecdote, were recommended by him, both for the news they contained and for their thickness.

Gary Cooper, or so it goes, liked the peace and quiet of Griffith Park, located on the edge of Hollywood. Here he would sit by the hour, broke and jobless, true, but quietly content as he watched gentlefolk fall off their horses. He also was partial to Hollenbeck Park. You, too, will find one to your liking. Just one more word. Don't overlook the spacious grounds of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Personally, I think it has them all beat.

You Can Let It Rain

WITH the rains, you may want to give up your Park and take winter quarters. That is the time, according to Bill Seiter and many before him, to select the parking station of your choice. That's what Seiter did in his plug-ugly days. The Lincolns and Cads are best, he says, for stretching out. Simply wait till business starts falling off. Then as the attendant begins napping, head straight for the car of your choice, pull down the curtains and call it a day. As Grand Rapids bed men say—we *must* get our sleep.

With food and shelter out of the way, we may now turn our attention to amusement: *free* amusement. And there, my dears, is where Hollywood has the whole world skinned. Had the late Mr. Barnum seen the shows that are daily enacted on Hollywood Boulevard, he would have sighed and straightway, and for all time, have handed in his tights. Probably that's why the circus never amounts to much in Hollywood. The side-show freaks running around loose here are far better than the real thing. Name the free amusement you're craving and I'll tell you where to look for it. Do you like cowboys and rope-tossing acts? Turn up at Hollywood and Cahuenga boulevards. There you'll find a couple dozen rangy saddle-hands waiting for westerns to come back. And as they wait they daily put on a show of which even Buffalo Bill would approve.

How To Be Entertained

OR probably you'd like a party. Well, the ladies of Hollywood are often stuck for extra men for their dinner dances. While walking peaceably along the Boulevard, you're very apt to be herded suddenly into a carload of other last minute guests. That very thing has happened more than once. If you are ever so drafted, don't be alarmed about not knowing anyone at the party. You'll have plenty company. With parties given on the wholesale dimensions you find here, it's ten to one that the hostess doesn't know anyone there, either. Just eat and drink whatever's in sight and check up another free evening.

Remember that you are free to leave the party if it bores you; free to try all the other parties in town, till you find one that looks good. Just amble along till you find a mob of cars parked in front of a house. That usually means party. Ooze into the house and snuggle up to the punch. No one will bother you. After a while, it won't matter if they do.

Hollywood, besides being democratic as to its guest list, is woefully dumb. The only ones who don't attend the parties here are the invited guests. That makes it better for you. Break up enough furniture and they'll take you for a regular. And as the party breaks up, don't be alarmed when the guests start thanking you for the splendid evening they've had. *Someone* has to be host.

This testimony should be enough to start you on your way to this town of easy gravy. *Now* if you don't come to Hollywood to get in on the free racket, we'll know it's just because you're a ninny who's afraid of traveling on a train.

G
G
Milky Way
CHOCOLATE

. . . now watch us *tackle* a Milky Way

Just think how one would taste! That center, barely crumbling as you bite through it . . . its flavor telling of fresh sweet milk and delicious *malted* milk. Topping that, the golden layer of just slightly chewy caramel; and then, outside of all, that rich brown coating of wonderful, pure milk chocolate. What a rare combination of goodness, and how satisfying, when you crave good candy. Oh boy . . . imagine how good one would taste *right this minute!*

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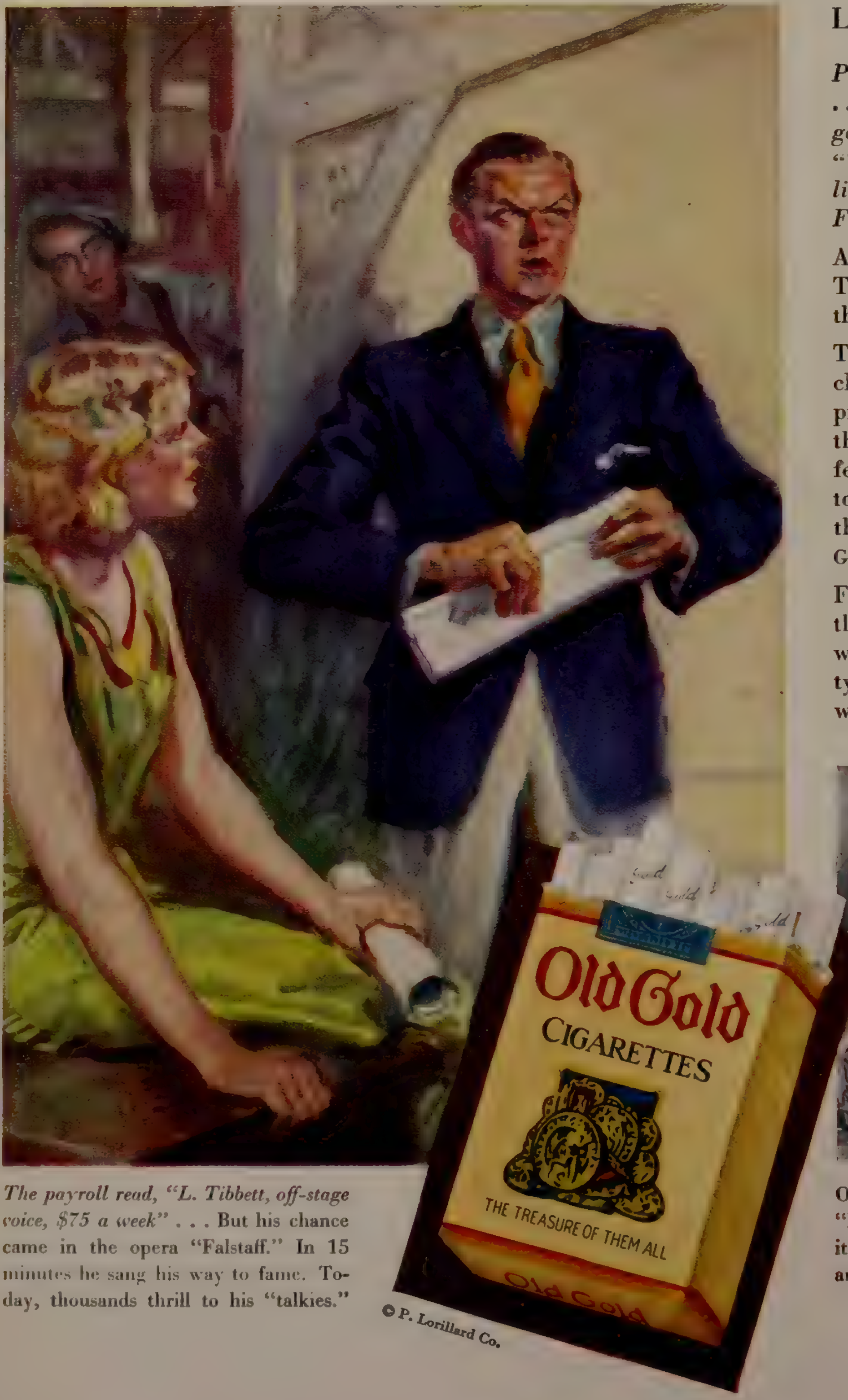
They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



The payroll read, "L. Tibbett, off-stage voice, $75 a week" . . . But his chance came in the opera "Falstaff." In 15 minutes he sang his way to fame. Today, thousands thrill to his "talkies."

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LAWRENCE TIBBETT

Programs rustle . . . "Who is Tibbett?" . . . Then comes a voice of molten gold, clear, pulsing, tender, stirring . . . "The Diamond Horseshoe" cheers like bleachers. Encores. Bravos. Flowers. Speeches.

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From an "off-stage voice" to a star in the opera, concert, "talkies," that's what *Nature* did for Tibbett. From a tyro-brand to a great success. That's what *Nature* did for OLD GOLD.

OLD GOLD first appeared on Hollywood "lots," November 9, 1926. In just 90 days it was one of the four most popular brands among the celebrities of the screen.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

The Legendary Barrymore

(*Continued from page 30*)

paper cronies—Carl Decker, Frank Butler and Rip Anthony, were with him—but it was young John who actually climbed up and removed the huge thing of wood and plaster from its rightful place. The young men then took it from saloon to saloon on Broadway, and for their prowess were awarded many a round of drinks.

The Punishment Fitted Him

GEORGE BRIDGMAN, noted artist and teacher of art, who was Barrymore's instructor, says of his student:

"The boy's bold originality was developing in his sketches, although, of course, they showed the influence of Doré. He had the makings of a painter in him."

Doré was first inflicted on Barrymore as a punishment. A copy of Dante's "Inferno," illustrated by the famous Frenchman, was given the boy to read when he was twelve years old, as punishment for hitting another lad in the ear with a hard-boiled egg.

He feels that Doré influenced not only his sketches, but his very character, instilling in him the touch of the *macabre* that occasionally is evident in his nature.

Young Barrymore sold a play poster for five dollars. Andrew Carnegie bought his gruesome drawing, "The Hangman," for ten dollars. And before he finally secured employment as a newspaper artist, he had obtained other trifling sums for his artistic labors.

He worked for eighteen months on the staff of the New York Evening Journal. He usually illustrated Arthur Brisbane's editorial page, but occasionally one of his gloomy, allegorical, symbolic drawings illustrated the optimistic verses of Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

His Excuse Was Acceptable

THE first trial of this strange combination brought strong protests from the poetess, and young Barrymore was sent to meet her and explain.

"Madame, my drawings are probably deficient because I did not stay in art school long enough to draw feet," he told her. "I must always hide feet in grass."

Miss Wilcox was hearty in her praise of Barrymore's next illustrations. He was later discharged for a botched political drawing.

Barrymore turned from art to acting with regret. As he puts it:

"I only went back to the stage because there is hope—at least, money—for the bad actor. The indifferent painter usually starves."

Perhaps the reason Barrymore is such a great actor and such a colorful individual to-day is that he never really liked or respected the profession of his famous family.

Strange friendships have always been his characteristic. He has met great personalities, and kings and queens, but the characters that have interested him far more have nearly always been relatively obscure, such as Rip Anthony, artist, and Frank Butler, newspaper writer.

The Friend of His Choice

AT an important Hollywood film studio, one of his cronies was the gatekeeper. That worthy was always welcome to come to the Barrymore dressing-room and, when there, was always sure of a drink.

The biggest executives of the film company were formally introduced to "Jim" when they met him in the star's dressing-room, and they had to enjoy his company.

No bed of roses: but Joyce Compton is enjoying Hollywood despite. The reason: she appears to be in something better than clover, and blossoming out, after being with Will Rogers in "Lightnin'"

A climax was reached one day, when Barrymore returned to Los Angeles from New York. All of the studio's chief executives were at the train to meet him. Hovering timidly on the outskirts, and no doubt frowned at, was "Jim."

"Ha, you old loafer, so you got my wire!" he shouted. "That's fine. Where's your car?"

Arm-in-arm with the gateman, he dashed away, climbed into a rickety old car, and rattled off. Behind him, he left his baggage and his valet for the executives to escort in the awaiting Rolls-Royces!

Fireworks Display

ONE of his best pieces of acting in a studio never reached the screen.

His special photographer, Bill, had arranged to take Barrymore to the auto races one Sunday. Saturday afternoon, the production manager decided that the company, which was behind schedule, would have to work late that night. Bill realized that, if Barrymore worked until midnight or later Saturday, he would never get up in time for the races next day.

"Guess this crabs our plan, doesn't it?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't think we'll work late," Barrymore replied.

He wore a long cloak in the next scene. The cloak kept falling off. He broke a wooden trellis. Some lady visitors came on the set and disturbed the players. Barrymore gradually worked himself into a towering rage. At last the scene was nearly completed. Then the cloak fell off again!

With a howl, followed by cursing that sent the lady visitors away with hands over their ears, the star tore the cloak to rags and strode off the set.

The company discussed the blow-up with hushed voices. It was decided that no more work could be done, and everyone was dismissed for the week-end.

Bill, with many forebodings and qualms of fear, forced himself to invade the lion's den. He was determined to ask Barrymore if he still wanted to go to the races.

The Lion Unbearded

BEFORE he could knock at the stellar door, however, it opened and a redfaced, perspiring chief executive of the studio came out, retreating gracelessly and in confusion.

"You aren't going in *there*, are you, Bill?" he gasped.

"Y-yes sir! I gotta see him. Is he awful mad?"

"Boiling! Better not disturb him. He'll knock your head off."

Doggedly, but with misgivings, Bill opened the door a crack and peered in. Barrymore caught sight of him.

"Hey, Bill, you old wart-hog! Come in, d— you! Didn't I tell you we'd not work late to-day?"

Not long ago, Winston Churchill visited Barrymore at the studio. The only person the star introduced to the famous British statesman was another crony, "Tiny" Jones, a diminutive extra woman, who was formerly Dorothy Mackaill's maid.

"Tiny's a country-woman of yours," Barrymore explained. "Besides, she's a real person."

The Human-Being Test

ANOTHER anecdote gives a clue to the genesis of some of his friendships.

A new executive was to be presented to Barrymore. This was precarious, for the star's violent dislikes are as characteristic as his sudden friendships.

One of the cronies, as ambassador, warily led the newcomer into the Presence.

Staring hard, Barrymore shook hands with the new man. The latter stared boldly back. It was like two fighters touching gloves before the bout.

Drinks were brought. The newcomer insisted that his famous host be served first. With a wise eye cocked at his visitor, the star poured a staggeringly tall whiskey, and shot into it a mere finger or so of seltzer.

The new man deliberately poured a *taller* drink of whiskey, and a mere *f-f-tt* of seltzer!

Barrymore grinned.

"I'm glad you're a human being!" he declared. "Up the river, old top!"

MOTION PICTURE ACTING

JEROME STORM, *left* Directing
CONSTANCE TALMADGE, *star in* "THE GOLDFISH"
Right, C GARDNER SULLIVAN, *Supervisor*.

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Our Staff, offering the benefit of their many years of actual a hievement in this magnetic industry, consists of:

JEROME STORM, Famous Director, who has been instrumental in the development of numerous screen celebrities. Among the many he has directed are Colleen Moore, John Gilbert, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Adolphe Menjou, Lillian Gish, Wallace Beery, Alice White, Jack Mulhall, Bessie Love, Douglas McLean, Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Jackie Coogan and Charles Ray in his widely loved "Country Boy" characterizations.

J. FRANK GLENDON, Star of the Broadway Stage and Screen, featured Star in over thirty screen versions of the O'Henry Classics and many others which include "Night Life in Hollywood," "Rip Tyde," "Yankee Doodle, Jr.," supporting Clara Kimball Young in "Soul of Raphael" and "Midchannel"; Norma Shearer in "Up Stage" and Marion Davies in "Lights of Old Broadway." He has been featured with many others including Leatrice Joy, Agnes Ayres, Claire Windsor, Jane Novak and supported among many Greta Garbo, Marie Prevost, Lionel and John Barrymore.

OLIVER DRAKE, Author and Writer of more than a hundred screen successes including "Rogue of the Rio Grande," "The Squealer," "Red Riders of Canada," "The Desert Rider," "The Drifter," etc., featuring many famous players among whom are Raymond Hatton, Patsy Ruth Miller, Tom Mix, Sharon Lynn, Tom Tyler, Myrna Loy, Bob Steele and Raquel Torres.

These subjects have been particularly prepared to fulfill the demand of those who possess an honest ambition to become an Actor, Actress or writer and to develop within them the ability of expression, making available information which would require much time and actual experience in the Motion Picture Business to learn:—for the Amateur "Home Movie" photographers, to assist them in making more life-like pictures by the correct application of Make-Up, the reflecting of light and the making of interesting scenes in continuity.

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The Kid Also Talks

(*Continued from page 41*)

Sawyer," with nice little Mitzi Green and that brand-new mike? (I often wonder if I am not just a little silly when I talk with children. I never quite seem to know when they have crossed that line from childhood into human beings. Sometimes I think I actually coo at them).

Sure, he said, it was nice to take a fling at the talkies. Ever since they came in, he'd wanted to try them to see just what made 'em tick. You got the idea he would have had the same interest in a new automobile motor or a self-setting alarm clock. His mind wandered politely from the subject. Mary Brian had come in and taken the next table.

Jackie observed her silently for a moment. "The most beautiful girl on the screen"—this with the tone of a connoisseur. "She isn't too skinny."

There might have been more on the charms of Mary as seen by her youthful admirer, if that second toasted cheese hadn't arrived at just this time. For the next moment or two Jackie gave this masterpiece of culinary art his undivided attention.

Food For Thought

"IT'S wonderful the way that fellow makes these," he mused. "They aren't all messy like most cheese sandwiches. The cheese is toasted right in between the bread"—his expressive hands illustrated in pantomime just how the cheese and the bread got together,—"and then it's put on a special sort of frying plate. I wish you'd have a bite," he offered.

After that, I don't know what kept me from ordering one myself.

Later, Jackie's father told me he had always been that way. Didn't care a darn about fame. It just didn't mean anything to him. He never quite "got" it—or rather, it never quite "got him." He just won't talk pictures.

"He's far more interested in the things that interest most boys of his age who have never set foot on the stage, or in a motion picture studio.

"He gets a kick out of such things as belonging to the German, French, English and American Boy Scouts. When we traveled in Europe on his personal appearance tour a couple of years ago, it didn't mean anything to Jackie that they were still talking about 'The Kid'—just as if it had been made yesterday. The biggest thrill of that tour to him was the opportunity to attend the International Convention of the Boy Scouts.

He Likes What He Gets

"HE'S nutty about airplanes, and things like that, and over at Loyola he wants the boys to forget he is Jackie Coogan, the movie star. If he wants to go to the mat with a certain boy over a disputed point, he wants it to be on a boy-to-boy basis.

"His mother and I have tried to keep Jackie unspoiled by not giving him what he asks for right away. I bought a tricky little model of a kite-airplane the other day and Jackie went crazy about it. He started business negotiations for it right away. First, he asked me to give it to him. Then he offered to buy it. I'm going to let him wait a little while for it—he'll appreciate it more when he gets it."

At this moment, the Kid, who had been visiting the table of Gary Cooper during this eulogy on his robust fellowhood, returned bearing—believe it or not—another cheese sandwich. Something in Coogan, Sr.'s expression must have smitten him, for he murmured: "This isn't exactly for me—I know you like them, Dad." And it turned out that Dad did.

"The people in Europe have the real idea about eating," said Jackie, because, after all, this was an interview and something was expected in the conversational line. "They really know food, even though they do spring some funny novelties on you. I never thought in my whole life I'd ever be able to eat a *snail*. But, honest, they're delicious! The first time I ordered them, I ate six and after I finished those, I ordered six more. They don't taste like what you'd think snails taste like, at all."

The Coogan Mystery

IN spite of Jackie's cultivated taste, his father says he is most difficult to feed at home.

"He will sit down to a delicious meal—and then inform us out of a clear sky that there is nothing on the table he really likes. That is always his cue to make a polite getaway down the street to one of those barbecue-sandwich places. He brings back one of those pork or beef concoctions just dripping in that gooey sauce. His mother nearly had a fit, at first—but he hasn't broken down yet. I don't know whether it is a sign that the food is all right—or that Jackie has a tin stomach."

Jackie only smiled. After all, it's his own secret.

Somebody, an assistant director, I think, came and said Jackie was wanted back on the set. For the first time since the last cheese sandwich, Jackie lighted up a bit. "Excuse me, *please*, I'm glad to have met you," and, just like that, he was gone—cheese sandwich and all.

"Mr. Coogan," I pried on from a sense of duty, "isn't he just a little excited over the picture—I mean, at home doesn't he say anything?"

Coogan, Sr., shook his head. "Fame doesn't mean anything to Jackie."

That being the case, I said I thought I'd have one of those cheese sandwiches.

With the talkies, hokum is being squeezed off the screen—
A blah remark sounds even worse than it looks.
But written hokum looks bad enough—
Especially when you have been seeing it
For years and years and yet more years—
Material that went over big in the days
When movies were designed for ten-year-olds.
The alert, adult audience of to-day
Knows hokum at first sight, and
Keeps away from it, by reading

Motion Picture CLASSIC
"It's The Magazine With The Personality"

How To Treat Chorus-Girls

(Continued from page 69)

are at least a hundred to-day for every job, even in the chorus. So you have to be extraordinarily good at your kicks, splits and taps to qualify for a permanent chorus job at one of the big studios. Thus the chorus director's job is done for him before he starts, so far as getting work out of the girls is concerned. All he has to do is tell them what he wants, and they can do it with little or no trouble. So we see that even if the new Will Hays's code of ethics for Hollywood had not been introduced, there would be little need for swearing at chorines. The victory for purity is complete.

How It All Started

DANNY DARE, who is overseer of massed feminine gyrations for Fox, steps forward to tell us the evolution of chorus-girl treatment from earliest times to the present enlightened day.

It was Leon Errol, he says, who discovered the art of staging dances without the use of profanity. Errol is said to have "killed his girls with kindness." Before his day, the backers of Broadway shows would sit in the orchestra at rehearsals and listen to chorus directors yelling and screaming at the chorines. If a girl answered back, she went straight out into the street and did not return. The chorines had to be as tough as steel to stand it. But then, in a way, chorus masters had a right to expect them to stand up against profanity; for many of them could do nothing else except walk, and that only with the strange one-knee-over-the-other gait which generally betokens knock-knees.

The change came from show-girls to dance-girls. A lady of the ensemble had to be able to do something; and for what she could do she commanded a certain amount of respect. The old manner of directing ensembles, as exemplified by Ned Wayburn and Ziegfeld in former days, began to fade out. The use of profanity became a thing of the past. And "ladies of the ensemble," so-called for dozens of years, were treated a little more like ladies and a little less like inmates of an orphanage.

To-day, says Dare, the average chorine has to be a far better dancer than the star used to be in the old days; and with modern Hollywood competition—with thousands of girls struggling for a place, be it ever so humble, in the limelight—the chorus-girl who can get a job is no less than an expert in every line of dancing. Profanity is not only undignified—it is unnecessary.

As for the show-girls of the old school, they are now doing their knock-knee walking in millinery and fashion shops. They are not wanted in the show business. Their tough hides are no longer any use to them.

I asked Ivan Lebedeff—the very man whose hand-kissing sent thirty-seven girls at R-K-O to the floor for a count of ten—if he had any views on the correct treatment of chorus-girls, and, if so, to spill them or forever hold his peace.

Ivan frowned, then smiled a *Mona Lisa* smile.

"It all depends on your taste," he said. "I prefer the old-fashioned way myself."

He pondered further.

"Also," he continued, "there are two divisions of the problem—above the waist-line and below the waist-line.

"I mean by this, of course, treating a chorus-girl intellectually and treating her professionally."

I scratched my head as he walked on. Queer birds, these foreign chaps. Intellectually, forsooth!

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Virginia Valli

Screen stars—wise in the ways of beauty—find Kleenex indispensable for removing cold cream.

WHY is Kleenex in the dressing room of almost every star in Hollywood?

Because, as Virginia Valli says, "It's the modern, sanitary way to remove cold cream and make-up."

Kleenex *is* the modern way. How much daintier to use an immaculate tissue than a germ-filled cold cream cloth . . . or a harsh and unabsorbent towel!

USE Kleenex for handkerchiefs—it avoids reinfection when you have a cold . . . is soft, dainty . . . and saves laundry.

With Kleenex there's no rubbing or stretching the skin. You just *blot*. Along with the cream come embedded dirt and cosmetics—which harsh cloths often rub right back into the pores.

Kleenex is simply discarded after using. If you don't know Kleenex, start today to give your skin the care it deserves. Buy Kleenex at drug, dry goods and department stores.

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By an Easy Simple Method that has stood the test of 26 years' Successful Service. The Direct Method for a Symmetrical Figure—Development where needed. Neck, Chest, Arms, Legs—in fact ANY part of the Body. You need not send me a long letter. Just write *"I enclose 10c. Mail me a Large Box of*
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Sealed and Prepaid, and tell me how to Develop a Beautiful Rounded Form by your Simple Home Method." That is all you need say, and I will return the dime if you wish, but send it NOW.
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Its Cause and Cure"
You can be quickly cured if you stammer. Send 10 cents, coin or stamps, for 288 page cloth bound book on Stammering and Stuttering. It tells how I cured myself after Stammering and Stuttering for 20 years. BENJAMIN N. BOGUE
7718 Bogue Building, 1147 N. Ill. St. Indianapolis

Meet The Killer

(*Continued from page 58*)

hired a free-lance press-agent to get the editors jogged up a bit.

The press-agent would handle his account for a hundred and fifty dollars per week. He paid for expensive portraits that he never saw; dashed hither and yon, buying lunches for newspapermen; talked long and impressively whenever a member of the Fourth Estate happened along. This went on for many weeks, to the tune of one hundred and fifty dollars every seven days, plus costly portrait-sittings, plus lunches.

He isn't a notorious spender, so naturally he demanded to know what, besides income-tax exemption, all this was getting him. The press-agent was indignant, but a few five-line notices in newspaper dramatic sections were all that could be produced. He still wants publicity, but he's not going to be made a sucker to get it.

Observing Stage Law

ALTHOUGH he hasn't been interviewed very much, he's nothing if not thorough about it. The interviewers one meets in fiction and stage plays always carry little black notebooks with a supply of well-pointed pencils. Mr. Robinson reads extensively and has seen no end of plays. He wants to give out a good interview just as earnestly as he wants to play the title rôle in "Dracula."

So it isn't surprising when he suggests that one produce one's notebook and pencil to take down what he says. It doesn't really matter if what he says is substantially the same thing actors have been saying since time immemorial; to see a pencil scratching on a notebook inspires his best efforts.

It isn't as though Mr. Robinson didn't know what interviewing is all about. He does. He has read interviews and he has ideas about what the public wants to know. There's the matter of favorite food, for instance.

"Say that fruits are my favorite food. Put it fruits and tobacco. That's good, isn't it?"

This sprightly bit of humor was accompanied by a little slap on the elbow—our elbow—which is one of the typical Robinson mannerisms. After delivering himself of an observation he considers unusually apt, it is his custom, by way of emphasis, to lean forward and give the listener a slight slap with the back of his hand.

He never lets a good thing, whether it be a joke or a characterization, elude him for lack of following it up. The impulse to follow up is responsible for his being typed as a gangster. He was tremendously successful in the stage production of "The Racket," and was promptly brought out to Hollywood to be sleek and suave in "Night Ride." Since then, producers haven't been able to get enough of his nasty doings.

He has never, to his knowledge, seen a gangster in the flesh. The character he did in "The Racket" was popularly supposed to be a take-off on "Scarface" Al Capone. He never even heard of Capone until after the play had closed.

Being typed rather disturbs an actor who is otherwise well pleased with himself. On the stage, he did plays that movie audiences would consider decidedly high-brow and worked for impresarios who spell art with a capital A. Now he's laboring in the once-despised flickers and playing conventional villains calculated to make little children shudder.

Notwithstanding which, he announces, "I'm too individual to be tied down with a contract."

And does he love his symphonies? That's easy. Does Clara Bow love her front-page stories.

He can neither play nor read a note of music, but he expands indefinitely on the finer points of Tschaikowsky's *Symphony Pathétique*. What's more, he can spell Tschaikowsky. He professes to abhor jazz, yet people-who-should-know say he's an unusually expert ballroom dancer. He leased a box at the Hollywood Bowl and goes religiously to hear the symphonies under the stars.

He pumps a mean player-piano, too. Once when an original mood possessed him, he cut sections from a half-dozen player rolls and pasted them together, in an effort to achieve something unique. Judging from his wife's comments, the result was even more than he had hoped for. Now, no amount of persuasion will enable one to hear the Robinson Original. It is for his own solitary enjoyment.

"Tell them my tastes are very diversified," he instructed. "Say that when I have a day off in New York I go to an opera matinée, then to a prize-fight in the evening, and enjoy one as much as the other."

Crap-shooting is his favored sport. The perusal of Sunday newspapers is his major excursion into current literature, because he prefers reading books which time has proved worth while. He speaks seven languages.

Ladies of "Whoopee"

(*Continued from page 74*)

don't-act, Virginia Bruce was like a strawberry ice cream soda after a gin fizz. She's quiet—but beautiful. Very, very beautiful. Tall. Blonde. Her obvious inexperience takes on the coloring of bewilderment. She talks, looks and acts as you might expect Lillian Gish to talk, look and act in a chorus. Several men who darted in and out of the office on the United Artists lot spotted Virginia sitting so erectly in her pale pink dress and called out: "Hello, Beautiful." "Hello," she answered politely and softly.

"All the men I've met since I've been in pictures are awfully encouraging," she admitted in calm repression. "I'm not really a show-girl, you know. That is, I never worked in a stage show. I came out to Hollywood originally to go to school, but since the talkies started I've worked in many musical comedies. I had a contract with Paramount for six months—but nothing happened." She fixed me gently with those lovely puzzled eyes.

"I've had an offer from Mr. Ziegfeld to go back to New York for the next Follies—but I don't know whether I should or not. It would mean being separated from my family—and I think I would just die. I've never been away from my family, and New York seems so cold and unfriendly from what I've heard about it. I'm not the type that likes to go around to lots of places with different men. I like being at home with people I know. I really don't know what to do.

What Can Be the Matter?

"IF things just broke right for me in the talkies, I'm sure I would love this work. Just when I'm beginning to feel

(*Continued on page 102*)

Desist
Doctor
*I have
Changed*

Oh, please don't, doctor,
Please don't tell me
I ought to try some more
Of that awful stuff.

It didn't help me a bit.

And really, doctor,
I don't need it.

Why, it has even got so that
I don't even crave
A little prescription,
Now and then.

No longer am I sick,
Or tired, or bored.

My eyes have stopped
Burning and aching.
My head doesn't feel
Like a bale of cotton.
My appetite is good again

I happened, all by myself,
On what I need.
And it surely is
A sure cure for hokum
And the doldrums.

That's why I have changed.

I tossed all that other stuff
Into the grate—and
Settled down to enjoying
Some he-man doses
Of

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC
*"It's the Magazine
With the Personality"*

Clara's New Beau

(Continued from page 48)

for some time (when he was a kid he used to caddy for Wally Reid on the golf links)but it is only lately he has begun to crash any degree of interest. He's lost the cowboy background in favor of straight juvenile screen leads—and then this "stuff" about an engagement between him and Clara, has certainly stirred up talk, to say the least.

"Everybody wants to give me advice about Clara," he commented, settling himself into a chair in my apartment which was not quite large enough for him. "A few people around the studio have even tried to run our friendship for us—if you can beat that! One fellow said to me: 'Don't let yourself get serious, kid, she'll only break your heart and give you the air.' Another said: 'Keep your heart out of it but crash in on the publicity.' I could have socked that one. I guess I should have—but I was so surprised I was dumb. For the most part I let them rant their heads off and don't say anything myself.

Keen for Clara

"I FEEL it's nobody's business about myself and Clara's friendship. I don't mind telling you this, though. I'd rather be in the company of Clara than any other man or woman I've ever known. She's so darn kind and generous to everybody and they're so mean to her—except a few of her real close friends and I'm not so crazy about all of them—but you can't argue with Clara—she thinks they're fine.

"I wonder why people don't leave Clara alone? She never bothers anybody. She leads the quietest life of any girl in Hollywood.

"Lots of times when I ask her to come to a theater, or out dancing, she says she'd rather sit home and play cards. She's crazy about cards. She likes Poker some, but she'd rather play Rummy or Chess. Did you know she was the best Chess player of Brooklyn? She's the champion. It takes a lot of brains to play that game.

"I'm perfectly happy just knowing I can drop over to Clara's house and sit around talking to her. There's a real companionship in our friendship. We do just what we want to do without trying to put on an act for each other. If Clara's tired and wants to get some rest, she'll excuse herself to the rest of us and go to bed. Even when she can't sleep she likes to lie there and relax. Her health isn't so awful good, you know. What she really needs is a long rest away from this town.

"We don't make any demands on each other, either. None of that jealous 'checking up' business. Maybe I won't see Clara for a couple of days. Maybe I'll drop over to another girl's house and take her to a movie, or something. It doesn't make any difference to Clara. We're real friends.

Has Given Him Courage

"SHE advises me a lot about my studio work, too. She thinks it's great I'm studying with a dramatic art teacher and trying to improve myself that way. She's given me a lot of courage about things—and I never felt that way before.

"I haven't worked in four months. At one time that would have scared me to death. I'd be sure they were trying to get rid of me at the studio and I'd be panicky. But lately with this new way of looking at things I think: 'Well, what if they do let me go?' In fact, not longer than a couple of weeks ago I went to an official of the studio and asked for my release. I told him I felt I was in a rut. Not that I was sore about anything or blaming them. I wasn't. I figured maybe I'd been hanging around

(Continued on page 99)

②
①
ARTHUR NELSON

Nelson's work (1) before and (2) after Federal School training.

***Now he* DRAW$
*the thing$ he want$***

LOOK at drawing No. 1 above. Then compare it with No. 2 and note the improvement Federal School training has made in the work of Art Nelson. He formerly worked as a surveyor's assistant at $18.00 a week. Today as an illustrator he makes $65.00 a week. He says, "The Federal Schools made this possible through their training and co-operation as I had only average ability before enrolling as a student." Nelson is one of many young people making big money because of Federal training.

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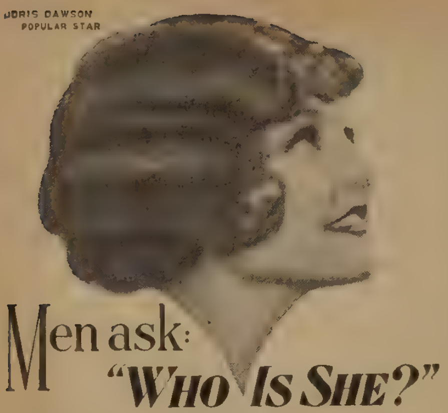

Men ask:
"WHO IS SHE?"
(Would You Care to Know Her Secret?)

Watch her when she enters the room. Men's eyes seek her out. You hear them ask: *"Who is that stunning girl?"* What *is* her charm? Why does she invariably attract, when other girls go unnoticed?

Look at her hair? Do you not find the answer there?.....See how it accents her best features—adds vivacity to her eyes—lends a touch of romance!

You, too, can have lovely hair—*this very evening.* Just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo* will show you the way! Only 25c at your dealers', or send for a free sample.

*(Note: Do not confuse this with other shampoos that merely cleanse. Besides cleansing, Golden Glint Shampoo gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—hardly perceptible. But how it brings out the true beauty of your hair!)

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J. W. KOBI CO., 603 Rainier Ave., Dept. L
Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*
Name ____
Address ____
City ____ State ____
Color of my hair:

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Flat chested? Fashion demands the full, rounded shapeliness of the womanly form. The stars of Hollywood are developing their *feminine* charm. You, too, can quickly add extra fullness where needed. My new method plumps out the hollows and builds firm, youthful tissue.

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NANCY LEE, Dept. K-11
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New York, N. Y.

CONVINCE YOURSELF that you can develop a rounded, feminine figure. Accept liberal offer.

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.

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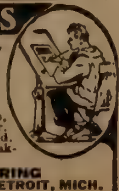
Health, happiness, prosperity, love, courtship, marriage, home, family, etc. Complete astrological forecast, 25 large pages. Send 75c and birthdate or sent C.O.D. (plus postage). **Money back if not more than pleased. THURSTON, D-20 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago**



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EARN $50 TO $200 WEEKLY

Otto Wiegand, Md., home-study graduate, made $12,000 from his business in one year. John Vassos, N. Y., gets $25 for a show card. Crawford, B. C., writes "Earned $200 while taking course." Write for complete information.

DETROIT SCHOOL OF LETTERING
162 Stimson Ave. Est. 1899 DETROIT, MICH.

Lon Chaney's make-up box carried every possible shade of color and device for portraying his varied rôles. With this box the late lamented star mastered the art of characterization

The Daily Terror

(*Continued from page 39*)

interests them more than anything else in the paper. Especially if that story has a tang of blood, love or money.

There's one answer, then. A second, one seldom touched on by the newspaper editors themselves, requires another preface before its explanation.

Not long ago, the somewhat sensational-minded managing editor of a New York tabloid, with no other instigation than his own imagination, deliberately stirred up such a furor of renewed interest in the famous Hall-Mills murder in New Brunswick, New Jersey, that the whole case was trotted back to court and the front pages.

There seems little doubt that that tabloid's accusations were first, last and always purely a circulation stunt. A bid for public attention through which so many more newspapers could be sold, and therefore so many more advertisers attracted to that particular paper.

Sensation with a Reason

THE most sensational stories, then, are often "hopped up" purely at the command of the circulation department, or through the doubtful enterprise of an ambitious editor.

The murderer of William Desmond Taylor, the movie director, was sought for years by the circulation managers and editors of Los Angeles newspapers—and, occasionally, by a political-minded District Attorney—long after the Los Angeles police had pigeonholed their investigations as impossible of success.

Not only are *bona fide* stories overplayed, overwritten and oversold because of their Hollywood connections, but often the Hollywood connection with a story is dragged from so far afield that it's almost imperceptible, just to give the report of a messy murder the smell of studio lights, a tang of cinema glamour.

Lita Grey Chaplin's former butler is murdered on a lonely road near Salt Lake City and the press—that is, that part of the press which has a continual red rash—goes to every extreme but libel, and pretty close to that, to drag the name of Charlie Chaplin into the case.

Clara Bow goes to the hospital, and the papers say her visit was occasioned by everything from the cold shoulder of Harry Richman to the hot edge of a razor blade.

News-Hounds' Victims

CORINNE GRIFFITH is playing tennis in Burbank when the papers print a dispatch from London, locating her in a maternity hospital in England.

Douglas Fairbanks goes to Europe to watch some golf and the professional gossips spell every sort of surmise.

Every move of Mary Pickford's less famous relatives, Jack and Lottie, is followed by prod-nosed reporters—not, you may be sure, because the Great American Public cares much what either of them do, but because the name Pickford looks intriguing in headlines and sells papers.

And there is a tip to you, who would save your pennies on dull Monday afternoons when you hear the lusty-lunged "bootjackers" calling out extras. When the headlines say "Actor," you may be sure the person is obscure. And even when the name is bannered, ten times out of twelve, the smack of sensation hinted in the headline will not be justified in the story itself.

"Screen Actress Summoned in Beauty Marring Case," a Monday afternoon headline may read. Follow down to the last dull paragraph in the yarn and you'll learn that Mary Dokes got burned while having a facial in the shop of John Gish. Mary claims it was because Gish was careless. Gish's lawyer, passing a wink and a quart of gin to the court reporters, claims the beauty parlor owner is never careless.

"Why, to show you what an expert operator he is, I'd like the court's permission to subpoena a well-known movie star as a character witness for the defendant." He names the star. Needless to say, neither she nor her studio allow anything more to be said on the matter after the first afternoon's extra.

But when you hear someone say: "Oh, that's just newspaper talk," and dismiss a story with an incredulous sneer because he has been fooled once too often, don't put all the blame on the reporters.

Remember that in every newspaper organization there is a circulation manager whose demands for the sale of papers are more exacting than the orders for accuracy on the part of editors. A Hollywood dateline will make a headline that sells papers, especially if it bears one of the famous names: Pickford, Chaplin, Bow, or Garbo.

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

older generation any more than I have, your charge would be well founded. Why? Because, with the exception of my family, all the encouragement I've received from those older than myself has been negligible; all the advice they have given me has been negative; all the help I've had at their hands has been a damp, clammy sort of help which is just a little worse than no help at all.

Before I started acting, my kind friends older than I did everything possible to stop me. "Be an engineer," they said, "or a doctor or lawyer or anything—*anything* but an actor." I replied that I was interested in nothing but acting, whereupon they shook their heads sadly and gave me up. I had to go to those of my own age for help and encouragement.

The Only Fun They Have

AND once I'd started acting, the oldsters in the business went out of their way to dampen my spirits. They warned me so often and predicted so many different kinds of disaster for me that I suddenly realized that here was their only enjoyment in life.

P. A.: You mean?

William Bakewell: I mean that the older generation actually enjoys scaring the younger generation. It's a sort of sadism in which they indulge. And now is as good a time as any for me to place a counter-charge against you older ones. I hereby charge you with taking the joy out of life!

William Janney: Will the Prosecuting Attorney answer that charge?

P. A.: Well, frankly, I've got another case. I'm late now. (Exits.)

William Janney: Will anyone in the courtroom answer that charge?

(Courtroom suddenly becomes empty.)

William Janney (to others): And now, thanks to you, I am able to announce a clean sweep for youth. Will the witnesses join their champion in a quiet egg-nog?

(The others accept with pleasure and, shaking hands, the three depart for a local egg-nog emporium. This trial is over.)

Clara's New Beau

(*Continued from page [illegible]*)

there so long they had just become used to me and overlooked me. If I got away I might be able to make a fresh start. But they wouldn't let me go. I suppose they are just waiting for my contract to run out.

"I've got everything all figured out about my screen work. I'm going to try very hard to make a go of it—because I like the work especially since I got away from Westerns. I'm going to give myself every possible chance to make a go of it as a young leading man. But I'm not going to hang on forever like most of these boys do. In a year or so if things aren't beginning to line up for me I'm going to quit and go into some sort of business outside the movie game. After all, this isn't the only life in the world—and it can make you plenty miserable if you'll let it.

"It isn't big success that matters either. Wally Reid wasn't happy with all his glory. Clara isn't happy with hers. The only thing that matters as I see it is to feel you are accomplishing something—and improving yourself."

If you don't hear much about Rex and Clara, just bear in mind that *this* boy has some ideas about what *isn't* news.

Body Beauty is returning Excess Fat is doomed

That evidence is everywhere. In every circle you see slim figures coming back in an amazing way. They are coming without abnormal exercise or diet, without harmful drugs.

Medical science has found that a weak gland is a great cause of obesity. It has learned how to repair the deficiency—by feeding the gland. Doctors the world over now employ this method. It has become a standard treatment. A new era has come to people who wish to keep their beauty, health and vim.

Marmola prescription tablets embody this new factor—thyroid. A world-famous laboratory prepares them to fit the average case. Every box contains the formula and the reasons for results. You and your doctor can know exactly what you are taking. So you need not worry about harm. Modern doctors—everywhere—fight excess fat in this way.

Marmola has a remarkable record. It has been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of it. Users have told others, and the use has grown and grown. Now it is time-tested, and it stands supreme in its field, while false helps have disappeared by scores.

Marmola feeds the system a gland factor which largely controls nutrition. Its great purpose is to help turn food into fuel and energy rather than to fat. It also excites other glands to activity.

Obese people usually lack that factor.

Try Marmola. Price $1.00. Read the book in the box, learn the reasons for results. Then, when the pounds drop away, tell your friends who should know. Don't wait longer. Excess fat robs life of half its joy.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

A tip . . . *from* Andrew Carnegie

Asked to explain his phenomenal success, Andrew Carnegie blandly attributed it to his ability to get men to work for him who knew more than he did.

And that's a formula for success. Nobody who is really successful does all the work himself. He employs other people's minds and efforts.

Do you do the same in the intricate business of running your home and taking care of your family? You can, quite easily.

You can employ specialists in diet; you can serve the master dishes of famous chefs; you can have the advice of style authorities in selecting your clothes, of whole electrical laboratories in buying household appliances, by reading the advertisements.

All the newest knowledge—knowledge millions of dollars and years of effort have won—is contained in the advertisements.

If you will use the advertisements in this magazine as Andrew Carnegie used men who knew more than he did, every dollar you spend will be spent wisely, economically, and will return full measure of satisfaction. That's the way to be a success in the greatest business in the world—making a home.

▼

It pays to read the advertisements

Science Discovers
LIQUID
that has no color
"yet"

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A "Villain" Laughs - - -

(*Continued from page 57*)

mild hysteria, according to the state of conscience of the person paged.

Eminent visiting editors, lawyers, pugilists, actors and even clergy have had this tried on them. It is Lew's commentary on his sex that not one of them has remained a natural hue. All have turned pale and rushed to the 'phone to tell their Little Wimmin not to believe a word they hear on that horrid radio. None have caught on.

Strange Interlude

LEW sits in the sun and spins tales . . . Things that have happened to him in the Past. Things that still happen . . .

Once, when he was playing in San Francisco, a little old lady, very old and very fragile, began to talk to him from the audience. For that little lady there were two people in the crowded theater—herself and Lew. She said, "I knew you were like this. I knew you were not as they say you are." This was the time when Lew was billed as "The Butterfly Man" and mothers were locking up their daughters against the winged one's depredations.

Incidentally, it was one of the times Lew's heart was broken.

After the performance Lew leapt the footlights and went to the little old lady. He held out his hand. And she said, loudly and emphatically, "I won't shake hands with you." The audence started and gasped. Lew stammered and flushed. He said he was sorry he had offended her. He asked her if she wouldn't do him the honor to shake hands with him. The little old lady smiled up at him. There was a glitter in her eyes. She pulled the stalwart man to her tiny knees. She said "I won't shake hands with you because—I want to kiss you."

Then and there, in the crowded house, a firm friendship was made. The little old lady told Lew she had three beautiful daughters. He could "have his pick." Lew visited the modest little homestead. There were the three beautiful daughters. He didn't take his pick, but he and his little old lady still correspond. She follows him in all his pictures, all his personal griefs and joys. She is his mother by proxy.

His Friends in Need

MOST of the women who write to Lew are little old ladies.

They want to comfort him in the sorrows they feel he has had.

They want to reform him. They tell him that they just know he is a good man. They seem to realize that a debonair manner does not necessarily mean a debonair heart.

They knit him mufflers and woolen socks and prepare for him cookies and jam. He is the erring son they have, or might have had. He is the young husband who broke their hearts and lives in their dreams.

Or little girls write to him. Children. They tell him all about their troubles at home. The mother who doesn't understand. The dad who doesn't care. They wish they could have Lew for a Daddy. *He* would care, they say. He would understand. Perhaps they are right . . .

Down-and-outers write to him. Men who have Come Back. Men who are trying to Re-Enter. Men who seem to feel that here is a man neither better nor worse than they.

Tragic Clowning

LEW talks about Mabel.

"They made only one like her. That one is gone. The best companion any man —or any woman—ever had.

"One of the last times I saw her alive—just toward the end, she said to me, 'Lew, *I want you to divorce me*. No, don't kid. Be serious just this once. I really mean it. I've never been anything but a drag on you. *I want you to be free*.'"

Lew, who was to be forever free so soon—and knew it.

And the "villain" smiled. He threw back his head and laughed. The most painful laughter that ever constricted his swollen throat. "Who've you got your eye on?" he said, "What's the big idea, giving me the go-by? Who is the fellow?"

And another time, the only time, "Lew, do you really think I'll get out of this?"

And the "villain" said, "I'm afraid so. I suppose I'll have to have you tagging around . . ."

Who said *Pagliacci?*

You see, they always kidded. It was their way, the one with the other. The face of Death had no power over them.

Now—As Then

THE dark cloud seems to have passed by the man who may be called, in Hungary, "The American Paul Lukas."

Lew is working again, is well again. "What a Widow!" "Beyond Victory." He says that Gloria Swanson is the best sport, the most generous co-worker he has ever known . . .

"Old hags" still cluster about him. Little old ladies still try to comfort him, to reform him.

Norman Kerry is still his pal. Mickey Neilan drops by for a hand-made julep. Visiting dignitaries and undignitaries spend their womanless hours with a man's man.

Lew plays the old tricks. Laughs the old laughter. Gives life a wham in the ribs and takes the comebacks. Is not afraid to die, for the prologue has never been niggardly, no matter what else it may have been.

Fun has been fun. There is a fiddler to pay.

Another "villain" smiles . . .

THERE MUST BE REASONS

Miniature golf has taken away movie fans like a flu epidemic.

Children are staying away from the talkies and, in many cases, also keeping adults away.

The producers seem constantly menaced by loss of patronage.

Why? What's wrong with the movies? What do people want to see?

What would you, for instance, enjoy seeing next year?

Turn to page 107 and help the puzzled producers.

Cultivate that satisfied feeling that comes when you unload your likes and dislikes—

And know that what you have to say is going to count.

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You have to have luck . . .
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For that long vacation . . .
That new car . . .
That new house . . .
That bigger and better bank account . . .

It is, in short,
The opportunity
of a puzzling lifetime.

This goodly fortune
Is waiting for you
On pages 40 and 41
Of the November

MOTION PICTURE

A "Villain" Smiles

(*Continued from page 56*)

lings. A perfect case of shell-shock. They tried to trap him. They would waken him suddenly in the middle of the night. The ruse didn't work. Paul awoke shaking and trembling. He convinced his audience and was sent home to recupe. Like a homing bird, he flew to the nearest theater.

His début was in 1916 at the Comedy Theater, Budapest. In the title rôle of Molnar's "Liliom," given us on these shores by our own Joe Schildkraut.

He has played in almost every conceivable play and in every conceivable rôle.

One night he waited table and said, "Thank ye, Sir." The next night he seduced Royalty or wore a crown himself. Shaw, Shakespeare, Galsworthy, the Russians, Wilde, all were the glittering axes on which he sharpened his art.

Such catholicity has given him his pet aversion—for factory methods, for stereotypes. For playing a "smiling villain" once, scoring a hit, and being expected to play the same until the last bell rings.

A *Samson*, No Less

MAX REINHARDT saw Lukas in Budapest and took him as guest artist to the theaters of Berlin and Vienna. In Berlin, Lukas joined up with Ufa and played *Samson* in "Samson and Delilah."

Adolph Zukor attended performances of "Antonia" in the Comedy Theater and immediately negotiated with Paul for his appearance on the Paramount lot. And his first rôle was in Pola Negri's "Loves of An Actress." Since which time he has made "Three Sinners," "Manhattan Cocktail," "Shopworn Angel," "The Wolf of Wall Street," "Illusion," "Slightly Scarlet," "Young Eagles," "The Benson Murder Case" and others.

He thinks Emil Jannings is a very great actor. Hand-made. Conscious. Calculated. Mental.

There are two kinds of actors, he says. One works with the head. The other with the emotions. It is the latter who make you cry and get mascaro all over your rouge.

He believes a great actor can be made, but that the greatest of all are born. The born ones are those who use their emotions.

A great actor does not need to be intelligent. Many intelligent actors are hams.

The use of fantastic or macabre make-up does not require acting. Acting is in the eyes.

In Hungary, they especially love Chaplin, Norma Talmadge and Douglas Fairbanks.

Habitually Normal

HE is married to "a nice girl." Hungarian. For three years. No descendants.

He has a home in Bev. Hills and goes to it when the day's work is done. All his habits are normal.

He has a Hungarian cook who cooks American style.

He suits his food to the climate. Hungarian food is his favorite when in Hungary. Lighter sustenance over here.

He doesn't care for ice cream sodas or lemon pop.

He does not believe that merely beautiful women are sufficient for any man. Unless he be a traveling salesman or an adolescent. Even in the primary sex emotions he believes intelligence and an accompanying sensitivity to be far more important than mere beauty. A merely pretty face gives the sophisticated man no sense of conquest.

He feels that his race is akin to the Russians. And, like the Russians, is introspective and has thought considerably along psychological lines.

He has now stopped thinking. He takes

(*Continued on page 103*)

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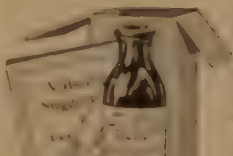

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She Longed To Be Liked

(*Continued from page 65*)

had no job, and hurrying back to Broadway when sent for. One of her first parts was the child in "Liliom," with Eva Le Gallienne and Joseph Schildkraut starred. It's one of the few plays that she has remembered word for word, and it almost drove her crazy when they changed a few lines in the screen version.

Eventually came "Death Takes a Holiday," reams of critical enthusiasm, the inevitable Hollywood offer—and the psychoanalyst.

The Woman and the Girl

ROSE is a strange, contradictory person, one of those personalities that doesn't linger definitely in the mind. In make-up she becomes a rather sophisticated woman—verging on the type of Evelyn Brent, though not so striking. At home, she's more like Lois Moran. Very brown, absurdly young, and persistently intellectual. She has a nice, high brow,—probably a great satisfaction to her—and green eyes, handsome and thoughtful. In spite of the psychologist, she hasn't yet quite laid the ghost of her numerous complexes and inhibitions.

"I was always stiff and frigid," she continued. "People felt it on the stage, and in my voice. I couldn't give an inch of myself to anybody. I tried all the things that are usually suggested as a cure for inhibitions, but they didn't work. I used to wonder, 'How can it be, when I know I'm this lovely person, emotional, terrified, and completely feminine? Why do I have to be tied up like this?'

"All my life, I wanted terribly to be liked, and nobody ever liked me. Until this last year, I never had a real friend. I knew hundreds of people, superficially. Now I've looked them all over, with a new vision, weeded out most of them, and thought to myself, 'These people are of no consequence. I'm bound for somewhere, and I can't waste my time on them.' I don't care much now whether I'm liked or not, and consequently people are beginning to like me. Oh, I've only just begun on the things I can do to myself. It has made all the difference in the world to me."

Hollywood Horrors

MISS HOBART thinks Hollywood is an impossible place. She's just a little bit perverse about it. Having dinner in her patio, with stars, moon, and pepper trees making a fantastically perfect setting, she sighed, "I wish I were in a speakeasy in New York. With false stars painted on the ceiling. This place is so beautiful! It reminds you of all the lovely places you've ever known, makes you want lovely things —and you can't do anything about it.

"It changes people so! There are many people here whom I knew in New York, but they're very different. It dulls the edges a little. They're not quite so sharp, not quite so brilliant. There is absolutely no mental stimulation here. I want to go back to New York, because it's impossible to act in motion pictures. There's no continuity—it's impossible to sustain an emotion, the way you do on the stage. You don't even know what part of the story you're doing. It's entirely stylized and mechanical. And I want to act!"

Rose Hobart takes her work, herself, and her mental processes with a profound gravity. Still constrained, immature, a little sharp, she is trying her best to become a richer and warmer personality through psyching herself. But, with the greatest respect for the method she has chosen, I think that growing up is going to do Rose as much good as anything.

Ladies of "Whoopee"

(*Continued from page 96*)

awfully discouraged, someone comes along and advises me to hang on here for awhile.

"I met Irving Berlin yesterday—and he was so sweet to me. I think he is one of the nicest men I ever met. He said: 'Virginia, just stick it out, you'll get the breaks.' And when I met D. W. Griffith, he said he thought I was a lot like Lillian Gish. So many people have told me I was just the type that Griffith used in his pictures, and I rather expected something to come of our meeting—but, so far, nothing has. When Paramount signed me six months ago, I thought my troubles were over, but they didn't do anything for me, either. I took lots of publicity pictures, that's all. They made quite a fuss about my being 'Hollywood's Own Show-Girl,' but I never got a good part." She sighed ever so slightly. I murmured something. It didn't seem right that anything so pink and beautiful should be so discouraged.

Heading for Home

IN a little while she went away, as beautiful and bewildered as ever, to make way for Georgia Lerch of Broadway, poised, calm and four years of George White's Scandals behind her.

Georgia wore a little athletic green hat and a summery comfortable dress of the same material. She smiles easily and quickly, but she doesn't laugh much. Her voice is deep and dramatic. It is quite clear that she is one of those "now and thens" who know what it is all about. She was as poised as Ruth Chatterton and as self-assured.

"Now that 'Whoopee' is finished, I'm planning a short trip back to New York," she explained. "My home is there. No matter how crazy I became over another place, I think I would have to get back to New York every now and then. My roots are in New York—but I love Hollywood.

"I live very quietly here. I live very quietly in New York, for that matter. I don't think I can give you any pointers on night-life in either place. I don't go in for it, much. It's daytime Hollywood and daytime New York that mean the most to me.

The Ideal Combination

"I LOVE New York Fall and Winter seasons. I love this summer I have spent in Hollywood. The days we weren't actually working on 'Whoopee,' I was at the beach swimming, or riding through the hills, or playing tennis or golf. To-day I shampooed my hair and walked up on a Hollywood hill back of my apartment to dry it. I sat there in the sun with all Hollywood in the valley at my feet and wondered why I wanted to go back to New York.

"It isn't until evening comes on that I realize I am homesick for show time. I was in the Scandals for four years and I grew to love coming into the theater, seeing all the girls. If you have ever been in the show business, I think it becomes part of your life."

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A "Villain" Smiles

(*Continued from page 101*)

the days—and the nights—as they come.

He has no philosophy of life. Doesn't want one. No conclusion has ever been reached. No conclusion ever will be reached.

He has no theories. He discarded all ologies and isms in college.

He is not afraid to die.

Ready for Anything

IF he should die to-day he would have had so many beautiful things happen to him. It would have been worth while. . . .

And yet—while there are beautifully, intelligently responsive women in the world, there are so many *more* beautiful things that can happen . . .

He believes the French idea of marriage—marriages of convenience, with permissible liaisons on the side—is the only civilized solution to the question. Points of view may be different from practice. . .

Aviation is his hobby. Gets the most gorgeous thrill in the world by rising at dawn and flying above the clouds. No matter what has happened on earth—vexations, problems, disappointments—all dissolve in that celestial ether . . .

The really great love of his life is his work. He almost worships it. He is happy in any spot on the globe, so long as he is working.

If he *is* a villain, he is a smiling one, whether he likes it or not. With a liberated mind and a kind heart.

Black and White Read and Write

(*Continued from page 6*)

to find new stars who will be willing to work for less money.

Such is the lament of one mere fan—who believes she is expressing the reactions of many others. Can't something be done? Before long I shall be giving the movies up in despair, and that will be bad for me—*and* for the box-office, whose funds I have helped for some years to swell considerably!

Ellen W. West.

Where Stricter Censorship Is Needed

West Lawn, Pa.

The love interest in life being what it is I don't suppose anything can be done to eliminate the intensity of love scenes but it seems to me that stricter censorship is needed of billboard illustrations of movies.

They reek with sex and compromising situations. Billboard advertising is legitimate and has a definite function to perform but exaggerated statements and indelicate postures and insinuations certainly tend to degrade the movie art and create disgust in the onlooker.

"Hot stuff" billboard advertising may be raw meat to the roughnecks but it doesn't sit so well on the average stomach.

Joseph E. Kerr

Giving Joan A Big Hand

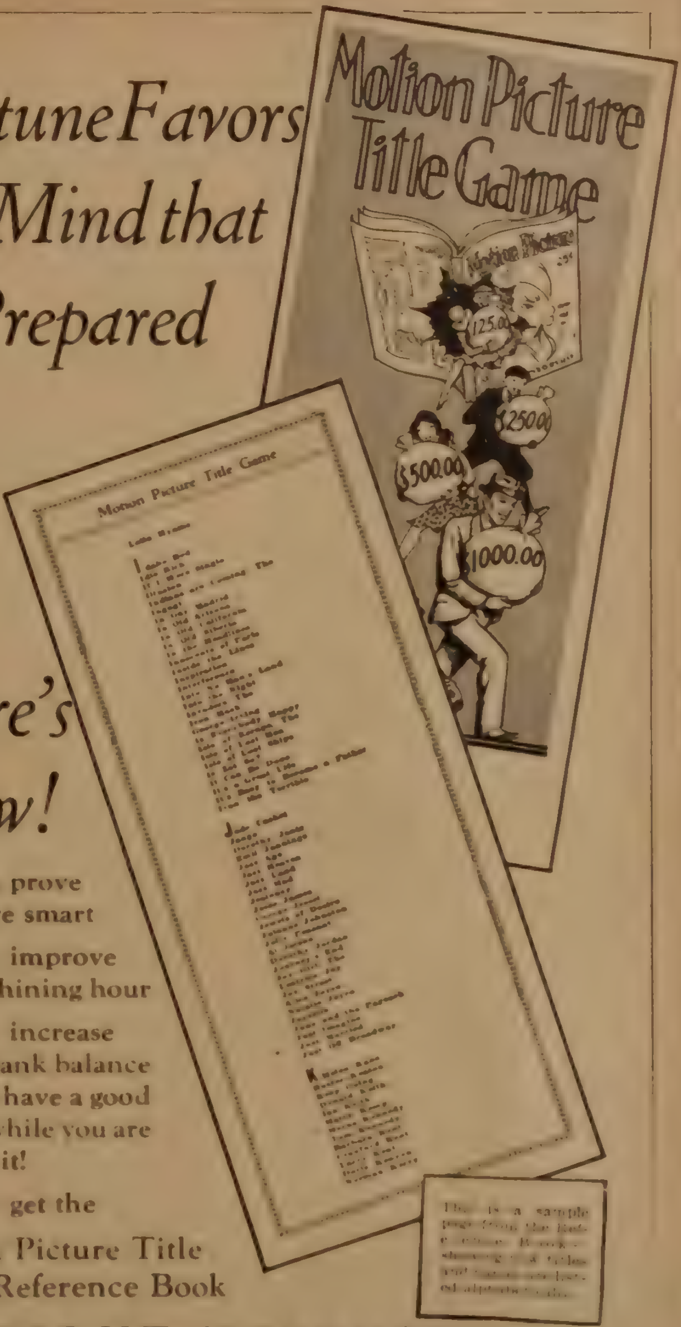
Yazoo City, Miss.

We have been told so many times to "Give this little girl," and "That little girl a Big Hand"—well, I am in favor of giving Joan Crawford two big hands.

Of all the actresses who have played parts portraying the modern American society girl, I don't think there is one who equals Joan. After seeing her in "Our Modern

(*Continued on page 105*)

Fortune Favors the Mind that Is Prepared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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

hair and eyes. **Dorothy Lee,** Los Angeles, Calif., May 23, 1911. She is five feet one, weighs 95 pounds, has brown curly hair and blue-grey eyes. Playing in "Half Shot at Sunrise," Radio Pictures Studios.

INTERESTED ONE—They say that the owners of those new small cars can use the packing box for a garage — that is, until the wife tries to put the car away. **Hugh Allen** was born in Oakland, Calif., Nov. 5, 1903. He is six feet tall, weighs 200 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. Real name **Allen Hughes.** Educated at Trement High School, Oakland, Cal. Hobbies, mechanics, block printing (linoleum cuts). His first appearance in pictures was a part in "Sally" in 1924. Since then he has appeared in "Annapolis," "Plastered in Paris," "Dress Parade," "Object Alimony," "Sin Town," and Pathé serials. **Arthur Lake** was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1910.

MADELINE MEUSE—**Joe E. Brown** is five feet seven and a half inches tall, weighs 149 pounds. **Winnie Lightner,** five five, 125 pounds. **Barbara Stanwyck** was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907, she is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, married to **Frank Fay** and is appearing in "The Miracle Woman." **Charles Bickford,** Cambridge, Mass. Does not tell his age. **George Arliss,** London, England, April 10, 1868. **Jack Oakie** will be seen next in "Sea Legs," Paramount Studios.

IG—**Nancy Drexel** was born on April 5. **Helen Lynch,** April 6. **Neal Hart,** April 7. **Mary Pickford, Rosemary Theby** and **Yola d'Arvil** April 8. Send along a self-addressed envelope for a complete list of fan clubs. **Colleen Moore** was born in Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 8, 1902. She is five feet four, weighs 108 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Real name **Kathleen Morrison** and she is not active on the screen at this time, but is planning to appear on the stage this Fall.

BROOK FAN—**Clive Brook** was born in London, England, June 1, 1891. He is five feet eleven, weighs 149 pounds, has brown hair and grey eyes. Married to **Mildred Evelyn,** they have two children, **Faith** and **Clive, Jr.** Latest production "The Greater Love." Receives his fan mail at the Paramount-Publix Studios. **Mary Brian,** whose real name is **Louise Dantzler,** took the name of **Brian** from her father. It was his middle name. **Fifi Dorsay** is appearing in "Those Three French Girls," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

JIMMIE LEE—**Charles Rogers** is not married or engaged. **Claude Allister** did not appear in "The Return of Dr. Fu Manchu." I believe you refer to **William Austin,** who played the rôle of the Englishman. **Alice White** is twenty years old and was educated at the Hollywood High School and Roanoke College, Virginia. **Richard Arlen** is thirty-one years old, latest picture "The Santa Fé Trail." **Charles Bickford** in "The Passion Flower." Clara Bow "Her Wedding Night."

AMELIA—**Earle Foxe** was born in Oxford, Ohio, on Dec. 25, does not tell the year. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes, English and Irish descent and served with the London-Irish Machine-Gun Division in the World War. Most recent picture released was "Good Intentions," starring **Edmund Lowe. Gary Cooper** and **Marlene Dietrich** are playing in "Morocco," Paramount-Publix Studios.

MARGIE—Glad to hear from you again. **Marian Nixon** was born in Superior, Wis., Oct. 20, 1906. She is five feet two, weighs 109 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Latest picture "The Losing Game." **Jeanette MacDonald,** Philadelphia, Pa., five feet two, weighs 110 pounds, has red hair and green eyes. **Joan Crawford,** San Antonio, Texas, March 23, 1908, five feet four, 120 pounds, brown hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "The Great Day." **Ivan Lebedeff** in Uspoliai, Lithuania, June 18, 1899, playing in "Conspiracy."

VERNON—Yes, it begins to look as though the real vanishing American is the pedestrian. The talkies that **Marian Nixon** has appeared in are: "Out of the Ruins," "Geraldine," "Big Time," "The Red Sword," "The Rainbow Man," "General Crack," "In the Headline," "Say It with Songs," "Show of Shows," "Young Nowheres," "Courage," "Scarlet Pages" and "The Losing Game." **Myrna Loy's** latest flicker is "Renegades," Fox Studios. **Lois Moran, Walter Byron, Phillips Holmes** and **Mae Clarke** have the leads in "Play Called Life," Fox Studios.

FRANKIE—**Ramon Novarro's** latest picture is "Call of the Flesh," **Dorothy Jordan** plays opposite. **Lupe Velez** and **Gary Cooper** are still engaged to our knowledge. **June Collyer** was born in New York City about twenty-four years ago. Entered pictures in 1927. Real name is **Dorothea Heermance. Claudette Colbert,** Paris, France, she is five feet five, weighs 103 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Norman Foster. Jeanette MacDonald's** latest picture is "Stolen Thunder."

MARIE—A hundred years ago most of this country was unsettled. Conditions today seem to be about the same. **Elliott Nugent** was born Sept. 20, 1901. Married to **Norma Lee** and is appearing in "Sins of the Children," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. **Basil Rathbone** is married to **Ouida Bergere,** latest production "The Lady Surrenders," Universal Studios. **Janet Gaynor** and **Charles Farrell** in "The Man Who Came Back," Fox Studios.

CLEO—**Anita Page** has one brother, I don't believe she has a sister. Why not write direct to her at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. I'm sure she will be glad to hear from you. **Anita's** latest picture is "War Nurse." **Carol Dempster** hasn't been active in pictures for some time. **Bessie Love** was born Sept. 10, 1898. **Joel McCrea** was born in Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 5, 1905. Has brown hair and blue eyes. Educated, Hollywood High School, University of Southern California, and Pomona College. He is not married and is playing in "The Silver Horde," starring **Evelyn Brent.**

RUTHIE—**Rex Lease** is the chap you refer to who played the rôle of *Jim Grant* in "Sunny Skies." **Rex** was born in Central City, Va. He is five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 150 pounds, has brown hair and green eyes. Playing in "The Utah Kid," Tiffany Productions. **Kenneth Thomson,** Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 7, 1899, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Alden Gay,** professional. Played on the stage before entering pictures. Here are a few of the flickers he has appeared in: "Corporal Kate," "White Gold," "Broadway Melody," "The Girl from Havana," "The Notorious Affair," "Sweet Mama," "Lawful Larceny," "The Doorway to Hell" and "Sweethearts on Parade."

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Black and White Read and Write

(Continued from page 103)

Maidens," I could hardly wait to see and hear her first talkie. Although I haven't read any articles, telling how she conquered the Microphone, as are written about so many stars, I think she has an unusually good voice. In my estimation, the songs she sang in "Untamed," went over a great deal better than many of the songs I have heard in these "Song and Dance" pictures, where the star is really supposed to be a singer.

Since "Montana Moon" has played our theater, the number of her fans here has increased 100%.

Here's wishing Miss Crawford a world of success, for she certainly provides us with good entertainment when she appears in a picture. *Mrs. L. O. Grounds*

An Appreciation To All

Auburn Park, Chicago, Ill.

To a great extent the beauty within ourselves comes as a response to beauty from without. To connoisseurs of true beauty (in the highest meaning) much may be gleaned from the Screen and it's world.

Beauty of heart and character in Expedition members and beauty of snow and ice artistry and sea-foam embroidery in the scenery of "With Byrd at the South Pole"; beauty of melody, song and story in "The Vagabond King"; beauty of color and the picturesque in "Under Western Skies"; irresistible beauty of humor in comedy masterpieces; beauty of golden voice; beauty of gayety and rhythm in Marilyn Miller's dancing; beauty of childhood naiveté in Phillipe de Lacy; friendliness of the Chevalier personality; beauty of wholesome nature in Mary Brian; manliness of Larry Gray; rugged romance and taciturn charm of Gary Cooper; exquisite feeling and girlish beauty of Janet Gaynor; glimpses of genius in unexpected flashes; directorial beauty of those homely little human touches that play the heartstrings and make the whole world akin; photographic beauty; inspirational beauty of brave example so often and unconsciously given by artists who gained achievement via paths of hardships and by sincerity of effort and purpose. *Barbara Moore*

Forget the "Hearts and Flowers"

Dallas, Tex.

Why have I not known before that you not only invite, but offer remuneration for criticisms of the Talkies? Since their inception, I have gone about tirelessly uttering my sole complaint against them, only to get a laconic, "I quite agree with you," from my friends, not knowing that I might tell my grievance to headquarters.

This is what irks my soul. I resent these outbursts of orchestration, which render conversation inaudible at crucial moments. In more than one picture, just as I've been on the edge of the seat, knowing the lover was about to say the thing I'd waited all through the picture to hear him say—Crash! "Hearts and Flowers," completely obliterates his words and I just want to roll over and play dead.

I know that soft music affects the emotions, but the actors we have now don't need any help to bring the tears and thrills. Who wants to hear music when we can hear Fredric March say—Oh! just anything.

I'm not very old, and I'm not at all deaf, but I can't listen to two things at once. When I want to hear music, I can always turn on the radio, but when I go to a talkie, I want to hear them TALK. *D. Millicent Burton*

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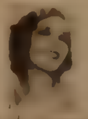

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Hurrell

He can't find enough to do: what with "Madam Satan" and his mountain lodge both finished, Reginald Denny now is building a grill out where the cook can curse as loud as he pleases

Facts and Figures

(*Continued from page 16*)

more. The big question was: could the theaters stand the cost of a two-reeler, and where were they to get the extra $500? Besides, it meant another day and a half to make it!

IN Russia, they apparently have larger ideas of the value of the motion pictures than we have. Recent reports show that in Moscow alone there are 400 workers' clubs, and all of these are to be equipped with projection machines. The idea is to make pictures embodying Soviet ideals and then distribute them among the clubs.

Nobody in this country seems to have discovered that the 28,865 labor unions might be a field for the sale of motion picture equipment and that even pictures themselves might be made for this market.

QUITE a number of years ago, Paul Smith, then the pastor of a San Francisco church, hurtled into New York City and organized the International Church Film Corporation. He had produced a picture called "The Finger of Justice," and it had created a furor. The earnings were large, and Dr. Smith figured that it would be a good idea to make special pictures for the churches. But Kaiser Wilhelm's helmet began to pinch his head about then—in 1914—and the church film business was lost somewhere in the picture shuffle.

The Western Electric folk are now looking into the church business. They have listed 230,000 churches, and are getting up a special talking equipment for them. Don't be surprised if you drop in at your special kirk some day to find the pulpit empty and the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, or some other spiritual spell-binder, delivering the sermon via the talking screen. Mind you, there are more than 58,000,000 churchgoers in these United States!

YOUNG Howard Hughes, who made "Hell's Angels" at a cost of—whatever number you can think of quickest, has gone into the business of providing color for motion pictures. He has bought the Multicolor Company and now is digging foundations for a big laboratory in Hollywood. Brother Hughes believes that if you're going to simulate life by making pictures emit sounds, you ought to simulate life a little more by making the pictures look like nature—hence the new color laboratory. The latest reports are that 97 of the 1930–31 pictures are to be in full color.

AND talking about color pictures, did you know that there are more than 400 movie theaters in the United States that are exclusively for negroes? No white folks wanted. And when spasms of economy seize the managements, and they eliminate the gorgeously uniformed doorman, the business falls off. Yes, sir. Nobody is going to pay fifteen or twenty cents' admission unless they get some frills thrown in.

THE Fox Company is moving all its production to the new great Fox Hills studio, comprising 153 acres on the outskirts of Hollywood. About $50,000,000 represents the investment in this place. And when Thomas A. Edison built his first studio—which he called The Black Maria—he spent $637.28 on it. And the first actor didn't get a cent for his work.

AND talking about Edison, the first film he bought from George Eastman cost him $2.70 (and that, by the way, was the first film sale Eastman made), but last year the three big film stock makers sold the industry more than $30,000,000 worth of film. That's a little progress.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

THE PRODUCERS ARE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWERS

WHAT, exactly, do you want? That is the question now before harassed movie producers.

At present they are only guessing. Until you tell them what you want, and do not want, this is all they can do.

They spend a fortune on a spectacle which, judging from past reactions, the public wants—and the public stays away. They spend a few dollars on a casual picture—and there is standing room only. Thinking that they have learned a lesson, they concentrate on unsensational pictures—and the public registers a loud and prompt objection.

Frankly, they have reached a crisis. To even a casual observer, it is obvious that many people are staying away from the movies. There must be reasons. And there must be ways to bring them back. What are they?

They want to know what you like and do not like, what you want and do not want. They not only want your advice, they desperately need it.

Below, we are asking you a few questions. They are the questions uppermost in producers' minds in their present dilemma. Your answers to these questions can solve many of their problems, are certain to influence future production.

What do you want to see next year? What don't you want to see?

You can tell us, and through us, the entire industry—simply by filling out the questionnaire and mailing it to us. If you are also in a mood to express your opinions in a letter, by all means do so. Remember that every letter that the editor receives is eligible for the prizes given monthly for the best fan letters received.

EXPRESS YOURSELF! Tell the movie world what you think!

1. Do you want more talkie revivals of old silent pictures?
2. Would you like to see some silent pictures?
3. Do you want more adaptations from plays, or more original screen stories?. . . .
4. Which interests you most—comedy, tragedy, or melodrama?
5. What type of picture bores you?
6. What type of picture do you think has been overdone?
7. Is there (1) enough romance in the talkies to suit you?
   (2) Enough action?. . . . . . .
8. With the talkies, are you drawn more to the theaters by stories or by stars?
9. Do you prefer pictures in color or in black and white?
10. Do you like the wide screen?
11. Do you like musical movies?
12. If so, which do you prefer—romance, comedy, or revue?
13. What type of shorts do you prefer? (Two-reel comedies, cartoons, vaudeville, scenics, etc.)
14. What would you like to see on the screen? (List your favorite plays, novels or stories.) .
15. What is your idea of a good talkie? (Tell us in your own words or cite specific pictures.). . . . .

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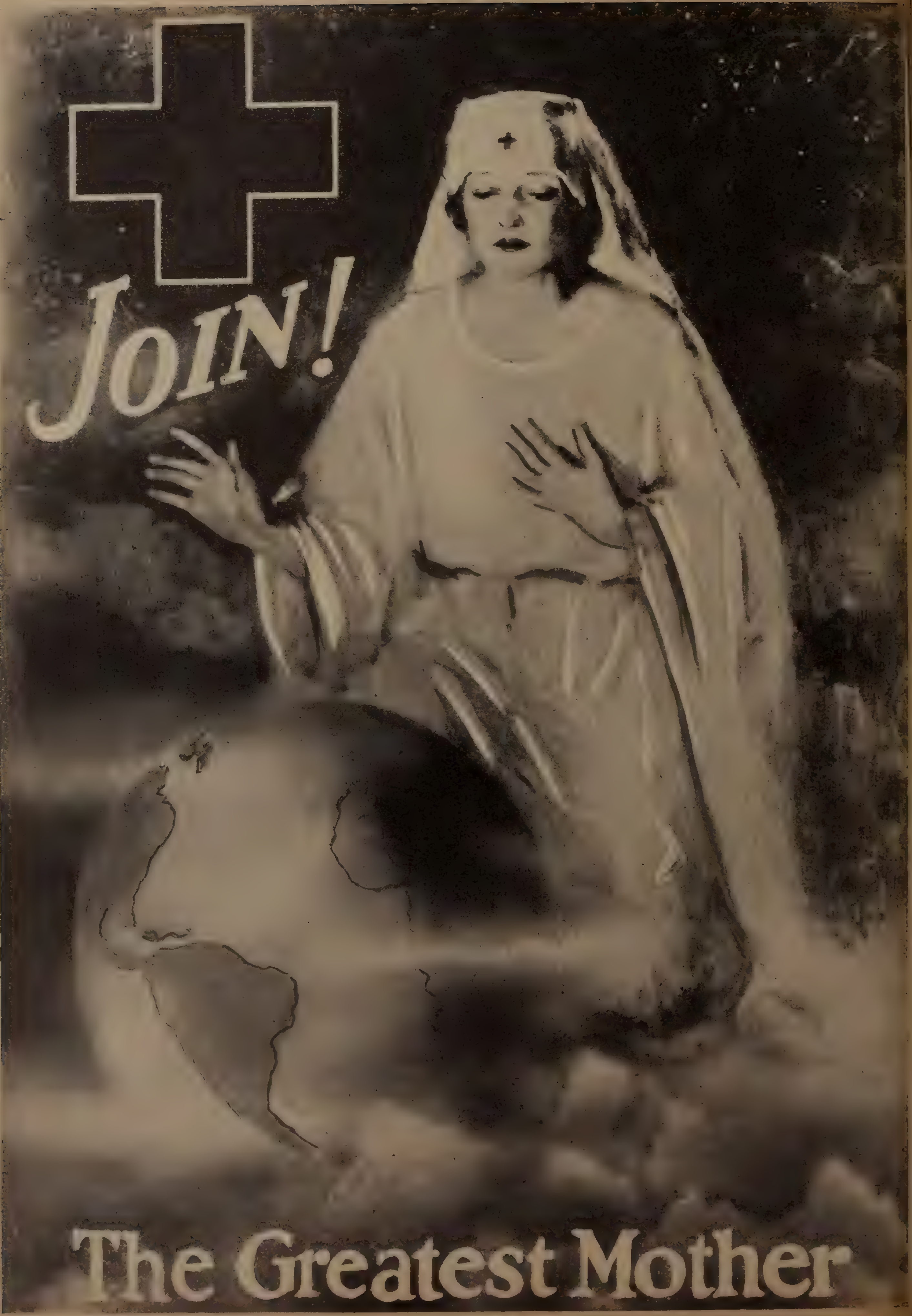
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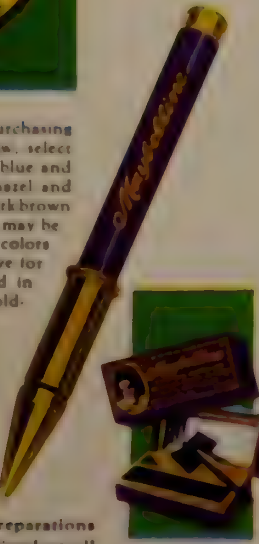

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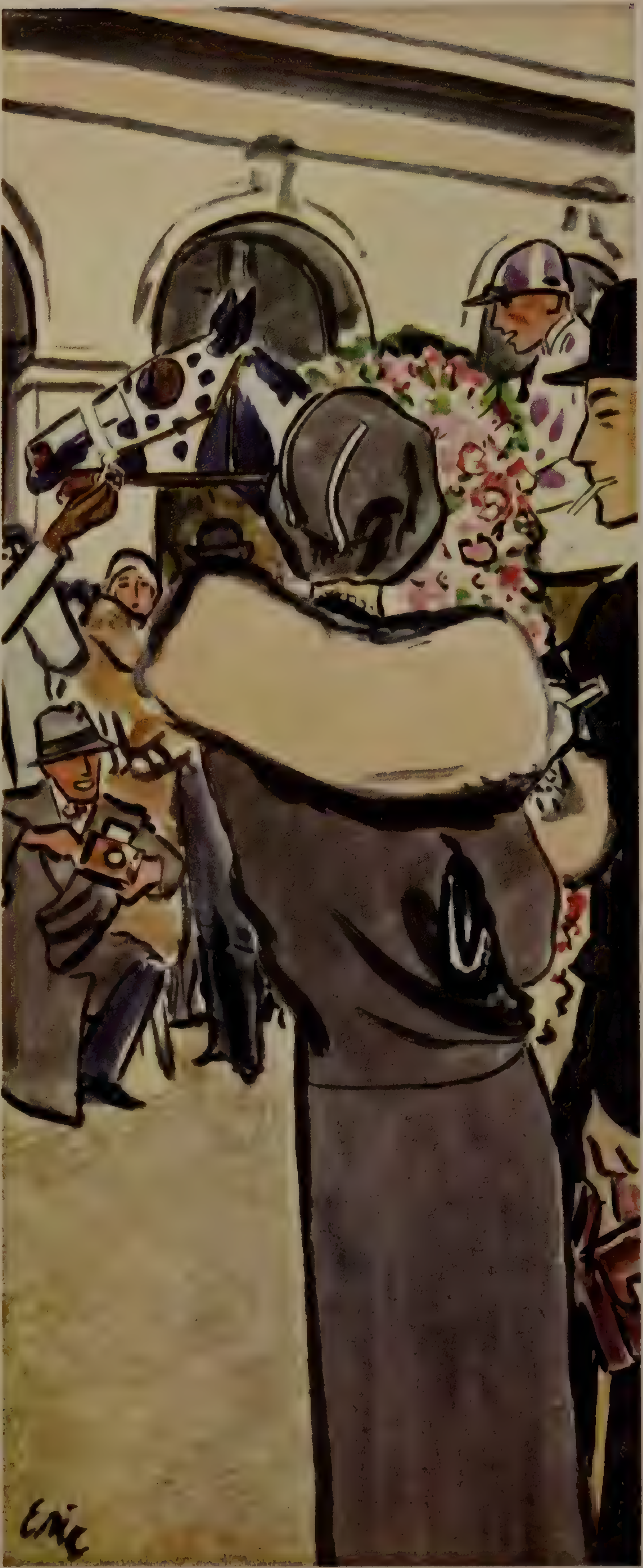

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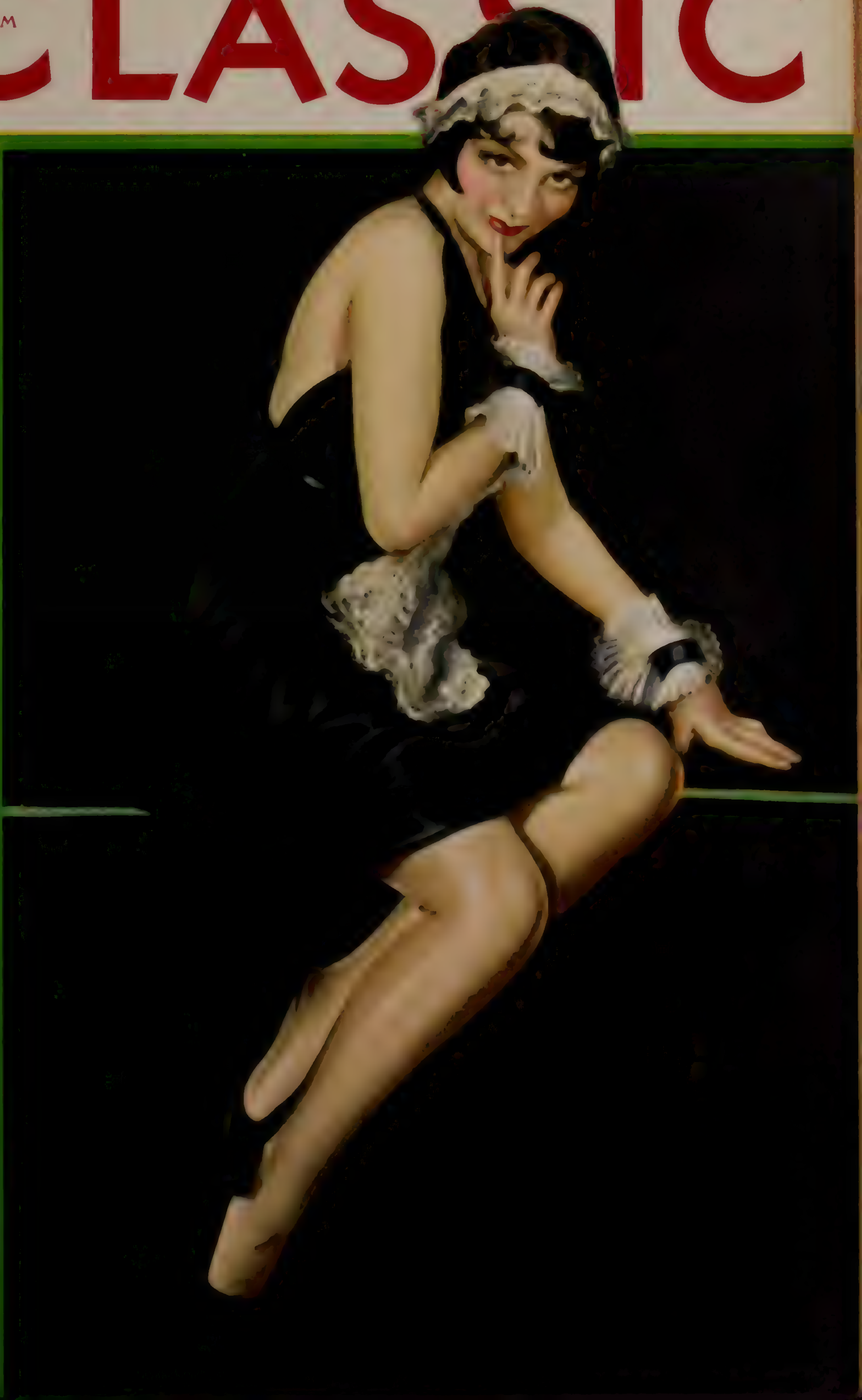
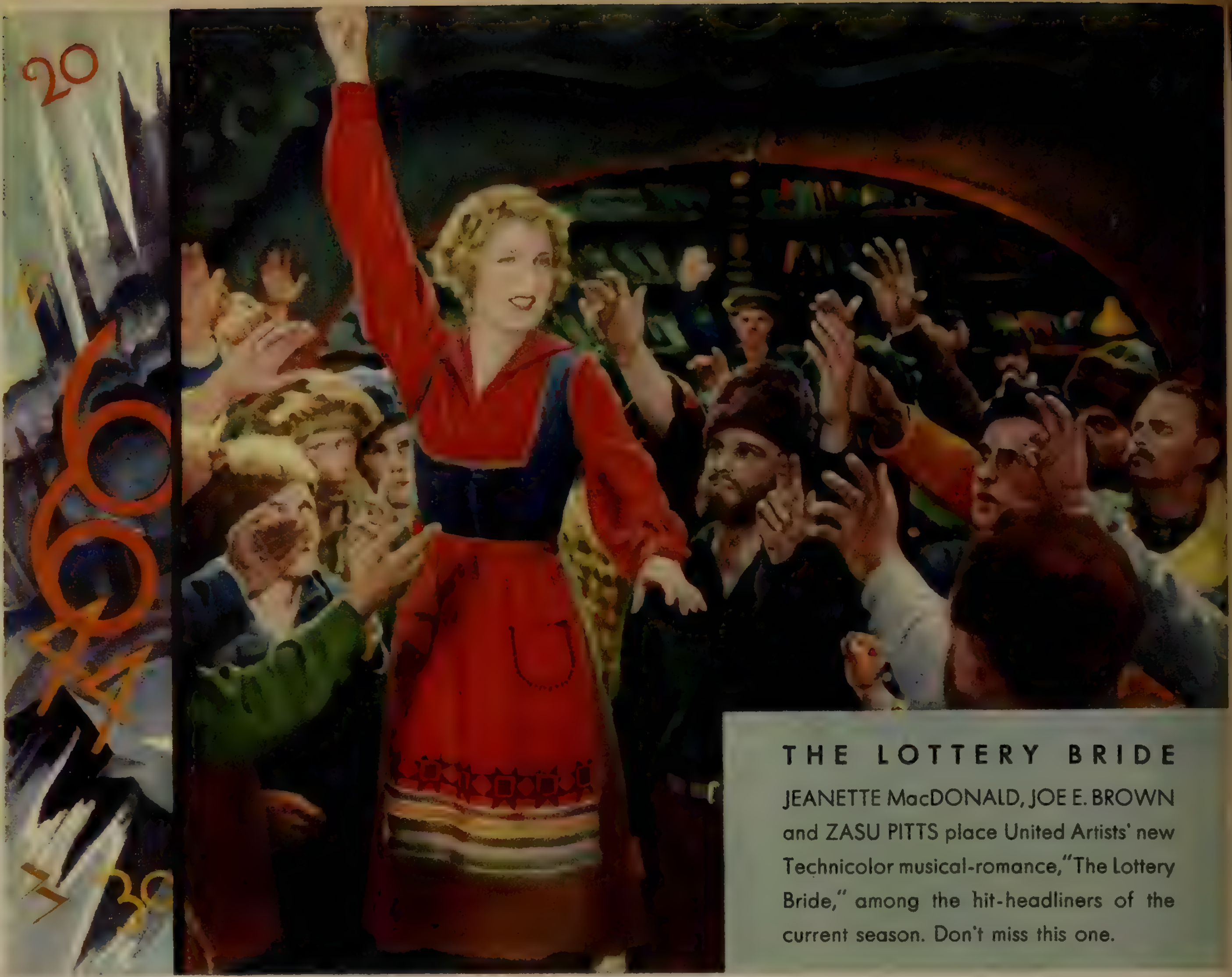


Lila Lee



THE LOTTERY BRIDE

JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery Bride," among the hit-headliners of the current season. Don't miss this one.

Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and *now* you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences; **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY,** with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

Technicolor

A Touchdown! *featuring the* ALL-AMERICAN FOOTBALL TEAM

What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes—*"Maybe it's Love!"*

featuring

JOE E. BROWN JOAN BENNETT JAMES HALL

Coach Howard Jones
Univ. of So. Cal.
W. K. Schoonover
Arkansas
E. N. Sleight
Purdue
George Gibson
Minnesota
Tim Moynihan
Notre Dame
Ray Montgomery
Pittsburgh

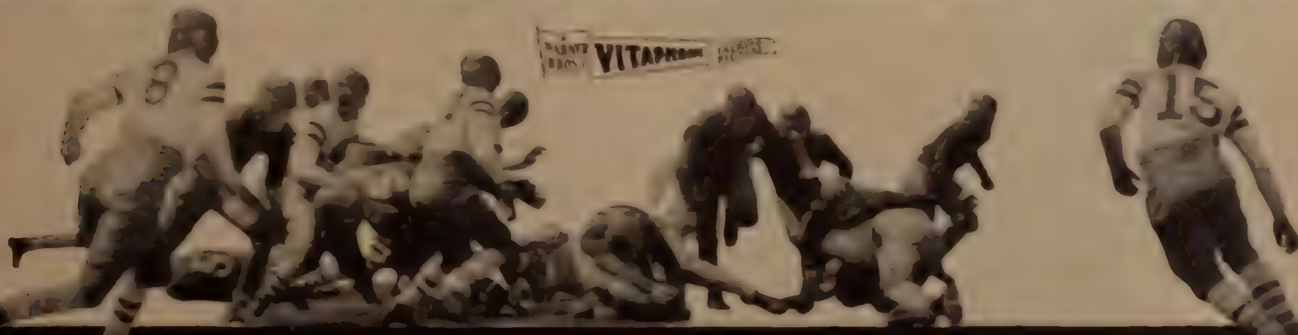
•

Based on the story by
Mark Canfield
Screen play and dialogue by
Joseph Jackson

Otto Pommerening
Michigan
Kenneth Haycraft
Minnesota
Russell Saunders
Univ. of So. Cal.
Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
Paul Scull
Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane

•

Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Wings"



WARNER BROS. present

Maybe It's Love

A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE

Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you'll love them more than ever before—you'll laugh as you've never laughed yet!

MITZI GREEN

The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher

Mark Twain, whose stories of these adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

"TOM SAWYER"

SEE and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they'd been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom "get engaged" to Becky Thatcher. Played by America's most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! *If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

JUNIOR DURKIN

Bringing to life that freckled, mischievous, irresistible Huckleberry Finn

Directed by John Cromwell

JACKIE COOGAN

Hear the most famous boy in the world in his first talking picture—and his ideal part as Tom himself

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday evening, 10.15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C.

MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

Vol. XXXII DECEMBER, 1930 **No. 4**

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LAURENCE REID, Editor
Colin J. Cruickshank, Art Director

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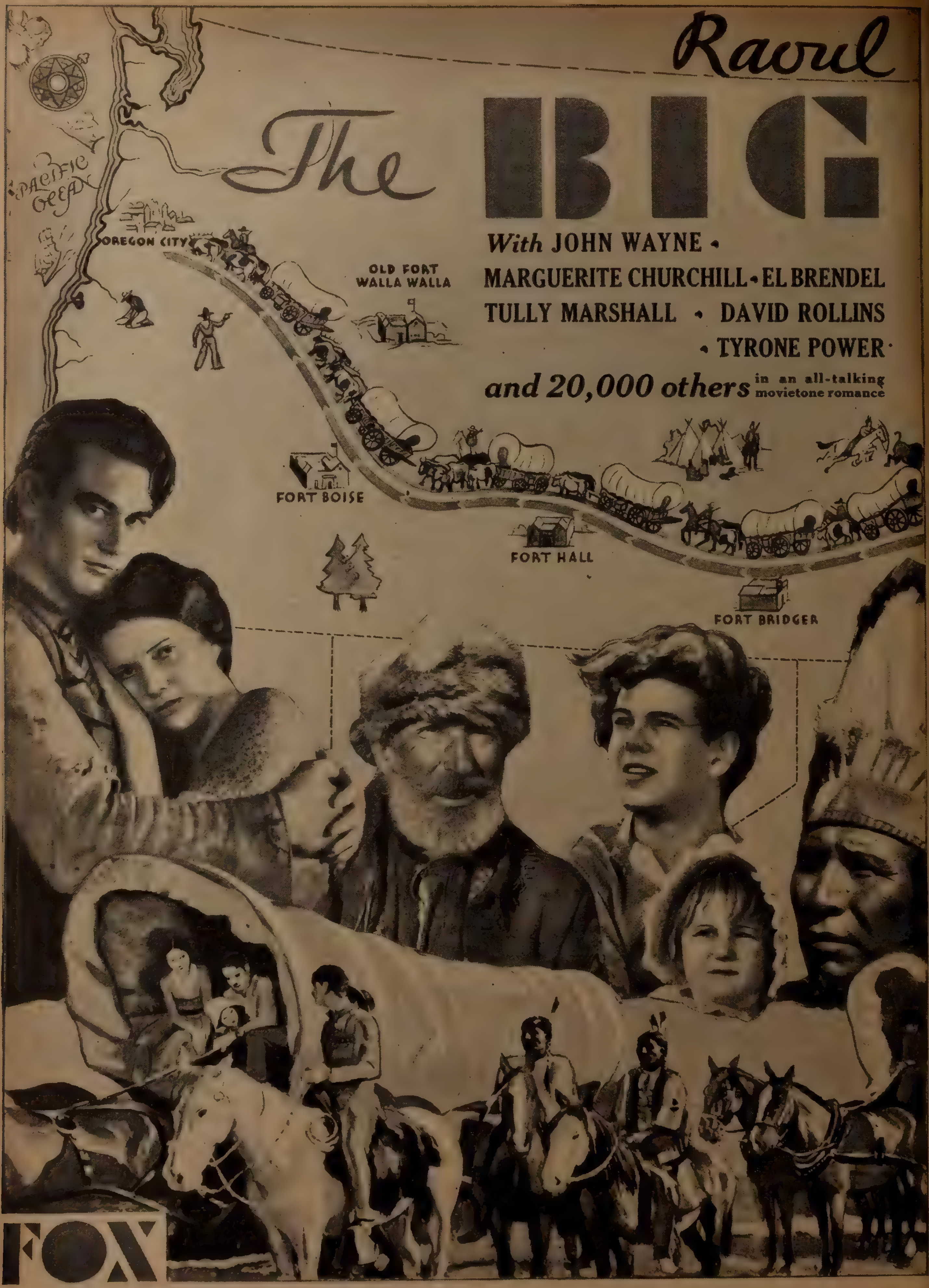

PACIFIC OCEAN
OREGON CITY
OLD FORT WALLA WALLA
FORT BOISE
FORT HALL
FORT BRIDGER

Raoul

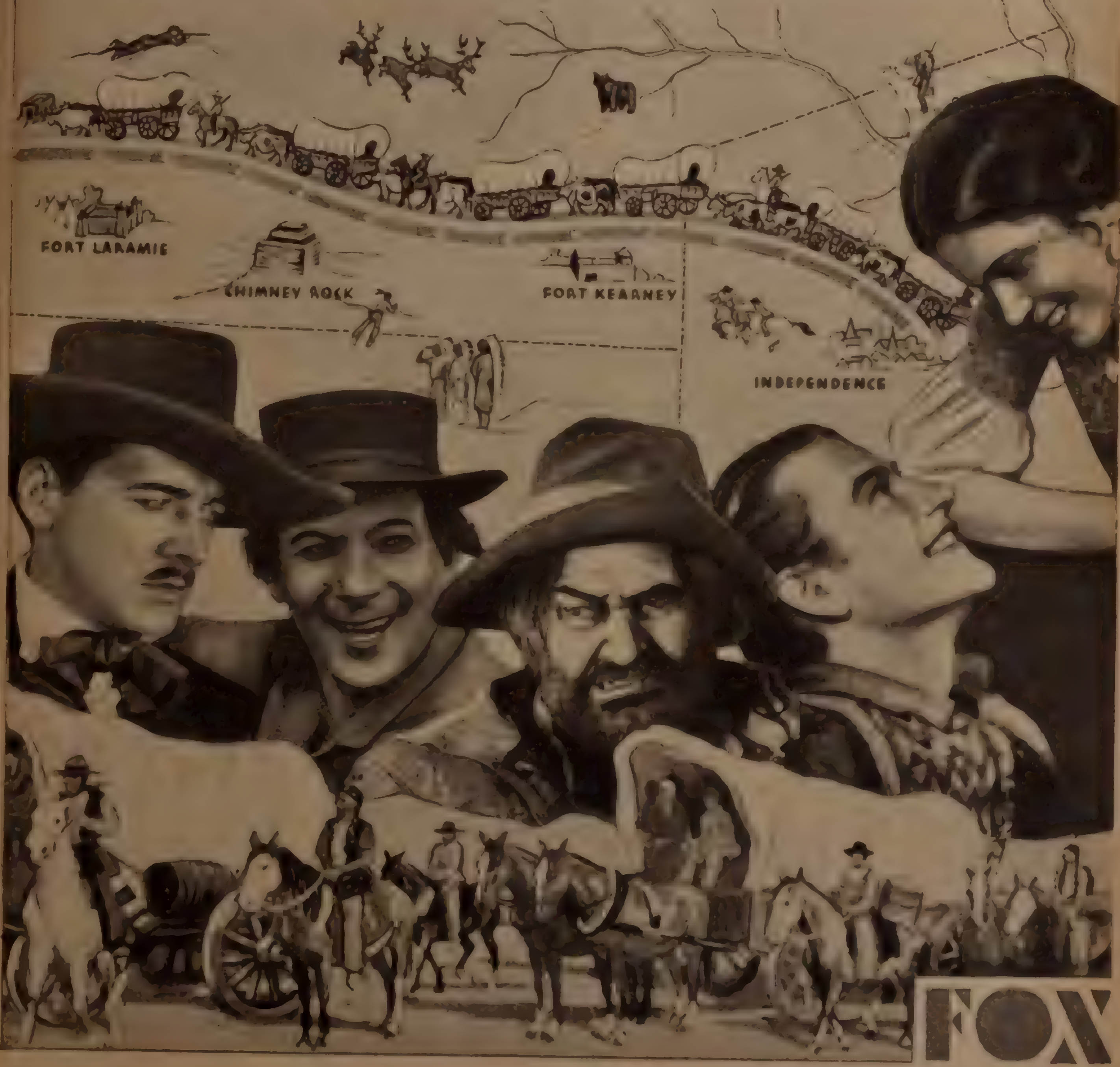
The BIG

With **JOHN WAYNE** •
MARGUERITE CHURCHILL • **EL BRENDEL**
TULLY MARSHALL • **DAVID ROLLINS**
• **TYRONE POWER** •
and 20,000 others in an all-talking movietone romance

FOX

Walsh's
TRAIL

Young love and courage sweep on to triumph in this tremendous story of the winning of the West. Twenty thousand pioneers in a magnificent migration, vanquishing Indian, bear, buffalo, blizzard. New thrills await you in this, the most important picture ever produced.


FORT LARAMIE
CHIMNEY ROCK
FORT KEARNEY
INDEPENDENCE

FOX

LAST MINUTE NEWS

JOHN BARRYMORE is plunging into mysteries in a determined way. He's not content to ferret out the home of the elusive white seal aboard his yacht with **Dolores** and the new baby, but plans to play an old-fashioned sleuth of the *Sherlock Holmes* school in "The Maltese Falcon." . . . Screen detectives have a way of keeping in front of the Kliegs. **DeWitt Jennings**, who has done little else but unravel screen mysteries, is again scheduled to do detective work as the captain of the guard in "Criminal Code." . . . **William Powell**, the **Van Dyne** detective-de-luxe, will holiday for a while before starting to work on "New Morals," in which **Richard Tucker** also will try his master hand.

THE cowboy is roaming the hills again with his accustomed dash now that Western films are coming into their own. **Ken Maynard** will have a whole series of them to make his come-back a complete success. His first picture will be "The Midnight Stage," an old-fashioned thriller in which **Jeanette Loff** will be the heroine. . . . Little **Ruth Mix**, seeing the trend of the times, believes it wise to follow in daddy's footsteps and will try out the great big hat with the great big brim in "Red Fork Range," the first of a new series of westerns featuring **Wally Wales**. . . . It seems to be the day of the very much younger generation anyway. Little four-year-old **Billy Haggerty** is trying to fit into the golden shoes of **Jackie Coogan** and **Davy Lee** in **Mae Robson's** picture, "Mother's Millions."

New York in 1980: elevated boulevards with cross traffic on a different plane, heaven-scrapers instead of skyscrapers, and human beings mere atoms. Thus is it predicted in "Just Imagine"

JETTA GOUDAL is one of Hollywood's newest brides. Her marriage to **Harold Grieve**, interior decorator, will give her temperament a new outlet, as she plans to become an active partner in her husband's work. . . . **Marie Mosquini**, as maid of honor to **Bebe Daniels**, caught the bride's bouquet and is living up to tradition by announcing her engagement to **Dr. Lee De Forrest**. . . . **Helen Twelvetrees**, it is rumored, has been asked to change her name. This time, not through the holy bonds of matrimony, but for publicity purposes. It seems as though **Twelvetrees** is too long for electric light featuring and just **Tree** will have to do. . . . Old Lady Rumor has just heard that **Mary McCormick** is engaged to **Prince Mdivani**, at present the husband of **Pola Negri**, who has a divorce all scheduled. . . . Perhaps that accounts for the wistful air of **Pola** in Paris, these days. . . . **Barbara Kent** may spend part of her honeymoon abroad if it is really true that she and **Paul Fejos** have looked for and found the silver lining.

DANCE, little lady—that's the slogan these days. Dancing feet carry themselves right to stardom. **Barbara Stanwyck** proved it. She started as a cabaret dancer and now does dramatic rôles with Columbia. . . . **Joan Crawford** has been dancing for quite a while and only recently found herself growing dramatic in "Within the Law." . . . **Nancy Carroll's** toes carried her into starring rôles in pictures—and so did the twinkling feet of **Marilyn Miller, Fifi Dorsay** and **Lily Damita**.

THE football season is commencing to draw the west coast crowds again. **Ruth Roland** is having a very gay holiday in New York, shopping, seeing the big games, and night-clubbing. . . . **Marion Davies** whirled about for a bit before taking the Paris fall styles out home with her. . . . **Fifi Dorsay** has been partying around in New York for some time and never seems to tire of it. . . . **Ernest Torrence** stayed in New York just long enough to say "hello," en route to Hollywood from a Scotland vacation. . . . **Buddy Rogers** and his mother sailed to see a bit of London, Paris, Germany, Nice and Italy—just a nice little vacation between pictures. . . . **Conrad Nagel** and his wife are now on the receiving line in Hollywood after their holiday in New York. . . . **Richard Barthelmess** is resting up in the East and spends a good deal of his time in Connecticut, on his estate.

ONE of the very fastest trips ever recorded was that of **Joan Bennett** to New York. She just turned right round again and went back to make, so they say, "Smilin' Through." . . . **Constance Bennett**, on the other hand, contents herself with trips just across the border to Agua Caliente, where she was accompanied by her mother and **Gloria's Marquis de la Falais**. . . . **The Marquis**, by the by, is now connected with R.K.O. . . . **James Rennie** hopped the choo choos East en route to Europe with a fat contract all signed by First National. His wife, **Dorothy Gish**, did not accompany him. She hasn't been accompanying the handsome **James** anywhere in some time, as a matter of fact . . . . **Mary Eaton** and her husband, **Millard Webb**, are two others who will sail to see London in a Fall fog. . . . **Barbara Kent** will go relative hunting when she arrives in London town—in fact, she plans to have Christmas dinner, Yule log and everything at her grandmother's home there.

GENEVIEVE TOBIN has joined the Malibu Beach colony. . . . **Lois Moran** is all rested from a little vacation at Santa Barbara. . . . **Gary Cooper** wants to add French, German and Spanish to his English way of making love in pictures and is taking up a course in languages. . . . **Richard Dix** is signing for another visit to New York and its interesting streets "somewhere in the fifties." . . . **Joan Crawford** and **Douglas Fairbanks** have been separated for the first time since their marriage when **Doug** was on location in Arizona.

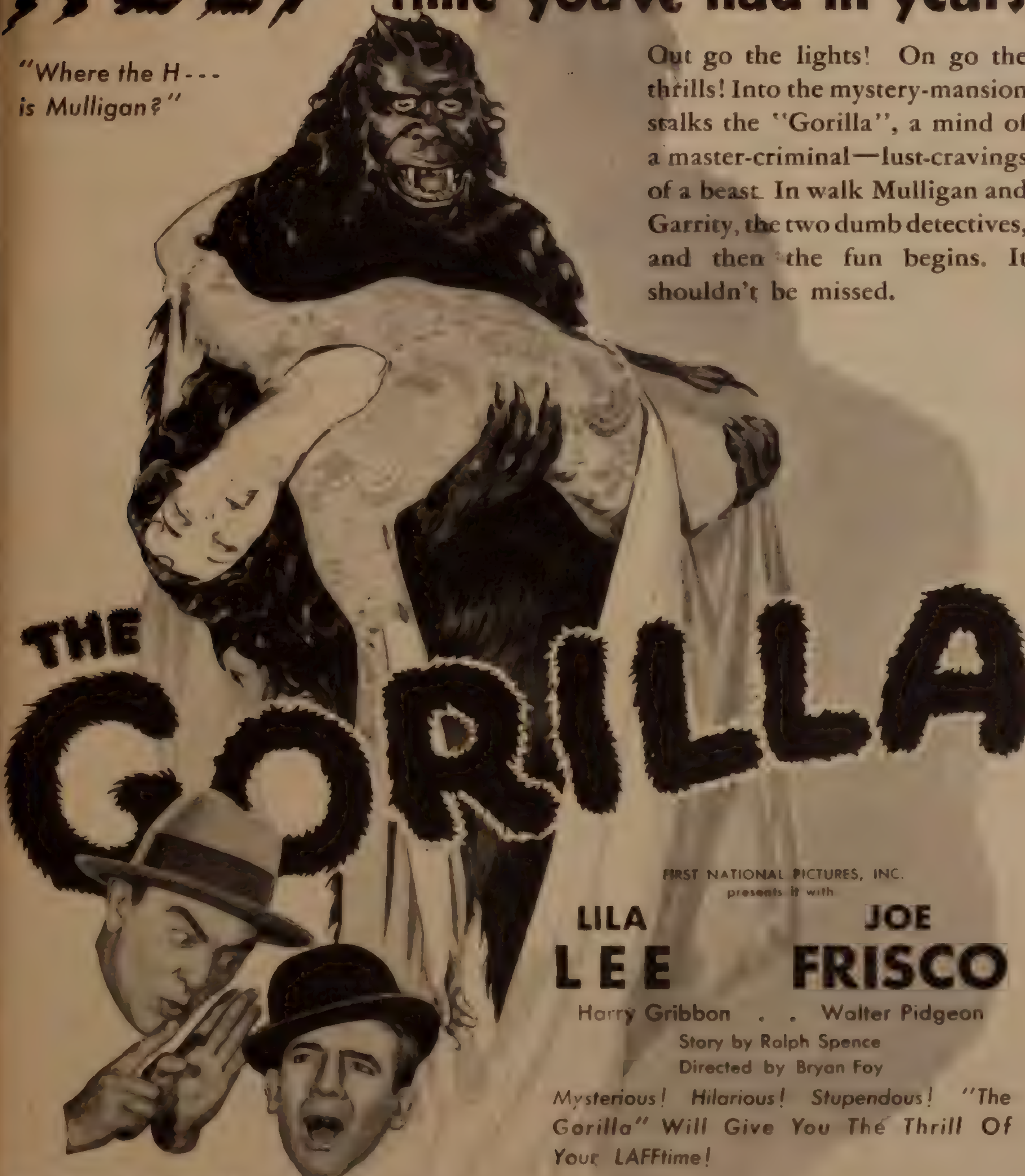
CLARA BOW has again caused a general lifting of the eyebrows with the title "No Limit"—a picture with a gambling sequence! . . . **Norman Foster**, husband of **Claudette Colbert**, is scheduled to play opposite the red-haired headline-hunter. . . . **Claudette**, herself, is looking forward to bigger and better pictures, with "Strictly Business" to start her on her way. . . . **Myrna Loy** is wearing a smile these days. She's all signed up with Fox. . . . **Lily Damita** will continue right along with "Sons o'Guns" when **Al Jolson** gets into his stride with that picture. . . . **Ruby Keeler**, the mammy singer's mammy, has given up all thoughts of "The Vanderbilt Revue" and will tarry awhile with **Jolson** in Hollywood.

INA CLAIRE and **John Gilbert** still deny reports of a separation.

HELP yourself to the best time you've had in years!

"Where the H - - - is Mulligan?"

Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the "Gorilla", a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn't be missed.



THE GORILLA

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Frisco and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They're a riot!

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.
presents it with

LILA LEE **JOE FRISCO**

Harry Gribbon . . Walter Pidgeon
Story by Ralph Spence
Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

VITAPHONE

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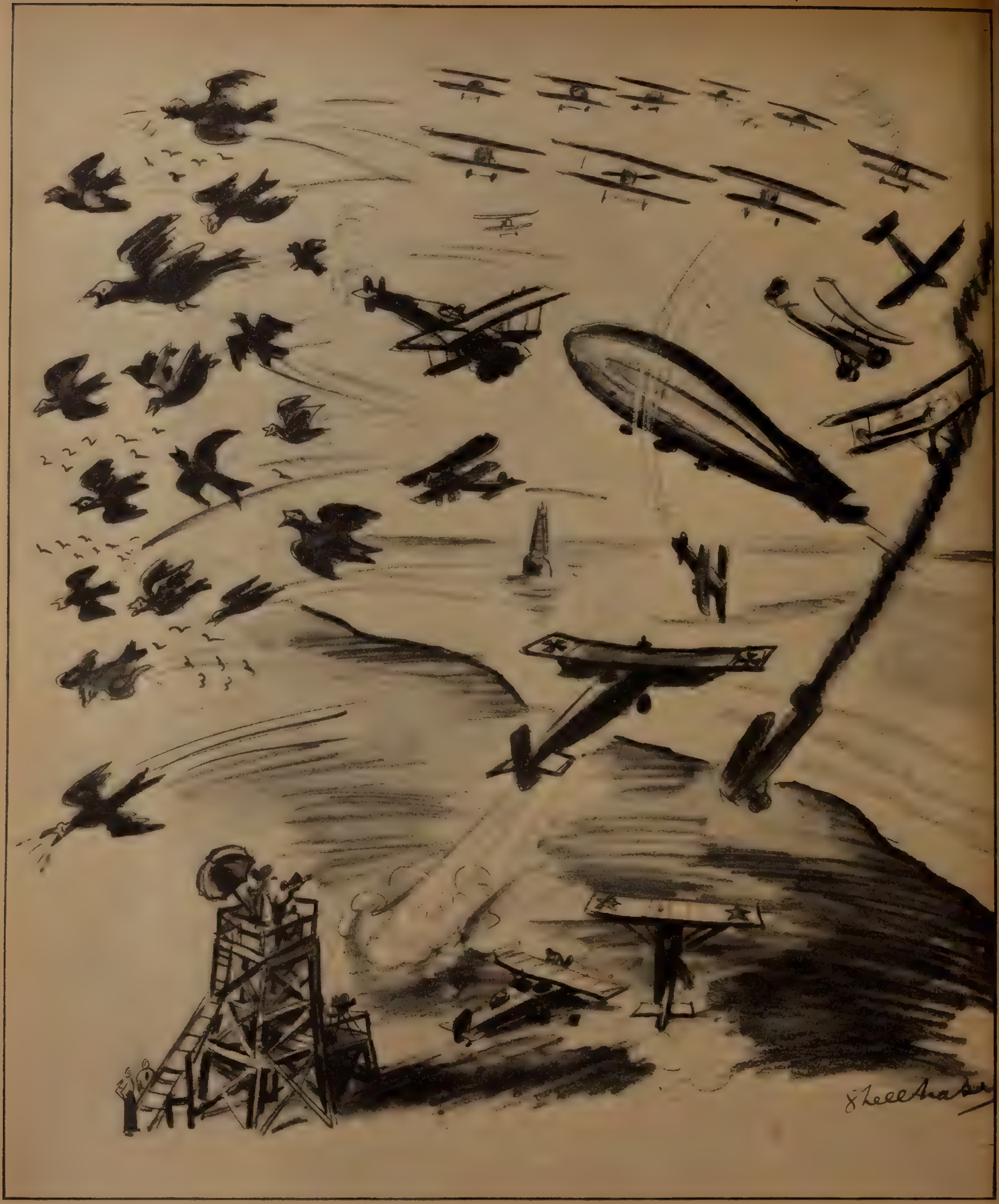
A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



TALKIE TERRORS

Birds have to migrate East during epidemic of air pictures

Drawn ever so heavenly by SHELLHASE

A Popular Novel FREE

● Many girls find, when the tumult and orange blossoms have died down, that love is not enough. Others are finding before marriage that they cannot build their lives on the affection of men. So business claims them.

Your modern business girl! Ready to be stimulated by success. Free to do as she pleases with her future. The great public interest in her and her problems was responsible for the enthusiastic reception accorded the serial publication of *Big Business Girl* in COLLEGE HUMOR. It is soon to be released as a feature moving picture by Warner Brothers.

And now this story is being brought out as a regular full length novel, bound in boards and with a four color jacket, under the imprint of Farrar & Rinehart. It has already enjoyed a phenomenal advance sale. For a very short time, until December 31, 1930, *this book will be given away absolutely free to subscribers to* COLLEGE HUMOR.

If you were to purchase single copies of this magazine at newsstands, the price would be thirty-five cents a copy. The advantage of subscribing for one year at three dollars or two years at five dollars (twenty-four issues) is apparent to everybody. And the novel will be given away for good measure!

Since this offer has a strict time limit, we suggest using the coupon at once.

College Humor
MAGAZINE

The magazine with a College Education

This book about Clare MacIntyre, a big business girl, makes a fine gift or a valuable addition to your library.

I accept your FREE offer. Enclosed find $... Please send **BIG BUSINESS GIRL** to

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and COLLEGE HUMOR for one year at $3 ☐ to
two years at $5 ☐

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City .... State ....

Regularly College Humor costs 35 cents a copy.

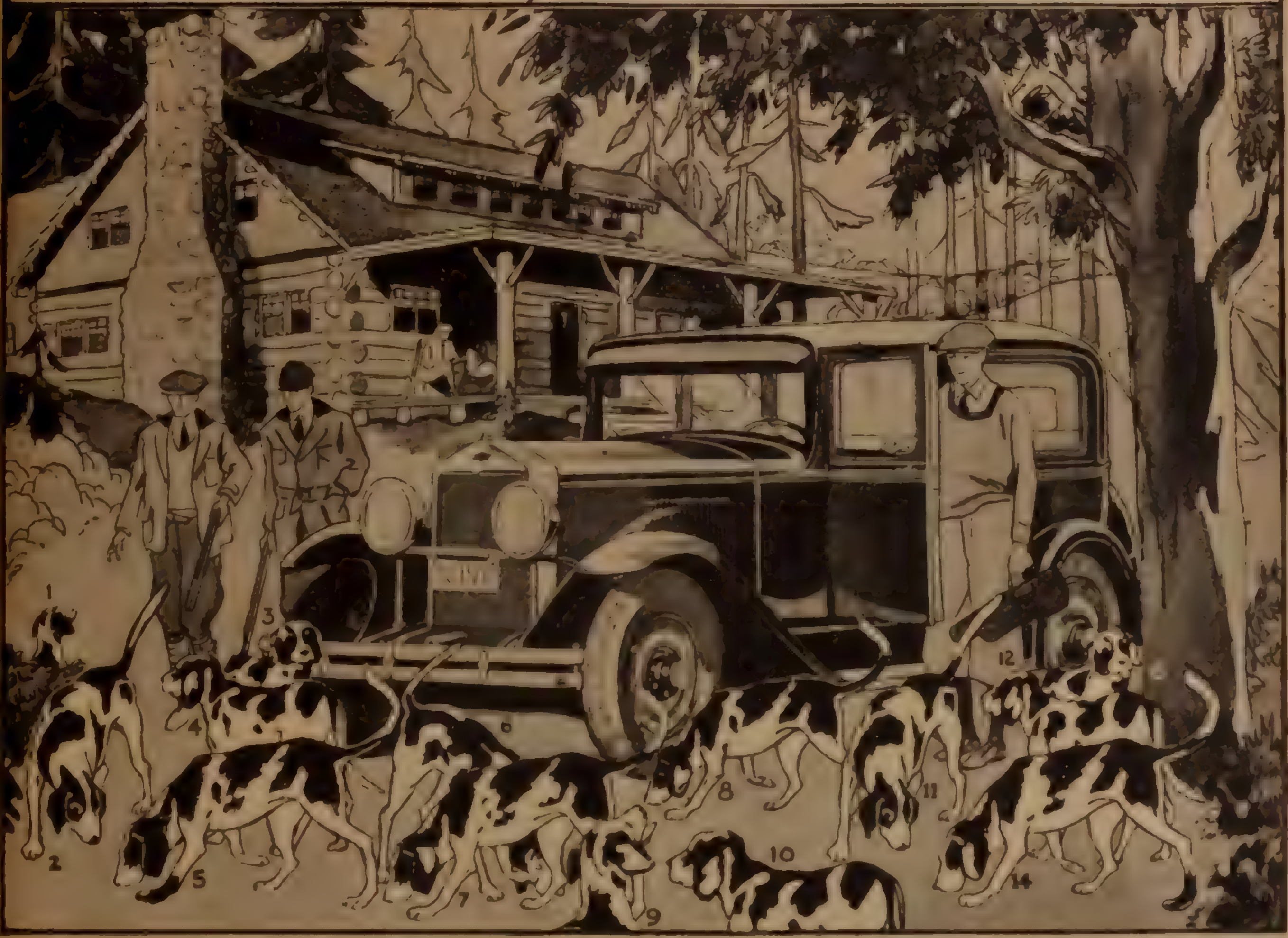
Canadian postage 50 cents a year additional; foreign postage $1.00.

My Neighbors in Hollywood

By K.C.B.

IF I had to work.
IN MOTION pictures.
I'D LIKE to work.
FOR CHARLIE Chaplin.
AND WHY that's so.
IS THAT I'm lazy.
AND HAVE a horror.
OF BEING rushed.
AND JUST for instance.
OCCASIONALLY.
ON AN afternoon.
I DRIVE myself.
TO THE Chaplin lot.
AND FIND a chair.
AND SIT me down.
AND WATCH them work.
AND AFTER a while.
ALONG ABOUT four.
OR THEREABOUTS.
THE WORKING ceases.
AND EVERYBODY.
GOES HUSTLING off.
AND SOMEBODY comes.
WITH A little table.
TO WHEREVER it is.
THAT CHARLIE is.
AND PUTS it down.
AND TEA is brought.
AND SANDWICHES.
AND IF it happens.
YOU'RE A friend of Charlie's.
YOU SIT with him.
AND DRINK your tea.
AND TALK with him.
AND FOR thirty minutes.
OR WHATEVER the time.
IT'S JUST the same.
AS THOUGH you sat.
IN AN English home.
WITH NOTHING but leisure.
AHEAD OF you.
AND THEN all at once.
THE RECESS ends.
AND A whistle blows.
AND EVERYBODY.
COMES HUSTLING back.
AND ANYWAY.
ON THE day I write.
IT'S BEEN two years.
AND SOME added months.
SINCE CHARLIE began.
ON "CITY Lights."
AND TODAY it's done.
AND IN its making.
TEN THOUSAND persons.
DREW PAY checks.
FOR WHATEVER the time.
THEY WERE at work.
AND ON every day.
NO MATTER the scene.
THAT WAS being shot.
CHARLIE TOOK time.
TO DRINK his tea.
AND I recall.
A YEAR ago.
I THINK it was.
ON A summer day.
AND I went out.
TO THE Chaplin lot.
AND THE gateman said.
THERE WAS nobody there.
AND NOBODY working.
OR ANYTHING.
AND THEN I found.
THAT FOR four days.
THEY'D CUT out work.
SO THAT Charlie could go.
TO THE tennis matches.
WHERE WORLD-famed players.
WERE IN tournament.
AND THAT'S my idea.
OF MAKING pictures.
OR WRITING books.
OR SELLING groceries.
OR ANYTHING.
AND I'D like to work.
FOR A bird like that.
AND IT'S nobody's business.
EXCEPT JUST Charlie's.
FOR IT'S his own money.
THAT HE'S working with.
AND NO bank owns him.
OR ANYTHING.
AND IF it happens.
HE WANTS to loaf.
AND LET the workers.
ON HIS yearly staff.
HAVE A few days off.
HE DOESN'T even.
HAVE TO say he's sick.
HE CAN go right out.
WITH HIS conscience clear.
AND IN good health.
AND ENJOY himself.
AND AS I've said.
IF EVER it happens.
I AM an actor.
AND I'LL have to hurry.
IF I'M going to be.
I WANT to work.
FOR MR. Chaplin.
INSTEAD OF some guy.
WHO DOESN'T like tea.
IN THE afternoon.
OR NEVER goes.
TO A tennis match.
I THANK you.

Test Your Skill



QUALIFY FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO WIN $650.00

THE hunt is about to start. The hounds have been unleashed and are impatient to pick up the scent. Somewhere in the pack are two dogs exactly alike—identical to the eye in size, pose, markings on the legs, bodies, heads and tails. How well developed are your powers of observation? How quick is your eye? Can you find the twin dogs? It will cost you nothing to try for the Grand Prizes which will be awarded according to the contestants' standings when the final decision is made.

If you can find the twin dogs send the numbers together with your name and address. Six thousand dollars to be paid in 10 equal first prizes. Each one $600.00 or a brand new Chevrolet, 2-door sedan, the model pictured above, with many extra prizes of $50.00 each—you can win one by being prompt—making a total first prize of $650.00 cash if you prefer. In addition to the first prizes there are dozens of other well chosen prizes which will be given to the winners in this unique "advertising-to-the-public" program. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. Solutions will not be accepted from persons living in Chicago, Illinois, or outside of the U. S. A. Mail your answer today.

J. F. LARSON,
Room 271, 54 West Illinois Street, Chicago, Illinois

Facts *and* Figures

Intimate Items About Pictures, Past, Present And Future

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH

BECAUSE he has been in the picture business some fifteen or twenty years, the presumption is that Ivan Abramson has come to believe some of the wildly exaggerated bunkum the publicity departments turn out. At least that seems the charitable view, or how else account for Ivan's suit to compel Will Hays into court to explain how he uses the *hundred million dollars* annually the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America are said by Ivan to collect and spend?

Just for the sake of the record, the M. P. P. & D. of A. is much more modest than Ivan seems to believe. It collects and uses about one per cent of the excited Abramson figure, which isn't so much when you consider the industry's two-billion-dollar income.

International Newsreel

Three film faces East: Claire Dodd, Christine Maple and Virginia Bruce, beginners all, were picked by Florenz Ziegfeld as the Hollywood girls he would like to glorify. It will cost Talkie Town plenty to get them back

THERE must be something out of synchronism with the news reports about the growing unpopularity of American talking pictures among foreigners. We're sending more audible film overseas than ever before. For instance, in the first six months of 1930 we exported 144,932,674 feet of film, which was valued at $4,127,172. Compare that with the same period in 1929 when we exported 121,810,453 feet and collected $3,331,022 for it. If you're interested, you'll find that this year we got a higher price per foot by .02 cents than we had last year.

Those calamity-howlers who have been telling us that Great Britain had organized against our pictures have been listening in on the wrong station, because John Bull took more than double as much talking film from us in the first half of 1930 as he did in 1929. If you must have the figures, they are 23,677,004 feet these first six months and 11,195,243 the previous period. I got those figures from the Department of Commerce, and they're official.

AND while we're talking about exports, don't let anyone tell you that talk is cheap. The manufacturers of talking-picture equipment sold $4,585,000 worth of their apparatus between January 1 and June 30 of this year, just for export alone. Most of it went to England, though both France and Canada figured well.

While we're on the subject of such apparatus, last year I counted 173 firms making it, but the mortality must have been terrible since, because less than half that number reported for business this September. From the sounds some of that equipment made, the only wonder is that there were not more financial funerals, and corporate executions. And why the ear-'phone business is so slow.

IN CLASSIC recently an article on the ownership of the movies set forth a financial line-up which indicated that the big banking and investment houses, together with several great electrical companies, were gradually acquiring a foothold in pictures. Current Wall Street gossip lines up Hayden, Stone and Co., The Western Electric Co., Goldman, Sachs and Co. and the Du Pont interests as a composite group to furnish between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 for the completion of just one company's program for 1930-31. There is a well-known Arabian proverb that recites the experience of a desert-dweller who permitted his camel to put merely his head in the tent, and—you probably recall it as well as I do, so finish the application for yourself.

A FEW days since, I came across a statement of the gross receipts of the Roxy Theater in New York City for one week. The figure was $176,812. And there are between 5,500 and 6,000 seats in the establishment. That

(*Continued on page 93*)

CHOOSE YOUR ROUGE shades this NEW, fascinating way

Forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

CATCH THE SPIRIT, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up simply spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat Rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat Rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat Rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat Rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

WHY Different Colors of Costume Absolutely Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats, so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors **through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color** note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Summer-tan.* For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.

PRINCESS PAT

CHICAGO, U. S. A. (IN CANADA, 93 CHURCH ST., TORONTO)

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. For it does what no other lip rouge has ever done. Princess Pat Lip Rouge colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. You'll love this new beauty. Keeps lips soft and free of chap and dryness. Permanent. Dainty enameled metal box.

The very popular Princess Pat Week End Set is offered for a limited time for THIS COUPON and 25c (coin). Only one to a customer. Set contains easily a month's supply of almond base powder and FIVE other delightful Princess Pat preparations. Packed in a beautifully decorated boudoir box. Please act promptly.

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Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week End Set.

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Tell Us All About It

$20.00 LETTER
"Abraham Lincoln" A Masterpiece

Philadelphia, Pa.

For the first time I have seen the Abraham Lincoln that my imagination has always conjured up. For the first time I have seen a living, breathing Lincoln, with all the faults and all the virtues of a human being. A Lincoln stripped of romantic legends, a Lincoln that stands in all his elemental rawness, in all his elemental tenderness.

D. W. Griffith has dipped into history and extracted from it the beauty of human life. But he had the courage to leave in all the daring crudity, all the daring realism that touches our experience, that clutches at our hearts, that brings to our cheeks flushes of shame as well as pride.

Here, for the first time on the screen, I have beheld the true greatness and the great weakness of the man whose awkward, stooping shoulders once carried the cross of a whole nation's suffering. I beheld his greatness in his very hours of failure, and I beheld his failure in his very hour of greatness. Such is the magic with which Griffith has touched his latest masterpiece! Such is the magic which the art of Walter Huston injects into Lincoln's portrayal!

I consider it a great privilege to have seen it, and a greater privilege to have the opportunity of telling my friends about it. The Abraham Lincoln I have seen will remain enshrined in my heart forever.

Pearl Kustin

$10.00 LETTER
Glorifying Gloria

Pittsburgh, Pa.

I am in the mood of singing the praises of Gloria Swanson. What an actress she is and what a picture she made of "What A Widow!" Had some other star played the almost slap-stick rôle of "Tam," the wealthy and merry widow, "What A Widow!" would have become just another cheap slapstick comedy, but with Gloria Swanson it was nothing short of high class comedy.

Gloria is a real artist and she has proved her ability and versatility in doing light comedy parts as well as heavy dramatic rôles, doing justice to the two distinctly different types of acting as only a finished artist of her calibre could do. She has poise and charm.

However, while I enjoyed the comedy "What A Widow," I prefer Gloria in the type of parts she played in "Sadie Thompson" and "The Trespasser." These rôles gave her many opportunities to do some real dramatic acting.

In closing I wish to say a word for the novel manner in which the announcements preceding the picture, "What A Widow!" were presented when giving the names of the author, director, cast, etc., etc.

J. A. Nichols

$5.00 LETTER
And Now The "Smellies"

Hollywood, Cal.

In Hollywood it is said that something must be done to revive movie-goers' interest in motion pictures—but how? Sight has been well served; hearing is pleased but it has in store for it undreamed of satisfaction; color laboratories are striving for more natural color effects and will get them but the screen still lacks good perspective and relief while our olfactory nerves have been left entirely without entertainment. Now that we have the "talkies" why not the "smellies" as well? What we should have next is a smell of the movies—I had a taste of this when Sid Grauman opened the "Hollywood Review" at his Chinese Theater in Hollywood. It was during the screening of an orange grove scene Sid wafted through the house, via the ventilators, a wonderful orange blossom perfume and the audience was spellbound. Everyone was struck with the realism which leads us to believe scent effects should be written into the script so that appropriate odors and perfumes would be released at the proper time. Outdoor scenes would easily lend themselves to such elaboration, an easy matter for perfumers. Certainly a lady's boudoir should be scented with perfume. A kitchen might smell of fresh baked bread or a juicy roast in the oven. Should the odor of gasoline be emitted from a garage and what does a ship's hold smell like? When the roses are sent to the leading lady in her dressing-room, why shouldn't we smell them as well as she. Apparently all very ridiculous but easily possible and very probable before long. *Miss M. Young*

$1.00 LETTERS
Judge by Virtues, Not Faults

San Francisco, Cal.

At the outset, I wish to say that no one has a greater reverence and appreciation for the Arts than I. I worship the geniuses of literature and am enthralled by the magic of music.

It is quite impossible to understand the few carping critics, who laugh outright when someone speaks of the Motion Picture industry as an Art. That many pictures are stupidly dull, inane or merely hokum, anyone will readily admit, but then, an Art is to be judged not so much by its faults as by its virtues. No critic would care to be quoted as saying that most "literary" productions, for instance, are praiseworthy. For one great novel or poem, there are virtually hundreds upon hundreds of trashy novels or puerile poetic effusions! It is inconceivable that any sane person would deny that Motion Pictures not only add greatly to the enjoyment of countless millions but that a magnificent production *does* occasionally flash itself across the Silver Screen, to shed some sunshine on our none-too-happy lives.

A. M. Egan

Chevalier Charms His Audience

Chicago, Ill.

The local movie house was cool and dark as I crept into a seat. Outside, the glare and noise of the city were harsh and irritating to raw, tired nerves, but inside the cool anæsthesia of the darkness and the music crept over me and dulled the weariness and irritation.

I succumbed. And onto the silver sheet flashed a face—the face of a man who will not soon be forgotten. No one can explain the charm of his features. It comes from within. When he does not smile, the face is somber and ordinary. But when he speaks or sings, it is like lighting a searchlight in a dark room. He seems to say—

"Smile, my friend! Forget the troubles that have turned your face to gloom and set your teeth on edge. The world is not so bad a place after all—I *like* it! I have seen its ugly side too—more often than you perhaps—but I have forgotten that. Smile with me, my friend!"

There is something touching about his gay philosophy—the radiant good humor of a man whose life has had its seamy and sordid chapters; who could still take a good many knocks on the head and "like it!"

I admire him—for his humor, and his sparkle, and his vivacity, and for the startlingly charming things he does to our English language.

And as for America—may he "like it" well enough to stay and give the country a few more exquisite hours of laughter and song—this Chevalier of France!

Gwennie James

Pictures Lack Individuality

Oakland, Cal.

The day of reckoning, as far as the motion picture industry is concerned, is at hand and the producers realizing this fact have asked, through the medium of Motion Picture Classic, just what sort of pictures the public really wants. I have filled out a questionnaire and am also expressing my opinion by letter.

I really thought this day was to

(*Continued on page 107*)

You may have S.A., but do you have S.E.? Motion Picture CLASSIC wants to know. We want you to join our free clinic. If the tests show that you have a superior kind of S.E., you stand in line for one of the prizes: $20 for first, $10 for second, $5 for third and $1 for every other letter published.

To join the clinic all you have to do is to write a letter of, say, 200 to 250 words, about some phase of the movies, advancing an idea, an appreciation, or a criticism, without becoming ga-ga or vituperative. Sign your full name and address, and mail the letter to: Laurence Reid, Editor, Motion Picture CLASSIC, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City. No letters can be returned, and we reserve the right to print any or all that we like.

Having done this much, you will perhaps be conscious, without our telling you, that you have S.E. But if you win a prize, there can be no doubt about it; you have Self-Expression.

$5000.00

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SEVENTH AWARD	$75.00
EIGHTH AWARD	$50.00
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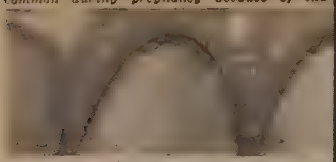
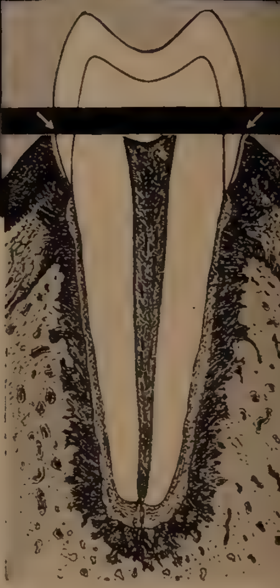


Gingival third decay is a form of decay common during pregnancy because of the tendency towards excess acidity. It results from acid attacks near the necks of the teeth, along The Danger Line, where gums meet teeth and where there is a tiny crevice. Fermenting food particles and the acid-forming germs of decay collect here, because your tooth-brush can't penetrate such a tiny crevice. There is an old saying that one baby costs two of its mother's teeth.

THE EXPECTANT MOTHER

SHOULD, BY ALL MEANS, KNOW THESE FACTS ABOUT SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

for it is the only type of dentifrice that can bring these special benefits to protect the teeth of motherhood



THE ★ DANGER LINE

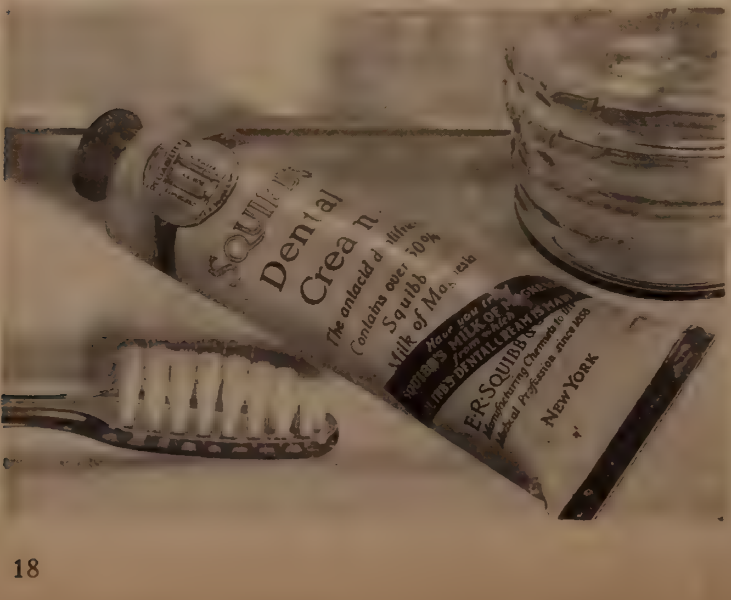
★ The Danger Line is the line where gums meet teeth. As long as this thin edge of gum tissue keeps healthy, pyorrhea will not occur. In the cross-section above, notice the tiny crevice at each side of the tooth. The arrows show it. Food particles collect here, ferment and irritate the gums with acids. Eventually the delicate gum edge recedes and then The Danger Line no longer furnishes protection. Never let this happen.

MANY a woman emerges from the trying period of pregnancy with her teeth and gums in bad condition—sometimes she loses one or more teeth. But this certainly need not happen.

During pregnancy, a woman's teeth are unusually susceptible to decay—due, first, to the demands upon the lime stores of her body and, second, to the presence of germ acids in the mouth. Correct food, including the necessary vitamins and mineral salts, and the regular use of Squibb's Dental Cream, will aid in combating decay.

Years ago, physicians and dentists began to advise expectant mothers to use Milk of Magnesia as a mouth wash to combat germ acids. How natural then that today an increasing number of both professions consider Squibb's Dental Cream a valuable aid during pregnancy—far beyond the powers of other types of dentifrices.

It is 50% Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you brush your teeth with Squibb's *you combat germ acids.* You force countless particles of Milk of Magnesia into the crevices and fissures of your teeth.


Squibb
Dental Cream
The antacid dentifrice
Contains over 50% Squibb Milk of Magnesia
E.R. Squibb & Sons
Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since 1858
New York

One of the most vital parts of the mouth is the thin margin of tissue where the gums join the teeth. It is called The Danger Line because it is a real point of danger for everybody. Here pyorrhea starts. Here, also, occurs gingival third decay—so prevalent during pregnancy.

Squibb's affords The Danger Line wonderful protection. It definitely soothes irritation and helps keep your gums firm and sound.

How beautifully Squibb's cleans the teeth—and so safely. It contains no grit, no astringents, nothing which might injure the delicate gum edge. Use Squibb's every day. Your teeth will keep so much more attractive and healthy. For you'll be giving your gums the safest of care and your teeth the finest possible protection against decay.

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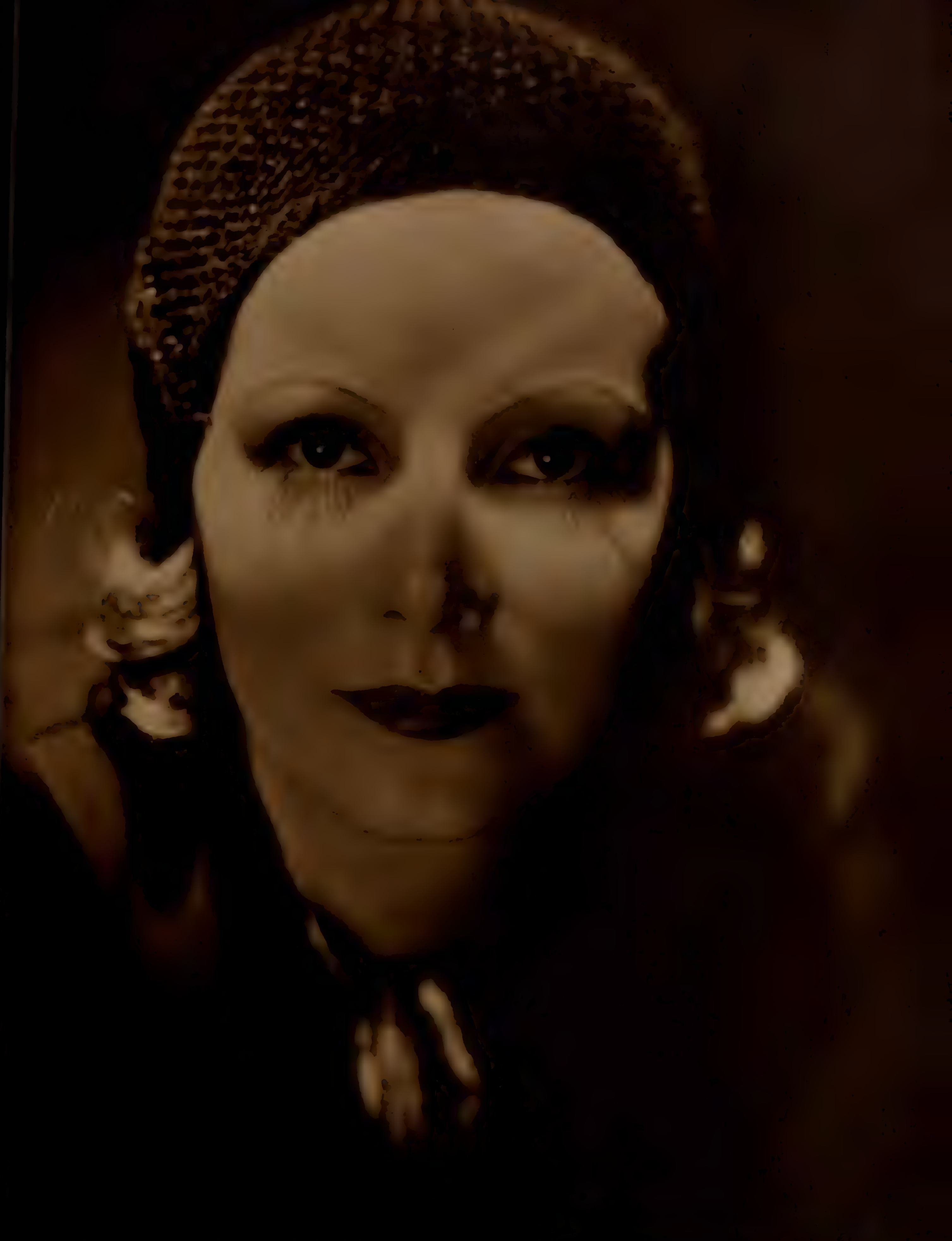


GRETA GARBO

Seen in a new light, "the woman of mystery" is a young girl, unspoiled by fame, who has only enviable eyelash shadows under her eyes—open for "Inspiration."

Fryer

SUE CAROL

Also adept at the younger generation's wiles, Sue is Clara Bow's potential rival. Featured in "Check and Double Check," she now is flirting with the breaks

Fryer

EVALYN KNAPP

At first she was in shorts, but not for long. J. L. Warner himself discovered the error. Now she is being spotlighted in "Mother's Cry"

JACKIE COOGAN

How *The Kid* has grown! Sixteen he is now—a dramatic age. Just the time to begin speaking for himself and to fall in love for the first time—which he does in "Tom Sawyer"

The Magazine With the Personality

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

· TALKS ·

WHY all this picking on Clara Bow? Why all this dragging her down? Since when has it been a crime to be from Coney Island, and admit it? Since when has it been a sin not to be high-brow?

• • •

WHO'S putting on the dog? Not Clara. She is one of the few sincere people in Hollywood. She is, if nothing else, herself. From the mob, she is of the mob. She does not pretend to be anything else. You like her as she is, or you do not like her. Better a stormy petrel any day than a tame pigeon.

• • •

THE inevitable has also happened to Greta Garbo. For her offstage reticence and aloofness, she is at last the victim of a rumor that her mind is a vacuum, that off the screen she cannot talk. Some of those sweet California grapes have turned most sour.

• • •

SPEAKING of Greta Garbo reminds us that there was a plan under way to make Marlene Dietrich, Germany's first gift to the native talkies, equally inaccessible, equally mysterious. But Marlene insisted that there was only one Garbo. And such a potential sensation is this girl that she had her way. She can be whatever she wants to be.

• • •

THE title of "Frankie and Johnnie" was changed to "Her Man," for fear that the dear old public would not know who *Frankie* and *Johnnie* were. And to make sure that Americana-lovers would not recognize them, the scene was shifted to Havana, and *Frankie* did not kill her man "because he done her wrong." He was bumped off in the approved movie manner—by a handy third party. And *Frankie* came to a happy ending.

SOMETIMES, the better the box-office title, the more disappointing the picture. We are thinking of "Love Among the Millionaires" and "The Office Wife." The same old fan fodder, dished up in the same old way.

• • •

WITH the rising popularity of M-G-M's canine comedies and Tiffany's chimpanzee howls, some of the erstwhile human comedians are beginning to look like white elephants.

• • •

ADOLPHE MENJOU, we are convinced, is an exceptional man-about-town. Capable of good French, he is being allowed to recover his American fans, beginning with "New Moon." Antonio Moreno, who speaks Spanish, is apparently lost to his English-speaking fans. Ditto Barry Norton, from the Argentine, a young sensation in silents.

• • •

JACK OAKIE, making personal appearances in Chicago, did a hide-out act after hours. Local gangsters, it seems, sometimes ask tribute from movie stars (Eddie Cantor, among others, has been asked). And thrifty Jack, in case you didn't know, has a saving sense of humor.

• • •

PERSONAL appearances are, in general, our idea of something to miss. Those who make them never—or approximately never—appear to advantage. They sing, they dance, or they wisecrack. Why don't they ever appear in one-act playlets, giving them a chance to lead a normal existence—and giving us a chance to retain a shred of our illusions? The impression that screen actors cannot act is gaining momentum at every stage "performance." It will soon reach blizzard proportions.

Menaces of

The crowds that talkies attract: adult, well-dressed, educated. Night crowds. In the daytime it is rare to see groups of children similarly waiting outside talkie theaters

The Vanishing . . . Mean

By CAMPBELL

SUPPOSE you had been making a neat profit out of your business and then, quite suddenly, it began to decline. In order to correct this, you made a vital improvement in your product that restored your profit very satisfactorily, and the rose tints again graced the financial skies. And then suppose that your improvement was alienating four or five per cent. of your customers, which reduced your profit again very materially. What would you do?

That is the situation of the motion picture producers and exhibitors who have discovered that talking pictures are keeping the children out of their theaters. The cry used to be "The movies are a children's entertainment, appealing chiefly to eight-year-old minds." Now the exhibitors are actually begging the producers to make some pictures that will attract the children and stop the appalling losses among the kid fans—losses that threaten the industry with one of the most serious crises it has yet had to meet. Special children's matinées, kid comics, animal shorts, one and two-reel fairy stories, cartoons and novelties designed to appeal to children are part of the program of every movie house and studio these days. And even these threaten to be unavailing to bring back the enormous child-audience which the talkies have lost the industry.

Mary Astor, Monroe Owsley, Ann Harding and Robert Ames in "Holiday"—the kind of picture children do not like

Few of us are previsionary, so we adopt certain developments of our civilization without much thought or knowledge of how these are eventually to affect us in other directions.

The Audience Changes

THERE came the talking pictures, for example, when audiences stormed the theaters that were first to show them—and when I say audiences, I mean women, men, adolescents and children alike. They wanted to hear the shadows talk. And they continued to storm the theaters all through two satisfying years. But in January of this year of grace the exhibitors began to observe a change. Not that there was any particular diminution of interest, but they noticed that the composition of the audiences was different. There were fewer children!

And that was important, because to a considerable degree children draw adults in their train.

Inquiry developed and then it became apparent that youngsters under the age of twelve years did not care greatly for dialogue pictures—that is, the average example of the audible cinema. The reason was not far to seek. The primitive or immature mind is by instinct respondent to ideas in *action*, while the more mature mind can easily respond to ideas in *words*. (Don't be alarmed, for we're not going too deeply into applied psychology.)

And about the same time this fact was beginning to percolate through the producers' minds, it also became apparent that sound pictures were not the best possible medium for plots of violent action. Douglas Fairbanks came right out and admitted that he doubted whether his type of fast-action picture could be made at all with dialogue, and on that account he was considering quitting the game, so far as his own feature pictures were concerned.

the Movies

William Powell, who came to the height of his fame in talkies, is an exception to the general rule. On location in Chicago, he finds that he is still a hero to the youngsters

Children . . . Vanishing Millions

MacCULLOCH

The Cost of the Loss

EXHIBITORS who know their theater audiences know that children of twelve years and under constitute from six to eight per cent. of the cinema attendance. Getting down to actual figures, that means that approximately 8,500,000 to 9,000,000 children go to the motion picture houses each week. In cash, that means somewhere between $1,250,000 and $1,500,000 a week in admissions. Of course, I'm not trying to argue that children have suddenly ceased to attend the theaters. They haven't, but probably child attendance is forty per cent. less than it was, and this means that theater receipts are lower from this cause by some $25,000,000 a year. Without unnecessarily furrowing the reader's brow, this sum represents a two per cent. interest on the total motion picture theater investment of the United States!

But two per cent. is not so much, you may say.

Possibly not, but the lack of it prevented one motion picture producing company from paying its stockholders any dividend last August, so if you happened to be one of that company's shareholders you may have a better idea of the importance of the kids at the cinemas.

Going backward just for a moment: children, as a rule, do not care much for social problems, emotional reactions, sex, philosophy, politics or education. They are too elemental to grasp the complexity of these things. But broad, easily interpreted *action* interests them tremendously; elemental humor leaves them supine—but not silent—with delight. As Rob Wagner recently pointed out, the child likes "cataclysm, tumult and noise." And Mr. Wagner notes that when in a recent picture George Arliss quite evidently contemplated suicide from a ten-story window, the children in the audience cheered wildly at the prospect of a swell soul-satisfying squnchy smash.

Today's Temptation

UNFORTUNATELY, a very large proportion of talking pictures deal with just these abstract intellectual subjects. The temptation to make *talkies* instead of *movies* these days is great. Stage plays are transposed, word for word, to the screen. Actors stand about on sets discussing their emotions, arguing, exchanging witty repartee, and performing no more violent action than drinking a cup of tea or using a telephone. The old stage restrictions of time and place and setting have crept onto the screen. "When are they going to *do* something?" the children demand, wriggling with boredom.

Both producers and exhibitors are awake to this situation and some are willing to discuss it. Harold B. Franklin is president of the West Coast Theaters, an impressive aggregation of playhouses. Recently he returned from a tour of the country inquiring into theater conditions.

"We cannot disguise from ourselves that the sophisticated talking picture is not popular with children," he told me. "Neither is a treatise on calculus—simply because the young minds don't understand either of them. Once all was action on the screen. A man drew a gun from his pocket and even a five-year-old could be sure something dramatic was about to happen to the wicked

Another scene from "Holiday," made by Pathé for adults. There are other big features coming, designed for children

The Children Want Some Action

tiger all set to pounce on the innocent lamb. But now when the man says:

"'Bill, hand me that rod so I can bump off this varmint,' they're not so sure, for those are a lot of words. And in many pictures there is ample dialogue of a more difficult sort with very little action to interpret it. Often it is difficult enough for adults to grasp the ideas behind swiftly spoken language, so why need we be astonished if the young child feels bored?

Crowley

A "knock-out" scene from "The Spoilers"—the kind of picture children do like. They are bringing back the Westerns

Their Likes and Dislikes

"UNDOUBTEDLY, something is needed to provide proper entertainment for the child, but—it must not be deliberately designed for the immature mentality. Children do not like pictures for children. Most of them are quick and bright if you give them something to be quick and bright about, but I doubt if we can expect them to appreciate the subtleties of O'Neill drama. Children are not sophisticates, and we might as well recognize this.

"Probably the trend toward 'Westerns' will help considerably, for the 'Western' is essentially a primitive action story, even when upholstered with suitable dialogue. There are horses, lariats, mountains, villains and the trappings of romance. And children are incurably romantic, if not always love-conscious. It is romantic to them to see the hero rescue the lovely heroine, and very satisfying to see the villain get his just deserts. And I believe some good, clean, romantically active serials would help a great deal. *But whatever is done in this direction must have an appeal also for the adult mind.* We can no longer afford to make movies that appeal only to children.

"I say that because it is economically impossible—or at least impractical—to produce pictures for five or six per cent. of the picture audience. One picture is merely part of a program, which means that its profit to the theater must always be but a part of the admission price. The producers undoubtedly are taking the necessary steps to solve this problem."

Mr. Franklin's remarks seem to point rather unerringly to elemental drama as the solution, and it is quite possible that the motion picture studios have begun to appreciate that solution for themselves, since something very close indeed to sheer melodrama is under way in a number of them.

One of the oldest principles of playwriting is that the audience should do most of the work. For that, it is necessary that the audience use its imagination; and to use its imagination, it must have some fairly comprehensive idea of an event to occur, or a result to accrue as the result of something now happening. If the action is pictorially simple and direct, even a young child can share with an adult this imaginative pleasure, and as a result you may have a successful piece of entertainment.

That is why the old Bill Hart, or Bill Farnum, or Douglas Fairbanks—or Pearl White—epics had such a broad appeal. They cut right across the mentalities of so many persons of various ages and gave tremendous stimulus to imagination of the simplest but most satisfying sort.

And in the old silent pictures, titles were used to explain action where necessary. The rule was one foot of film to each word of title. So a nine-word exposition occupied the screen for exactly six seconds—ample time for an alert mind to read it through *more than twice*, and sufficient for the slower mind to absorb the simple idea. But dialogue doesn't work that way. If you doubt that the average mind is slow, ask ten people an unfamiliar question quickly and note that nine of them will ask to have it repeated. Dialogue pictures don't permit the little auditor to say: "What did the man say, Mamma?"—at least not too often before the usher comes down the aisle in response to protests.

How to Satisfy Both?

PATHÉ quickly appreciated the need for children's entertainment, and E. B. Derr, in charge of production on the West Coast, already has made plans for a type that will satisfy the youngsters without alienating the grown-up. He says:

"Juvenile patronage cannot be ignored—and should not

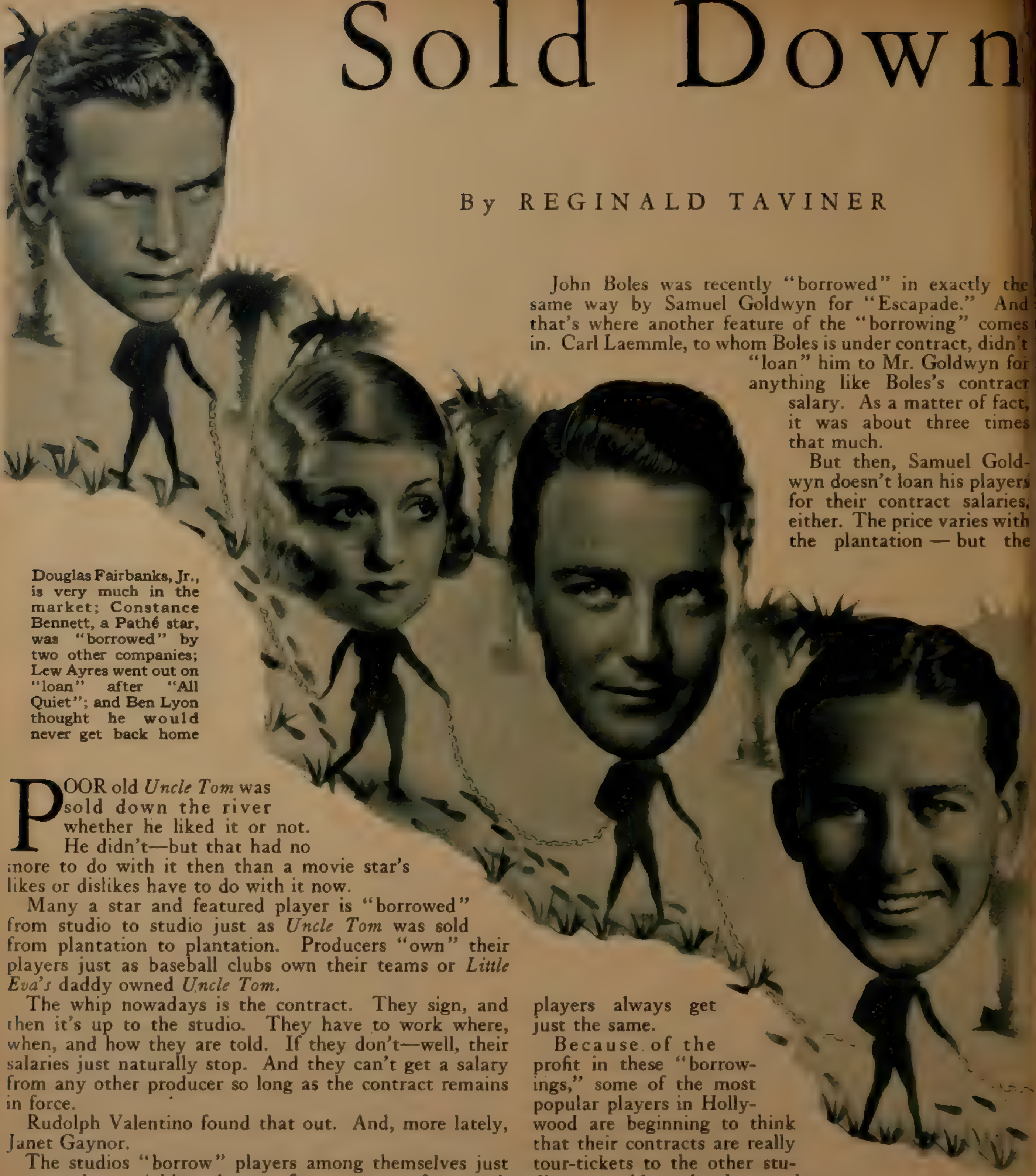
(*Continued on page 84*)

A scene outside any talkie theater, anywhere, anytime: the children have practically vanished, and in their places are adults. Will producers be able to bring back the first fans and still hold the new ones?

If you see her once, you cannot help seeing her twice. Coming from Broadway stardom, Genevieve Tobin looks twice as good as the usual screen good-looker. Having scored a personal hit in "A Lady Surrenders," she now is acting (please accent) in a photographic version of Sidney Howard's play, "Half Gods"

Sold Down

By REGINALD TAVINER



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is very much in the market; Constance Bennett, a Pathé star, was "borrowed" by two other companies; Lew Ayres went out on "loan" after "All Quiet"; and Ben Lyon thought he would never get back home

POOR old *Uncle Tom* was sold down the river whether he liked it or not. He didn't—but that had no more to do with it then than a movie star's likes or dislikes have to do with it now.

Many a star and featured player is "borrowed" from studio to studio just as *Uncle Tom* was sold from plantation to plantation. Producers "own" their players just as baseball clubs own their teams or *Little Eva's* daddy owned *Uncle Tom.*

The whip nowadays is the contract. They sign, and then it's up to the studio. They have to work where, when, and how they are told. If they don't—well, their salaries just naturally stop. And they can't get a salary from any other producer so long as the contract remains in force.

Rudolph Valentino found that out. And, more lately, Janet Gaynor.

The studios "borrow" players among themselves just as next-door neighbors borrow flour or sugar from each other when they're out. But nowadays the players usually like to be borrowed, because it is only the most popular ones that are in demand.

For instance, Bebe Daniels, under long-term contract to RKO, has just finished "Ex-Mistress" at Warner Brothers' and now is at United Artists', co-starring with Doug Fairbanks, Senior, in "Reaching for the Moon."

Hollywood's New Tourists

SHE was "borrowed" because both the Warners and Joseph Schenck happened to need her particular type. But it's long odds that Bebe herself wasn't asked. Mr. Le Baron would arrange all that

John Boles was recently "borrowed" in exactly the same way by Samuel Goldwyn for "Escapade." And that's where another feature of the "borrowing" comes in. Carl Laemmle, to whom Boles is under contract, didn't "loan" him to Mr. Goldwyn for anything like Boles's contract salary. As a matter of fact, it was about three times that much.

But then, Samuel Goldwyn doesn't loan his players for their contract salaries, either. The price varies with the plantation — but the players always get just the same.

Because of the profit in these "borrowings," some of the most popular players in Hollywood are beginning to think that their contracts are really tour-tickets to the other studios, so seldom do they make a picture at their own.

Joan Bennett has just gone back to United Artists', her own home lot, to make her first picture there in many, many moons.

But perhaps, of all Hollywood, Conrad Nagel holds the endurance record for staying "foreign." About every studio in the business has "borrowed" him from M-G-M, where his contract reposes in the vault, and he has played at Warners' for so long now that he almost believes he belongs there.

He declares that whenever he walks in his sleep, he instinctively heads for Sunset Boulevard instead of for Culver City

the Boulevard

Like *Uncle Tom,* Stars Are Traded Here And Then There

"There's a Reason"

THE real reason why "borrowing" has become so prevalent in the motion picture industry is that there aren't enough really top-notch players to go 'round. The studio with enough big people to fit every rôle in its production schedule simply doesn't exist; consequently, Hollywood is always on the next-door neighbor's back steps.

Certain players fit best certain types of rôles, and that's why they are borrowed.

It isn't only the players, either.

Personalities behind the camera are reflected upon the screen almost as much as those in front of it. Directors, scenarists, dialogue writers—they all are borrowed just like the actors and actresses. So are even the cameramen and designers.

Just a glance at the pictures coming out of Hollywood these days shows how widespread borrowing has become.

Dorothy Sebastian, under contract to M-G-M, has just made pictures for both Pathé and Columbia. Edmund Lowe, who ordinarily parks his make-up box at Fox, has been loaned to First National, Pathé, and United Artists. Constance Bennett, whose dotted line was signed at Pathé, was borrowed by Warners and Fox. Ann Harding, Pathé star, has just done "The Girl of the Golden West" at First National, while Marian Nixon, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Jean Arthur, Rita La Roy, Barbara Kent and dozens of others can seldom be found where they belong.

James Hall and Ben Lyon, of course, served the longest single term away from their own studios when they went to Caddo for "Hell's Angels." Neither of them thought that he ever would get back.

George Barnes, one of Hollywood's "ace" cameramen, was borrowed by both Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson for their recent productions. Johanna Mathieson, Universal's designer, is frequently "loaned" for big costume films.

Sometimes, however, people are "borrowed" and not "paid back."

Such an instance was Sue Carol's. Under contract to Fox, she was loaned to RKO, and by mutual consent between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. Le Baron, she stayed at Radio.

Certain personalities, of course, are never loaned—or they haven't been yet. Garbo, and Barrymore, and such unapproachables. Rumor has it, however, that one of the younger executives did "proposition" Paramount for Maurice Chevalier for rather a naughty film that he thought no one else could "get away with," but another actor did have to get away with it, just the same.

At least, the producer hopes that he did. The film hasn't been released as yet.

Sound pictures have had a great deal to do with the present borrowing situation, since voice quality has so greatly narrowed down the choice of suitable players. In the old silent days, almost any "type" could carry the

(*Continued on page 89*)

Left to right, Joan Bennett, who is first hither and then thither; John Boles and Bebe Daniels, who like to be "loaned"; and Janet Gaynor, who found she was not free

How Women Have Changed Them

By
GLADYS
HALL

Lawrence Tibbett Has Cast Shyness To The Four Winds

Lawrence Tibbett says:

We are all cowards when it comes to living.

There is so much more adventure in life than any of us take advantage of! Because we are afraid of something. Our little reputations. Our "good name." What "they" might say.

We close so many doors right in our own faces! Stand behind them, peering, peeking, wishing . . .

Women do not like safe, sound, practical men. Or rather, I should say they do not love them. They say they do. They lie.

Women love dangerous men . . . destructive men.

Independent women are the most fascinating women of all. For the independent woman gives a man the sense of perpetual chase. He is never sure of her.

LAWRENCE TIBBETT has changed. "The Rogue Song" changed him. The violent admirations of women have changed him. He admits it. "Why not?"

The man I talked with several months ago, just before "The Rogue Song" went into production, is no more. That was a quiet man, still remembering Bakersfield and lean years, obscurities and sacrifices and poverty and thin loveliness when only the stars were hospitable. He was diffident. He was dimmed. He clung to the commonplaces. His confidence was cloaked and guarded. His stride was moderate. His laughter was temperate. He was frightened. He admits that, too.

One of Lawrence Tibbett's outstanding charms is his admission of all things, good and bad. His lusty admission of life in all its manifold phases. No mincer of words is he. Not any more. No standing with reluctant feet on any rock-bound shore.

Then, in that pre-"Rogue Song" day, he was about to gamble for huge stakes. He was throwing on the table all the cards he had, to win or lose. He won.

He said, "I was taking a gigantic risk and I knew it. I stood to lose everything I had worked so hard for, everything I had gained. I had my public—the Opera public. Not a very large one compared to the picture public, but discriminating, finely critical. I didn't know how I would screen. I did know that I was not what is known as 'a screen type.' I didn't know how my voice would record. The mike was not so perfect, not so pliable as it is now. I had a very bad scare, too, in the very beginning. My recording was bad. Very bad. The high notes were muted. The sting was taken out. There was every chance of people saying, 'Poor Tibbett, he is losing his voice. . . .'

Happy to Admit It

"ONCE a rumor like that starts circulating, it takes a lifetime to live it down, if ever. I was really *horribly* frightened. No success I had previously made helped me then. I stood to lose everything and to gain—nothing. Not even a contract was assured me unless 'The Rogue Song' proved to be successful.

"And then—the opening. I am a different man since that night. I walk down the street, now, and people nudge each other and say, 'There goes Lawrence Tibbett!' And my head goes up! My heart begins to pump. I feel the blood in my veins and a sense of tremendous elation. Life is worth while. Fame—publicity—are the very blood in the veins of life. *I love it.* I love people to recognize me, to be thrilled when they see me, to follow me, to try to get glimpses. I am flattered. *I eat it up.* And especially—especially when 'the people' are pretty girls!

"I get a kick out of it. Why not? Isn't attention, being in the limelight, being popular and sought-after the thing we strive for from the very first time we crow for attention

(*Continued on page 90*)

Dyar

Hailing from Montana, where men may be men, but cows are steers, Gary Cooper stands out on the Hollywood skyline the way the Woolworth Building towers over lower New York. At the present time, he is being confused with a mountain or two in "Fighting Caravans"

The Honey And The Moon

Some have a memory of faces, but Lucille Williams has a face for memories. Even the night falls, and the moon is upset. The Pathé comedies she plays up to are all becoming serious about marriage. Obviously, this will never do. Stardom is seen in the distance

Chevalier *Himself*

Maurice Only Seems To Be A French American

By ELISABETH GOLDBECK

ONE of Hollywood's pet superstitions is that Chevalier has become Americanized. Various things gave rise to the myth. One was the marvelous performance he gave as the Franco-American *Babbitt* in "The Big Pond." So convincing was the transformation that it seemed Maurice himself must carry pencils on his ears and talk slang for the rest of his life.

Another is that Chevalier, in person, fails so utterly to meet the popular specifications for a Frenchman, that people who didn't have a chance to scrutinize him on his arrival get the impression that America has altered him to fit her national ways.

There's his cap, for instance—always a source of disappointment to those who have a blind faith in the Frenchman of the black silk hat. And his clean-shaven face where, according to the traditions of the industry, there should be an impudent mustache!

And most misleading of all—his personality. How disconcerting for those who expect a gay, chattering, gesturing, romantic, trifling Frenchman, to find a person with all the outward appearance of a sober American business man!

The key to that enigma is simple. Chevalier is a great actor—not of a part, but of a personality. It's hard for anyone to realize that a personality can be assumed—especially one so lively, so spontaneous. Everyone who meets Chevalier is amazed by the complete absence of that sparkle and eagerness that seem so innately and inevitably his on the screen.

The Star Hoarder

EVEN his close friends admit that he saves that radiant good humor and affection for professional use—on the stage, on the screen, and for being a master of ceremonies. The brilliance of it is not dimmed by overwork.

In an entirely different way, his own private personality is very charming, too. Quiet, sympathetic, kindly, a little patient, without eagerness, without enthusiasm, he is a contradiction of everything you believed about him. Like the wrong side of a lustrous fabric.

When he says, "I am very happy," he neither looks happy, nor acts happy. He almost looks disappointed. But very sweet.

Chevalier denies that he has become Americanized in Hollywood.

"I was very American before I ever came to America," he said, in a very tentative sort of English. "The modern

(*Continued on page 90*)

A Blonde

Where was Leila Hyams when the lights went out? Still in front of the camera, cutting a fine figure . . . proving that even in darkest Hollywood a blonde can have headlines and footlights, though both ends do have a way of not meeting

Exclusive portraits by Bull

In The Dark

Like the girl in the Coles Phillips drawings, Leila Hyams proves that when one can lose so much, the ends justify the means. And brings to light the fact that since "The Big House" and "Way for a Sailor," she is a blonde apart

CLASSIC

CASE VIII

COURT REPORTER: HALE HORTON

The last case in the docket—but not the least. Miss Hollywood, who has been accused of everything this side of treason, now stands practically accused of that. The charge is Disloyalty to Old-Time Friends. Her plea is that Loyalty is out of the question. Mr. Edmund Goulding, an able fellow, is directing her defense.—Editor's Note

THE case of *The People* vs. *Miss Hollywood* has been raging for many months and even Miss Hollywood's best friends admit that the prosecution has scored heavily—so heavily, in fact, that Miss Hollywood is now in the hospital, on the verge of having a nervous collapse.

The defense has frantically called witnesses to attest to Miss Hollywood's numerous loyalties, as for example, Ben Lyon's friendship for Hal Howe; Mrs. Ben Lyon's (*née* Bebe Daniels) adherence to Marie Mosquini; and Frances Marion's easing Marie Dressler into a thirty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week contract when Marie was presumed to be through. They told of Mary Pickford's retaining on her payroll a group of oldsters from the old Biograph Company.

Defense witnesses have testified that Richard Dix has "adopted" his cameraman and that Gary Cooper's best friend is an electrician on the Paramount lot; and that Cecil de Mille not only always makes a place in his pictures for James Keckley, but invariably finds a spot for a woman whose husband was killed in one of De Mille's earlier efforts.

The prosecution has called a dazzling galaxy of stars, including Jack Gilbert, Betty Compson, Alice White, Sue Carol, John Boles and America's two sweethearts, the Marys Brian and Pickford. These witnesses have severely dented the defense by swearing that one must be self-centered and egotistical, in order to attain any marked degree of success; and when one is self-centered, one picks one's friends efficiently.

The jury has been so visibly affected that the prosecution has grown careless to a point where they even minimize the danger that might beset them when the star witness for the defense, Mr. Edmund Goulding is called.

Goulding Enters the Case

A BURST of applause fills the courtroom as Mr. Goulding, immaculate in English tweeds, strides jauntily down the aisle, eagerly followed by his five secretarial blondes.

Mr. Goulding: (*bowing from waist*): "Your Honor . . . ."

His Honor (*standing and bowing*): "Mr. Goulding. . . ."

Plaintiff's Attorney: "I object! The court has no legal right to influence the jury by showing such unprecedented courtesy!"

His Honor: "The court admits to having been swept off its feet. Pray, proceed, Mr. Goulding. . . ."

Mr. Goulding: "I have just left the hospital where lies Miss Hollywood, so pale and wan, but I might say, utterly feminine in her black lace pajamas. . . ."

P. A.: "I object to black lace pajamas——"

His Honor (*interrupting viciously*): "Pray, proceed, Mr. Goulding."

Mr. Goulding: "And knowing that I not only write and direct my own pictures, but compose the musical scores as well, Miss Hollywood has decided that I am versatile enough to take over the defense . . ."

He bows pleasantly to the defense attorney, who rises indignantly, beckons to his four assistants and stalks out of the courtroom amid jeers and catcalls. Obviously, Mr. Goulding not only has the spectators, but the jury as well. The P. A. fidgets nervously.

Mr. Goulding: "So, with the court's permission, I shall now call myself as a witness."

Holds Open Court

THE CASE: The People *vs.* Miss Hollywood

THE CHARGE: Disloyalty To Old-Time Friends

EDMUND GOULDING
At the Bar

Clerk of Court: "Do-you-swear-to-tell-the-truth-the-whole-truth-and-nothing-but-the-truth-so-help-you-God?"

The Surprising Admission

MR. GOULDING (*waving C of C aside*): "Certainly. I shall begin by admitting that loyalty in Hollywood is out of the question . . ."

The P. A.'s mouth drops open. Surprise is writ largely on everyone's face.

Mr. Goulding (*continuing*): "In the first place, the essential tools for a beginner in Hollywood are friends. These friends must be in the business. As a rule, the first friends eagerly sought after may be an assistant director, a member of some publicity department or an outside boy in the casting office. But when the aspirant once gets inside the studio, these friends begin to pall, and there looms on the horizon a new and less available friend—the author, scenario writer, director or supervisor. Once these have all been conquered, stardom looms in sight, making it advisable to cultivate the producer or the banker in Wall Street.

"These friends do not mix. The friends of yesterday are not the friends of to-day, and the friends of to-day certainly will not be the friends of to-morrow. Loyalty is out of the question—and this fact would be accepted by the newly discarded friends if the aspirant to success only made it apparent that he actually was on his way. This entails a certain amount of bitterness.

"The conquerer of Hollywood might be compared to a tree that bears new leaves each Spring and forgets the leaves of last Autumn. The tree would be smothered if it failed to shed last year's leaves, but kept them all, year after year, and attempted to mix them. Wally Reid failed to shed last year's leaves. His heart was too big. And they choked him like barnacles clinging to the bottom of a graceful boat.. He grew tired, and, in the end, useless. Norman Kerry's heart forbade him to say 'good-bye,' and now he trembles on the threshold of oblivion."

Faint Hearts Never Win

MR. GOULDING (*questioning himself*): "Then Miss Hollywood drops her friends through cowardice?"

Mr. Goulding (*answering himself*): "On the contrary. It is no task for the chicken-livered, this discarding of friends. At the openings of famous restaurants, at all the premiéres, at the beaches or in the cafés, Miss Hollywood hears slurs suggesting that 'She's got a big head . . . I knew her when . . . Oh, *that* one . . .' If she doesn't actually hear the remarks, she senses them; and then real courage is needed. The weak ones turn back and apologize, making extravagant display of recognition. They are the bad surgeons afraid to cut. Miss Hollywood, however, deciding that she was there to stay, walked straight on with her head in the air—not a snob, but a good business woman."

Mr. Goulding (*interrupting himself*): "But do you mean to have us believe that she must drop *all* of her friends?"

Mr. Goulding (*answering himself*): "No, sir, I don't. She merely separates the wheat from the chaff. With each new stride, a few worth-while friends are carried along into the next realm, and not discarded until they have proclaimed by some word or act their inability to stand the altitude. For the success of Miss Hollywood, as well as an aviator, is greatly dependent upon this talent."

As the prosecution voices no desire to cross-examine him, Mr. Goulding leaves the witness stand and summons Clarence Badger.

P. A. (*sotto voce to assistant*): "If the defense attorney continues in this strain, he'll hang himself, as well as

(*Continued on page 87*)

Bringing Back

The Villain Still

And Not Silently,

BY REGINALD

Allene Ray, at top, is happy to be starred in "The Indians Are Coming"—despite the fact that the villain (above) is telling Francis Ford, old serial favorite (right), "I can save her from sure death—at a price!"

THE age of miracles is not past. Not in Hollywood, anyhow.

Remember Poor Pauline? And Hysterical Helen? Not to mention the Riots of Ruth, the Gallops of Grace, the Exploits of Elaine and all the rest?

Well, they're still just one jump ahead of the Clutching Claw!

They're still being chased around the burning decks by the same pair of longhorn mustaches. They're still being tied to the railroad tracks by the same mocking pearl-gray spats. They're still being hurtled through the same ten hair-raising episodes by the same Finger of Fate—and still teetering on the edge of the cliff till next Saturday.

Only nowadays the Horrid Hand isn't the only shadow stalking them from the background. Now they have another foe to fight, another peril to overcome—for the "mike" has been added to all the rest. The lowly serial, the dime novel of the movies and the last stand of the ten-twenty-thirt', has just made it unanimous.

They've gone talkie, too!

At first blush it would seem that a serial in sound would be something of an anachronism. Something like a prehistoric man picking his teeth with a stone hatchet while he listened to Amos 'n' Andy. Or knocking his wife loose from her bearskin step-ins because she shaved under her arms with his last razor blade.

But with the movies, as the old hymn has it, nothing is impossible. Hollywood moves in mysterious ways its wonders to perform.

Indeed, Why Not?

AND anyhow, if sweeties in the features are permitted to burst into a grand-opera farewell every time their lips get three inches away from each other, why shouldn't the arch-enemies of the serials be allowed to break into similar screams with what they have to bear?

If we can stand for the hero in a feature whispering such tender sentiments as "You are wetter than the dew at morn, my love!" into his sheba's ear, then why not for "Unhand me, Mortmorency! Rawther than share the fruits of your perfidy, I will yump over younder precipice!" from the serial queen?

The answer is—we're going to have to!

At the present time, only one major studio has gone in for talkie serials—Universal. But the holocaust threatens. There are rumors that Pathé, the

The Thrillers

Pursues Her

Either

TAVINER

original serial producer, is soon to start making them again. So far, only two have been made, with a third in the making and a fourth on the way.

But they aren't called serials any more. Oh, no—they're chapter plays now. But what's in a name when the chapters still end in the middle?

Like so many other things in Hollywood, the first sound serial just happened that way. Actually, it was an afterthought; the sound, if not the serial. It was begun as a silent film, and for four days shot that way—and it actually was called "The Indians Are Coming!"

Those Indians really were responsible for the sound.

Sound's Effects

SOMEBODY had the happy inspiration that Indians who sounded like Indians would be much more realistic than Indians who merely looked like Indians, so forthwith the mikes were installed and the war-whoops preserved for posterity, too.

Such was the beginning of the talkie serial. And while sound films themselves are now three years old, the first sound serial is scarcely older than that many months.

Twenty-odd years ago they began, but outside of the mike, they haven't changed so much.

Perhaps it is very appropriate, therefore, that this first sound serial is made around a pioneer story: the covered-wagon-and-gold-rush epic, with the same scalp-hunting redskins of Broncho Billy's day. There are twelve episodes, each more blood-curdling than the last, and the climax of the film, of course, comes when the feather-tops attack.

They still circle around the wagon train at night on their war ponies, yelling like fiends and shooting like maniacs, just as they did in the first movies ever made. And they still bite the dust precisely as they did then—and it's precisely the same dust.

But they all do it noisily now and it all brings a new thrill in sound, especially since serial audiences are just about the same now as they were then—small boys at heart, who still love to see the heroine tied to the stake and rescued just in the nick of time.

They Love Their Work

IT is very appropriate, too, that both Grace Cunard and Francis Ford, the most pursued heroine and the deepest-dyed villain of movie history, have parts in "The Indians Are Coming!" They have endured since the Perils of Pauline, the Hazards of Helen, and so on, and they still endure in the new world of sound.

(Continued on page 86)

Colonel Tim McCoy and Miss Ray are captured. Says the Chief, "The palefaces must die—catchem heap big bonfire!"

Colonel McCoy appears in time to warn Miss Ray. His warning: "The redskins are on the warpath—we must flee!"

The hero saves the heroine from another savage attack. This Indian's whoop nearly split the microphone

"There's a free-for-all ahead," mutters that uncanny Scot, Ernest Torrence, between his whiskers, like a good scout. Not since he rode out in front with "The Covered Wagon" has he had to see red a mile away, but with "Fighting Caravans" he proves that *Bill Jackson* still knows how to take a train to the Coast

. . You Can't Win

If You've Ever Been Mean To Jeanette MacDonald It's Just Too Bad

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

Dyer

BECAUSE I had been informed by a doting publicity department that Jeanette MacDonald had no faults, she insisted on telling them all. Or rather, she confessed all the faults she used to have, and explained why she's such a nice, faultless girl to-day.

According to Jeanette, only one really serious flaw has survived. She holds grudges—that's all. But she goes in for that with the zeal that most people distribute along a whole lifetime of horrid traits. I have never seen anyone animated by such a fierce desire to get even.

Jeanette's greatest thrill in life is the day when, perhaps years after the wrong has been done her, revenge is in her grasp. It means more to her than publishing a novel or finding an oil well in the backyard would mean to most people.

"The chance always comes," she said, "though sometimes I have to wait a long, long time. I don't really mind any of the things people do to me, because I'm *sure* I'm going to get back at them some day—and after that I feel all right about it. It never bothers me again."

I found her out on the porch, amidst slips of paper with "*Où est votre frère?*" scratched on them, showing that the menace of the foreign version has invaded the MacDonald household, too.

Jeanette is twice as pretty off the screen as on. She's like champagne. Her personality is like that—fresh, effervescent. She even looks like champagne, golden and sparkling.

She Learned When a Child

EXTREMELY frank and forthright, she has a sunny disposition that still isn't too annoyingly sweet. Just peppery enough to be stimulating.

"I was a very naughty child," she said. "I did everything that was wrong and mean—but I was taught lessons that cured me of all my bad habits. I don't deserve any credit for behaving as well as I do now.

"I'm a strong believer in retribution. I don't dare do anything bad, because I'm afraid something will happen to me, just as I've seen it happen, always, to the people who have done mean things to me. But that's the only thing that stops me.

"In school, I used to be a terrible liar, but I was always caught and punished. I stole chalk, too: I used to stuff a few pieces into the pocket of my blouse, every chance I got, and cover it with my handkerchief. At the end of the term—I'll never forget it—my teacher called me in. She said, 'Because you've been a very sweet little girl, I want to give you something that I'm sure you'll like'—and she handed me a whole box of chalk. That was the worst punishment I ever had.

"I was in a musical comedy on Broadway that closed long before the costumes were worn out. I stole the slippers I had worn, and took them home with me. The first time I put them on, I sprained my ankle.

"Since I've been in pictures, I've had letters from several of my teachers. I appreciate them very much, because it was so long ago and I treated them so badly. I used to be able to belch marvelously when I was a kid.

(Continued on page 101)

LOOKING

Close-Ups From The Coast

Richee

Lansing Brown

The lady of the hollow heart: as *Mme. Muskat* in "Liliom" and as *Dixie Lee* in "Cimarron," *Estelle* Taylor (above) is the first talkie siren to be taken seriously

What ho? Here is *George* Bancroft, who has just weathered one Paramount tempest, at sea again—and again raising his voice (left), this time nautically in "Derelict"

NOW that "Way For A Sailor" is not the great "comeback" his many friends had hoped for John Gilbert, the gossips are busily discussing the newly developed apathy in **Jack** and his lack of enthusiasm in anything pertaining to pictures.

They say that he walked through the entire filming with the greatest indifference. That never once did he exhibit the slightest flicker of that old Gilbert fire and verve, which used to mean so much to his silent pictures.

Which brings to mind that **Jack** and **Marshall** Neilan, the director, have one particularly outstanding trait in common. They are the best "winners" in the world. No matter how dizzy the heights of their success, they remain charming, natural and balanced. But they cannot cope with failure. It leaves them flat and disheartened.

• • •

EVELYN Laye introduced a neat novelty for divorcées in Hollywood.

She wears her wedding ring on the little finger of the same hand where it formerly rested as a pledge. The platinum band was cut down to fit the smaller finger soon after **Evelyn** filed divorce proceedings against **Sonny** Hale early in 1930.

Evelyn says she will never marry again. Maybe she wears the former seal lest she might be tempted to forget.

• • •

SEEN *at* **Katherine** *Cornell's "first night:"*

Marlene *Dietrich and* **Josef** *von Sternberg seated in dignified glory in a box.*

Jeanette *MacDonald quite the sensation of "intermission" in black velvet trimmed with blonde-fox.*

Ruth *Roland and* **Ben** *Bard standing through the entire first scene, rather than disturb by their late arrival.*

Russell *Gleason in a party of Los Angeles debutantes.*

Lew *Cody and* **Owen** *Moore smoking between acts.*

• • •

THE Fox studios have never quite forgiven **Maureen** O'Sullivan for not being a quaint little Irish lassie and living up to a legendary publicity rôle.

When **Maureen** exhibited a very modern yen for theaters, Hollywood parties, supper clubs and a gay circle of young friends, the studio promptly clamped a chaperon in her household.

As it turned out, the joke is entirely on the studio.

Maureen is crazy about the chaperon. That is, she *was* crazy about her until the studio decided there was really no need, and called the chaperon off.

THEM OVER

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Ball

The diplomat: with *Ruth* Chatterton and *Clara* Bow vying for Paramount prizes, *Ralph* Forbes above acts as *Ruth's* real spouse and as *Clara's* reel late husband

Hurrell

He has his lighter moments again: having proved in foreign versions that he still is fashionable, *Adolphe* Menjou (right) is lighting up in Tibbett's "New Moon"

THE rumor persists that all is not going well in the romance between **Billie** Dove and **Howard** Hughes. Hollywood expected **Billie** and the young Texas millionaire to be married as soon as her divorce papers were final. But now they say that any idea of wedding bells has been postponed, though Mr. Hughes is busy selecting plays and stories which will star **Billie** on her return from Europe.

By the way, did you know that **Howard** Hughes is the nephew of **Rupert** Hughes?

• • •

JOAN *and* **Constance** *Bennett*, **John** *Considine, Jr. and the Marquis de la Falaise dining at the Biltmore.*

Lupe *Velez, in a financial frame of mind, carefully balancing her check book by a bank statement.*

Walter *Huston and* **Dick** *Arlen entertaining at a "stag" party aboard their partnership yacht.*

Evelyn *Brent impatiently cooling her heels in the reception room at the Embassy, waiting for a tardy friend.*

June *Clyde and* "**T**" *Freeland entertaining at a poker party right after their honeymoon.*

• • •

NORMA Shearer, her sister, **Athole**, and their mother used to do extra work around the New York studios years ago when **Norma** was trying to get a start. They all three wore light blue evening gowns and were known to the casting directors as "the three little girls in blue." Strangely enough, it was Athole, or the young mother, who was usually selected to do any "bit" that came up. Which only goes to prove that first guesses aren't always right.

• • •

ONE of the strangest sounds in Hollywood is that of **Edmund** Lowe referring to dignified and socially impeccable **Lilyan** Tashman as "**Lil.**" Even husbands should not be permitted such out-of-character liberty.

• • •

JEAN *Harlow and* **Ernie** *Torgler in a tête-à-tête all-by-ourselves-group at* **Marian** *Nixon's.*

Greta *Garbo with a movie magazine under her arm on her way to her dressing-room.*

Ramon *Novarro lunching at the director's table in the M-G-M café.*

Irene *Rich, looking like her young daughter's sister, dining in the Blossom Room.*

Sally *Blane being mistaken for her sister,* **Loretta** *Young, and forging her name to an autograph.*

NEWS AND VIEWS OF

THE people around the Paramount lot are beginning to believe that **Marlene Dietrich** is far more interested in the arrival of the postman with letters from her family in Germany than in her next, or last, starring picture.

The other day she was gleefully translating the information, culled from the most recent letter, that her young daughter, **Maria**, was learning to speak English so that she would be able to converse with **Marlene** in her adopted tongue—when she gets back to Germany.

The baby seems to have the idea that because "mother" is speaking English she has forgotten German entirely.

• • •

JOAN Crawford begins every one of her starring vehicles with a Swan Song of despair. She is always sure it is going to be terrible, that the critics will pan her, that someone will steal the honors by giving a better performance, and that it is doubtful if she will ever make another picture.

It isn't until the picture cleans up at the box-office and the critics hail her as a young **Pauline Frederick** all over again, that she becomes pacified. And then only until she begins another picture! **Joan's** moaning begins all over again, the first time she reads the script.

• • •

GUESS whom **Walter Huston** picks as the finest actress on the screen?

None other than our pal, **Clara Bow**. He says she is an instinctive artist.

That's high praise from the man who gives such superb performance in "Abraham Lincoln."

• • •

RUTH *Chatterton and* **Evelyn** *Laye in a mutua admiration contest.*

Ronald *Colman getting off to the third start on his new picture.*

United Artists refusing to give out any information on **Joan** *Bennett's baby or former husband.*

Leatrice *Joy and a very attentive escort dining at the Cocoanut Grove.*

Gary *Cooper inviting his father to lunch with him at the Paramount café.*

• • •

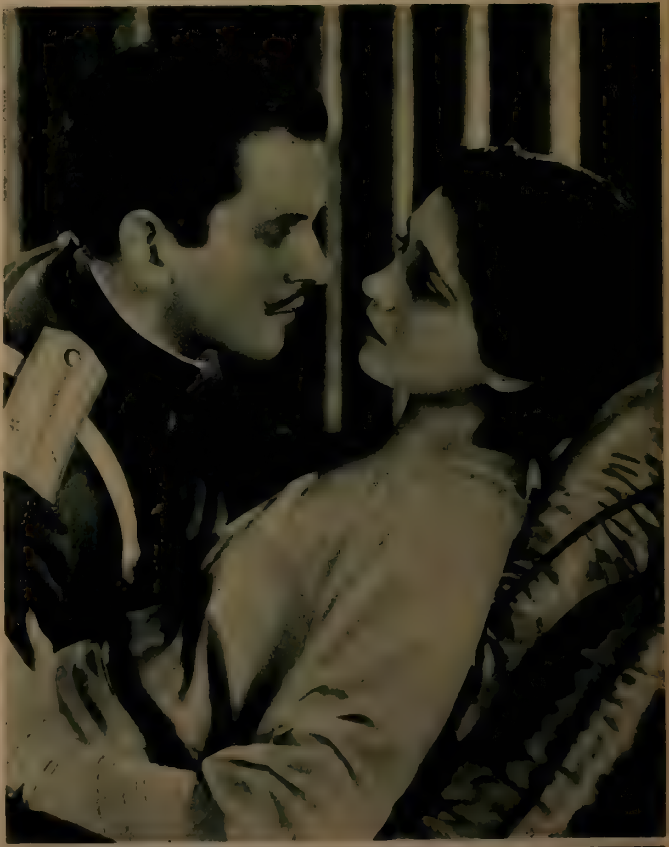
THE five actresses selected by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for the best performances in talking pictures for the year ending July 31 are: **Nancy Carroll** in "The Devil's Holiday;" **Ruth Chatterton** in "Sarah and Son;" **Greta Garbo** in "Anna Christie" and "Romance;" **Norma Shearer** in "The Divorcée;" and **Gloria Swanson** in "The Trespasser." **Ann Harding** in "Holiday" would have rated as a candidate in the voting for first place had that picture been released before July 31.

The actors chosen were: **George Arliss** in "Disraeli;" **Wallace Beery** in "The Big House;" **Maurice Chevalier** in "The Love Parade;" **Ronald Colman** in "Bulldog Drummond;" **Lawrence Tibbett** in "The Rogue Song."

By the time you read this, the voting will all be over

Fryer

They meet again: *Douglas* Fairbanks, Jr. tells *Joan* Crawford her face seems familiar. Work separates them so much that they are Hollywood's least married couple



Dyar

A farewell to arms: *Kenneth* MacKenna and *Kay* Francis, who have never been married to one another before, find that Sherman was right in "The Virtuous Sin" and you'll know which of these excellent performances won out over the others.

* * *

PARAMOUNT has changed **Carol** Lombard's name to **Carole** Lombard, and awarded her a nice, long contract. The **Carole** is supposed to be more feminine than Carol.

Remember when **Carol**, or **Carole**, was just plain **Jane** Peters and supposed to be engaged to **Lloyd** Pantages?

* * *

PATSY O'Leary, one of the **Mack** Sennett featured starlets, visits the studio daily between pictures to enjoy a sun bath atop one of the big sound stages.

Strolling across the lot one day in a new flesh-colored bathing-suit, she met **Andy** Clyde.

"How do you like my new sun outfit?" inquired **Pat**.

"Where is it?" said **Andy**.

"Why, I'm wearing it," replied **Pat**.

"Shades of **Gloria** Swanson and **Marie** Prevost!" retorted Andy. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

* * *

JOHN *Boles growing a beard for "Resurrection."*

Carl *Laemmle, Jr. all puffed up over being an "uncle."*

Lew *Ayres breaking all Universal fan-mail records, following his success in "All Quiet on the Western Front."*

Anita *Page parking her car two blocks away from the M-G-M studio for want of better parking space.*

Douglas *Fairbanks, Jr. posing for publicity pictures with* **Joan** *Crawford.* (Sample on opposite page.)

* * *

BETTY Compson tells this one—her favorite Scotch story:

MacPherson wanted to buy an automobile—but he hated to part with the money. After an entire day spent in bickering with a harassed salesman over accessories that Mac thought should be free, he finally consented to a demonstration.

The salesman started the car into operation.

"What are you doing?" asked Mac.

"Throwing in the clutch," replied the salesman.

"Good," said **Mac**. "I'll take the car!"

* * *

THE minute **Lily** Damita arrives in Hollywood, she is always shipped off to the wide open spaces. The last time the peppy Parisienne arrived, she was shipped off the very next day for an eight-week location trip in the wilds of Santa Cruz Island. On this trip out, Miss Damita was met at the station by a representative of Paramount who told her she was to leave that evening for a three weeks' location in the desert and mountains with Gary Cooper and company.

* * *

AT *the preview of Gilbert's "Way For A Sailor:"* **John** *Gilbert,* **Irving** *Thalberg, and* **Paul** *Bern fighting their way to the curb through a crushing crowd.*

(*Continued on page 95*)

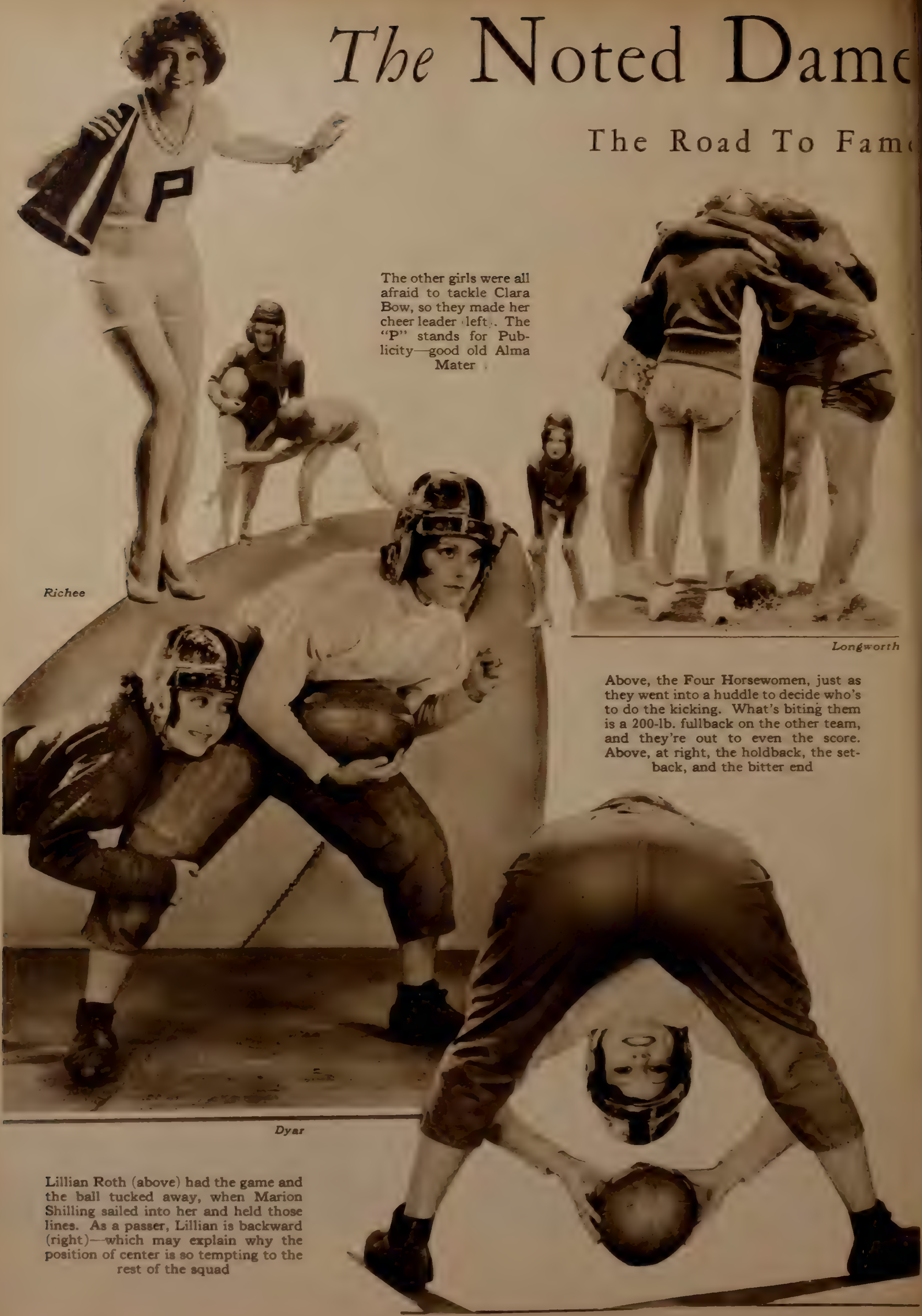
Russell Ball

An eye opener: *Eddie* Quillan and *Miriam* Seegar forget the formula and register surprise at each other's technique but that is how they make "Big Money"

Prohibition may be a farce to some people, but not to *Slim* Summerville and *Harry* Langdon. They are wondering what the censors might do to "See America Thirst"

The Noted Dame

The Road To Fam



The other girls were all afraid to tackle Clara Bow, so they made her cheer leader (left). The "P" stands for Publicity—good old Alma Mater

Richee

Longworth

Above, the Four Horsewomen, just as they went into a huddle to decide who's to do the kicking. What's biting them is a 200-lb. fullback on the other team, and they're out to even the score. Above, at right, the holdback, the setback, and the bitter end

Dyar

Lillian Roth (above) had the game and the ball tucked away, when Marion Shilling sailed into her and held those lines. As a passer, Lillian is backward (right)—which may explain why the position of center is so tempting to the rest of the squad

Team

Is A Rockne One

Longworth

Marian Nixon above looks over the field for a good opening. A movie opening and a pass

Kling

Dyar

Lillian Roth hasn't had enough fall training, so Marion Shilling above has to bring her 'round with a football fan While Dorothy Lee left thinks things may come to a pretty pass if her whistle sounds like the ref's. Right, time out for substitution

Longworth

They'll Pay You To Insult Them

Lady Maureen Stanley (center) runs down Hollywood—and in rolls the coin. And Eric von Stroheim (right) and Charles Bickford (left) make good livings by calling spades by their right names

By

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

If You Are Expert At Dirty Digs, Hie Yourself To Hollywood

ARE you a good insulter? Can you achieve an attitude of bored superiority? Can you hold your tongue in your cheek so that it shows?

If you can do these things, if you are an expert at plain and fancy sneering—then you should pack your suitcase at once and hie yourself to Hollywood. Sneerers are at a premium here.

Take Lady Maureen Stanley, who arrived here recently to assume the responsibility of the position of "social adviser" on Ronald Colman's next picture. That girl is going to get along in Hollywood. She knows what to do and how to do it.

Her job, I gather, is to see that no serious breaches of etiquette slip into any of the scenes in Mr. Colman's next opus. That Ronnie uses the correct fork and that no one drinks tea from his saucer. She will furnish the director with such obscure tidbits of information as the fact that at breakfast in an English country house, the first lady who enters the dining-room assumes the responsibility of pouring the tea—be she guest or hostess. Things like that. She will receive a nice, round sum of most desirable American dollars for knowing the ritual.

Which is all very nice for Lady Stanley. Of course, it might occur to you that if Frederick Lonsdale, who wrote the story, didn't know the ritual, then he shouldn't have put his tale into that locale or have dealt with those circles. (However, he must have been a little upset while he was writing it. He kept getting into fits of petulance and scurrying back to England and having to be lured and coaxed and petted before he would return. From which distractions, pleasant publicity accrued to the picture—and to him.)

The Lady Is a Showman

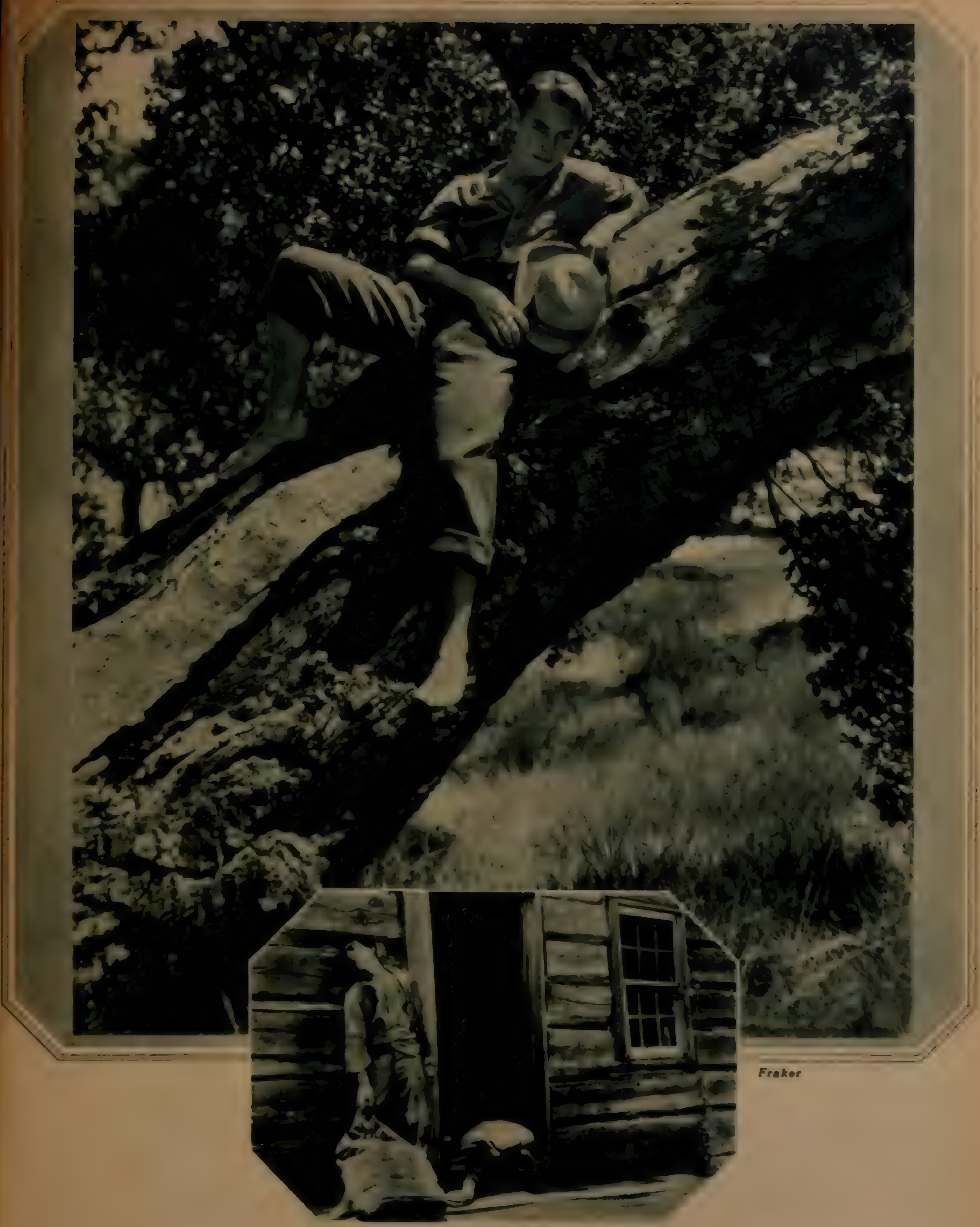
HOWEVER, the whole proceeding might seem to you a distinct reflection upon Sam's faith in Mr. Lonsdale. To say nothing of his faith in his director. And even in Mr. Colman. If Ronald doesn't know how to behave "in society," then it might seem to you that he were miscast in such a rôle.

But I believe that Sam's lack of faith in these prominent people had little to do with his employing Lady Stanley. I think rather that Lady Stanley simply knows how to put on a good show.

She does not, it appears, like America. (An excellent start.) She does not like Americans. Nor Hollywood. Nor the pictures that are made here. In fact, she remarked soon after arriving that she thought American pictures were "perfectly terrible."

The nicest thing about the country in general, and Hollywood in particular, she says, is that we "have so much of that lovely gold!" After all, even a Titled Lady must live. And there are, as usual, "the taxes at home, you know." To explain her bothering with such crassness.

(Continued on page 105)



Fraker

New to these hyar Hollywood hills, not so famous for their moonshine as their sunshine, Richard Cromwell wonders what is brewing for him. As *Tol'able David*, will he battle his way to fame—as did Richard Barthelmess (in inset) in the days of The Great Silence?

Russell Ball

When Ann Harding went on the stage, her father wrote her a letter of farewell. He thought he had lost a good daughter. But recently there was a reconciliation. He knows now—particularly since "The Greater Love"—how good an actress can sometimes be

The Man *You* Hate *To* Love

Without His Dress-Suit, Lowell Sherman Is No Passionate Chiropodist

By FAITH SERVICE

Spurr

I WAS all set to call this story "Playing With Life."

It was to be all about that suave dilettante, Lowell Sherman, and his method and mannerism of mauling the poor jade, Life, about. It seemed to me to be a swell idea.

It was prompted by watching Mr. Sherman through a succession of white-gloved villainies on stage and screen. Capped by his self-directed performance in "Lawful Larceny." Surely, here was a charming exterior masking a—oh, but I *can't* go on. I don't know you well enough. . .

Anyway, he crabbed m'copy.

It was Robert Browning who said, "O make us happy and you make us good."

Mr. Sherman, I am afraid, is happy. Work out the rest for yourself. It pains me to say it.

A shrewd observer recently spoke of Lowell Sherman (another shrewd observer) and his marriages, and said, "Pauline Garon was right for him *as he seems*. Helene Costello is right for him *as he is*."

A *very* astute comment. For Lowell Sherman, like so many charming and civilized persons, is not as he seems—on the screen. He says, "It would be so monotonous, dear." He *does* say "dear." But not in the sugar-daddy-on-the-make fashion of old B'way. There is something very kindly about him. I'm sorry, but there is. Kindly and tolerant and seasoned—and young.

That Is the Question

IT is one of this civilized person's chief contentions that actors should not carry their professional characters with them into real life. "If you must be a passionate chiropodist on the screen," he asks, "*must* you be a passionate chiropodist off the screen?" And the answer to that seems fairly obvious.

Mr. Sherman—you naturally call him Mister Sherman, and not Lowell-ole-man—maintains that this is one reason why actors are held in faint contempt or viewed as museum pieces by the laity. They are museum pieces. They insist upon being museum pieces. They will strike their museum attitudes, when no attitudinizing is called for. They persist in going about the face of the earth being sheiks, vampires, Great Lovers, perpetual ingenues, traducers of virtue, devastating heroes and what-have-you, when they have stepped from the studio gates to the route the milkman takes. . . "So amusing, dear. ."

Nor, Mr. Sherman holds, does a screen hero, to *be* a screen hero, need to be compounded of milk and honey. The greatest of them all, Valentino, could not well have been labeled a mama's boy. He did not exude the effluvium of prayer-books and Sunday schools. He was, really, quite a bad boy to begin with, though he usually came out in the last reel chastised and with his mind on Higher Things. Which is the way, dear, life should be. . . progressive.

Why Villains Are Loved

"CONSISTENT virtue on the screen, dear, is the very skim-milk of monotony. Americans love the conquest of virtue over vice. And in the black heart of a white-gloved villain, one note of sincerity, a mere *soupcon* of heart-break is more genuinely poignant, more moving, than whole reels of—well, we won't say who, dear—being steadfast and dependable."

(*Continued on page 80*)

Around *the* World Broke

So Hollywood Was Logical In John Holland's Life

By GLADYS HALL

Ball

JOHN HOLLAND'S folks were "in trade." Down South, suh, in Greensboro, North Carolina. They hoped the same sturdy career for their only son.

But John had tender spots, instead of textiles, in his racing blood. He had seen little boys and immature youths working in the textile mills. They had lint clinging to them—all over their clothes and hands and faces and hair. Besides, they were pale and anemic and coughed badly and had hollow, young-old eyes. They made him distinctly ill. From his very infancy, John shuddered away from textiles.

John was sent to school. He was kicked out. John was sent to another school. He ran away. John was sent to *another* school. He took a girl horseback-riding through the Spring woods, in defiance of his father's strict orders to the contrary, and was chased out of town at the point of a shotgun by his tried, tempestuous parent.

The point of the shotgun precipitated John into the Navy, to see the world. Indeed, he *did*. He circumnavigated a goodly portion of the globe and was dead broke in every port. Crap games.

After two years of good old Uncle Sam on the high seas, John got fed up and obtained leave. He joined a prospecting expedition to South America. The prospecting was not prosperous. John set sail from Rio de Janeiro with a thousand dollars in his jeans. He landed in New York City with fifty cents. *Crap*. Twenty-five of the fifty went for some sort of an official stamp on his luggage. Twenty-five from fifty leaves—but do it yourself.

Parking in Parks

JOHN wandered over to Battery Park. He found a dime in the gutter, probably dropped there by some indigent newsy. On thirty-five cents, John subsisted for five days. He slept on the park benches by night and was wakened via the heel-warming process in the mornings. The system was simple. You moved on when the copper tapped you. You described a circle and you came back to the same bench again. You developed a fondness for your own bench. A sort of pride of possession.

John says he didn't get very fraternal with the other park-benchers. There isn't much social life there, he says. People keep pretty much to themselves.

After the five days, John obtained a job with the United Fruit Company. He checked bananas. Those he didn't check, he ate. To this day, he says, he has a hemorrhage when he looks at a nice ripe banana.

During this interval he slept in the Newsboys' Rooming House and flop-houses. You pay a nickel or a dime and you fling yourself on the floor and feel luxurious with four walls around you and a roof over your head. And plenty of companionship.

Batting around the docks, John ran into a chum of his. They read a sign that said things about enlisting in the Canadian Army. It was "something to do." They enlisted.

Being Broke Didn't Matter

AND, after some preliminary training, found themselves in Siberia and for two years in Vladivostok. Broke. *Crap*. And other things. Their thirty dollars a month, army pay, didn't last them more than one night in the town. There was a Russian countess. It was a polyglot, tragic place with broken-down Europeans scat-

(*Continued on page 82*)

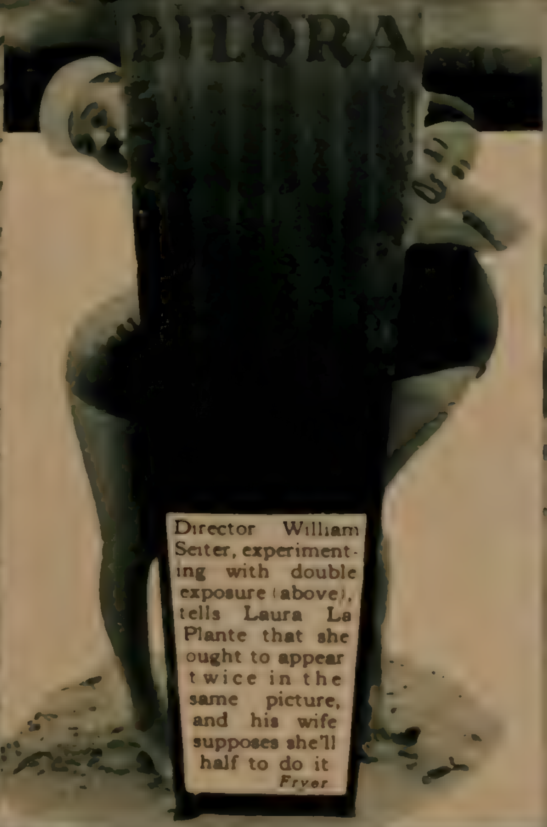
Our Own News Camera

Guess who (below)? What actor is going over the top himself—and doing it with his eyes closed? Could it be anybody but that ol' soak, Charles Ruggles, one of the screen's cleanest comedians?

The old army game: Robert Montgomery (below), who went to military school to be a polo player, is trying to give us the impression he went to Hollywood for the same reason. But he's nowhere near his goal

Hurrell

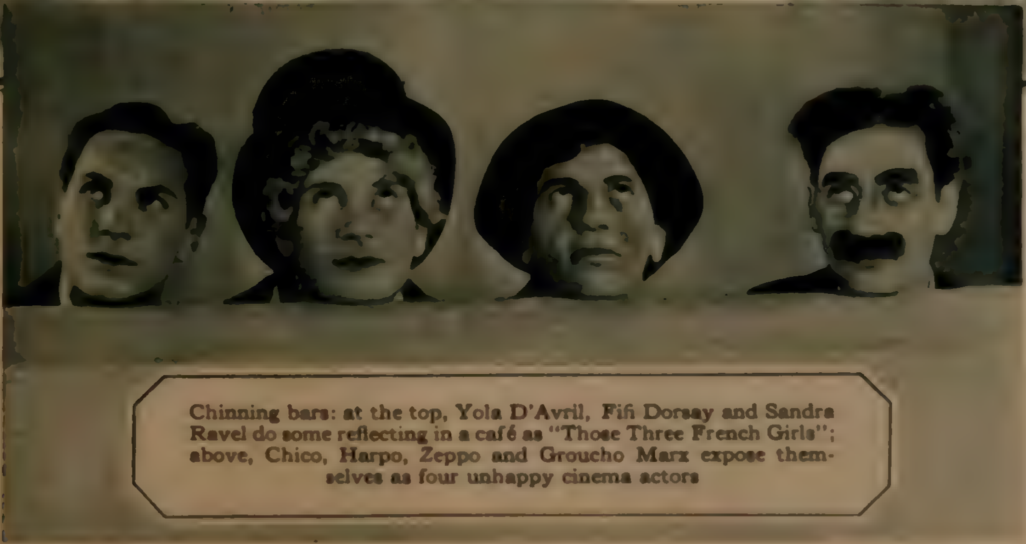
English



Director William Seiter, experimenting with double exposure (above), tells Laura La Plante that she ought to appear twice in the same picture, and his wife supposes she'll half to do it

Fryer

Bull



Chinning bars: at the top, Yola D'Avril, Fifi Dorsay and Sandra Ravel do some reflecting in a café as "Those Three French Girls"; above, Chico, Harpo, Zeppo and Groucho Marx expose themselves as four unhappy cinema actors

Zerrenner

CINEMA SHOTS FROM COAST TO

Fryer

Now that he is a full-fledged star and about to do a sequel to "The Dawn Patrol," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (above) feels that he is earning enough to support a good-sized dog. So he is raising a Great Dane—and a big yelpmate the pup is likely to be

Bachrach

An old Spanish costume: having just learned that all famous screen girls first attracted attention in small things, Rita La Roy of "Check and Double Check" (right) is out to show her poise

Research workers: two of Harold Lloyd's demon publicity men (right) on the way to Hawaii with the "Feet First" company to look over the leis of the land and to pick up a a little Hawaiian at Waikiki

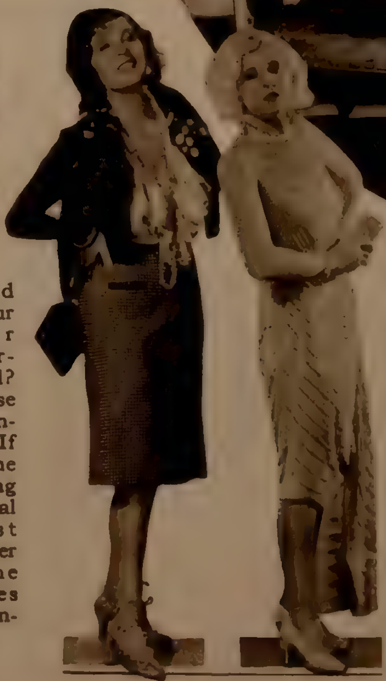
Sitting for a photograph isn't what it used to be, back in the Ziegfeld days: Catherine Moylan (below, right) is nearly all in after a few months of this movie grind

C. S. Bull

Remembering her lines: Dorothy McNulty's figure is no little accident. She has an exercise machine (above)—and that, say the other girls, shows the pull she has

Fryer

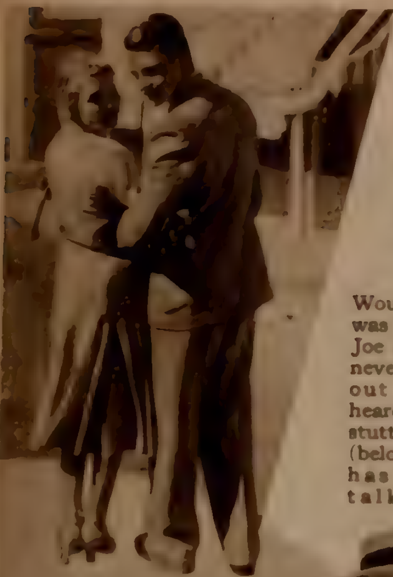
How would you like your goose—or mayhap turkey—cooked? In the Louise Fazenda manner (left)? If you think the girl is trying to be comical again, just write for her recipe. She also invites kitchen confidences



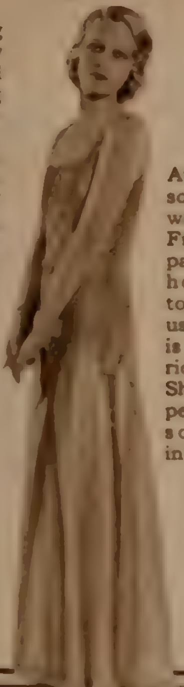
C. S. Bull

It's a hard life; at least for Doris Lloyd (left), a newcomer who has her moments in John Gilbert's "Way for a Sailor." One day she may have lines like *Anna Christie*, and the next she may be a suspicious dance hall blonde with a Prohibition thirst

COAST AND BACK TO COAST AGAIN



He's looking around: Lew Ayres, rumored to be breaking his heart for Constance Bennett, steps out on the Universal lot with Jeanette Loff (left)—and makes sure the photographer is behind him



At last she has something to wear: Noel Francis (left), packing away her dancing togs, assures us that there is nothing seriously wrong. She is just expecting to go somewhere in "Lightnin'"

Would you know he was from Broadway? Joe Frisco, who has never been seen without his cigar or heard without his stutter, rests in style (below), now that he has crashed the talkies in "The Gorilla"

The lengths to which he has gone: Leon Errol, a comedian of long standing (above), now committing "Social Errors," illustrates how long a New Yorker can be in Hollywood

Our antique maiden: Joan Crawford may seem to revel in wistful whoopee and black satin pajamas, but the real revelation is that her bedroom is furnished in the old-fashioned manner (above)

She knew him when: Frances McCoy (right), who has just made a non-stop flight from Manhattan to Hollywood, meets up with Ted Healy in "Soup to Nuts," and reminds him of those happy Broadway nights when he didn't have to dress like a clown to be one

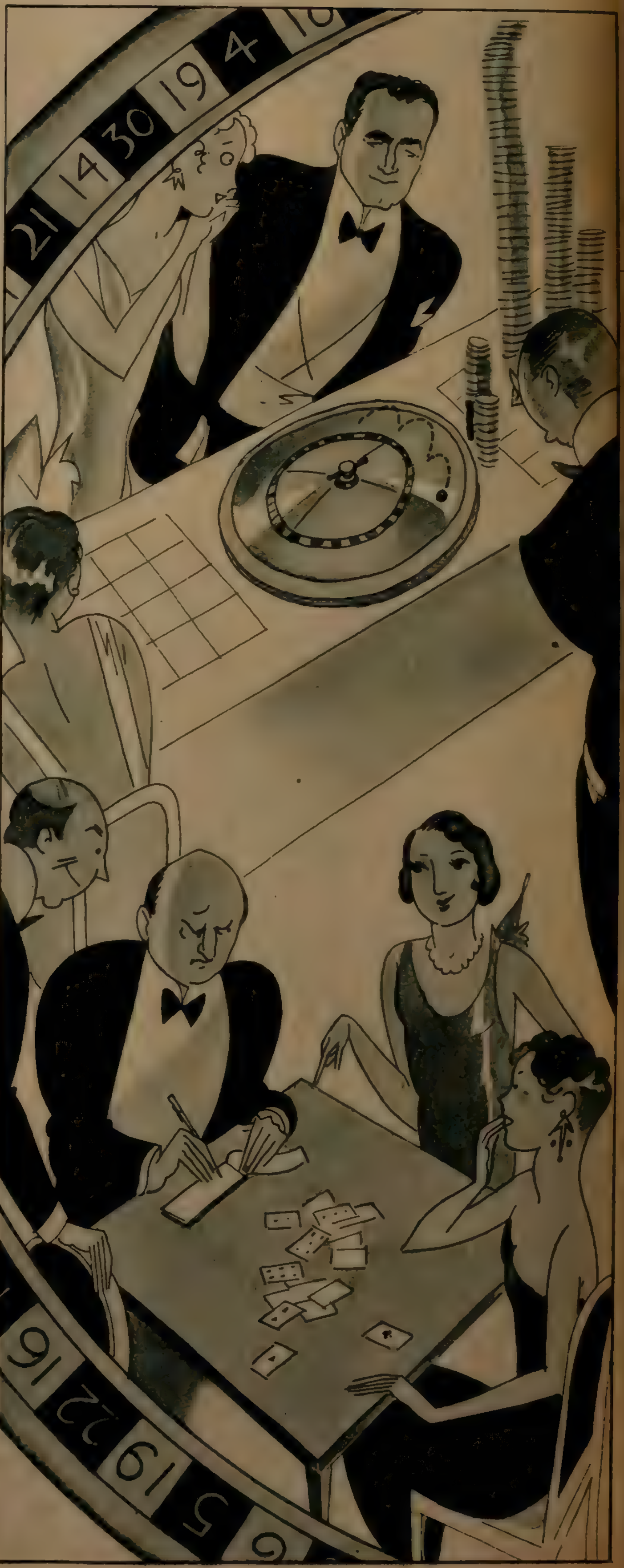
"Where doth I go from here?" The always befuddled Ed Wynn, a panic in any year, has strayed into the talkie version of "Manhattan Mary"—and finds himself in an ice predicament (right)

Long Shots With

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Illustrations By Eldon Kelley



THE "big shot" gambler of them all is Joseph Schenck, who gambles with men and millions and pinochle and stock tapes.

The "lucky boy" of Hollywood is Raoul Walsh, who has twice collected in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand dollars at Agua Caliente, and, in the resulting publicity, stirred up more business for the Mexican resort than the Dolly Sisters' winnings at Monte Carlo.

The most spectacular bridge winnings were collected by Bebe Daniels from Samuel Goldwyn, to the amount of three thousand samoleons.

The "unluckiest" of them all is John Gilbert. By his own word, he has never won even a stuffed egg at a picnic raffle, and he has been on the losing end of as much as hundreds of thousands in the stock market.

The biggest "bet taker" is Al Jolson, who will wager on anything, including automobile licenses, golf games, prize-fights and whether or not it is going to rain to-morrow.

But win or lose, big or little, they can't help "taking a sporting chance" any more than they can help breathing, or being in the movies. The very sporting element that makes them demigods makes gamblers of most of them. They roll Youth and Talent for a "natural," and "bury" a consuming ambition to "draw out" on Fame. An uncertain profession, this movie game, the greatest chance-play in the world. A gambler's game of down to-day—and up to-morrow. Here yesterday—and gone forever. Now you see it, and now you don't. No chance to play "safe." The rules would be written as they went along—if there were any rules. Is it any wonder that Chance games from Fame to Bridge so enthuse these people of the "chanciest" game in the world, next to the professional gambler's?

Takers Aplenty

I HAVE yet to see an actor turn down a bet. I'm not saying some of them don't. I just haven't seen it. And I've seen plenty taken—and lost—and won.

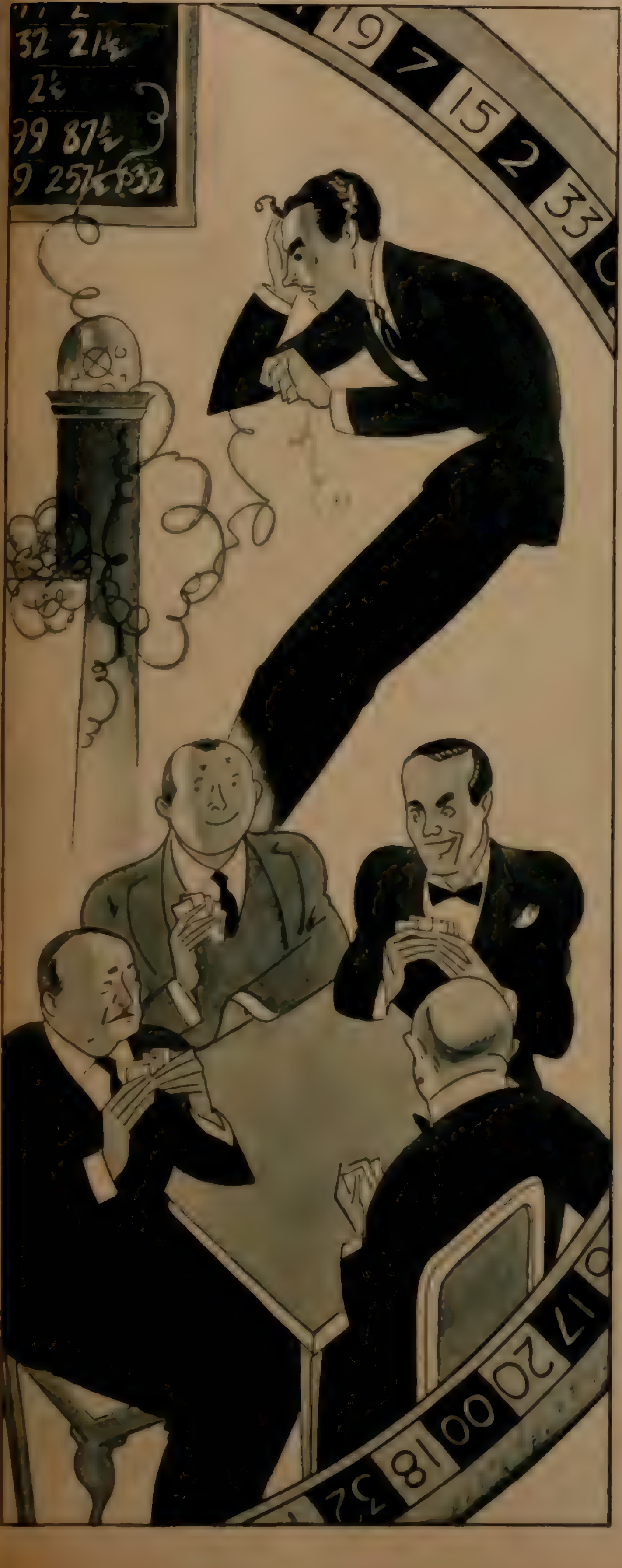
If the Hollywood gambling stakes seem unduly large, it is to be remembered that the Hollywood exchequer is equally in proportion. Samuel Goldwyn loses three thousand dollars in a bridge game—but then Samuel Goldwyn is a man of considerable fortune. Joseph Schenck drops a million or more in a market crash. "And he'll never miss it," is the consensus of Hollywood opinion. Dame Fortune rode with Joseph Schenck in the amassing of that fortune. It was not timidly acquired, and what goes up may come down—and go up again—on the Wheels of Chance.

For the sheer excitement of winning or losing, Joseph

Just for fun, Raoul Walsh, honeymooning at Agua Caliente, put $500 on the double-0—and made $17,000 (top). Samuel Goldwyn once wrote out a check to Bebe Daniels for $3,000 after a bridge game (right)

The Big Shots

Those In The Movie Game Like To Take Chances



The "unluckiest" of them all is John Gilbert (top), who has lost thousands in the stock market. Joseph Schenck and Al Jolson (left) once played pinochle with a de luxe apartment as the prize

Schenck loves pinochle for unique and odd stakes. They tell the story of a pinochle hand Schenck played with his old friend Al Jolson, with a *de luxe* apartment as the prize. It seems that Schenck owns an exclusive apartment building (he owns several of them) and he said to Al, who was looking for a place, something to this effect: "We'll play a little game of pinochle and if I win, you'll take that apartment and pay double the rent for a year. If you win, you'll get it without charge for the same length of time."

Jolson won, but whether or not Al took the apartment I don't know. He's very innocent about that pinochle hand.

"Joe and I are always playing some game for pretty high stakes," he admitted when pressed for details, "but we usually call them off. Sure, we usually call them off," he added with a burst of inspiration.

Lucky Thirteen Thousand

AS an explanation, it saved details—and "crowing." No good gambler likes to gloat over his haul. It just isn't done except in a rare case like Raoul Walsh's sensational scoops at Caliente, which reached the newspapers.

It happened that Walsh took his new bride on a honeymoon trip to Agua Caliente, where they have, among other things, an interesting gambling salon. Just for the fun of it, he dropped a five-hundred-dollar bet on the 00 of a roulette table; and the joke was on the Casino, because that was just the time the 00 showed up, earning the Hollywood director seventeen thousand dollars and making a nice honeymoon trip. But even at best that was just Luck riding at high tide. Raoul likes to believe he backed his judgment with that racehorse he bought. According to the papers, he purchased the fleet little animal for thirteen thousand dollars. The first race she ran earned him thirty thousand, checking up another seventeen-thousand-dollar win for the director of "The Cock-Eyed World."

"I don't believe I have the makings of a 'big stud' gambler," protested Edmund Lowe. "The stiffest bets I ever make are on football games. I figure I have about five hundred dollars' worth of fun out of the football season and I usually pyramid my losses to try to keep that much ahead. Last year I guessed wrong on the University of Southern California three times. I bet Stanford would beat them. I bet they would beat the University of California and Notre Dame. It seems that I got on the wrong end of those decisions each time—which meant I was out fifteen hundred dollars.

"'All right,' I said to myself, 'I'll give those boys just one more chance,' so I

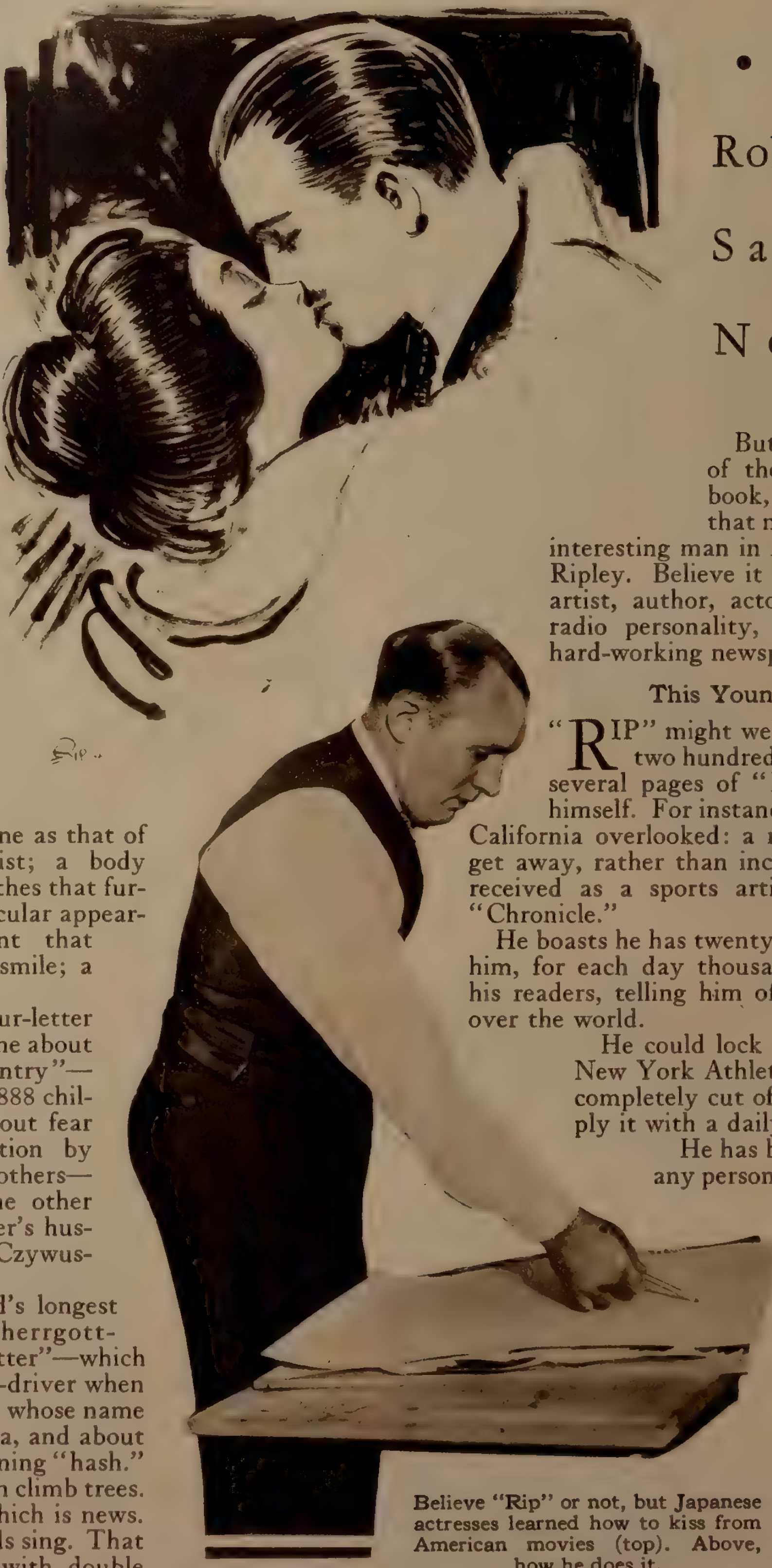
(*Continued on page 98*)

Believe Him Or Not

. . . But Robert L. Ripley Says He Is No Actor

By

HERBERT CRUIKSHANK



Believe "Rip" or not, but Japanese actresses learned how to kiss from American movies (top). Above, how he does it.

IF YOU ask me the name of the most interesting man in America—if you ask me—the name won't be Lindbergh, Hoover, Capone, Byrd, Smith, Dempsey or Jones. It will be that of a sparse-haired young man, with sparkling eyes; alert, nervous manner; the light step of an athlete; a face that further impresses one as that of a ball-player or pugilist; a body sheathed in close-cut clothes that further accentuate the muscular appearance; dental equipment that forces a perpetual half-smile; a truly remarkable fellow.

He told me forty four-letter words for God. He told me about a real "father of his country"—a big-time daddy whom 888 children called "Pop" without fear of successful contradiction by their mothers. Of two mothers—one eight years old, the other ninety. And of the latter's husband, the Casanova of Czywuszyn at 105.

He told me the world's longest cuss-word — "Himmelherrgottkreuzmillionendonnerwetter"—which had no effect on the taxi-driver when I tried it. About Ed Ek, whose name is the shortest in America, and about a word of 184 letters meaning "hash." He convinced me that fish climb trees. That clams eat men—which is news. That birds bark and sands sing. That a man had been born with double eyes—and one with none at all. That there was a woman with a forked tongue. That the ocean is dusty. That there was a one-armed paper-hanger with the hives. That Lindbergh was not the first, but the sixty-seventh to make an Atlantic non-stop flight.

But perhaps you have seen one of the fourteen editions of his book, in which case you'll know that my nomination for the most interesting man in America goes to Robert L. Ripley. Believe it or not! Robert L. Ripley, artist, author, actor, athlete, world-traveler, radio personality, millionaire, clubman and hard-working newspaper man.

This Young Man Went East

"RIP" might well—and easily—provide his two hundred and sixty newspapers with several pages of "Believe It or Not" about himself. For instance, he's one good thing that California overlooked: a native son. They let him get away, rather than increase the $22.50 salary he received as a sports artist on the San Francisco "Chronicle."

He boasts he has twenty million people working for him, for each day thousands of letters arrive from his readers, telling him of strange facts existing all over the world.

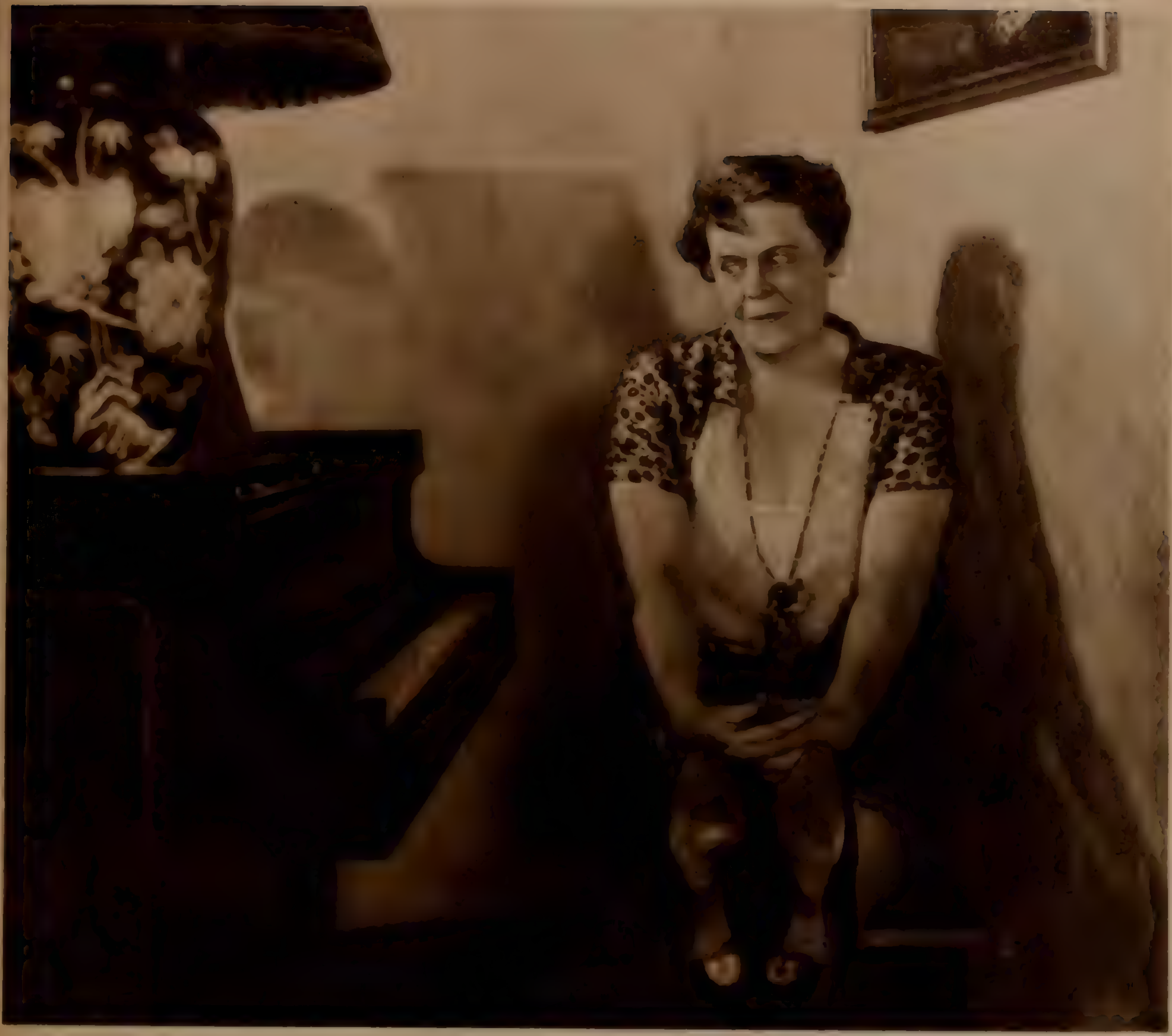
He could lock himself in his room at the New York Athletic Club for ten years and, completely cut off from the world, still supply it with a daily "Believe It or Not."

He has been called a liar more than any person in history. And upon each occasion has proved his contention.

He is the world's most widely imitated artist. I suggested Robert Edgren, beloved sports writer and artist of another day, was a minor offender in this regard. "That's okay," said "Rip," "I used to imitate him." There are others, however, of whom he is not so tolerant. He credits Harry Hershfeld with getting him the job that marked the beginning of "the breaks."

He's the highest-paid artist of the sort in the world. His gross income is over one million dollars a year—and

(*Continued on page 88*)



Hurrell

Having played practically everything worth playing, Marie Dressler is not yet satisfied. She now wants to play a piano. And if she decides that she will—well, she will. She could even steal it if she cared to—just like she steals a picture. That's the Dressler way. And be convincing about it, too. Marie is now resting from the serious problems of "Dark Star," and might even play a duet with Polly Moran in "Reducing"

TAKING IN

CLASSIC'S REVIEWS BY

HER MAN

Here is bang-up melodrama and a fight that makes movie history. As a result, it can be catalogued as ace entertainment. It's about our old boy-friend, *Johnnie*, and his girl-friend, *Frankie*. He was her man until a sailor came along—and you know how sailors are. Ricardo Cortez is superb as a dagger-throwing gigolo; Helen Twelvetrees gets a medal of her own for an excellent characterization; Phillips Holmes steps to the front rank of screen juveniles as the sea faring laddie, while for a bit of great acting we doff the chapeau to Marjorie Rambeau. Between thrills you'll laugh yourself silly at Jimmie Gleason.

A LADY SURRENDERS

Conrad Nagel is good in this poor picture. They've tried to make Rose Hobart and Genevieve Tobin do a Ruth Chatterton, and it doesn't come off. The fable is about a misunderstood husband and a discontented wife. And, of course, the wife's best friend. It's supposed to be very smart and sophisticated—but don't be afraid to giggle, Broadway did. In spots Mr. Nagel goes coy. And Mr. Nagel's coyness is not so good as Mr. Nagel's seriousness. But, on the whole, he has never given a better portrayal. The two new actresses from Broadway do as well as anyone could with the situations and dialogue.

WHAT A WIDOW!

Here's Gloria Swanson and a million dollars' worth of style in a fast-paced comedy that might be funnier. At times the plentiful action recalls Ol' Massa Sennett and the good old days when the bathing girls wore bloomers. The plot is about the romances of a wealthy, merry widow and provides Lew Cody with a comeback chance in the rôle of a gay inebriate. Owen Moore is the hero and Margaret Livingston a blonde vamp. If the picture doesn't advance Glorious Gloria histrionically, it at least proves her versatile and provides an hour of rather rollicking entertainment.

OUTWARD BOUND

A creditable effort to photograph the stage play about a voyage to the hereafter, this one appeals to the few rather than the multitude. It is a picture that lends prestige to the industry, but those who remember "Feet of Clay" will find the same theme better handled in the earlier drama. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Helen Chandler are the young couple who attempt suicide when denied love, and return to life only after literally rubbing shoulders with death. However, the picture shows a worthy purpose of the producers to strike out toward something original—something with an intelligent idea behind it.

THE TALKIES

LAURENCE REID *The Celluloid Critic*

LILIOM

They've messed up Molnar's play about the carousel barker who goes to Heaven and is granted one day more on earth to do a good deed—and fails. Originally it was a poignant, affecting drama in which Joseph Schildkraut gave a masterly characterization of the misunderstood boy who just couldn't be good. But the best scenes have been eliminated, perhaps because the idea of a heavenly police court is a bit advanced for the censors—or the producers. Charlie Farrell is a nice boy—but an amateurish *Liliom.* Rose Hobart is ineffably better than in "A Lady Surrenders," and Estelle Taylor hasn't quite enough footage to steal the picture.

WHOOPEE

Florenz Ziegfeld makes his movie bow as co-producer of Eddie Cantor's musical stage smash. It is very funny and very beautiful providing you haven't seen the show. Perhaps you'll think the wise-cracks got their wisdom with old age, but you'll like Cantor and the Technicolor. There are two new songs which aren't at all bad. And the girls are beautiful—but you can't meet 'em after the show, so don't hang around the stage door! Any way you look at it, you'll find color and movement and Eddie Cantor—and Eddie is as prominent as the color. It is the first musical comedy to come out of Hollywood with that certain something that Broadway has.

MADAME SATAN

This latest De Mille "epic" is something in the nature of an antiquated museum piece decked up in the lavish gew-gaws associated with this director's production. It cost plenty. But it doesn't mean anything. The story is about an angelic wife who becomes a little devilish to win the affections of her wandering boy-friend. Reginald Denny dresses up in a Dennis King suit for a masque ball sequence. Kay Johnson impresses as a fine but unsympathetic actress, and Lillian Roth has nice legs. The ball takes place on a zeppelin. A nice little De Mille touch that may dazzle you. Or daze you.

THE BAD MAN

Walter Huston, showing more versatility than any actor in Hollywood, turned easily and surely from Lincoln to give us his idea of the "bes' dam caballero in all Mexico." That is the Huston way—to do his job and do it well. But he doesn't do quite so well here as in his Lincoln study. Then, too, we've had so many of these below-the-border melodramas of the good bad man that this one seems to creak a little. But it still holds some kick and quite a bit of shootin.' Dorothy Revier, James Rennie and Sydney Blackmer aid the action with slightly less merit.

The High Cost of Football

Hurrell Photos

Someone has to pay if a girl like Joan Marsh is in the stands, and pay, and pay. The seats have to be on the forty-five-yard line, the flowers have to be chrysanthemums, and dinner at the Ritz, etc. And the co-edified youth at her side may never suspect that she is thinking only of Joe Fullback—who told her last night that he could die for her and dear old Siwash

Normal, *Though An Actor*

Elliot Nugent Will Never Contract Those Hollywood Diseases

By

ROBERT FENDER

Russell Ball

AND to-day, readers of all nations, we take up Elliot Nugent, or how to be normal though an author-actor. Elliot's history is closely connected with his new picture, "For the Love of Lil." That picture may not yet have arrived at your local Bijou Palace or it may have come and gone.

If you have followed your Hollywood, however, you will know that the story deals with the life of an average home-loving American man—a man like the thirty-odd others on your block, with a wife and children, a car that could stand a little paint, and a golf game that could stand quite a little improvement. One who is as kind and gentle as they come, yet one who is known to leave the breakfast table occasionally in ruffled mood, slammed door and all. One who tries valiantly to keep up with the modern knickknacks on a salary that provides for little more than a knickknack-less living. One who laughs and cries and fights and makes up. And one, finally, who manages to *keep going* through it all, unemotionally fine and brave, the salt of the earth.

Elliot Nugent is the first of his kind I've met in Hollywood. Before the meeting, a friend of his and mine inferred that he would prove a treat. "Nugent," he said, "is different." He was right. Nugent is totally different from his Hollywood brethren. He has been here a year and a half, but were he here ten years he would remain immune to the horrible local infections.

A Pound of Prevention

ELLIOT could never "go Hollywood," for the very good reason that years ago he "went" Dover, Ohio. Wherever he is, New York, Hollywood or worse, he will forever remain untouched by those soul-withering pestilences, *wisecracker*[illegible] and *arti*[illegible]*itis*, offshoots from the parent disease of showdom. There is enough native human nature in him to act forever as a charm against the evils of professional life.

Young Nugent is a specialist in human nature. He is the average man's ambassador to Broadway and Hollywood. His "Dulcy" and "The Poor Nut" are plays of the people, by the people and for the people. The fact that they may rate sniffs from snooty critics doesn't bother Nugent. He is out, quite openly, to supply wholesale enjoyment. If dilettantes find his handicraft a little too earthy, they will just have to find it a little too earthy, that's all. He knows his business too well to be sidetracked by clever columnists.

He let me in on that business. (He talks like a young college instructor. Precisely clipped speech accentuated by the use of his thin, almost hard mouth and delicate hands.)

"Average people," he told me, "have to be pampered in their plays and movies. They won't stand for their lives to be portrayed in a cold, analytical manner. They won't tolerate anyone who holds the mirror too closely up to life. They find the reflection too displeasing. No one's daily life is all that it might be. We don't go to the theater or movies to be reminded of that fact. We go for entertainment.

He Prefers the Public

"FROM the critics' point of view, that play or movie is probably best which allows no quarter in faithfully presenting the daily scene. These fellows would have whining wives written in as whining wives, and cross, tired husbands depicted as they actually are. Unpleasantness, they say, figures prominently in everyday life and so has

(*Continued on page 103*)

The Weighs and Means Committee

Mathilde Comot rocks the scales at 375 pounds and means Big Business. Frances Dee weighs 118 pounds and means to differ. Between them they can use 39 yards of negligée (Frances takes a par four); and 21 yards of riding habit (Frances goes out in seven). They are the thick and thin of It in "Along Came Youth"

Dyar Portraits

Plenty Smart Girl

Not A Star, Not A Failure, Raquel Torres Is On Constant Guard

BY DOROTHY MANNERS

"I AM afreed," said Raquel Torres, "of ever' thing of Hollywood. But most I am afreed of success—of failure, of loff, of friendsheeps. I am even afreed of myself. So much depen' on me. There is no one else to fight my battles. No mother, no father, no brothers. I read Clara Bow's story on the heart-aches of success—and I know stories of failure by heart. But beleeve me, Dor'thy, this beezness of being half-way 'long, theez is hard, too!"

I think she is the prettiest brunette child I have ever seen. Not the most beautiful, but the prettiest. Her eyes are so large, her lashes so carefully and effectively mascaroed. Her naturally dark skin is golden with the right tint of powder. There is a lushness to the scarlet fulness of her mouth and her teeth flash white and even when she smiles. She sparkles more than Dolores Del Rio, her countrywoman, but she is calmer and more thoughtful than Lupe.

Around the studio they call her "Rakkie" and "keed" her about the bright color of her clothes. She does not mind that they "keed" her. As long as they "keed," it means they loff her. But one leetle misstep and they do not loff her any more. One mus' be so careful when one is ambitious like Rakkie, the little Mexican girl who rose from ushership at a Grauman theater to fame in "White Shadows in the South Seas"—and a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

The Danger Spot

"I AM in fonny place—I am not beeg star and yet ever'body say: 'Rakkie, you gettin' along fine! You lucky girl,' they say. 'You got contract with beeg studio like M-G-M. You meet nize people and they loff you.' Theez is what they tell me—but Rakkie know many more theengs in her heart. Theez contract is no good unless Rakkie is plenty smart girl! There are so many theengs, such leetle theengs that can undo in five meenutes what Rakkie build up in three years!

"Suppose man ask me out to dinner! I like man—I theenk maybe I like to have dinner with heem. But first I mus' stop and ask myself: 'Is man married? No! Well, then, is man got sweetheart who will hate Rakkie and make enemies for her?' When you are meedway alon' to success, one should not have enemies. Maybe some girl get mad at other girl and she got freends who are beeg in studio. Theez girl tell her friends about the oth-er girl and they hate, too. When beeg part come up, they say, 'No! She shall not have theez part because she hurt my fren's feelings!'

"Maybe theez girl has seen man only once. Maybe in her heart she is innocence. But people are queek to say she is bad for taking man away! I try so hard *neever* to hurt people's feelings and yet . . .

"I loff Ramon Novarro. In moovies he is so sweet, so gentle, so kind. I loff to make picture with him—we are both Mexicans—but I guess I hurt Ramon's feelings some time of which I do not know. He does not want Rakkie in picture. I theenk he does not like me—and I am hurt very deep, Dor'thy.

(*Continued on page 102*)

Bull

Stepping Ahead

Pardon Their But Larry Is An

Talkie revues may not pay—but there's still gold in those heels, opines Larry Ceballos, now getting the girls in shape for prologues in Warner theaters. At first (above) they hung their heads; then (left) they spread themselves; and now (below) they have plenty on their hands

# of the Movies

**Smiling,
Ceballos
"Angel"**

Out of work? No—out of Hollywood! And thanks to Mr. Ceballos, they still are in this game (right). And still have positions to be happy about (below), (above) are still able to show us the certain rights that they have

Their Private

The Experts Don'
They Preach An

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

SO they are love experts, are they? Well, rawther!

Regard those tenderly passionate episodes of their professional moments, which have gone further in educating International Neckers in the right grips and holds than the compiled works of Beatrice Fairfax. They even write articles about love as a scientific study. About their Love Lives. About Men and Women. About How To Hold A Husband and How To Lose An Unwelcome Suitor. How to Fascinate, Charm and Hog-Tie and all the other little subtleties. It's all very learned.

But, me, I'm puzzled! I'm befuddled and hazy. Not about what they say of love. Dear me, no! But what they *do* about it in their private love practice. Maybe I'm an old meanie in bringing it up, but what the, as Constance Bennett might well say, can you expect from movie writers?

There was a time, and you may remember, when Greta Garbo and John Gilbert were awfully that way about each other. Now, there was a romance of experts, if there was ever one. The great mystery woman of the screen, in whose heart smolders all there is to know about love (adv.), and her palpitating boy-friend, who is no slouch in the game himself. At the time of this survey, they had had one of their frequent lovers' quarrels. Since they were experts, it was a case in which one might have expected a great deal of technique and novelty displayed on both sides.

The Usual Symptoms

ALONG about the second day of the Great Dispute, Donald Ogden Stewart, John V. A. Weaver, Charles Ray and a few others, including John Gilbert, were spending Sunday at the home of King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor. You didn't need binoculars to see that Mr. Gilbert was in a bad mood. When he played tennis, he slammed the ball as if he had some personal grudge against it. When he was spoken to, half the time he didn't hear, and the other half he just didn't answer. Twice, he left the courts and dialed his own home with a vigor that should have given the telephone company considerable trouble. Once connected, he'd bawl, "Has anyone called me?" From the way the receiver went back on the hook, you might not have *known* what the answer was, but there was no law against guessing. About two o'clock in the afternoon, he picked up his racquet and went home.

Some ten minutes later, Eleanor and a few of the girls were in her bedroom, cooling off, when the 'phone rang. Not that I meant to eavesdrop (or, anyway, that's my story), but you know how clear a voice will come through a transmitter sometimes? This particular voice from the other end said: "Hul-lo. This is Gree-ta." For quite some time, they exchanged pleasantries. How was Eleanor? She was fine! How was Greta? She was fine, too! Why hadn't they seen her in a couple of days? Busy? Oh, too bad. It went on and on like that. Subtle was no word for it. Finally, that far-away, heavily-accented voice inquired with all the nonchalance in the world, "Haff you seen Yan?" Yes, it turned out that he had just left. "Oh," said the voice. There was considerable pause. And then a slight but unmistakable sigh. "Juss don't tell heem that I called." And that was that. Greta Garbo and John Gilbert, the great love experts? Why not Joe Doakes and his girl, Min? Is it any wonder that I wonder?

Now She Talks Baby-Talk

OR take Joan Crawford with her screen creed of flapper independence, the pace-setter for the Teens, the Love-Em-And-Leave-Em philosopher of the movies. The girl who used to preach to flapperdom, "Never let a man see you are too much in love with him. Suspense is half the battle!"

Believe it or leave it, but in private love she even disjoints young Doug's chicken at the table, because he hates to do it himself!

She has yet to accept a social engagement without consulting him.

When she lunches with a girl-friend in Hollywood, she leaves ten thousand messages so that he can find her at a moment's notice.

They talk baby-talk in some crazy language they have cooked up between them—and any good love expert will tell you that baby-talk violates the first principle of the game. At theaters they sit with their arms and heads so closely together that someone once remarked that if Joan

Love Lives ·

Always Practise What Picture

Top to bottom, Lupe Velez really mothers Gary Cooper; Joan Crawford doesn't keep Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in suspense; Richard Arlen calls Jobyna Ralston "Mamma." And Greta Garbo and John Gilbert (in inset) acted like Joe Doaks and his girl, Min

Crawford and young Doug and Alice White and Cy Bartlett sat in adjoining seats in the front row, the four rows back of them would be a total loss so far as vision was concerned.

Cy Tells the World

ALICE is another of our most quoted experts on the science of love. There is a girl who has ideas. Once she was quoted as saying, "Don't lose your personality in any man." And then, again: "The man who loves me must love me as I am. I could not be other than I am, even in the name of love." And that's all right, too, as advice. But in Alice's private practice of love, you sort of have to except Cy Bartlett . . or where are you?

Cy has done the best re-write job to date on a Hollywood flapper's philosophy of love. Even Doug's domestication of Joan isn't on a par with this. Along with the refining process that substitutes books for night-clubs and bridge for hey-hey, Cy has built up a competent and enthusiastic audience in Alice. 'Tis wonderful to see.

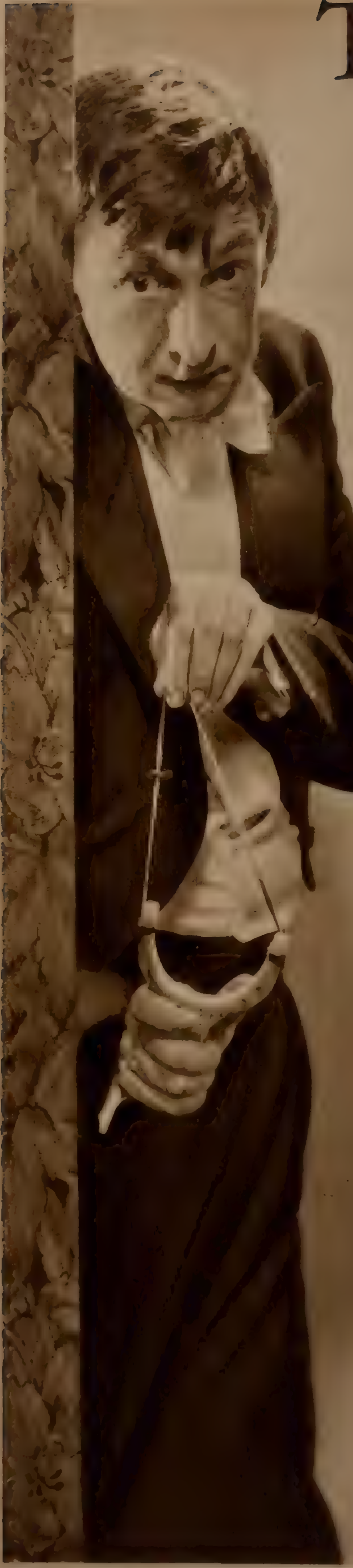
She sits and listens and nods at the pearls of wisdom that fall from his lips. She has put in as long as half-hour stretches with eyes agog and head a-bobbin' at Cy's latest observations on anything from this to that. From the Government to the newest Hollywood gossip. It was up in her press-agent's office one day that Alice timidly began a little story of her own:

"We were coming back from Caliente, Saturday . . ." she started, ". . . when the most astounding thing happened," continued Cy. And continued and continued.

". . . and just when we thought they weren't going to let us play bridge on the train," put in Alice, all excited and so carried away that she forgot and interrupted.

"Now, let me tell it, dear," consoled Cy. "I remember perfectly what happened." And he did. You could tell he did by the way Alice kept nodding her head and corroborating his story, with just the right shading of appreciative mirth and understanding.

(*Continued on page 107*)



Freulich

The Newest D*ough*-Boy

Slim Summerville Is In The Front Lines, Despite That Rude Captain

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

WHEN Slim (George) Summerville gets to be a grandfather (which is a funny thought, in itself) and his grandchildren cluster 'round his knee and chirp, "And what did YOU do for the Great War, Grampa?" Slim is perhaps going to be just a leetle mite embarrassed.

"We-ell," he will have to admit, in the drawl that is already pretty famous, "I didn't do much for the Great War—but the Great War did a lot for me!"

"WHAT?" they will cry, recoiling in patriotic horror. "Not—a profiteer? Tell us it isn't true, Grampa! Not that!"

"No! No!" he will amend, hastily. "Not a profiteer. A comedian."

Which will still take some explaining.

For, if it hadn't been for the Great War—then there would have been no pictures like "All Quiet on the Western Front" to picture the horror of it all. And if there hadn't been a picture like "All Quiet," in which a note of comedy was needed to make the public able to bear it at all, then Slim might have been still plugging along as "comedy relief" with nary a featured rôle—let alone stardom in the offing for him. You see? That's how things work out sometimes.

But I'd better tell you right away how it happened that he didn't win any medals in the real War—lest you get a wrong impression. Let him tell it.

Long, Long Ago

"IT was like this," he says. "When I was drafted and went up to register, the officer in charge took one look at me and said, 'My Gawd! Look at what we're getting now!' They wouldn't even take my name.

"I was seventy pounds under weight for my height . . . But he needn't have been so rude about it. Not that I was anxious to go to war, you understand. I just didn't like his *tone!*"

One can hardly blame him. But if, by any chance, Slim should encounter that rude army officer to-day, he could make an impolite gesture (if he were that kind of a man) and say, "Yah! Yah! Yah!" Or something like that.

For his very—er—skinny-ness is worth lots and lots of big round silver dollars to him now, although to-day he is fatter. Hardly more than *forty* pounds under weight, I should say, at a rough guess. (After his remarks about that officer, I didn't like to inquire the exact figures.) Anyhow, it is a little ironic that the physical lack that kept him out of the real army is the very thing that marks him to-day as the "typical," amusing enlisted man. He looks as the public thinks a private *should* look. Which is swell for Slim!

(*Continued on page 100*)

Russell Ball

The irrepressible Gleasons—Russell, the son, and James, the father—can turn their backs on the camera any time they want. Besides being active actors (they march on in "Beyond Victory"), they are able authors. Their pens are as expressive as their pans. It is to smile!

Portrait of a man having difficulties with his choler. He'd like to cuss, but he'd better knot. Even the walls have ears in Hollywood, and if it ever got out that at times he loses control of that Southern accent, how could Sidney Blackmer ever look himself in the face again?

Longworth

What Do You Mean--"STAR"?

Can You Tell The Difference Between Featured Players And Stars?

By JACK GRANT

IF there is one thing about which picture players are supersensitive, it is this question of stardom. To the public at large, every actor on the screen is a "movie star." Newspaper headline writers have literally a mania for the appellation—particularly, if the rest of the phrase is "Involved in Scandal."

Actually, there are only forty-four players to-day who can rightfully be called "movie stars."

In the film fraternity, actors are as thoroughly class-conscious as the army-training-camp officers were in war-time. Perhaps you remember how a Second Lieutenant would visibly swell when by chance you called him Captain. Refer to a featured player as a star, and you can get the same reaction. But demote, however inadvertently, an established star to the featured class and your stock as a man-about-town decreases accordingly. The etiquette of proper designations would baffle an Emily Post.

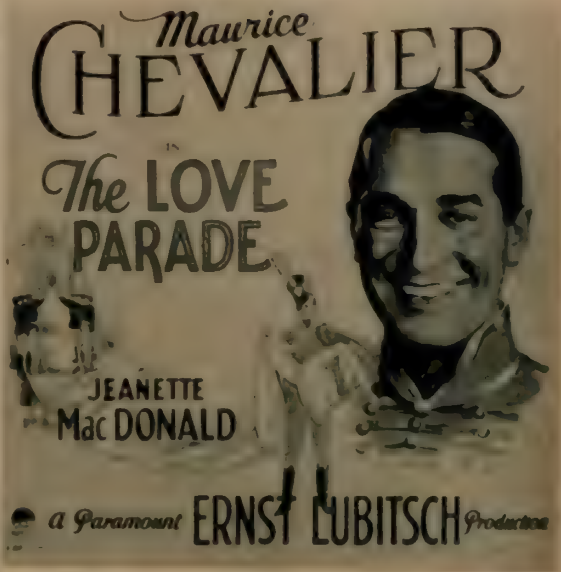
Generally speaking, there are five distinct classifications of film acting—namely: stars, featured players, bit players, extras and atmosphere. The differences are more or less academically defined.

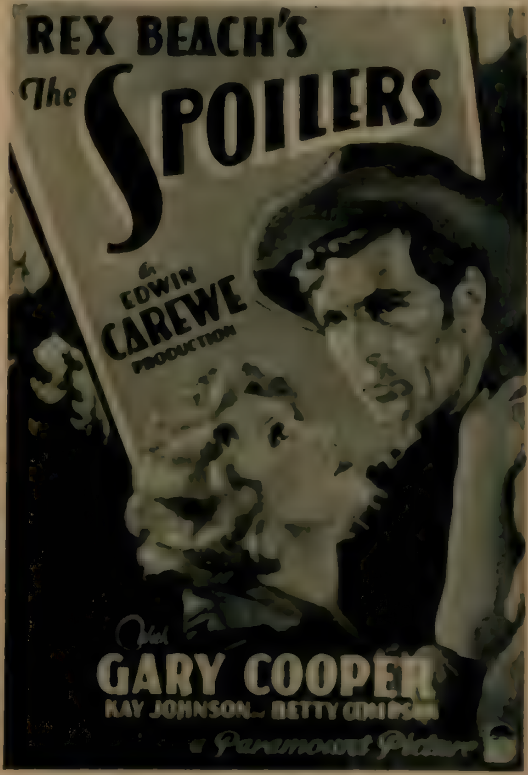
Stardom is officially conferred upon an actor only when his popularity and prominence are deemed more important to the box-office than the title of his current picture. The difference might be said to depend entirely upon an "in" or a "with." Thus when a picture billing reads Joe Doaks in "Sympathetic Sin," Joe is being starred. If the title precedes Joe's name as "Sympathetic Sin" with Joe Doaks, he is only featured.

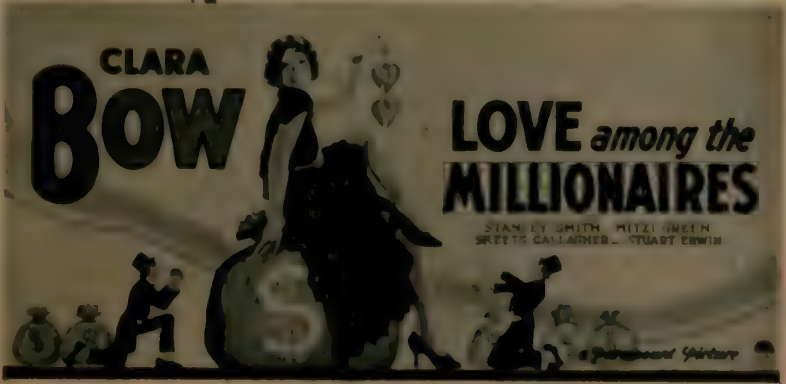
Subtle Differences

MANY featured players of to-day can never hope to attain star rating. Their names in a cast definitely draw some patronage, but they have reached their pinnacle. Others are now being groomed for approaching stardom.

The line that is hewn between featured and bit players generally depends upon the amount of "business" an assigned part affords. A


Maurice
CHEVALIER
in
The LOVE PARADE
JEANETTE MacDONALD
a Paramount ERNST LUBITSCH Production

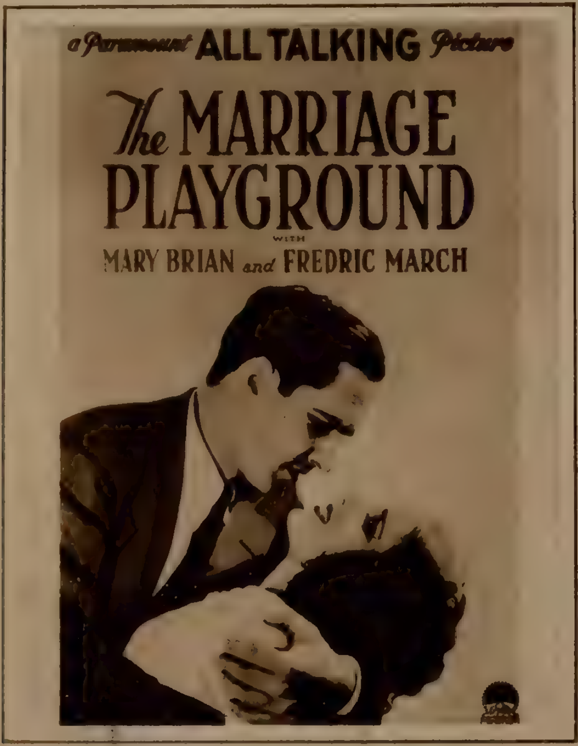

REX BEACH'S
The SPOILERS
an EDWIN CAREWE PRODUCTION
with
GARY COOPER
KAY JOHNSON — BETTY COMPSON
a Paramount Picture


CLARA
BOW
LOVE among the MILLIONAIRES
STANLEY SMITH MITZI GREEN
SKEETS GALLAGHER — STUART ERWIN
a Paramount Picture

The little words "in" and "with" tell the story. Maurice Chevalier was starred in "The Love Parade." Gary Cooper, ordinarily starred, was a featured player in "The Spoilers." Clara Bow was starred in "Love Among the Millionaires"

Some Like Stardom - - But Others?

DOLORES COSTELLO
in "GLORIOUS BETSY"
with CONRAD NAGEL
VITAPHONE accompaniment
LARRY CEBALLOS Stage Presentation
WARNER BROS. THEATRE
IN HOLLYWOOD
THUR APR 26


a Paramount ALL TALKING Picture
The MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND
WITH
MARY BRIAN and FREDRIC MARCH

Norma Shearer's name was several times more attractive than "The Divorcée." The names of Mary Brian and Fredric March meant less than "The Marriage Playground." Dolores Costello rated slightly more than "Glorious Betsy"

NORMA SHEARER

featured player may find his rôle cut to the "bit" classification. As a salve to his vanity, the industry then refers to it as a "featured bit." A nice custom.

More often, however, the bit players are the ones who solve our screen servant problem, essaying as they do the characterization of butlers, maids, valets and the like.

Then there are the extras. They feel their prominence in the social scale as keenly as the rest. At least, they are on a rung higher than just "atmosphere."

As near as I can gather, the distinction extras assume from the mob rests in the fact that they are ordered by the dozen rather than in carload lots. Their faces in a café scene may be indistinguishable, but at least they receive pay checks as individuals. "Atmosphere" is contracted for as a group, acts as a group, and are paid off each day in cash—in a group. They are merely the crowd in the grandstand or the mob at the castle gates.

"Why," you say at this juncture, "that isn't difficult. Anyone with half an eye can see who's who in the social register of filmdom. What's hard about it?"

Upsetting the Formula

UNFORTUNATELY, there are several complications that must be taken into account. The A B C's of stardom are rigidly observed in Hollywood, but your local theater manager frequently upsets the tradition. The name of a sectional favorite means money to his box-office. He knows who will draw the most patronage, so he usurps the privilege of conferring stardom as he sees fit in newspaper advertising and billboards.

The most amusing instance I know of such billing occurred in the Negro section of Los Angeles. Oscar, the colored bootblack at Paramount, has an enormous fan following in this locality. Consequently, a small theater literally plastered the district with handbills reading: "Tonite Oscar Smith in 'Man Power' with R. Dix."

More recently comes the report of a Lynchburg, Va., exhibitor, who made Anita Page the star of "Caught Short" and scarcely mentioned Marie Dressler and Polly Moran in the advertising. The marquee of a Minneapolis theater read "Mitzi Green and Clara Bow in 'Love Among the Millionaires.'" Clara was lucky to retain co-stardom.

The studios have little control over the situation. All they can do is to request adherence to proper billing. In the posters and advertising matter they distribute and on the title frames of the release prints, the billing is correctly given. As a matter of fact, in the majority of cases the credits are worked out in percentages.

For example, the cast sheet of the Warner Brothers' production of "Moby Dick" reads John Barrymore 100%, title 75%, Joan Bennett (featured) 50%, Lloyd Hughes and other members of the supporting cast 20%. The director generally receives 20% billing, the author 3% and the adapter 2%.

All of which means that the star's name in type is to be full-size and the picture's title three-quarters, while the leading lady's name is only half as large. The director's billing varies according to his box-office draw. Ernst Lubitsch, D. W. Griffith and Cecil de Mille frequently take 100% and precedence over the picture's title. In a number of instances these qualifications in type percentages are written into the actor's contract.

Now Starred, Now Featured

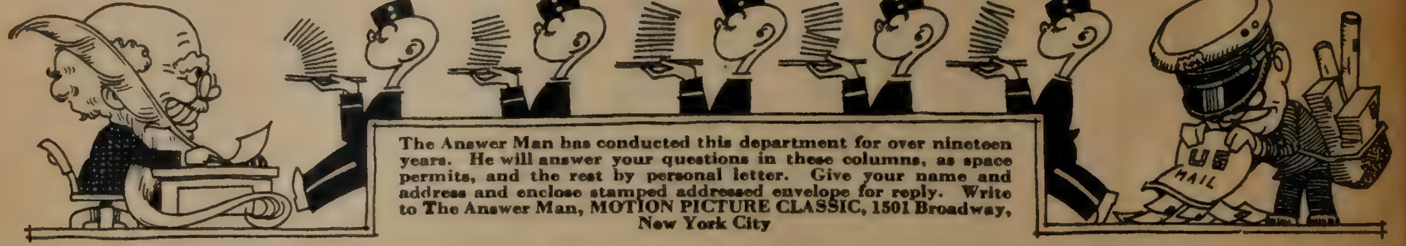
TO become even more involved: Stars sometimes accept rôles in important productions and as a result receive only feature billing. Generally the cause of

(*Continued on page 78*)

Ray Jones

If there is one thing Ian Keith enjoys giving, it is uniform performances. And for his work in "The Boudoir Diplomat," he gets a medal. That war between the sexes, you know. A master tactician, Monsieur Keith is never at a loss to know how to maneuver his lines

THE ANSWER MAN



The Answer Man has conducted this department for over nineteen years. He will answer your questions in these columns, as space permits, and the rest by personal letter. Give your name and address and enclose stamped addressed envelope for reply. Write to The Answer Man, MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

BETTIE—**Rudy Vallee** was born in Island Pond, Maine, July 28, 1901. He is of French-Canadian and Irish descent. Real name Hubert Prior Vallee. He is five feet eleven, weighs 162 pounds, and has curly blond hair and blue eyes. Graduated from Yale in 1927. Also attended the University of Maine. Plays several varieties of saxophone, including the different baritone and clarinet, also the drums. Rudy is appearing as Master of Ceremonies at the Brooklyn Paramount Theater.

A READER—I recognized your writing, Miss Wax. Sharon Lynn was born in Weatherford, Texas, about twenty-three years ago. **Joyce Compton** in Kentucky, twenty-one years ago, she has blonde hair and blue eyes. **Maureen O'Sullivan**, Boyle, Ireland, May 17, 1911. **Marguerite Churchill**, Kansas City, Kansas, about nineteen years ago. The latest growing figures show that **Jackie Coogan** shows that he is five feet tall, weighs 95 pounds and has dark blond hair and brown eyes. **George Bancroft's** latest picture is "Derelict," Paramount Studios.

A. S.—**Barbara Stanwyck** was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., July 16, 1907. She is five feet five, weighs 118 pounds, has auburn hair and dark blue eyes. Real name is Ruby Stevens and she is married to **Frank Fay.** Latest picture "Illicit." **Marguerite Churchill,** Kansas City, about nineteen years ago, she is five feet six, weighs 124 pounds, auburn hair and brown eyes. Her hobby is dramatic art and she is not married. **Robert Ames, Bela Lugosi** and **Helen Chandler** have the leading rôles in "Dracula," which is in production at the Universal Studios.

CLAUDIA DELL FANS—Miss **Dell** was born in San Antonio, Texas. She attended school in Mexico for several years and finished at Main Avenue High School in San Antonio. Went to New York with her aunt, **Mary Dell,** well-known stage player, and obtained a position in Ziegfeld's Follies as an understudy for **Irene Delroy.** A season in London followed in which she played in "Merry Mary." Her first screen appearance was in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," which was followed by "Big Boy," starring **Al Jolson. Miss Dell** has blonde hair and blue eyes.

NORTH CAROLINA NIC—You refer to **Ann Christy,** who appeared in the Mack Sennett comedy "Good-Bye Legs." Ann was born in Logansport, Ind., May 31, 1909. She is five feet tall, weighs 100 pounds, has dark hair and eyes. Real name **Gladys Cronin.** She has appeared in Century, Christie and Educational comedies and with **Harold Lloyd** in "Speedy." **Basil Rathbone's** latest picture is "Sin Takes a Holiday," Pathé Studios. **Neil Hamilton** in "Network."

DIXIE LEE FANS—**Dixie** was born in Harriman, Tenn., Nov. 4, 1911. In May, 1928, Miss Lee won a Blues-singing contest in Chicago, under the name of **Dixie Carroll.** This resulted in an engagement at the College Inn in Chicago. This was followed by a rôle in the road of "Good News." After six weeks in that company she was transferred to the New York company. She later signed a contract with Fox Studios and took the name of Lee. Her real name being **Wilma Wyatt,** she is five feet three inches tall, weighs 115 pounds, has blonde hair and brown eyes. Married to **Bing Crosby** since Sept. 29, 1930.

Bachrach

With production finished on **"Ex-Mistress,"** in which she played opposite **Ben Lyon** who, as you should know by this time, is her husband, **Bebe Daniels** is lending her charms to the Douglas Fairbanks picture, "Reaching for the Moon"

JUNE—**Edmund Lowe** was born in San José, Cal., March 3, 1893. After being graduated with the degree of master of arts from the Santa Clara University in his native city, Mr. Lowe studied law for two years, but he abandoned the legal profession for the stage. Went to San Francisco and was soon engaged by the Alcazar Stock Company. Then he turned to the screen. In addition to the title rôle in "The Fool," he played the leading male rôle in "Is Zat So," "East Lynne," "The Silent Command," "In the Palace of the King" and numerous others. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes. Married to **Lilyan Tashman** and his latest picture is "The Shepper Newfounder." Fox Studios.

JEAN—**Joan Bennett** was born in Palisades, New Jersey, Feb. 27, 1911. Daughter of **Richard Bennett** and **Adrienne Morrison,** sister of **Constance** and **Barbara Bennett.** Educated at Waterbury, Conn., Versailles, France. Specialized in music and languages. Has appeared in two stage productions, one opposite her father in "Jarnegan." First screen rôle in "Raffles," starring **Ronald Colman.** She is five feet two inches tall, weighs 100 pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Scotland Yard," Fox Studios.

MARGARET—**Renee Adoree** was born in Lille, France, about twenty-eight years ago. She is five feet three, has dark hair and eyes. **Lawrence Gray,** San Francisco, Cal., July 27, 1898, five feet ten, weighs 160 pounds, brown hair and green eyes. You're wrong, he is not married. **Ralph Forbes,** England, Sept. 30, 1898, six feet tall, blond hair and blue eyes. Married to **Ruth Chatterton** and is appearing in "Beau Ideal."

MARION—Remember the Scotchman who tried to buy a seven-passenger Austin? **Robert Ames** was born in Hartford, Conn. He is five feet ten, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Mr. Ames entered pictures in 1925 and has appeared in the following—"The Wedding Song," "Three Faces East," "Voice of the City," "Rich People," "The Trespasser," "Nix on Dames," "A Lady to Love," "Not Damaged," "Double Crossroads," "Holiday," "War Nurse" and "Dracula." Married to **Marion Oakes.**

FLOSSIE—**Marie Prevost** hails from Sarnia, Canada, and has a birthday on Nov. 8. She is five feet four, about 125 pounds,

(Continued on page 106)

Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer of New York

distinguished exponent of beauty culture

tells you how to keep that schoolgirl complexion

THERE'S scarcely a beauty specialist in all America who doesn't know the name of Mrs. Ruth D. Maurer; Mrs. Maurer, for years an outstanding American leader in beauty culture, graduated some 80,000 pupils! Her influence is felt, her opinion respected, wherever beauty theory is taught. "Tell us," we asked Mrs. Maurer, "a good plan for keeping youth and beauty . . . an easy plan and one that every woman can follow."

First, consult an expert

"Well—first of all," she replied, "find a beauty specialist in whom you have confidence and get into the habit of consulting her regularly. That is every bit as necessary as the proper home care.

"Then, learn a few plain truths about yourself. This, for instance: that your skin must be kept thoroughly clean if you want to keep that schoolgirl complexion!"

"And what," we wanted to know, "do you consider the best way to keep the skin clean?"

"Personally," Mrs. Maurer answered, "I consider Palmolive Soap a primary aid in attaining a lovely skin because I am a firm believer in the virtues of olive oil for beauty cleansing—and Palmolive, as you know, is made of olive and palm oils."

Mrs. Maurer, of course, advises Palmolive together with the various creams and cosmetics which she, herself, manufactures for she is today president of a well-known cosmetics firm and an outstanding authority on beauty products.

"When you use Palmolive," says Mrs. Maurer, "work its lather gently into the skin of face and throat with your hands or with a soft cloth; then rinse with both warm and cold water before applying make-up."

And—since Palmolive costs only 10 cents the cake—it is advised (and used) for the bath as well. To keep that schoolgirl complexion act on expert advice. Use Palmolive.

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

6744

Retail Price 10c

What Do You Mean--"STAR"?

(*Continued from page 74*)

of such procedure is what has become known as "blind booking."

At the beginning of the film season, to be exact, in June, each studio announces a schedule of the year's releases. The full product is seldom definitely chosen. So it is announced by RKO, for example, that Richard Dix will make a trio of starring vehicles. None of the titles are given. The pictures may not even have been selected. The RKO sales force have only this information to work with as they make the rounds of exhibitors. They sell the three Dix releases solely upon the basis of his popularity as a star.

Then the studio acquires the screen rights of "Cimarron," a best-seller by Edna Ferber. They budget a million and a half dollars for production. It becomes a "special." Richard Dix, it is decided, is the logical actor to play *Yancey Cravat*. But three Dix starring pictures have been sold at program prices. RKO must have higher rentals from the larger city theaters in order to make a profit on their heavy production investment. Dix, therefore, is featured, not starred, in "Cimarron." Previous contracts are not violated. The day is saved.

Bebe Daniels played "Rio Rita" and "Dixiana" under featured instead of star billing in like circumstances. Norma Shearer forsook stardom for her rôle in "The Trial of Mary Dugan." Gary Cooper is only featured in "The Spoilers."

She Declines, With Thanks

STELLAR prominence is usually highly sought-after of course, but Marie Dressler, for one, will have none of it. M-G-M recently announced that Marie would be starred. Miss Dressler declined with thanks. If it was just the same to the studio, she would prefer playing the parts she liked, however small. According to the Dressler, this business of being a star cramps one's style.

Which, I imagine, brings us to the advantages of stardom, if any. Naturally, there are some special privileges accorded the chosen few. Their dressing-rooms, for one thing, are more elaborate. A cubbyhole in the main building no longer suffices for their make-up mirrors. Nothing short of a suite of rooms, often an entire bungalow, can now meet their needs. If you doubt me, look at the sumptuous quarters built for Will Rogers at the Fox Hills Studio. Incidentally, Rogers is the only player currently on the Fox lot who is granted star billing. Vice-President "Winnie" Sheehan, I am told, does not believe in stars. To his mind, the picture is the thing.

I have heard of one young lady who cried when her studio elevated her to stardom. I cannot pretend to know what was in her mind, but I can augur a guess. Perhaps she was thinking of the notably short span of popularity that marks the average star's professional life. A featured player can continue working indefinitely in supporting rôles. Lesser players grow old gracefully, their assignments changing step by step to fit their years. Not so a star.

The eyes of the whole world are on the star. His or her name draws the public to the box-office. If the play is poorly produced, ineptly fitted to the star's talents, or for any other reason fails to please, only one person is blamed—the star. After two or three such mediocre productions, popularity is impaired; and the producer, looking over his records of box-office receipts, says, "So-and-so isn't drawing the business any more. We won't take up her option next month." The queen is dead, long live the queen.

For the fans make stars and take stardom away. The star system began when the public demanded the names of the then unidentified favorites in the old Biograph days.

Mary Pickford (right) was the first star. Richard Barthelmess (left) and Marion Davies (top) are always greater than their pictures. Will Rogers (bottom) is the only Fox star

The personality hidden by the producer as the "Biograph Girl" was revealed as Mary Pickford, first lady of the films.

They Have to Be Good

A LOT of twaddle is talked about putting one or another personality over with the public. Intelligent handling of budding stars helps them on to their goal, of course, but not even the millions of a Howard Hughes could make the public lionize an uninteresting individual. People simply refuse to pay good money to see someone they do not want to see. Curiosity may draw them once or twice to determine why all the publicity. Curiosity satisfied, interest lags.

Producers pretend to rail against the star system. Yet they continue to import personalities from the stage, musical circles, sporting life and other lines of endeavor, hoping to make movie stars of them. Often these individuals are accorded stardom in their initial appearances. Thus Hollywood's list of official stars is temporarily increased by such names as John McCormack, Paul Whiteman, Harry Richman, Rudy Vallée, Dennis King, the Four Marx Brothers, Cyril Maude, Moran and Mack, "Red" Grange and "Babe" Ruth. Some of them may again make starring features in Hollywood, but their names do not belong on the official roster.

On the list of forty-three that accompanies this article, only Amos 'n' Andy of radio fame have yet to prove their screen starring mettle.

To my definite knowledge, at least ten names will be added to our list in the near future. Walter Huston will be co-starred with Dolores Del Rio in his next picture for United Artists. After which his contract calls for solo starring vehicles. Eddie Cantor is to be starred by Samuel Goldwyn in at least one picture a year for the next five years. Stardom will be conferred on Evelyn Laye in her first Goldwyn feature.

Joan Bennett is scheduled by United Artists to star in "Smiling Thru" and Chester Morris will be afforded stellar billing in his next after "The Bat Whispers." Dorothy Mackaill will be reinstated to star rating, following her return to the First National banner. That company is also contemplating starring Loretta Young, Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown. Lupe Velez is the foremost bet at Universal.

Looking Over the Field

THERE is little doubt that those ten names will soon augment our slim roll call of forty-three. If I were asked—though I haven't been—to name the dozen featured players of to-day who stand in line for stardom, my guess would be Helen Twelvetrees, Claudette Colbert, Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Marlene Dietrich and Kay Johnson; and among the men, Charles Ruggles, Clive Brook, Robert Montgomery, Lowell Sherman, Charles Bickford and John Mack Brown.

It may be noted that none of the players just mentioned are of the Fox contract lists. As previously stated, the powers that be at Fox studios do not believe in stardom. Because of this opinion, Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Warner Baxter, Victor McLaglen, and Edmund Lowe are rated only as featured players. Elsewhere they would be stars.

But despite individual prejudices against it, the star system will endure in Hollywood. The name of an established favorite draws you to the box-office more often than the title of a picture. It isn't *what* is being shown at your neighborhood theater, it's *who* is playing there that attracts your attention. You say, "Let's go to see Greta Garbo in 'Romance.'" You seldom say, "Let's go to see 'Romance.'"

These observations are not my personal

(*Continued on page 101*)

"This Christmas worry is so silly . . . just give Seventeen to everyone"

Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too . . . and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."

Alice White's Choice

An impressive gift for a nominal sum . . Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. $3.00.

Sue Carol's Choice

A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon . . the double Seventeen compact . . . and a box of face powder. $5.00.

June Collyer's Choice

A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing. $2.00.

Seventeen

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all . . . Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.

Toilet Water
$1.25

Talcum Powder
50c

Compact
$1 and $2

The Perfume
$2.00

Dusting Powder
$1.00

Sachet
50c

Brillantine
50c

Face Powder
$1.00

The Man You Hate To Love

(*Continued from page 51*)

One would assume, however, that the suave *Casanova* of stage and screen would be at least a *wee* bit evil off the stage and screen. It isn't quite sporting of Mr. Sherman to be a decent sort. It really isn't.

One might justifiably be pardoned for supposing his intentions to be just the least bit dishonorable. Not at all. I am afraid; I am very *much* afraid, that Mr. Sherman Means Well. To smash the Golden Calf of Mr. Sherman still more completely, I must even go further and state that all the probabilities point to the fact that he *Does* Well.

To be evil seems to be the farthest thought from that adroit mind. Perhaps he *has* been. That sinister straw, at least, we may salvage from the wreck of Mr. Sherman. For he, too, has the flavor of one who has not spent his life in Sunday School. His ingenuous pleasure in ingenuous things may come, now, as a robust reaction from less wholesome fare. Who knows? He is not widely communicative. He prefers to discuss the technicalities of his job and the pleasure of working for Mr. Le Baron, rather than the precise shade of gray, black or white of his own well-manicured soul.

But viewing him as a mummer only, I still contend that we have the right to suppose his interests to lie among the more decadent pleasures, his thrills to be spiced with the condiments of the erotic epicure. But viewed as a man, denuded of grease-paint, gardenia and top hat—not at all. Under that impeccable exterior—and it is just as impeccable off as on, hug that to your barren bosoms—there beats the enthusiastic heart of the easily enchanted child. Which is, if you but knew it, your true sophisticate. For only those, says Mr. Sherman, who are very stupid, or only those who are preposterous poseurs, can ever be bored, cynical or disillusioned.

In addition, he maintains that there are only two foods in the world worth eating. One is ham-and-eggs. The other is caviar. Therein lies his rich and mellow philosophy of life. The consummate epicure savors both and finds both good—at times. Different times.

Freulich

O, it's always dry weather, when good fellows get together: Harry Langdon and Slim Summerville as two citizens who are no additions to the pop elation in "See America Thirst"

He believes, does this *soigné* gentleman, in the femininity and domesticity of woman. Domesticity, he says, is what a man marries for. What else? What, indeed?

He believes in the economic independence of woman, providing the woman does not have to be independent. Then, he says, a man's pride might suffer and things go flooey, dear. But every woman should have, at least, an avocation. An interest. Even if it chanced to be paper-hanging. It would be odd, dear, if your little wife should crave to express herself via paper hanging. But if such *should* be the case, your duty would be to develop this talent, even though, being of commoner clay, you might not be able to follow her up so high a ladder.

And such delightful nonsense. . .

Surely, Michael Arlen "wrote" Lowell Sherman. . .

Mr. Sherman laughs, a robust laugh it is, too, when you ask him if he is a cynic, world-weary, disillusioned. Not even to please a lady with a hang-dog expression will he admit to any of these faded characteristics.

On the contrary, he still believes in Santa Claus, adores presents (especially when they are tied up with paper and string), and would murder anyone who opened a Christmas gift of his before the Yule-tide dawned. He didn't *say* that he hangs his sock up by the fireplace, but nothing could surprise me. Least of all, that.

He is no skeptic. He believes in marriage, nor could he be disillusioned. He admits that it is a gamble, but so is everything. Going up in aeroplanes. Poker. Bootleggers. Things. Nothing is certain. There are always earthquakes.

And he says, "If you go to Caliente or to Monte Carlo, you gamble and lose or you gamble and win. In either case, you gamble again. Why not apply the same principles when you are playing for higher stakes?"

When Mr. Sherman goes abroad, he does all the things the best Cook's Tourists do. He is very sorry if it causes pain or incredulity. It remains a fact.

He stands before the Tower of London and wants to know the exact *spot* where the Two Little Princes were mur-dered. He goes to the Cheshire Cheese and sits in the chair once occupied by Charles Dickens and feels little literary shivers go up and down his sp-ine. He walks in Kensington Gardens and a little white bird keeps him company. When in Paris, he stands with bared head at the tomb of Napoleon and stares at the Eiffel Tower and says "My, my!" with the rest of us.

He and Helene love to go to funny little places and eat hot dogs and hamburgers. They have *favorite* little places where they eat h.ds and hs. Helene likes hamburgers and Lowell likes hot dogs and this is, to date the only fundamental point on which they have differed.

He says he has a sense of the grotesque, but Helene has a sense of humor.

He is extremely uxorious. He loves to talk about the Little Woman. He narrates with pride how she always looks as if she had stepped forth fresh from the well-known band-box; how she can motor for miles, all in spotless white, as spotless when she reaches her destination as when she set out for it; how she orders the maids about in their hotel suite and "keeps house" no matter where she may be; how they take trips to Santa Barbara together and play practical jokes and are goofy.

He wants to build a home. raise flowers and children, read books.

He loves to go to Venice (Cal.) and other amusement parks and shoot little painted guns at funny targets and win a pound of tea. He adores to ride on merry-go-rounds and chute the chutes and have his fortune told and guess weights.

He says that no one can make sandwiches for him but himself. Sandwiches, he maintains, are *important*. They are one of the things of life that can be either dire or delicious. He is very serious about sandwiches.

He says he is, really, only interested in his own. His own people. He likes to be kind, to Do Good, but only after his Own are taken care of.

He thinks unselfishness can be, and often is, more of a vice than a virtue.

Mr. Sherman was discouraged with Hollywood and with himself in Hollywood a while back. He felt, however, that if They persisted in paying him an incredible salary for wearing last year's dress-suit and cocking a significant eyebrow, who was he to say them nay? None the less, he felt bored. He felt that he wasn't getting anywhere. It was all rather silly, dear. Then Bill Le Baron of R.K.O. sent for him and Hollywood turned a different profile. One with contour. Purpose. Meaning. Intelligence. Opportunity.

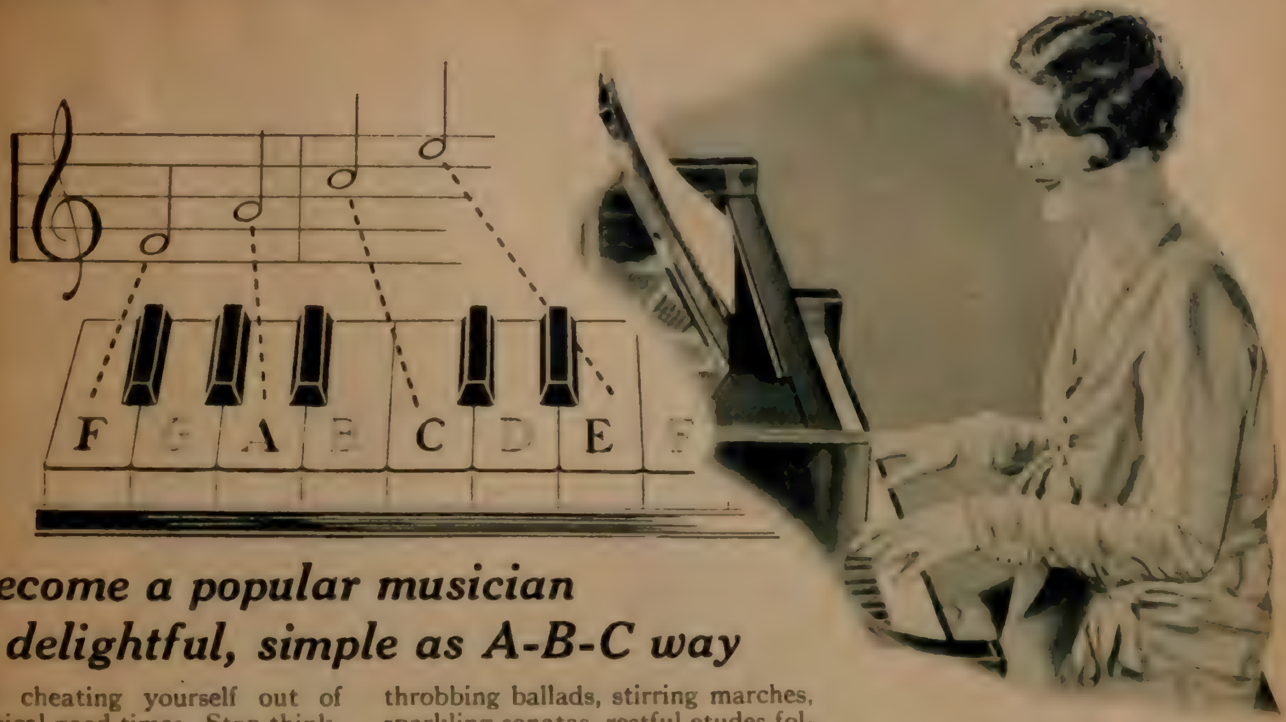
He says, "Ruth Chatterton and I are our oldest friends."

He feels sorry for the little, unwise Clara Bows and Alice Whites. He thinks they are far more to be pitied than scorned.

He disagrees with an eminent director who once rated the intelligence of the fan public at nine years of age. Mr. Sherman says it is thirty years of age. Mature. Discriminating.

He loves clothes. He always wears white suede gloves. The roughish kind. He buys them in London because they are cheaper there, dear, if you must know. He keeps pairs secreted about the house so he'll surprise himself and have a fresh pair when he needs 'em. He dotes upon surprises, even if he has to give them to himself.

Just as EASY as it looks



to become a popular musician this delightful, simple as A-B-C way

STOP cheating yourself out of musical good times. Stop thinking that learning music is nothing but one grinding session of monotonous exercises and harsh-sounding scales after another . . . days, months and years of difficult technique and dry-as-dust theory under the thumb of a private teacher.

Don't let others talk you into believing any such thing. It's ridiculous—absolutely! And we've already proved it to the complete satisfaction of over 600,000 enthusiastic students who have learned to play their favorite instrument right at home—without a teacher.

You're Never in Hot Water

Take a look at the above diagram. Looks easy, doesn't it? Well, it's every bit as simple as it looks. First a note—then a letter. Plenty of clear instructions *tell* you how each bar is played—lots of diagram pictures *show* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. Everything to make learning a joy. Nothing to make you lose patience. No headaches. In fact, the U. S. School of Music has made the reading and playing of music so simple that you don't have to know one note from another to begin.

Play Real Tunes From the Start

Your first thrill comes with your very first lesson. For you are given a piece with a real melody to play by *actual notes*. Dreamy waltzes, heart-throbbing ballads, stirring marches, sparkling sonatas, restful etudes follow in short order. No standing still. Progress is rapid. In this way, you become a capable performer months sooner than you could ever expect to the old-fashioned way. Yet, no matter what instrument you select, the cost of learning is the same—just an average cost of only a few cents a day.

Not only that, you receive all the music you need *at no extra cost*. With every lesson comes a specially selected and graded piece, which is yours to keep, enjoy and play to your heart's content.

PICK YOUR INSTRUMENT

Piano
Organ
Ukulele
Cornet
Trombone
Piccolo
Guitar
Violin
Clarinet
Flute
Saxophone
Harp
Mandolin
'Cello
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion
Voice and Speech Culture
Harmony and Composition
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Juniors' Piano Course

Play the "Blues" Away

How can you be content to sit around at party after party and listen to others do all the playing—hear them receive all the compliments—see them showered with admiration, attention, invitations—when your life-long ambition to become a popular musician is now so easy to realize. Get in the musical "swim" yourself. Watch the singing, happy crowds gather around you as you play the latest syncopation. Experience the personal satisfaction that comes from being able to play "when," "where" and "what" you like for your own amusement and the entertainment of others.

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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

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Around the World Broke

(*Continued from page 52*)

tered here and there, huddling. You couldn't whine about being broke in Vladivostok. You couldn't holler about so simple a predicament, when you saw the things you did see and heard the tales you heard. When you lived amidst it all—people who had lost everything and would never have anything again. Because their spirits were crushed and dry, and their hearts were broken, beyond repair.

P. & A. Photos

Who said "barnyard golf"? This is "Pasture Pool," and is Hollywood's newest discovery. First, you use your club as a billiard cue, then as a golf stick. The hazards are barnyard beasts, which squawk realistically when the balls roll down their throats to the greens

John came back from the War with not a scratch — on his body. The bruises on his mind and soul are his own affair.

He was wanted at home. The family still clung—less loudly, but still persistently—to the hope of textiles. John was softened toward the family and familiar things. He decided to give it a try and went to the North Carolina Engineering College to study textile engineering. He stayed *one month*.

He couldn't go it any more than he had been able to go the various schools. It bored him. It didn't make sense. It wasn't life, as he had felt it once and as now he knew it. He still remembered, with a faint nausea, the pale little stunted boys he had seen in the mills at home. He couldn't work up the spirit of living and dying for dear old Alma Mater. He departed again for New York. The family purse-strings were sharply severed. He was broke again.

John "stopped" at the Mills Hotel. He not only stopped there, he slung hash in the cafeteria of that hostelry, phenomenally inexpensive and for men only. He waited on "their Majesties, the Bums." He found that while gents are frequently bores and boors, bums are frequently pretty good fellows—and, when they can be, lavish with tips. It was also possible, now and then, to hand some down-and-outer a feed and forget to collect for it. That was life.

John slung sodas for a while in Page and Shaw's. And fell in love with the hostess. He stayed in love with her for three years and would have married her, if it hadn't been for the fact that he couldn't seem to work very long, or very steadily, not even when it came to working in the close proximity of the Dear One.

Ambition Comes Along

HE chauffed for a while. Cars for rental service.

Then he got ambitious and landed a job in Wanamaker's, selling gents' clothing. Ambition soared and he went to Macy's to study merchandizing.

While he was in Macy's, on the very verge of boredom, and still broke, Bijou Fernandez came scouting for the Paramount School. He had once met her socially. She suggested to John that he become a movie actor. That was one thing he had never thought about. And as he hadn't thought about it before and as it was daubed with colors he had never tried before, it sounded jake. He forgot about it again for several months and then remembered it again. Tests were made of him. They were rotten. More tests were made. They were even rottener. Things were said about him. He was wrong, they told him, wrong from every angle, in every way a man could be wrong. Nobody had ever been wronger.

Says John, "They rather oversold me. Nobody could be as rotten as that. I decided then and there that I'd be an actor. Not because I was encouraged—because I was *squashed*. I swore an oath that I'd give myself twelve months to the very day. If by that time I hadn't succeeded—well, it's a big world to be broke in."

John played about as an extra. Nobody paid much attention to him. The middle of the twelfth month was upon him. The last week. The last day. As if written for an O. Henry ending, on the very last day John landed a contract with Fox and was sent to the West Coast.

Broke—and a Breakdown

HE landed in Hollywood—broke. He made "Rich, But Honest" and "The Secret Studio" with Olive Borden. And then he had a nervous breakdown, complicated with make-up poisoning. His system suffered from the breakdown and his face from a violent rash. He finished the job completely by flooding his brain with blood. They wired his mother to come West to spare them the trouble of burying him. She did—but he fooled them. They operated. An operation never before successful. . . .

"And perhaps it wasn't successful with me. I'm probably crazy, but it's comfortable not to know it."

John's family left him with the idea of buying an orange grove and settling down. They offered to finance it, once he had found his spot. He motored all over Southern California and had a gorgeous time looking at groves. And then he got a call from Henry King at Inspiration Pictures to make "She Goes to War." He had been told not to work for seven months. He had been out of the hospital scarcely seven weeks.

He says, "I was probably goofy during the entire making of the picture, the hardest one I've ever had to make. They rode me like the devil. Every day, I expected my brain to go blotto again. I'm still expecting it."

After which, John made "Black Magic," "College Coquette," "Hell Harbor," "Guilty" and "Eyes of the World." He doesn't know what he'll do next. He's broke at the moment. He won't be long—for his step-father recently died and left him enough to keep him a long, long way from ever being broke again, whether he works or not.

Not So Good in Hollywood

BEING broke the world wide over has given John the shape and feel of people. New Yorkers are kind. In Vladivostok it didn't matter. In Hollywood it's not so good. When you have a contract and your health, you are hailed at every turning with "Hello there, how's things?" When you lose your contract and your health—and if you lose one, you lose the other—people suffer from failing eyesight.

"None of which," says John, "matters to me. People do not matter to me. Collectively, I mean. Public opinion doesn't matter to me. I can bear it equally well—when people want to 'know' me and when they don't. I can't say that I am entirely self-sufficient. But three or four friends to share things with are enough.

"Brains are the only things in the world that really interest me—for long. There are not so many in the world. People say that actors are particularly deficient above the eyebrows. Taking the world as I've found it, by and large, I should say that this deficiency is general. Ronald Colman and Bill Powell—nothing wrong with their cerebral processes, either in quantity or quality. And Gloria Swanson—*great*. There is a girl who has been down more often than anyone else in the business. But she always comes up and each time greater than she was before.

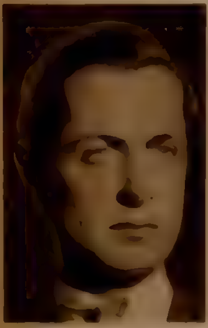
(*Continued on page 97*)

Colds and Coughs spoil "Talkie" Films

.. so Stars End Colds Quickly Pleasant Way Doctors Advise

THE quickest way to get rid of a cold is no longer mere guesswork in Hollywood! For colds not only make stars feel miserable, but there's still another risk. Expensive sound films may be spoiled by hoarseness or an untimely cough or sneeze.

At the first sign of a cold, leading stars are now given a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral. It has been certified by leading doctors as the best of different remedies tested. Such stars as Robert Montgomery, Betty Compson, Marion Nixon, June Collyer, Glenn Tryon, Alec Francis, Robert Armstrong, Roland Drew, Alice White, James Gleason and scores of others have found how pleasant Pectoral is to take—how quickly it ends a miserable cold.



ROBT. MONTGOMERY
starring in
"The Big House",
"Our Blushing Brides",
"The Divorcee",
"Love in the Rough",
"War Nurses".

Robert Montgomery Among Many Stars Who Use This Pleasant Way to End Colds

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, for example, had a severe cold which made him feel too miserable to work. Hoarseness impaired his voice. Then he started taking a spoonful of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral every 15 minutes so that his cold would be relieved in time to resume work at the studio next day.

"The quick relief from Ayer's Pectoral was certainly remarkable", said Mr. Montgomery. "Almost immediately my cold began to disappear. By night, I was a great deal better and the next morning I awoke with the welcome freedom from congestion. In just a day or so Ayer's Pectoral licked the cold completely and I was able to resume work without needless loss of time."

BETTY COMPSON
starring in
"Case of Sergeant Grischa",
"Czar of Broadway",
"His Woman",
"The Spoilers".

MARION NIXON
Starring in "The Singin' Fool", "College Lover", "Courage", "General Crack".

Marion Nixon Avoids Spoiling Sound Film by Ending Her Cold Almost Overnight

MARION NIXON is still another who has taken the advice of physicians and found how quickly colds are ended by a few pleasant doses of Ayer's Pectoral.

"My director was frantic", says Miss Nixon, "when I arrived at the studio with a terrible cold, which had started in my head and spread down into my chest. was simply too hoarse to work. It was very clear that unless I could end the cold quickly there would either be expensive delay or the risk of coughing or sneezing while the photoplay was being recorded.

"Within a few minutes after I was given a pleasant spoonful of Ayer's Pectoral, I was relieved by its comforting, healing warmth. That night, I was able to enjoy refreshing sleep, which had been impossible the night before. The next morning I felt a great deal better and by afternoon my voice cleared up so that I could continue making the picture. In just a day or so, all the disagreeable symptoms of my cold had disappeared entirely."

JUNE COLLYER
starring in
"Mlle Modiste",
"Three Sisters",
"The Love Doctor",
"Toast of the Legion",
"Sweet Kitty Bellairs",
"A Man From Wyoming",
"Charlie's Aunt".

GLENN TRYON
starring in
"King of Jazz",
"It Can Be Done",
"Broadway",
"The Song Plugger",
"Barnum Was Right",
"Skinner Steps Out",
"Dames Ahoy!"

◆

Ayer's Pectoral was certified by a group of hospital physicians as the best of different widely used methods tested for head colds, coughs and chest colds. It it pleasant to take and gives the quickest, surest relief—with absolute safety, even when given to children. Pectoral is now featured by all leading druggists.

Menaces of the Movies

(*Continued from page 26*)

be. And while I believe that in the past, pictures for children have not been successful, I think this was because the child intelligence was rated too low. Children have the faculty of seeing truth with slight effort, and they are often prone to detect sophistry and poor drama more quickly than their elders.

"It is difficult to tell a false story without false emotions, and if the emotions are false, the story is likely to label itself as cheaply untrue. Since children are direct and natural in their responses where adults may incline to the artificial, they resent cheap pathos. Our effort will be to provide suitable dramatic action in picture form that will ring true and that will plainly interpret the simplest basic human emotions, such as 'Rawhide' with Bill Boyd, 'The Painted Desert' and 'North of the Moon' on our next year's schedule.

"The patronage of children is vital to the motion picture theater, not only because of the cash involved, but because the habit of imbibing good entertainment at regular intervals is likely to persist in later years, and the child begging to-day to be taken to the picture theater will tomorrow be able to gratify this desire out of his own pocket."

Griffith Knows

D. W. GRIFFITH, dean of all motion picture producers, has always regarded the child mind as the most valuable gauge of motion picture entertainment. Recently he talked with me of the possibility of driving the children from the talking picture theaters as something serious.

"Motion pictures are wholly unlike the stage or literature in almost every important phase," he said. "To begin with, the spoken drama has never made a tremendous appeal to children in the mass. Occasionally some great spectacle like the old Drury Lane pantomimes, illustrating the familiar fairy tales, might interest the young ones, but in the main the stage makes its appeal to the elders. Besides, the stage can and does classify its audiences, as does literature. Melodrama, comedy, farce, sex, poetry or the classics can be produced at reasonable cost and attract enough patronage to return a profit over the cost. But the motion picture is different. Its first expense is tremendous if it is to be effective, and to return that cost it must appeal not to hundreds of persons, but to hundreds of thousands!

"For that broad appeal to be possible, the picture must be elemental in its plot and unfoldment. Long ago great playwrights discovered that five or six emotions reached the generality of human beings. Then when newspapers became entertainment factors in the late Nineties, their editors made the same discovery that Euripides, Sophocles, Aristophanes and Shakespeare had made centuries before. They learned that for a tale to have universal attraction it must deal with love, revenge, wealth, self-sacrifice, high adventure or the supernatural. From the castle to the cot, those elementals are rooted in all of us."

Gary Cooper is riding high as one of Paramount's biggest assets in the crusade to bring back the children, and still hold the adults. He stays outdoors, and gives them action

The Test of Time

THERE is a very useful tip for all picture producers. If we go back to Griffith's work twenty-two years ago—back to that old Biograph studio on Fourteenth Street in New York—it is difficult to find one of his efforts that do not bear out his argument. For example, "Judith of Bethulia," "The Escape," "The Battle of the Sexes," "The Birth of a Nation," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," on down to "The Drums of Love" and "Abraham Lincoln," they all deal with elemental human emotions—which, after all, constitute real drama.

Cecil de Mille, it is safe to say, made the same discovery early in his career. Anyone can test for himself the truth of the Griffith contention. Take the story of "Hamlet," tell it in modern English to a group of children — just the bare skeleton of the story — and see the tremendous interest it arouses. Note the avidity with which the old Bible stories are absorbed by the young folks, and we're forced to admit that it all comes down to basic emotion.

If the pictures have to some extent lost the child patronage, they can get it back—and still keep their adult customers—by giving us a few more "In Old Arizonas," "Virginians" and the like. Even a "Broken Blossom" or two.

However, as a final word, the falling off is not solely a production problem. It has also to do with changes in exhibition. The rise of the palatial show house, with the accompanying decline of the little neighborhood theater, is a factor. You see, the big house must have a big admission price to pay for the gold and marble and gorgeous uniforms, where the little house can operate on a small price. Also, the big theater is in the crowded centers of population, and the little theater in a residential district.

Parents could give the children fifty cents and send two or three of them around the corner to the small theater, knowing them to be both safe and close at hand—and from under foot for a few hours, but they can't send them downtown at a cost of seventy-five cents each.

Also, "little pitchers have big ears." And parents are not going to let their offspring hear things beyond their years.

All in all, it is a problem that is putting wrinkles in a number of lofty movie brows.

You have been reading of What Menaces the Movies from the Outside: Read the *INSIDE* Story Next Month

Jeanette Loff
Jack Oakie

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Bringing Back the Thrillers

(Continued from page 39)

There are many feature stars who haven't lasted a tenth as long.

Of course, neither Miss Cunard nor Mr. Ford could be expected to play the leads after so many years, so they support Allene Ray, who for six years was the Pathé serial queen, and Colonel Tim McCoy. Serials, with these players—except McCoy—are first loves; unlike one-time feature leads who have since "condescended" to serials, they consider the to-be-continued-next-week thrillers far more interesting than any feature could possibly be.

"One day," they say, "we have to fall off a ten-story building, jump from an airplane down the smokestack of a steamer the next, and on the third be thrown into a den of lions. What eternal triangle can be anything more than just geometry compared with years of that?"

The pace of the "chapter play" is swift in the studio as well as on the screen—or it used to be, before the mikes were put on the job. In the silent days, the average number of scenes shot in a day was around eighty, and once a record of one hundred and twenty-six was made between sunrise and moonset, which is the serial day.

But with the addition of sound, all that is changed.

The Shots That Are Heard

DURING the first four days' production of "The Indians Are Coming!" about sixty scenes were photographed each day. But the fifth day, when the switch was made to sound, only fourteen scenes were taken. And that was about the average for the rest of the picture.

Still, the final footage is completed quicker than it used to be. A ten-episode picture used to take three months in the making; now it is finished in about four weeks. The answer is that dialogue slows up the action, greatly reducing the total number of scenes. Then, almost all the footage shot is actually used, because sound footage is much too expensive to be thrown away.

The same thing has happened in feature pictures, also. A sound picture will run perhaps one-third to one-half as many scenes as a silent picture of equal length, so that the action, though more expensive, is much slower. Very few sound films are "over-shot" nowadays. Dialogue is at least supposed to be in continuity, so that whole scenes can no longer be "lifted out" and simply thrown away.

To be continued: Allene Ray and Colonel Tim McCoy seem about to meet a fate as bad as death, for the Chief is saying, "The law of the red man is immutable—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and two palefaces for every Indian killed"

It is exactly the same with serials in sound.

Pauline still flees and the villain still pursues her, but she neither flees nor he pursues so far or so fast.

Retakes in serials, of course, are practically unknown. So are second shots. Once is plenty, and it's on to the next scene. For this reason, if no other, the technical crews and cameramen used in the production of "chapter plays" are perhaps the most efficient in the business. They have to be. And the photography in a serial, where there is much work and very little fussing either with players or with equipment, is usually excellent.

What the Villains Voice

COMPARED with making super-supers, the production of serials is like that of Fords against Rolls-Royces. It doesn't follow that one is any better than the other; they merely cater to a different clientele. Then again, it takes the profits on the serials to pay for the supers.

What do they say in serials? Just what they used to say in the old melos—only more so. Scripts are virtually unknown; they usually make them up just about as the youngsters make up their neighborhood dramas in the back yard. The director knows approximately where he is headed, and that's all that's necessary.

Then the "inspiration" comes something like this:

"The heavy comes in and grabs you," the director informs the heroine, "and starts tickling the soles of your feet to make you tell where the diamond-studded cowbells are. You say: 'You can torture me till I swoon dead away, you yellow cur, but never will I reveal their hiding place!'—see? All right, we'll make it a close-up so that you can put over the agony. Let's shoot it!"

And, forsooth, they do!

"Aha, my proud beauty," leers the villain, "now I have you in my power! Marry me and masticate the mortgage, or — there comes the train that will crush out your life!"

But the audience hears the faraway beat of racing hoofs. They know the hero is rushing to the rescue aboard that bronc, but the sound of the wheels grows nearer, the hiss of escaping steam grows louder. They go wild—and who wouldn't?

Why Thrillers Are Popular

PRESIDENT WILSON, between formulating his famous Fourteen Points, relaxed by reading detective stories. That's why serial audiences are not made up entirely of kids.

"Unhand her, you viper!" pants the hero as he slides down from the hurricane deck of his hoss, "unhand her—*sock!*" There is a thud as his fist connects, another as the villain connects with the floor—and what is half as satisfactory as a sock that may be heard, as well as seen?

A knife hurtles out of the darkness and sticks in the wall an inch from the heroine's slender neck—with an audible "plop!" The sack is thrust over the hero's head—and his gurgles are heard from within. The secret panel slides shut—with a muffled, unmistakable "click!" The trap-door gapes open and the detective falls through with a crash. That, and all the rest of the time-honored thrills now have thrills anew.

The second talkie serial, "Spell of the Circus," is a thriller of the sawdust rings with Alberta Vaughn and Francis X. Bushman, Jr., featured in the trapezes and chicanery. "Fingerprints," a detective yarn now in production, boasts Kenneth Harlan and Edna Murphy as leads, while "Mutiny," a sea story scheduled as the next, has not yet been cast. But all their breathlessness now will be tenfold, for the day of the silent serial is past. It had to come—even if it is a bit tough on the edges of the seats!

You have been reading of What Menaces the Movies from the Outside. Read the INSIDE *Story Next Month*

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 37*)

Miss Hollywood." (Assistant nods wisely.)

In response to Mr. Goulding's deft quizzing, Mr. Badger explains that while Miss Hollywood undoubtedly would like to keep in touch with her old-time friends, it is quite impossible, due to her new business and studio contacts. He points out that so terrific is the competition that if she should slip up ever so little on these new contacts, any number of capable players would eagerly snatch at her place.

Known by Their Company

Mr. Goulding: "Mr. Badger is one of our oldest directors! He knows whereof he speaks! I feel confident that so intelligent a jury must realize that to be seen in Hollywood with a comparative failure gives you as definite a black eye as being a failure yourself."

Mr. Goulding (*dramatically*): "My next witness is Mr. Fred Niblo, who will tell you of the Great Chasm."

P. A. (*shouting to the jury*): "A chasm of ill-gotten gain! I trust you decent-minded members of the jury to see that this wanton, mercenary, gold-glutted little wretch, Miss Hollywood, receives a fitting punishment."

Mr. Niblo (*equably*): "This chasm is not widened so much by wealth as by a sudden difference in mentality. Such is inevitable. Miss Hollywood, to take a lovely example, was spurred on to success either through fear of defeat, because of a desire for fame and perhaps money, or to know the joy of accomplishing something. Howsoever it was, she fought gamely. And during the fight she was much too busy to think of developing her mental capacities. But once she achieved the heights, she breathed more freely, began to study, to travel, and in many ways to acquire considerable culture and learning. While the ones who remained behind either stagnated mentally or at least stayed in the same old rut— interesting to themselves, perhaps, but deadly to their successful friend . . ."

Mr. Goulding (*facing the jury and fiercely pounding his fists*): "And that's the invariable reaction! They impose on the successes of life! Often they attempt to wheedle money, and if rebuffed they become furious —even threatening! Discarded friends are automatically dangerous. They harbor resentment and enmity. For some reason or other, they feel like partners discarded in a large business shuffle. And by the virtues that originally made them friends, by the very faults that caused them to be discarded, these people make vicious enemies."

Two Women in the Case

P. A. "Are we to understand, Mr. Goulding, that your *mental chasm* exonerates Miss Hollywood from deserting her good friends, Blanche Sweet and Lila Lee, when they temporarily retired from the screen?"

Mr. Goulding (*affably*): "Miss Sweet is here. You may question her."

P. A.: "Miss Sweet, is it not true that when you were in difficulties, you were cruelly deserted by Miss Hollywood?"

Miss Sweet: "Surely. I have no illusions regarding friendship. Many people cultivated me with the hope of taking advantage of the friendship—and more power to them . . . But I have since found that such friendships were nothing but artificial intimacies, and by beginning on the wrong basis the entire structure was weakened. My few *real* friends stayed by. And it was Miss Hollywood who taught me to distinguish between *friends* and mere *acquaintances*."

This new angle causes a conjectural buzz to sweep from the jury box throughout the room, and during the confusion Mr. Goulding puts Lila Lee on the stand.

(*Continued on page 94*)

Complete Assortment, Eaton's Highland Linen. Correspondence cards and note paper in three sizes, in all 120 sheets. Charming for a man to give to a woman, $5.

Eaton's Highland Vellum, green and silver box. 48 sheets and silver-lined envelopes. A feminine, appealing gift, $2.50.

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This says it,
my dear...
To him...
To her...

For every name on your list you want a gift that will fittingly express your sentiment. And yet, you'd like one that could be selected quickly, wouldn't you? Choose writing paper, then. It is so delightfully appropriate at Christmas time that you'll easily find gifts for a dozen persons. Eaton's Highland Vellum, with its new velvet-finish surface, is made in so many shades that you can find a suitable gift for almost every one. Eaton's Highland Linen likewise offers you a wide and pleasing possibility of choice. And it is always true that, if the men you know are struggling with their choice of gifts, they'll thank you forever for suggesting this way out. Wherever good stationery is sold, you can buy these writing papers. 50 cents to $7.50 per box. Eaton, Crane & Pike Co., Pittsfield, Mass.

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HAS A NECK 14 INCHES LONG

At the left, one of the peculiar facts Ripley asks you to believe. At the right, the globe-trotter himself—with baggage labels from a few of the places he has found interesting

Believe Him or Not

(*Continued from page 58*)

don't forget that the $22.50 days are not so far behind.

He has been abroad almost every year for almost twenty. Travel was his hobby long before he began delving for "Believe It or Not's." He has explored—not visited, but explored—seventy foreign lands.

A Gift to America

HE was born on Christmas Day, and he has several years to travel before reaching the forty mark. He has been married. But isn't. Although, from the looks of things, he soon may be.

He sold his first drawing to "Life" for eight dollars. Probably too much. It was captioned "The Village Belle Was Slowly Ringing," and presented a freckle-faced lady yokel engineering a clothes-wringer. That was his first false step.

He began his career on the San Francisco "Bulletin," quit the "Chronicle" for the New York "Globe" and later the "Post," "Telegram" and now the great Hearst chain of publications.

He has been making "Believe It or Not's" for almost ten years. The first was an accident. It was a dull day in the "Globe" sports department, and "Rip" drew a filler of sports oddities. For no reason at all, he called it "Believe It or Not."

He never took a drawing lesson.

He broke an arm trying out for professional baseball with John McGraw. He has competed in numerous handball championship tourneys, and won the New York championship in 1926.

Jack Dempsey says that "Rip" is a good boxer. Vincent Richards proclaims his ability at tennis. The record shows what he can do at handball. And he admits his prowess at golf—believe it or not!

He comes of American stock. His father's name is Isaac. His mother, Lily Belle Yocka, was born in a covered wagon during his grandparents' trek across the overland trail to California.

His favorite among the many to whom he is compared is Marco Polo. But you can't blame him when the others include Baron Munchausen, Doc Cook and Ananias.

Big Business

HE employs a research staff, a linguist and several secretaries. Their main duties are to handle the more-than-a-million letters he receives annually, and to authenticate the "Believe It or Not's" offered in the correspondence. About three per cent. find their way into the papers.

He is the discoverer of that 156-year-old Turkish trophy recently imported to America. He is also the discoverer of the two-hundred-odd year old Chinaman who will soon be calling the Turk "kid," if something isn't done to prevent his receiving a key to the city.

He is the author of a number of books besides the "Believe It or Not's," which will probably become an annual feature—the second being due shortly. Among his contributions to literature are "Ripley's Rambles 'Round the World," a baseball guide, a boxing record and a book about his South American rambles.

He delivers his drawings to the King Features Syndicate once a week in batches—one for each day. He works three weeks ahead. Quite generally he postpones his labors until the eleventh hour, then locks himself in his room and is inaccessible to the world until the work is completed.

He eats well, but moderately. The same goes for his drinking.

He has about the only "racket" that appears inexhaustible. He can keep it up forever—and the public will continue clamoring.

Among his own favorite "Believe It or Not's" is the fact that Leif Ericson, actual discoverer of America, landed in Maine and called it Vineland because of the excellent quality of the wine made from its grapes. And, believe it or not, Maine was the first state to go dry. Moreover, Volstead, a landsman of Leif's, was instrumental in putting the curse of drought on our fair land. For,

(*Continued on page 101*)

Sold Down the Boulevard

(Continued from page 29)

rôle and loaning big stars was virtually unheard of; studios then were much more jealous of exclusive contracts than at present.

But now, with the exception of the "immortals," it's only a question of the price.

The Wall Street Influence

EVEN the biggest studios now carry on the payroll under contract only a fraction of the huge stock companies of former days, and with the growing control and "efficiency" of Wall Street and the banks, it seems that even these are being constantly pared down. Contract people nowadays number for the most part only the biggest players and directors and a few "youngsters" capable of development—and profit.

Bush-leaguers, these last, whom their "owners" hope some day to sell or loan to the majors. Quite outside of the pictures they make at very moderate salaries to the producers who discover them, there is as much money in raising a winner on the screen as on the race-track.

An outstanding example of this is Lewis Ayres, the young hero of "All Quiet on the Western Front." That one picture moved him up from a banjo player to a star, and his present five-year contract is worth a fortune. After "All Quiet," he immediately went out on "loan."

Whenever a major player is loaned, the deal between the studio that "owns" the contract and the studio that "borrows" the player is fenced around with inhibitions, prohibitions, clauses, codicils, postscripts, and what-not. A few bad pictures will ruin any player, no matter how talented or how popular he or she may be; so whenever such a personality is loaned there are more conditions in the contract than quills in a porcupine.

What's in the Contracts

THE "loaning" studio does all it can to protect its property. First, the part to be played must be approved—not by the player, but by the studio to whom he or she belongs. Then, the "billing" has to be arranged—everything from the player's position in the cast to the size of the lettering on the screen and the type on the billboards on which his name will appear.

The other players must be approved as fit company, and sometimes even the dialogue and wardrobe are specified.

In Boless case, the number of songs that he should sing in the picture were set forth, sealed, and signed.

Not infrequently, nearly a whole cast is "borrowed." For "The Little Accident," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was borrowed from First National, Anita Page from M-G-M, Sally Blane from RKO, and so on.

But sometimes even the most popular players don't have to be borrowed—the studios just give them away.

Such an instance was that of Richard Dix and Bebe Daniels, two of RKO's biggest stars. They were big stars at Paramount, too, until somebody looked at their salaries and whistled. They weren't sold down the boulevard; they were shooed down. Then came "Rio Rita" for Bebe and now "Cimarron" for Dix.

It costs plenty to "borrow" them now.

Pathé did the same thing with Jeanette Loff and Stanley Smith, whereupon Universal and Paramount, respectively, instantly snapped them up.

It's all very much the same on all the plantations these days, for the studios are all specializing more and more upon stories and less and less upon stars. They buy a story, and borrow the stars to fit it, which means a far better product upon the screen.

And as far as the stars themselves are concerned—well, *Uncle Tom* is bedecked in diamonds now.

"My Fat Shall Go"

Say That Today—Then Do This

You know that it can go, because people all about you have reduced. In the past few years, excess fat has been disappearing fast. Not by starvation, not by over-exercise, not by harmful drugs. Science has found a new way to fight fat. Doctors now employ it the world over. They supply a gland secretion—a big factor in nutrition. It is now known that the lack of that permits too much food to turn to fat.

Profit by this modern knowledge. Supply what the system lacks. It is easy, pleasant and effective. Start now.

Listen to the Warnings

Doctors everywhere are proclaiming the dangers of fat. It is a blight to beauty, health and vitality. It shortens life, over-taxes the heart, robs life of half its joys.

Listen also to the warnings against starvation and over-exercise. Fight fat as modern doctors fight it—with a gland food. A world-famous laboratory now supplies you what they use, in Marmola prescription tablets.

Marmola tablets have been used for 24 years—millions of boxes of them. It has stood the test of time, while false treatments by the hundreds have failed and disappeared.

Users have told others, and the use has spread. Now in every circle one can see its results. The burden of fat has been lifted for multitudes in a helpful, vitalizing way.

Go do what they did. Excess fat is folly in these scientific days. Get a box of Marmola. Price $1.00. A book in the box tells you how it acts and why. It also states the formula complete.

MARMOLA
PRESCRIPTION TABLETS
The Right Way to Reduce

Semper idem

"ALWAYS THE SAME" . . . a good slogan for any one of a thousand advertised articles whose superior qualities are maintained year in and year out.

Have you ever stopped to consider the time, patience, skill, money and experience invested in every one of the articles you see advertised in this magazine? No matter where it may be—a lead pencil or an expensive automobile—the problems of maintaining and *improving* quality are constantly in the minds of those responsible for their manufacture. Quality must be maintained at all hazards. Quality must be bettered wherever and whenever possible. Price must be kept at a level that will insure the utmost in value.

Advertised goods must, and do, live up to their advertising. "Semper idem"—always the same. They cannot afford to vary in the least.

Trust advertised goods. Buy them regularly. Read advertising to learn what is new. Read it to know what others are buying. Read it to ascertain how you can save money and yet get better merchandise.

▼

Read the advertisements . . . they stand for quality merchandise . . . semper idem

How Women Have Changed Them

(*Continued from page 30*)

in the cradle and cry if we fail to get it? Isn't that the secret, burning ambition of every small boy in the schoolroom? To be the Big Shot with the fellows. To be a bigger shot with the girls. To excel at football or baseball or track or dramatics or *something*—so that envious small boys and admiring small girls may jostle excitedly and say 'Gee, there goes Bill Smith!'

Oblivion Must Be Deadly

"IT'S the same thing as we grow up. The same thing, matured—outwardly. We pretend we don't like it. We pretend we are bored, sensitive to publicity, shrinking, avoiding. Bunk! *We love it!* And most of all, we love it when some pretty girl says, 'There goes—Lawrence Tibbett!'

"To be conspicuous everywhere, never to have any privacy at all, never to let loose for fear of the critical public eye *is* tiring at times. But everything is tiring at times. And God, how much *more* tiring it would be never to be noticed at all! Oblivion must be a kind of death. Refined, but hellish ...

"Women, of course, are my greatest audience.

"A great percentage of my fan letters come from women. Women in their thirties and in their forties. I wish I could know them all. I wish I could follow up some of the letters I get. They are the very source of adventure. Some of them promise beautiful adventure. Some of them should be turned over to Mr. Freud . . . I couldn't of course. I wouldn't dare.

"We are all cowards when it comes to living.

"There is so much more adventure in life than any of us take advantage of! Because we are afraid of something. Our little reputations. Our 'good name.' Our families. The feelings of this one or that. What 'they' might say. False constructions. Our careers. Everything. . . .

The Eternal Need

"WE close so many doors right in our own faces! Stand behind them, peering, peeking, wishing . . . It's a pity! We don't make the most of life. Adventure is the pulse of living. Women are adventure for men, and men are adventure for women.

"And I believe that singers need adventure more, perhaps, than artists in any other line. *All* artists need it. Need emotion to recharge the batteries. Need adventuring emotionally to put color into their pigments, poetry into their words, soul into their violins. 'And a singer most of all. For a singer must be not only a singer, he must be an actor, too. And to get that sting into the voice, to pour forth that vehemence, to rise to that tremendous pitch and hold it—it needs a strain of wildness for food. *I* need it.

"It's odd, how people come to believe you are the character you portray on the screen. Women who never paid any attention to me before look at me now—since 'The Rogue Song'—with different eyes. I was amused at hearing that at the opening of 'The Rogue Song,' between the acts, women did not compliment the production, nor comment on my voice—they said, 'What a lover he would make!'

"I sang just as well before I made 'The Rogue Song.' I had had my success at the Metropolitan. I had *not* made 'The Rogue Song' and everyone was different. Old friends of the family—women to whom I was 'just Lawrence,' neither very exciting nor very stimulating—well, they have changed, too. Rather hard for me to live up to that character!

Hurrell

After "The Rogue Song," women expected Lawrence Tibbett to live up to his rôle in real life. What will they expect after seeing him as *Michael* in "New Moon"?

Ananias's Sisters

"WOMEN do not like safe, sound practical men.

"Women do not like successful business men. Competent men. Machine-minded efficient men. Or rather, I should say they do not *love* them. They say they do. *They* lie. Women always lie about the emotions. They have been brought up to lie about them, to disguise them, to deny them. They do not even know when they are doing it.

"Women love wild men.

"Women love dangerous men.

"Women love destructive men.

"Women love fanatically, endlessly, the man who promises them heartbreak and homelessness. Bitterness and storm. The man who promises them nothing at all.

"Women love men who laugh—at things of which they have no knowledge.

"Women do not like roués. Not the jaded, sophisticated types. They love men with a touch of naïveté. Something of the boy to mother, something of the moon-reaching child to protect.

"Women prefer to protect rather than to be protected.

"When a woman protects, she is in her native element. She has the cradle again. Her arms and her heart are filled. She likes to worry and fuss and fear.

"And from women men expect and care most for flattery and admiration, for comfort and pride. Beauty, to a man, may be the least thing of all—and often is. Freedom, to a man, is the most vital quality. The need to feel that he is *free*.

The Starving Sex

'THE women of America are starved for romance. For glamour. For poetry. They are far more starved for poetry than for passion.

"Women love to be wooed with words. They get too little of that. The American man is profligate with gifts and flowers. He is niggardly with time and that gentle, soft wooing that is the rhythm of love. Women can live forever on verbal adoration.

"I believe that a man can love one woman all his life long *if* the woman will allow love to cut its own channels, naturally—naturally changing with the inevitable passing of time.

"No emotion remains static.

"And few, if any women, and very few men, understand emotion. We are a romantically educated people. We see the fiction of love—and balk at the fact.

"Women think of emotion, of love, as perpetual romance. That first roseate state is all of love to them—an aura transfiguring their lives as it does in the beginning. They do not know that a different quality must constantly replace the qualities that have gone before.

"Women have no talent for, and no desire for, companionship with the man or men they have loved.

"And companionship between men and women has been, it seems to me, too often disregarded, not given its proper due. Companionship can be, should be, the most beautiful emotion of all. The emotion of being necessary, of having someone close at hand who is necessary to you.

"Men tire of women who insist upon perpetual histrionics. Perpetual and fiery proofs of love. Women who look to them always as the Great Lover and are satisfied with nothing else.

The Most Fascinating Women

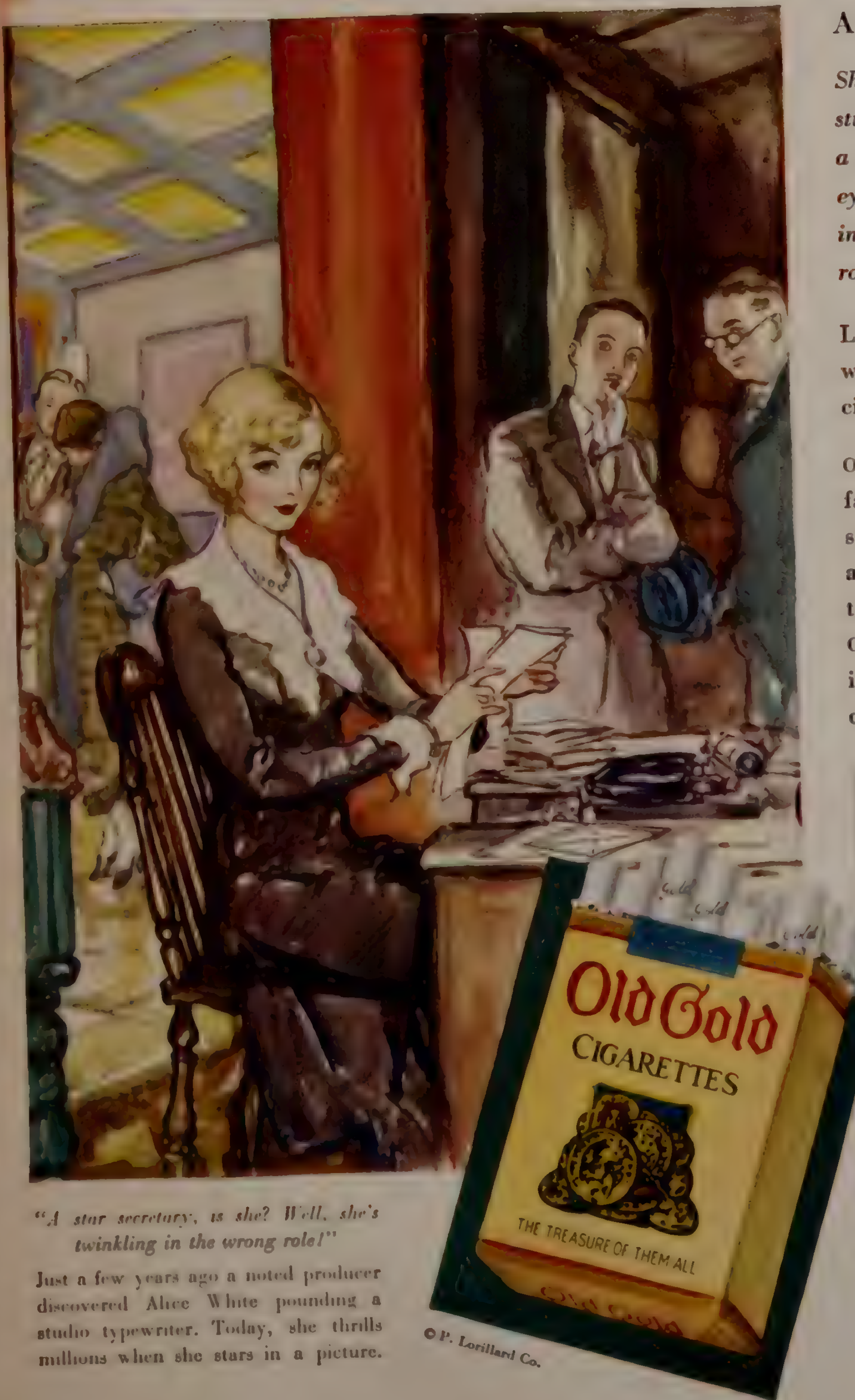
"INDEPENDENT women—economically independent, mentally or spiritually independent, any kind of independent at all—are the most fascinating women of all. For the independent woman gives a man the sense of perpetual chase. He is never sure of her. A woman who is independent is never wholly subjugated. At any moment, for any reason, she can say 'Good-bye.' There is no stronger hold than this."

And Lawrence Tibbett laughed. He threw back his head and laughed his lusty,

(*Continued on page 97*)

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY


Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

"A star secretary, is she? Well, she's twinkling in the wrong role!"

Just a few years ago a noted producer discovered Alice White pounding a studio typewriter. Today, she thrills millions when she stars in a picture.

© P. Lorillard Co.

ALICE WHITE

She pounded pavements . . . pounded studio-doors . . . pounded the keys of a battered typewriter. Then a keen-eyed director spotted Alice . . . and in a few short years a new White star rose in Hollywood's heavens.

Luck?... Luck nothing! Alice White was endowed by *Nature* with a special charm to thrill the millions.

OLD GOLD, too, is one of *Nature's* favorites. Endowed with mellower, sweeter tobaccos. It gave to millions a brand new taste-thrill, without a trace of throat-irritation. That's why OLD GOLD broke into the "Big-4" in less than a year... why today it's the country's fastest growing cigarette.

In Seattle, OLD GOLD appeared Feb., 1927. Just three months later it was one of the Northwest's four leading cigarettes.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

WANTED!

by the American Public

BILLY THE KID

KING VIDOR'S

Great Epic of the Lawless West

With

John Mack Brown

Wallace Beery

Kay Johnson

Karl Dane

A FIGHTER TO THE END—A LOVER UNAFRAID!

A great motion picture has come to the theatres of the world. A drama of love, power, revenge, greed! King Vidor, who created "The Big Parade," has brought to the talking screen this amazing story based on the life of that notorious "bad man" of the lawless West—Billy the Kid. In this picture M-G-M has produced for you the most thrilling frontier drama ever filmed! You'll want to see the mighty Wallace Beery give one of the greatest performances of his career—equal to his masterful triumph in "The Big House." Never before have you felt the power, the might and majesty of the Great West as you will experience it in "Billy the Kid."

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
PRODUCTION

Facts and Figures

(Continued from page 14)

recalled the little bit of history of the first motion picture theater in America, as told to me by Harry Davis of Pittsburgh a number of years ago.

In the fall of 1905, Davis and a partner named Harris, who had both been operating in theater enterprises and Pittsburgh real estate, owned a small store on Smithfield Street in that city, in the business section. Harris had heard about pictures in motion and, with some odds and ends of equipment, fitted the store up. He opened it the day before Thanksgiving in 1905, with 200 seats. The initial program was "The Great Train Robbery" and the gross receipts for the first seven days were $513. Within three weeks, the business had grown until the theater was running from eight in the morning until midnight and the profits were $1,000 a week. That experiment has grown into nearly 23,000 picture houses in the United States.

AND speaking of historical matters, when I called at the Hollywood office of CLASSIC the other day, I bumped into a genial white-haired gentleman in the corridor. His name is John R. Freuler, who in the same year, 1905, was a real-estate operator in Milwaukee. That year he was introduced to a red-headed ex-policeman who had a moving picture outfit and two reels of film. In a week they opened what they called the Comique Theater, and some weeks they cleared as much as $18. A year later, he was a partner in a film exchange. In 1915 he was president of Mutual Film Corporation—which disappeared, but I noticed on Freuler's door that he is back in the picture business.

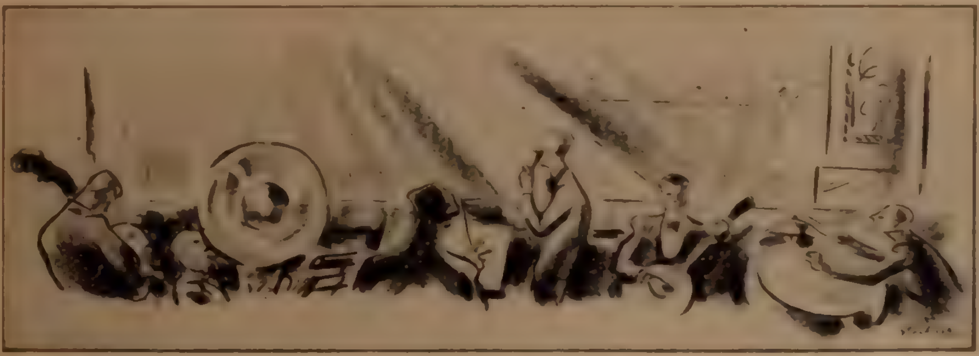
APPARENTLY, it makes a difference who steers the boat. I've just had a look at the Fox financial statement of August 25. Here's the main item:

	1929	1930
Current assets	$23,408,565	$30,444,121
Current liabilities	46,101,586	12,220,245

This means that the company owns about $7,000,000 more in property values than it did a year ago, and owes $34,000,000 less, which is one reason why the money sharps predict a dividend of about $9 a share for this year.

LAST week I talked with a young man who does extra work in the studios. Because I was curious about his earnings he told me very frankly, reading his figures from a little black notebook. In seven months he had earned just $1,543.75, and had worked 145 days to do it. That averages a trifle more than $50 a week, but out of it he had to spend $300 renewing his wardrobe, so that cut his net to about $41, which, when you think of it, is just about what a competent shipping clerk will earn. And he was an exceptionally useful young citizen, too. The studios paid the extra people just $2,229,076 last year. A lot of money, isn't it? But divide it up among 17,500 of them and it works out to very little more than 40 cents a day.

THERE seems to be something about money that causes unpleasant changes in the people who handle it. For years there have been complaints by the actors that the studios gave them unfair treatment when it came to payments for services rendered. The studio heads heard about it and it bothered them. Then the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences got a standard contract into use. Next it acted as an arbitrator in cases of dispute between the actor and the studio. And after it had handled dozens of such cases—90 per cent. of them in favor of the actor—it discovered something. Most of the trouble lay with the people in charge of the accounting and casting departments. They would go to unheard-of lengths to gyp a player out of a day's pay. Mind you, the studio heads didn't want that, and no one asked these people to do it. The mere act of handling money did something to them, and they had to be very sharply informed that it wouldn't go down. There's less trouble on that score now—but think how grieved a studio paymaster must be at the loss of such opportunities!



DRAWN FROM MEMORY

Remember those comparatively silent days, when you used to see musicians when you went to the movies? And it was only now and then that you wondered if what you were hearing was music?

SOMETIMES I wonder why the bright, snappy girls who come to Hollywood from all over the country don't think about some activity in the picture business except acting, at least to begin with. Just the other day I had occasion to frequent a film cutting-room for a time, and the smartest cutter I encountered was a girl. She could take a couple of dozen reels of sound film and match them all up properly, cut in this or that sound in its proper place and do it swiftly and well. I found out she got $20 a reel for her work.

"You get along pretty well, don't you?" I said.

"Most of the time," she said. "I thought I wanted to bust in on the screen; then I got into this work. Most weeks I can make one hundred and fifty dollars. Three weeks ago I cut and assembled eighteen reels of film by working overtime. That was three hundred and sixty dollars."

That girl makes more money than the average actress whose salary is $500 a week—some weeks.

PASSING down Romaine Street in Hollywood, I happened on the big concrete studio that Howard Hughes is building to house his Multicolor Company—an organization that puts color into motion pictures. As the contractors have been working day and night on this big plant, Hughes is evidently in one of his customary hurries. And then I remembered that all this color motion-picture photography is just twenty-four years old. It was in July, 1906, that Charles Urban and G. Albert Smith took Smith's little boy and girl into the latter's garden at Brighton, England, and ran fifty feet of prepared color film through a special camera. Six hours later, they projected the result, and the first motion picture in color was born. Eighteen months later, *Kinemacolor* had its first public presentation in London. This "colored" child has grown some since then and become quite a swell young lady.

WHEN things happen in the picture industry, the results are often like an earthquake; new adjustments occur all along the production line. For years, "Poverty Row" was an institution in Hollywood. It was not specifically a place, but rather a state of mind, though Gower Street and Sunset Boulevard seemed the center. A few economical gentlemen usually managed to get a story on credit or promises, get together a cheap company—generally also on promises—and hire a temporarily idle big star for a day or two. They turned out a five or six-reeler in as many days, and when they figured up, the effort had cost anywhere from $2,500 to $5,000. And sometimes these things clicked.

Then along came sound and just about blasted "Poverty Row" out of existence. You see, you can't do much economizing with sound. The cost of film recording—minus such accessories as film and laboratory charges—runs close to $1,000 a day. The very thought of that figure put a lump in the throat of the Row operators, and most of them are occupied elsewhere today. And it's rather a pity, because they did set a pace for the big studios—where the same quality of picture quite frequently cost ten or fifteen times as much. It was a good institution.

DORIS DAWSON
POPULAR STAR

New "Make-up" Idea
Improves Whole Appearance!

In Paris......Hollywood......everywhere—a smart new beauty secret is being whispered. It is simply this—that your *hair* needs "make-up" just as your complexion does—to accent its charm.

Cleanliness for your hair? Yes, of course—but you have a right to expect something *more* of your shampoo. A "tiny-tint" that transforms your hair like magic!......Alluring sheen!......That exquisite soft radiance that men admire!......*With no more effort than you use in ordinary shampooing!* Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way!

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Longworth

Up against a stone wall: and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bannister, the *Sheriff* and the *Girl,* respectively, of "The Girl of the Golden West," are glad to be there. It's part of their new hilltop home

Classic Holds Open Court

(*Continued from page 87*)

P. A. (*attempting to conceal his annoyance*): "Miss Lee, you, too, were deserted?"

Miss Lee: "Yeowss. But only by fair-weather chiselers. From now on I pick my friends canny, like a Scotchman. Miss Hollywood is not to blame. It's simply that the town is loaded with people who run around crying: 'Do I *know* him? Say we're just like *that!*' with gestures—when at best the person has only met the star casually or interviewed her or something . . . ."

In some confusion, the P. A. dismisses Miss Lee.

Survival Sacrifices

MR. GOULDING (*expansively*): "Miss Hollywood and Miss Lee were congenial companions, but even so when Miss Lee dropped out of pictures temporarily, Miss Hollywood could do nothing but shudder at the tragedy, for her own career absorbed her time. It's the old cry of the survival of the fittest—greatly intensified because of the competitive congestion. Having fought their way to the top, only those prominent players like Miss Hollywood who have the courage to sacrifice their loyalties can possibly survive.

"In summing up, let me point out that Miss Hollywood has *tried* to keep in touch with her more unfortunate friends; but even when she has not outgrown them mentally, even when she knows these people are not out to impose on her, she simply has no time for anything but much hard work and perhaps a little good hard play with her immediate business associates and intimate friends. Being tremendously ambitious, Miss Hollywood is prepared to make sacrifices that engender in the more or less contented element a feeling of scorn. But since ambition and sacrifice go hand in hand, and since effective ambition is so exceedingly rare, I rather fancy that the jury will find that if Miss Hollywood is guilty of any crime at all, it is that of *Justifiable Disloyalty* and nothing more!"

As great shouts of approval sweep the courtroom, mingling with cries of "You tell 'em, Gouldie!" Mr. Goulding bows. The court bows. The jury bows *en masse.* The P. A. frantically clutches the bottom of his chair.

After deliberating for eleven seconds, the jury brings in a verdict of Guilty in the first degree of Justifiable Disloyalty. Mr. Goulding has won again.

At last you have the chance
To tell producers just what
You want and do not want.
Turn to Page 108 and release
Those long-suppressed desires.

Reduce Hips

often 2 to 4 inches in 10 days

YOU can do it—*easily*—with the wonderful new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle. Makes you look slimmer the instant you put it on. Exerts a constant, gentle massage that breaks down the fat cells, moulds away flabby flesh and reduces waist and hips—*often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.* Made of finest quality, fresh, live, pure Plantation Rubber by the famous Goodrich Rubber Co. Cool, comfortable, light—some models weigh as little as 9½ ounces—garters included—full of tiny holes to let skin breathe.

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Looking Them Over

Continued from page 45)

IT looks as though **Norma** Shearer was planning to pull a **Gloria** Swanson and a **Nancy** Carroll and refuse to permit her tiny son to be photographed, or written into publicity copy.

The newspaper boys have been standing on one foot and then another, patiently waiting to broadcast the royal heir to M-G-M in his first gurgles, but they have been continually put off.

Now comes word that there will be no publicity in regard to young Thalberg, Jr.

• • •

RUTH CHATTERTON, who made mother-love history in "Sarah and Son," again plays a mother in "The Right to Love"—and, in addition, plays her daughter. Different from dual rôles heretofore, this will offer Ruth an opportunity to put her arms around her other self, pass in front of herself, and, as the daughter, even sit in her mother-self's lap.

This magic will be accomplished by the Dunning Process—perfected by **Carroll** Dunning and his son, **Dodge**, over a long period of years. Through this process, actors can appear against any desired background. In "Anna Christie," filmed in Hollywood, **Greta** Garbo was able to sail past the skyline of New York. In "They Had to See Paris," filmed in Hollywood, Will Rogers was able to taxi through authentic Parisian streets. And now, if advance rumors are true, La Chatterton is to be filmed against herself.

• • •

CLARA BOW and **Rex** Bell entered a Reno, Nev., hotel, and were spotted by Will Rogers, who invited them to dinner. Afterward, they decided to do some small-time gambling. **Clara** signed some blank checks for chips, which she thought represented fifty-cent pieces. She lost. A few days later, her bank notified her that checks for $13,500 had come through. What should they do? "Stop payment," gasped **Clara**—and crash! into the headlines went the familiar name again. And along with it, that of **Will** Rogers. Will querulously complained, "I don't like this riding to fame on the skirts of Clara Bow."

• • •

Raising his voice: Tom Patricola shows how theme songs can be elevated

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Maureen O'Sullivan may not be able to see him, but that does not prevent John Garrick from kissing only her cheek. Nowadays, they say, innocence is bliss

Chevalier Himself

(*Continued from page 33*)

young Frenchman is very different from the old-time type. He looks American. He is clean-shaved and clean-cut, and he combines the French wit with the American humor.

"There is a great difference between them. French humor I would describe as a smile with a tear behind it. American humor is a smile with a laugh behind it. Do you understand?"

He smiled encouragingly and went on groping for words to make himself clearer.

"The French humor is with thoughts," he said, with knitted brow. "The American humor is something you can see.

"The old-time Frenchman could understand just a little of American humor, but beyond that he had no idea what it meant. Now he can understand most of it.

"Because I was a comedian, because I was a dancer, I went around with the boys, and I learned that American spirit.

"My English has improved a little, of course. I know a little better where to put the intonations. At first I talked English with the French singing intonations. Now I can put them nearer the right place. But I still have an accent. It's true, the studio didn't want me to lose it. But if they had said, 'Mr. Chevalier, here is a contract for a million dollars if you lose your accent'—I would still have my accent! I cannot help that."

Contrary to the rumors, he didn't seem to use any slang at all.

"Oh, not with ladies!" he protested. "But on the set, among men, I talk a lot of slang. *Hot* slang—how do you call it? Slang that is not very nice.

"You think I cannot swear." He said it with a challenge. "Once I had a contest, with an electrician who has a reputation in the studio for swearing better than anybody. I won.

"But I didn't learn that in America. The first English I learned was in the war, from the American soldiers. They taught me to swear. Before I knew how to say, 'Good morning, how are you?' I knew all the bad words. Then I came to America; and sometimes men, when they get together, talk bad words just for fun. So you see I have very complete instruction in that.

"I will never be the American business man—that is foolish. But I have learned a great deal from living in America. Everyone should spend part of the year on each continent. They are entirely different, like different worlds, and it helps you to understand everything."

I think Chevalier has changed very little. He is still talking about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and still prefers them to all others.

He has worked hard to reach his present position, and terribly resents anyone who threatens his dignity. His sense of humor does not come to his rescue at such a time.

"I am a very funny fellow—" he said, "I have to be very frank. For my own little dignity, I can't say anything that I don't absolutely mean. I think the American public is immense. They have made me very happy. They are very cruel, but very fair. When they like you, they express it, they say so, they make you feel like one of them."

Chevalier loves and treasures the world-wide fame that pictures have brought him, and never ceases to be amazed by it. He is one star who confesses to reading all the fan magazines, and can even tell one from another. Only one bad article has ever been written about him—a piece called "Monsieur est Fatigué," written by a man who saw Chevalier at the end of a hard day, and mistook exhaustion for snobbishness.

"I don't mind what people say about me," Monsieur protested gently, "but I like justice. I know my little bad things, my little weaknesses—everybody has those—and though I would rather not read about them, it does not make me angry. But unfairness I do not like. This fellow didn't say anything very bad—because I didn't do anything very bad except to be tired. But he tried to say I was putting on the high stuff.

"I am not angry, because those things help you to keep your balance. You read the good things and you think, 'Well, I am pretty fine,' and it is good to read something by someone who doesn't like you. It does no harm. It doesn't matter to the people who like you. They will be loyal—until they don't like you any more."

Around the World Broke

(*Continued from page 82*)

"I think Lowell Sherman is a tremendous performer. He once told me that an actor must act *all the time*, off stage and screen and on. Act getting in and out of his car, strolling down the boulevard, having his shoes shined, act behind closed doors. I'm afraid he's right.

He Knows One

"I'VE known only two men in the business who work intelligently. I've known only one man in the business who really knows his job. Only one.

"I've seen only three great pictures in my life, which isn't much of a yardstick to go by. I seldom go to pictures. They afford me only synthetic amusement, and, as I have no desire to imitate the way other people do things, they give me nothing from a self-improvement standpoint. Anyway, the three great pictures are "The Lady Lies," "Men Without Women" and "All Quiet on the Western Front."

"I've been in love three times—which hasn't much to do with anything. I've been married once. An error on my part. I didn't know it. She turned out to be a swell cook. It lasted two years. *Not* one of the three times.

"Being an actor doesn't satisfy me. Being a director would. Some day I hope to hitch my wagon to the one man I've mentioned who knows his job. I want to be his man *Friday*. I believe in the entertainment value of the screen—for most people. It's tremendous. It has no rival. I have some theories—as who hasn't? I want a chance to work 'em out. . . .

"Life's pretty swell, if you don't take it too seriously and keep away from make-up poisoning—*inside and out.*"

How Women Have Changed Them

(*Continued from page 90*)

vehement laugh, wild and strong and full—at what? At what he had said? At what he had left unsaid? At himself? At me? At life? At death?

The quiet family man from Bakersfield is gone.

The conservative "Boy Wonder" of the Metropolitan is gone.

In his place is a wild man, a dangerous man, a destructive man. A man who could promise heart-break and homelessness, bitterness and storm. A man who could promise nothing at all. A little boy who needs to be comforted. A moon-reaching child. A naive youngling who hugs his triumph to his breast with great bear-hugs, loving it, showing it off. . . .

A man who laughs—at what?

A rogue with a sovereign song in his throat?

Now you guess!

Women have also changed
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In January CLASSIC

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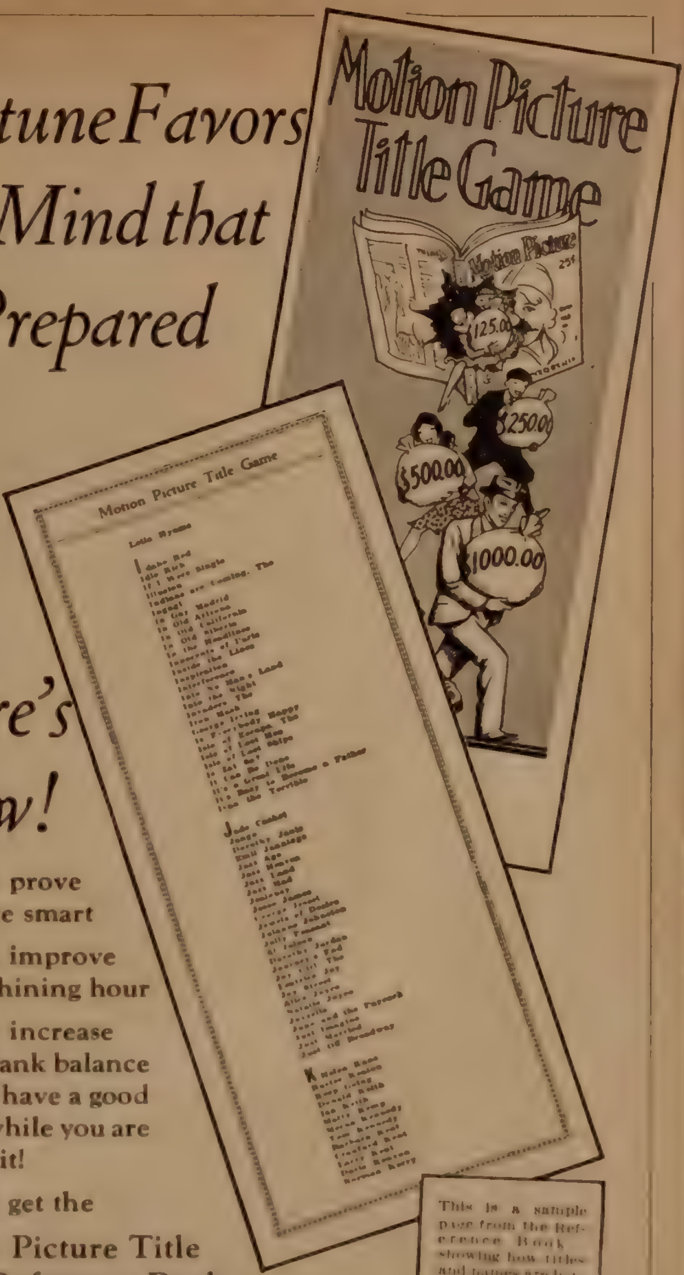

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Ball

The Strange Case of Eddie Quillan: he is what the chiropractors call a book case. When reading, he tortures his vertebrae by having his feet, not his head, in the air

Long Shots With the Big Shots

(*Continued from page 57*)

wagered two thousand on them against Pittsburgh on the New Year's game. If they won, I would be exactly five hundred dollars ahead—and that's what happened. I'll probably play the same system this year, though I hope I guess right a couple of times before those bets get up in the thousands."

All sporting events, particularly football, prize-fights and golf tournaments usually find the film people interested to the extent of backing up their guesses with bets. The first fistic encounter of Dempsey and Tunney found the late Ward Crane a twenty-five-thousand-dollar loser. Incidentally, Hollywood took wallopings on both the Dempsey-Tunney fights. Dempsey is a prime favorite in film town.

Hollywood has a gift for guessing wrong on prize-fights. In the first place, it is characteristic for an actor to bet on his "favorite" instead of his judgment. The Sharkey-Schmeling bout won scant few bets out of Hollywood. There wasn't any "favorite"; that personal element of seeing a pal win was missing.

On the other hand, at the regular Friday night bouts at the American Legion you'll find Richard Dix, John Boles and others "taking corners" at anywhere from a dollar to twenty-five dollars a bout. The last time I saw Mal St. Clair he was leaving the stadium with two hundred dollars of somebody's money.

Even the kids get a great boot out of what they love to call their "gambling."

Joan Almost Broke the Bank

"AS a gambler," laughed young Doug Fairbanks, Jr., "Joan takes the cake. She'd bet a dollar on anything, but not much more than that.

"The last time we were down at Caliente I nearly dropped over when I saw Joan take out a twenty-dollar stack of Black Jack chips. Believe me, for her that was a terrific plunge. About an hour later, I wandered back by her table and she was exactly twenty dollars ahead. And what was she doing but cashing in! I think she was more proud of that money than any she has ever earned. You would have thought she had broken the bank. You couldn't get her near the gambling tables after that. I think she figured she was getting away with their entire profits. I'm not much of a gambler myself, though now and then I like to bet on the Southern California football team. I think the biggest bet I made, and lost, last year was a hundred-dollar fling on the U.S.C.-Notre Dame game."

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart have their own little system of gambling that makes them winners even when they lose.

Saving by Gambling

"WE make bets between ourselves on everything that comes along," she explained. "But we seldom bet with outsiders. It keeps the money in the family, and yet we have all the fun of betting.

"We have a little bank which is kept just for our gambling splurges. We put our bridge winnings in it, and pay our losses from the same source. In football season, Nick will bet on one team and I'll take the other. Same thing goes for baseball and prize-fights, and it doesn't matter who loses—he must put that amount in the gambling bank. I won ten dollars on the Sharkey-Schmeling fight and I guess that's one of our largest donations since we've had the bank.

"You see, we don't bet much. When we play bridge, it's usually with the kids at a tenth-of-a-cent a point. Seven dollars and a half is our biggest bridge-winning to date, and usually we bet five dollars apiece, even money, on the various games and contests. Even at that slow rate, you'd be surprised how that little bank gets along. In six months we acquired two hundred and eighty dollars."

Bebe Daniels is an expert at all card games—particularly contract bridge. To this day, Bebe regrets winning such a large sum from Samuel Goldwyn, and she won't be satisfied until he has won back the entire three thousand. As a rule, she does not play for such large stakes.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 76*)

dark hair and blue eyes. **Kenneth Harlan**, New York City, July 29, 1895, six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, brown hair and eyes. Was married to **Doris Booth** in May, 1930. **Walter Miller** was born in 1892, six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds, dark hair and eyes. Haven't the date of his marriage to **Eileen Schofield**. **John Cromwell**, Toledo, Ohio, six feet two and a half inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, brown hair and gray eyes and is married to **Kay Johnson**, who is twenty-six years old, five feet four inches tall, 120 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

PAULINE—**Eleanor Boardman** was born in Philadelphia, Pa., Aug. 10, 1896. Educated in Germantown schools after being graduated from high school she attended the Academy of Fine Arts where she learned interior decorating and designing. **Miss Boardman** later became an artist's model and at the same time entered a beauty contest conducted by a motion picture company. After playing small parts for some time she was given the leading rôle in "Souls for Sale" which was released in 1923. She is five feet seven inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, has copper colored hair and green eyes. Married to **King Vidor** and they have two children. Latest picture is "The Great Meadow," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

C. S.—**Olive Borden** and **Tom Tyler** are not related. Olive's real name is Sybil Tinkle and she was born in Norfolk, Va., July 14, 1907. Tom hails from Port Henry, N. Y., and is about twenty-seven years old. Real name is **William Burns**. **John**

(*Continued on page 106*)

Marian Shockley and her polka-dot dress were spied by Al Christie. As a result she was given the job of supporting Ray Cooke (holding Marian's hand) in Educational-Vanity comedies.

THERE WILL BE NO FUNERAL . . .

Perhaps you remember reading,
A few years ago, a short story
About a young man who saw
The need for certain inventions
And worked to create them,
Only to discover, each time,
That someone was before him.

There was nothing new under the sun.

So he decided to commit suicide,
And his method was most original.
This, at least, would be
One invention exclusively his.
But the police, investigating,
Found in his room a newspaper
In which there was a story
Of another man's self-destruction
In the same identical manner.

And now comes along another
Short story, somewhat different.
This concerns a group
Of virile young minds
Who also felt the need
For inventiveness, for new things—
And went ahead and created them.
And this time—

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The Newest *Dough* Boy

(*Continued from page 70*)

He is seeing quite a lot of trenches now.

Slim has been in pictures for fifteen years. He has acted in and directed two-reel comedies during most of that time. His first recognition in feature productions was in "Troopers Three"—in which, you remember, he joined the cavalry. Then came "All Quiet" and then "See America Thirst" in which he was teamed with Harry Langdon. Now he is back in two-reelers—a sort of permanent soldier.

His Private Pranks

HE is quite as droll off the screen as he is on it. Lean, awkward, lazy—with a deplorable tendency toward practical jokes on the set.

During the filming of "All Quiet," he made life miserable for a certain plump Teutonic gentleman who was connected with the company. Slim carried a stout rubber band and a supply of tin-foil which, as any small boy can tell you, makes a formidable "wad" for a "sling-shot." And whenever the Teutonic gentleman leaned over, he was in dire danger of receiving a tin-foil "wad" in the—er—rear. In vain did the director storm. In vain did the plump gent threaten revenge. Slim always looked so *innocent* . . .

I visited his current trench the other day. I explained, nervously, that I was very gun-shy and he assured me that there would be no explosions. Just dialogue, that afternoon.

"Don't sit on the steps of the power truck," he warned me. "We have it electrified—just to play little pranks on people." I thanked him. "If there *should* be a charge exploded—which I am sure there won't—relax your muscles and open your mouth," he told me. I concentrated on that.

A prop man was complaining that there was a shortage of firecrackers, which were needed for some shot or other. Slim, it was explained, had used them all up, putting them in the backs of the pants of unsuspecting visitors on the set. (I began to wish I hadn't come!)

It Was to Laugh

A CAMERAMAN remarked, ostentatiously, "I guess there won't be any jokes played *to-day!*"

"He thinks you're my wife!" Slim whispered, twinkling. (*That* was a revealing remark!)

He found me a chair, amid sand-bags and things. There was a brief rehearsal. Suddenly I saw a prop man about to throw a switch. Suspicion came upon me. I covered my ears, relaxed and opened my mouth. There was a terrific explosion—about ten feet away from me. We were swallowed up in a dense cloud of dust and smoke. A large portion of the San Fernando Valley got into my mouth.

When the dust cleared a little and I dared open my eyes, I found the So-and-So beside me, shaking with laughter.

"I'm terribly sorry!" he said, belying his looks. "I really didn't think there would be any explosions."

"Four more for this shot," murmured the script girl.

I was brave. I bore it. And when I went back to the publicity department in my clothes that had been white—and with my face that had been fairly ditto—and said, "Guess who this is!" they all chorused, "Amos 'n' Andy! . . . Miss Pittsburgh! . . ."

Well! Well! That's what you *get* for being an interviewer!

Soldier of Fortune

SUMMERVILLE led a vagabond sort of existence before he came to Hollywood and went to work for Sennett as an extra. He ran away from home while he was still a youngster and wandered about the country learning an amazing assortment of trades. He worked in brickyards, lumber mills and machine shops. Once he worked in a coffin factory.

And once—just once—he promoted a prize-fight. It was a preliminary bout in some series of matches or other and he hired both the contestants. One was a big, tough taxi driver who had but one eye. The other was a little bird he picked up on the street. It looked like a pretty one-sided match.

"I thought I'd better sit in the corner of the big guy," Slim says. "And I bet all my money on him. Do you know—that big fellow never struck a blow! The little one just chased him 'round and 'round the ring until I got so mad I jumped up and hit him with a water bucket!"

Another episode in a prize-fight ring nearly ended Slim's career at a very early stage. And what in the world should we have done *then* for a typical enlisted man to fight our mock movie wars?

He and another comedian from Sennett's were to put on a comic fistic encounter for a charity benefit at Santa Monica. The climax of the fight, as planned, was to come when the seconds would rush into the ring, smack the contestants over the heads with break-away bottles and drag them away.

The Joke Came Hard

THE bottles were made of resin. Just before the performance, it occurred to Slim that it would be funnier if they were filled with water. So he filled them. Water, it seems, hardens resin and makes it as solid as any glass—if not a little solider! So when he was smacked, the bottle didn't break. But his head did.

There was nothing make-believe about his unconscious state. Later he arose, amid the tweeting of the little birdies, and wandered unsteadily out onto the pier nearby. He was just on the point of stepping off into the Pacific Ocean when someone saw and rescued him. Mercy!

Slim will do a series of two-reel comedies in which he wins various pretty girls of various nationalities, despite the machinations of the big, tough top-sergeant—the natural enemy, one gathers, of all privates.

The supervisor on the series, a shrewd gentleman named Kaufman, explained to me that Slim's chief charm is his wistfulness.

"A comedian must look helpless," he said. "He must look as if he would always get the worst of it. There must be a sweetness about him. Then, when he triumphs unexpectedly, in the end—everyone is pleased!"

The Chaplin legend, you see, is still doing a lot for the sad-faced boys!

So far as I am concerned, the moment in "Troopers Three" when Slim fell off his horse and then rose to give it a long, long look of hurt reproach was one of the brightest in recent pictures. Because of it I even forgive him for those bangs on the set!

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Believe Him or Not

(*Continued from page 88*)

believe it or not, there really is a prohibition law kicking around somewhere.

Speaking of Movie Actors

"RIP" declares the hardest work he has ever done is under his Warner Brothers' contract to make twenty-six "Believe It or Not" short talking movies. "I'm no actor," says "Rip." The cameras and microphone had him petrified at first—but now it's all part of the day's work. And what a day! "Rip" recalls one that began at six o'clock in the morning and ended about that hour the following day.

He says the funniest thing in the movies is the directors. That is, next to the supervisors. His biggest kick is in watching them act out all the rôles.

In all seriousness he declares that the movies will put both newspapers and magazines "on the spot." He declares that newsreels such as the Hearst Metrotone News will supply the public with world information. "And," he adds, "believe it or not, I mean within the next few years—less than ten!"

If you catch him off-guard, he'll admit that his middle name is LeRoy.

In his opinion the strangest material he has dug up has emanated from the Orient. But he insists that the ways of the heathen Chinee and other peoples of far lands are no more odd to us than are our customs to them.

His drawings are as much in vogue in Australia, Norway, Japan, Brazil and equally distant points as they are in New York, Wahoo, or Hollywood. The papers publishing them are "protected" within a radius of fifty miles. That is, no other paper can contract for the Ripley feature.

The one thing he dislikes about his work is that between the drawings, radio, books, personal appearances, movies, and the rest of his activities, he has so little time for the convivialities that are so dear to both artist and newspaper man.

All of which may give you a little idea of why Robert L. Ripley is the most interesting man in America—if you ask *me*—believe it or not!

What Do You Mean —"STAR"?

(*Continued from page 78*)

opinion alone. They are founded upon the experiences of the industry over many years of picture making. They are the premise upon which the star system is based.

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Plenty Smart Girl

(Continued from page 65)

The Boy She Would Have Married

"YOU remember theez brother of Ramon's who die? Joe? I loff Joe better than any man in world. He loff me. When we go to school long, long time ago, he tell me: 'Rakkie, when we finish school, we get married.' I used to keed him. 'Not marriage for me.' I would say, 'When I get through school I go in the moovies. I am goin' see your beeg brother, Ramon, who is beeg star in moovies and he will help me to be a star.'

"Theez make Joe very mad. How he scol'! He say he loff me and we goin' to be married. He say he do not want moovie star for wife. He want Rakkie.

"But, Dor'thy, I got to go to work! I got to make money to help out with family. So I get job as usher at Grauman's Chinese. Theez job I do not like so much—but it is money. Maybe you know story of how I am discover' as usher and how moovies make test of me for 'White Shadows in South Sea'? I tol' theez story many times. When theez happen, I am crazy with happiness and excitement.

"I go away for five months with company to South Seas—I come back and picture is beeg heet! I am happiest girl in worl' when I hear picture goin' to show in Grauman's, where I used to work. I am crazy. I am excitement. I am very busy—but theez does not make difference between Joe and me. We are in loff.

Too Happy Perhaps

"I THEENK we mus' have been too happy! Maybe peoples are not suppose' to be so happy as Joe and Rakkie. Joe becomes ver' seek—and my heart aches with worry for heem!

"The day he die, I am at Ramon's house. I cannot say how I hurt inside. Poor Ramon—how he loffed that boy. I theenk somethin' wonderful and sweet and lovelee die in that family when Joe die. I cannot tell Ramon how I feel. I take hees hand—I try to tell heem that way what my lips cannot say. That is all—except later, when Mr. Mayer heemself want me to play with Ramon in 'The Pagan,' someone tell me I will not play in part because I haff hurt Ramon's feelings.

"I will never be happy, Dor'thy, until I know how I hurt Ramon. He does not say. When I ask him why I do not play in hees picture, he say: 'I do not want girl with accent in my picture.' If you ever hear that Rakkie Torres is goin' to play in picture with Ramon Novarro, you weel know she is happies' girl in world.

"I do not want thees should sound like sob-story, Dor'thy. I am lucky girl in having friends like Dolores Del Rio. She is so good to me. Never does she have party that Rakkie isn't invited. 'I am your friend, Rakkie,' she say. 'Not for jus' leetle while, but all the time.'

Dolores Thought The Same

"I AM so glad she is beeg star. I am so glad she is success. Ever' time I go up to her beeg house that is so beautiful I theenk, 'Will I ever have so much as Dolores? Will I ever have house like theez?'

"Dolores laugh at theez, always. She say she used to feel same way when she firs' came to Hollywood and went to beautiful houses like Marion Davies and Mary Pickford. And now she got one of her own, but she say: 'Beeg house is not happiness, Rakkie. Happiness is inside.'

"I do not know whether I ever be beeg success like Dolores. But I try hard to do my bes'. I am very careful with my money, Dor'thy. I save and save and put away much of it. If I am not beeg success, I will not have to worry when moovie days are over.

"I theenk I like to try somethin' else besides South-Sea-girl parts. I would loff a dress-up part, but they still put Rakkie in rags. Maybe some day I will get theez break they call it. Maybe some day I will wear beautiful clothes and people will say 'Raquel Torres is different from what I have always expec'. She can do other theengs besides wear a rose in her hair. She is good all-around actress.'

"But now I wait carefully—and hope!"

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Normal, Though An Actor

(Continued from page 63)

its place in plays and movies. Cowardice, selfishness, friction—all of these belong in a vehicle, if that vehicle is to be 'good theater.'

"I think that's probably true, but I know from experience that the average person will not take his discord in straight doses. Pat Kearny wrote a good play once, but it didn't do well because he presented the pitiful characters in too unsympathetic a light. It was about a married couple that had unrealizable ambitions. The wife wanted to be another Mary Pickford and the husband craved membership in a certain fraternal organization.

"The play fell comparatively flat because half of the women in the audience themselves harbored the natural desire to be someone a little grander than themselves and most of the men had at one time or another wished to belong to some club or group denied them. When the light of hope went out for the couple in the play, it went out, simultaneously, in the hearts of those in the audience. Nothing remained but a cold nothingness. What they had just witnessed was life unadorned (a pretty cruel sight by the way), *not entertainment.*

"HUMOR would have saved that. It might not be considered the highest ethics of dramaturgy, but I think a lot more enjoyment would have resulted if, toward the end of the play, that man and wife were allowed to have found something else they wanted just as much as their hopeless desires. Then they might have laughed at their earlier despair with the audience laughing with them and everything would be rosy. The playwright, in so patching things up, might be accused of having made a sacrifice at the altar of *Pollyanna*. But what of it? If enjoyment for many people can result from so simple a process, then no depressing play should remain unpatched."

I interrupted with: "You've made a lot of money out of 'the average person.' What do you actually think of him?"

"My answer," Nugent said, "will put me down as a snob, because as a matter of fact I don't much care for average people. They're so damn dull. I like those who go to the trouble of pulling themselves out of the rut into the above-average class. And I like them solely because they're more interesting.

"I LIKE average people when I get to know them, but a man hasn't time to get to know everyone. I never pick a man up on the highway when I'm motoring, because I know I won't have time to know him intimately, and until that time I should find him dull and stupid. I don't go to the public beach, for fear of having my time wasted by average, mediocre people. I know where I can always find bright entertaining fellows. Why waste time on the others?"

Perhaps Elliot Nugent is down on the home folks. After all, he's packed enough of 'the people' into his twenty-nine years to be a little fed up on them. Listening to him as I did would give one the impression that he is through with the average man for all time. The only thing that upsets that thought is to see the human sympathy and naturalness he gets into writing about and acting the part of that average man—jobs that can't be faked!

Then you know that such is not the case. He may be idly considering what a nice change a naughty bedroom farce would be. But it is only a momentary revolt. Business men occasionally long to be artists.

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You Can't Win

(*Continued from page 41*)

I'd bend over my desk and hold a book up and do it just as loud as I could. The teacher never could tell who it was, and it nearly drove her crazy."

One of the letters was from her, proving that there are more ways than one to make an impression.

"But you can see why I'm such a model girl now, and why I'm so certain of getting back at the people who have been mean to me."

Just to show you what an expert Jeanette is at this grudge racket: When she was eight years old, a little boy who had promised to take her to a Hallowe'en party failed to show up, and she was very mortified. The next day in the school-yard, when she asked him why he didn't come, he turned around and gallantly told her to go climb a sour-apple tree.

Jeanette grew to womanhood, still seething at the memory of that insult. About two years ago, she and her mother returned to Philadelphia for a visit. The boy innocently called her up and said he would love to see her.

Jeanette seized the 'phone, her green eyes blazing.

"Once you told me to climb a sour-apple tree," she snapped. "Now, how'd you like to do the same thing?"—and she hung up with a bang. She felt fine after that.

When she was in the chorus of "The Night Boat," younger and less experienced than any of the others, the company came into New York one night and were told to get off at 125th Street instead of Grand Central. Jeanette didn't know how to get home from there. She knew one of the principals, who was sitting beside her, lived in the same block with her, so she timidly asked, "Can you tell me how to get to Forty-Ninth Street from here?" The woman gave her a contemptuous look.

"I really don't know," she said. "I'm taking a taxi."

Years later, when Jeanette was a big leading lady and the other woman wasn't much of anything, they were introduced in a café. "I remember you very well," said the other woman effusively. "I don't believe we've met before," said Jeanette, drawing herself up to her full height. It made a new woman of her.

"Of course," she admitted, "I *should* have been able to get all the satisfaction I wanted from just having the opportunity to snub her, without actually doing it. But I'm afraid I'm not quite big enough for that."

She must have a long list of Hollywood people to be dealt with when Fate gets around to it.

"People were very cruel to me when I first came out," she said—more wistfully than resentfully, strangely enough. Her voice has a tremulous quality when she least suspects it.

"I thought, 'Well, as long as I'm going out there, I'll be one of them.' I had a big part, and I expected to be welcome. But nobody at the studio had anything to do with me. I'm sure they didn't realize what they were doing, or they wouldn't have been so cruel. Not one of them spoke to me. And I used to look right straight at every person I passed on the lot, hoping that someone would smile at me.

"George Bancroft was the only person who spoke. He came up and shook hands and said he hoped I'd be very happy working there. Mary Brian used to smile at me sometimes, but they were the only ones who gave any sign.

"Since then, I've met people in Hollywood whom I like very much and who have been lovely to me. And my feelings aren't hurt any more, and never could be again. But I will never expect anything of Hollywood actors.

"There is such a great prejudice against stage people. I have been repeatedly attacked in the press by people whom I've never met and who have never even seen me. I can't explain it, but it doesn't worry me, because I *know* I'll be given the opportunity to get even, sooner or later."

She began to smile happily, in anticipation of her one vice. It's quite a feat to be able to talk about your own vengefulness for an hour, and still give the impression of being completely delightful and good-natured.

The reports of the MacDonald temperament are greatly exaggerated, according to Jeanette.

"I don't know how the rumor got started. I *am* particular about my clothes—I think every actress is. But I never have any trouble with them. The wardrobe at Paramount is perfectly fine. And I'm fussy about my hair, because I don't think there's anything that makes so much difference in a woman's appearance, do you? But I don't call that being temperamental.

"As a matter of fact, if I ever have an outburst of temper, everyone on the set roars with laughter at me, and I end up by apologizing, and feel very silly and ashamed of myself. But that's not what I call temperament."

Personally, I like a girl with a little spirit. Jeanette knows what she wants and usually gets it. But if you ever happen to hear any rumors about temperament or other mean traits, you can be sure they aren't true.

"What are you laughing at?" barks out Rennie Renfro to the center canine, standing for training for M-G-M's doggy comedies

They'll Pay You to Insult Them

(*Continued from page 48*)

Lady Stanley knows her stuff. She will get on in Hollywood in a large way. To all appearances, she has an excellent contempt for the entire industry and everyone in it. There is no surer way to success and "that lovely gold" than to take that attitude.

Producers will pay you in exact proportion to your contempt for them—and for pictures. The more superior you are, the more you sneer at them, the better will be your job.

Broadway Buzzards

IN the upheaval that followed the advent of talking pictures, hundreds of contemptuous experts at this and that were imported from New York. The very name, "New York," is impressive to Hollywood. There is a general impression that New Yorkers consider us provincial or something. That they laugh at us (and not in their sleeves, either), that they look upon us very much as a Da Vinci might contemplate a McManus and his *Jiggs*. We are amusing. But low.

We make money out of our product. Therefore, we hang our heads in shame and admit that we are not "true artist." We are commercial and we know it is degrading. We are Philistines. We are clods. We are *Babbitts*. Mountebanks. Buttonhole-makers. There are wrinkles in our vests and the wrinkles are filled with crumbs.

Hollywood has been told all these things so often that it accepts them and no longer even flinches. But our magnates plead humbly with the sneerers to come and show them where they are wrong—at the magnates' expense. They pay the sneerers more money than they ever saw before to do it—and are pathetically grateful for the privilege.

It all seems to be part of a curious little game. They'll stop you from doing it if they can. But they'll pay you money for doing it if you persist!

Jim's Their Pal Now

JIM TULLY, for instance, lampooned the industry for years in print. He laid bare all sorts of scandals and revealed embarrassing personal weaknesses. He was barred, officially, from nearly every lot.

Yet Paramount bought the rights to two of his novels and then called him in and paid him well to supervise production on them. He popped Jack Gilbert in the jaw—and was subsequently invited to act in Jack's next picture! That's the way it works.

Ruth Chatterton admits that she used to have supreme contempt for motion pictures. That was in the old, silent days and they made her lots and lots of glittering offers, which she spurned, with her piquant and aristocratic nose uptilted.

When talking pictures came along and she gained respect for the new form—and when she was obviously twice as valuable as she would have been before—no one wanted her. It took the stubborn Emil Jannings to go to war for her and almost force his company to give her a chance.

She has saved herself by achieving a wholesome attitude of criticism toward methods of production now in use. She is appalled and scornful at the lack of business common-sense used in making pictures. And she says so to executives. If she maintains this viewpoint, she will probably survive.

Charlie Tells Them

THERE is Charles Bickford. Executives shudder at his frank and caustic comments upon pictures. He says things like "lousy" and "fools" and "rotten" right out loud. Folks mutter that he is "talking himself out of a job." But I observe that directors squabble over him and studios strive eagerly to borrow him—while a good many meeker souls are slinking away to return to the stage whence they and he all came.

Look at Eric von Stroheim! For goodness' sake! No one could possibly have less respect for the holders of picture purse-strings than he has. No one could have a greater contempt for producers and their formulas, for commercialism, for restrictions, for practicality, for any of the accepted picture tenets, than Von.

He flings their money, with grand gestures, to the winds. He insults them to their faces and to the Press. He sneers at the mentality, the race, the habits and the aims of all producers. Yet there is always some one of them who will give him a job, open his purse and attempt to cope with Von, while he shows them how a picture should be made in ninety-eight reels.

He has had more quarrels with Universal, perhaps, than with any other studio. But he is returning there, at their urgent request and for plenty of money, to remake "Blind Husbands" in talking pictures. Doubtless there will be fireworks, hot words, name-callings, maybe (goody! goody!) a little fighting. And someone will make him a nice, fat offer as soon as it is over. Or perhaps while it is in progress.

Pay Dirt

A YEAR ago, there were in Hollywood two young men—a title writer and a press-agent by respective professions. Neither had a job and their prospects were growing less of getting them. So they sat them down and wrote a book about Hollywood. An insulting book. They called people names by name, if you know what I mean.

The industry was indignant. It wanted steps taken about them. They were "ingrates" and "biters of hands that fed them." (Albeit the hands hadn't fed them so very *well* toward the last!) And then they sold the picture rights to their insulting book for a spectacular sum and are now in the process of being besieged for original stories. I should have liked to see either of them try to sell an original screen story before!

When Viña Delmar was at Warners, writing something or other for them, press-agents used to call interviewers and suggest that they come over to have little talks with her. "That is," they would add, "if you don't mind being insulted! She insults *everyone*!" The latter remark was nothing more nor less than a boast, I assure you. They were as proud as could be of her. She was their pet exhibit.

It used to be said of Arthur Caesar that every time he insulted a producer, he had his salary raised. I am assured that it happened on the day when, hearing a newsboy shouting, "Extra! So and So assassinated!'" he rushed out to buy a paper and returned, in huge disgust, remarking, "I thought he said Joe Schenck was killed. Wrong man, as usual!'" That was considered just a *screaming* remark and won Arthur loads and loads of praise.

Oh, it's a splendid place for sneerers. You really should practise a little—say on traffic cops and in-laws—and when you reach a point of perfection at which you can make them foam at the mouth with two-and-a-half remarks—then you are ready to collect in Hollywood.

THE SALVATION ARMY in the United States celebrates this year its Jubilee. Fifty years ago one man and seven lassies landed at the Battery, New York City, the pioneer band of a new evangel. Since that day the organization has steadily advanced to the high place it now occupies in the esteem of the nation. Religion in action is the basis of all its endeavor. No barriers of race, creed or color are recognized.

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 99*)

Wayne's real name is **Duke Morrison. Dorothy Lee** was born in Los Angeles, Cal., May 23, 1911. Her latest production is "Hook, Line and Sinker." **Bernice Claire's** latest is "Kiss Me Again." **Dennis King** is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs 155 pounds. **John Garrick,** five ten and a half. **Wallace MacDonald,** five ten, weighs 150 pounds.

VIVIAN—The trouble with playing football is that you're apt to get athlete's foot on the neck. **Ronald Colman** was born in Richmond, Surrey, England, Feb. 9, 1891. That is his real name. Latest production released is "Raffles." **Maurice Chevalier,** Menilmontant, near Paris, France, about thirty-one years ago. **Richard Cromwell** has been selected to play the title rôle in "Tol'able David," which is in production at the Columbia Studios. **Richard** is twenty years old. He is an art student with no previous theatrical experience. Despite the fact, however, **Cromwell** has a surprising amount of natural histrionic ability. He has a keen boyish charm, reminding one of **Charles Ray.**

MARGARET—**Bob Steele** is about twenty-seven years old, six feet tall, has brown hair and blue eyes. **Joan Marsh** is about sixteen, has blonde hair and blue eyes. Her latest picture is "Leather Pushers." **Dorothy Sebastian** was born in Birmingham, Alabama, April 21, 1903, she is five feet three, weighs 114 pounds, has dark brown hair and hazel eyes. That is **Lewis Ayres'** real name.

WINIFRED—Glad to hear from you again! **Nancy Carroll** has been appearing in pictures since 1927. Latest picture "Two Against Death." **Phillips Holmes** was born in Grand Rapids, Mich., about twenty-one years ago. He is six feet tall, weighs 155 pounds, has blond hair and blue eyes. Appearing in "Criminal Code." Receives his fan mail at the Paramount Studios. **Lewis Ayres,** Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, 1908, five feet eleven inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, dark brown hair, dark blue eyes. Married to **Alice Caddy.** Latest production "Mississippi," Universal Studios. Educated at the San Diego High School, University of Arizona. Has appeared in amateur drama, three years of singing and playing with dance orchestras, plays banjo, guitar and piano.

ELISE—Yes, **Tom Mix** is going to return to pictures. I'll bet you're glad? **Buck Jones** is appearing in "Down Trail," Columbia Studios. **Monte Blue** was born in Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 11, 1890. He is six feet two, weighs 180 pounds, has brown hair and eyes. Married to **Tove Jansen,** they have two children, **Barbara Ann** and **Richard.**

NONA—**Harold Lloyd** was born in Burchard, Neb., in 1883. He is six feet tall, weighs 156 pounds, has brown hair and blue eyes, married to **Mildred Davis.** Latest picture "Feet First." **Reginald Denny,** London, England, Nov. 20, 1899, six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. **Charles Chaplin,** England, April 16, 1889, five feet four, 125 pounds, gray-brown hair, blue eyes. **Loretta Young** has brown hair and hazel eyes. Latest picture is "Heart of the North."

Q. A.—**Armida** was born in Sonora, Mexico, about eighteen years ago. She is four feet eleven, weighs 90 pounds, and has black hair and eyes. Real name is **Vendrell.** At this writing she is appearing on the stage in "Nina Rosa," a musical production. **Sally Blane,** Salida, Colo., July 11, 1909, five feet four and a half, weighs 117 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Real name **Betty Jane** and her sisters are **Loretta** and **Polly Ann Young.** Latest production "Leather Pushers." **Josephine Dunn,** New York City, May 1, 1910, five feet five, 119 pounds, blonde hair and blue eyes.

ELLEN—**Bob Custer** was born in Frankfort, Ky., Oct. 18, 1900. He is six feet tall, weighs 170 pounds, brown hair and hazel eyes. Married to **Elizabeth Cudahy. Tom Tyler,** Port Henry, N. Y., about twenty-seven years ago. **Tom** wanted to become a movie star in the worst way, so he spent his savings for a correspondence course in motion picture acting. When the course was completed he started for Hollywood, and was three years arriving there, as he had to work his way out. Worked as an extra for two years. He later became the champion weight lifter when he was invited to join the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Here are some of the films he has appeared in "Ben Hur," "The Only Thing," "The Flying U Ranch," "Sonora Kid," "Splitting the Breeze," "The Gambler's Game," and a number of others.

BETTY KENO—That's **Mitzi Green's** real name too! **Kenneth MacKenna** was born in Canterbury, N. H., on Aug. 19, 1899. Received his early education in Paris. He later took up a general course of instruction at the Ethical Culture School in New York and finished at Columbia University. Spent three years in a Wall Street banking house before he decided on a career behind the footlights. His first stage appearance was in 1919 when he played the leading male rôle in "At 9:45." Becoming affiliated with the Theatre Guild, produced and played the leads in "Windows," "Forever After," and other successful productions. During the war was a Sergeant in the Tank Corps, stationed at Gettysburg, Pa. His first picture was with **Bebe Daniels** in "Miss Bluebeard," which was released in Feb., 1925. Has light brown hair and blue eyes. Hobbies are football, hockey and all outdoor sports.

BLUE EYES—**Alice Joyce** is married to **James Regan** and has two daughters: **Alice,** about thirteen and **Peggy,** about seven. **Zasu Pitts** to **Tom Gallery,** one daughter **Ann** and an adopted son **Donald Michael. Jack Mulhall, Evelyn Winans** and has one son. **Jack Oakie** is not married or engaged. **Kay Johnson** was born in Mount Vernon, N. Y., about twenty-six years ago. She is married to **John Cromwell,** actor and director. **Miss Johnson's** latest picture is "The Passion Flower." **David Lee's** latest is "The Squealer," starring **Jack Holt** and **Dorothy Revier. Jeanette MacDonald** is not married and is appearing in "Stolen Thunder."

SUNDOWN SLIM—I would suggest you write the music department at the First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., regarding the composer of the song you refer to. **Marjorie Rambeau,** who makes her screen début in "Her Man," again wears a bracelet as a good luck charm which has a distinct connection with every one of her big stage successes. The bracelet is formed by a gold chain to which are attached about twenty gold trinkets including goldfish, elephants, old shoes, revolvers, daggers, and a dozen other things. **Mary Brian** is appearing in "The Royal Family."

Their Private Love Lives

(*Continued from page 69*)

His Best Friend

IN the face of all the purple publicity in regard to the love affair of Lupe Velez and her "Garee," it is somewhat of a shock to watch these "love experts" at the private practice of their own game.

True, Lupe is likely to lean over, every now and then, and bite Gary's ear, just as they say she does, but the disappointment lies in that it is more playful than passionate. For an average day of romance, Lupe is perfectly content to spell out "I love you" in sign language to Gary when he's 'way across the room. They even indulge in such commonplaces as neat telephone disputes as to whether or not Gary is late to Lupe's for dinner.

"My clock says six-thirty," Gary alibis mildly.

"An' my clock says see-ven," complains Lupe . . . the "gal" who is "supposed" to whoop it up in love . . . in other words, the passion flower of the screen.

When they quarrel, she vows up and down she will never speak to him again, and then, when he calls up, she breaks out in tears. In calmer moments like dinner parties, she insists that Gary sit at the head of her table, and, hostess or not, she sits right next to him. She watches his food and hounds him to eat more, so he won't be so "skeeny."

And Some Are Very Married

IF he does not 'phone her exactly on the appointed time, she is sure he has been killed in an automobile accident. She is invariably the first one to suggest leaving Hollywood parties because "Garee" has an early call. She mothers, and scolds and fusses over him. The Old Woman Who Lived In The Shoe, who had so many children she didn't know what to do, has nothing on Lupe in love—in private. But hot stuff!

I'm laffin'.

Richard Arlen calls Jobyna Ralston "the little woman," and "Mamma." She calls him "Papa" and banks his checks.

"Remember to treat your wife as you would a sweetheart, as a constant source of surprise and novelty," advises Edmund Lowe. But in private love, he calls the sophisticated Lilyan Tashman, "Lil."

Any time after nine o'clock Janet Gaynor is likely to crawl up into Lydell Peck's lap and doze off for a moment or two.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart use entirely different straws in the same ice-cream-soda glass.

If these "Love Experts" have any tricks that aren't known to Joe and Susie Bridegroom the world over—I haven't spotted them yet.

Black and White Read and Write

(*Continued from page 16*)

present itself many months ago, but some unforeseen element kept the producers spending their money in vain. Now that they have seen that their efforts have been for naught, they are asking WHY!

There is only one answer. Producers have been like a lot of sheep, just following. To give you a concrete example, Warner Brothers made the first musical comedy picture and apparently it was quite a success, so what did the other producers do? They made so many musical pictures, spending fabulous sums on scenery, that now the public cannot even go the word Musical. Why can't the producers use a little discretion and instead of being a lot of sheep, be individual. That to me is the only reason why the Talkies are a flop. Producers have forgotten that repetition becomes very monotonous and in this day and age when we are traveling at a rapid pace, we want something *different*, something *new* and something to *think* about. Just as one admires individuality in dress and in people, they wish it also in their entertainment.

I have thought a great deal on this subject and have it in my mind perhaps much better than I express it on paper, but nevertheless I believe if each and every producer would try and make his picture just a little different and a little better, he would have no difficulty in bringing before the public the kind of picture we enjoy.

Gladys A. Toscano

Good Diction Via Talkies

Gross Pointe, Michigan

Talking pictures may yet be the salvation of the country—at least so far as diction is concerned. Certainly an unprecedented vista of opportunity has been thrown open to people living in regions removed from the cultural centers.

For many years it has been said that the best, the only truly "pure" English diction is that used on the professional stage. Now the talking movies, with an accessibility far surpassing that of the legitimate productions, may avail themselves of this reputation. It is to be hoped that they will do so. Therein lies the possibility of a needed standardization of good diction throughout the United States.

If I had been able, when I was younger, to observe aurally the speech of our better actors and actresses, I might have saved many of the hours of effort which I expended while I was studying in dramatic schools.

Among the stars whose enunciation of the spoken word deserves commendation is Ann Harding. During the years when she was leading lady of a stock company in Detroit I often had the pleasure of hearing and seeing her. *Josephine Rankin*

Love Scenes Can Be Put Across

Los Angeles, Cal.

So the producers are complaining of the lack of attendance at the movies. Well then, tell them to give us romance and love scenes like those in the silent pictures instead of laughing hyenas or warbling song birds.

Love scenes can be put across in the talkies as well as in the silent pictures: witness, John Barrymore in "General Crack." I am sure most fans are tired of this hysterical nonsense the movies are serving us.

Here's hoping for talking pictures with the technique of silent ones. If the legitimate stage shows can put it across, why not the talkies? *Miss Self Expression*

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WHAT . . . Do You Want?

THE PRODUCERS ARE WAITING FOR YOUR ANSWERS

WHAT, exactly, do you want? That is the question now before harassed movie producers. At present they are only guessing. Until you tell them what you want, and do not want, this is all they can do.

They spend a fortune on a spectacle which, judging from past reactions, the public wants—and the public stays away. They spend a few dollars on a casual picture—and there is standing room only. Thinking that they have learned a lesson, they concentrate on unsensational pictures—and the public registers a loud and prompt objection.

Frankly, they have reached a crisis. To even a casual observer, it is obvious that many people are staying away from the movies. There must be reasons. And there must be ways to bring them back. What are they?

They want to know what you like and do not like, what you want and do not want. They not only want your advice, they desperately need it.

Below, we are asking you a few questions. They are the questions uppermost in producers' minds in their present dilemma. Your answers to these questions can solve many of their problems, are certain to influence future production.

What do you want to see next year? What don't you want to see?

You can tell us, and through us, the entire industry—simply by filling out the questionnaire and mailing it to us. If you are also in a mood to express your opinions in a letter, by all means do so. Remember that every letter that the editor receives is eligible for the prizes given monthly for the best fan letters received.

EXPRESS YOURSELF! *Tell the movie world what you think!*

1. Do you want more talkie revivals of old silent pictures? ....
2. Would you like to see some silent pictures? ....
3. Do you want more adaptations from plays, or more original screen stories? ....
....
4. Which interests you most—comedy, tragedy, or melodrama? ....
5. What type of picture bores you? ....
6. What type of picture do you think has been overdone? ....
7. Is there (1) enough romance in the talkies to suit you? ....
(2) Enough action? ....
8. With the talkies, are you drawn more to the theaters by stories or by stars? ....
....
9. Do you prefer pictures in color or in black and white? ....
10. Do you like the wide screen? ....
11. Do you like musical movies? ....
12. If so, which do you prefer—romance, comedy, or revue? ....
13. What type of shorts do you prefer? (Two reel comedies, cartoons, vaudeville, scenics, etc.) ....
....
14. What would you like to see on the screen? (List your favorite plays, novels, or stories.) ....
....
15. What is your idea of a good talkie? (Tell us in your own words or cite specific pictures.) ....

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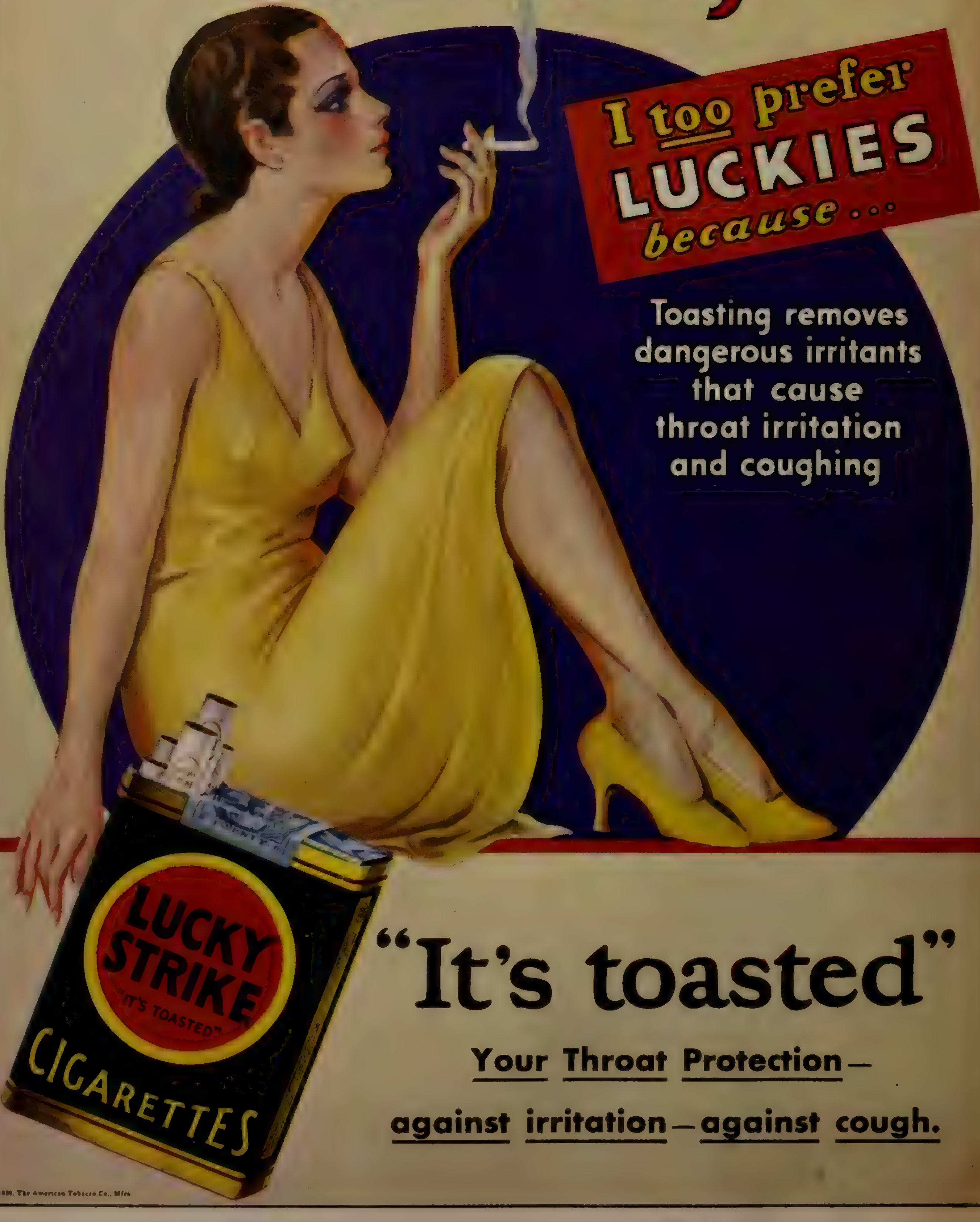
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